Text of the
Arundel Harington
Manuscript
I once had money and my friend, and did them both preserve
I lent my money to my friend, his needful use to serve
I spar'd my money and my friend, so long as I well could
I saw nor money nor my friend, returne as reason wolde
I ask my money of my friend, I thought his stay was strange
I lost my money and my friend, and found a fife in change
You that have money and a friend, be warned at my cost
Least money, friend, and warning to, be altogether lost.

finis

A sonet written upon my Lord Admirall Seymour./

Of person rare, stronge limbs, and manly shapp
Of nature fram'd to rule on sea or lande
Of friendship firme in good state and ill happ
In peace head wise, in war (harte) great, bolde hande
On horse on foot, in peryll or in playe
None could excell though he many did assaie
A subject true to Kinge, and servant great
Friend to goddes truthe en'mye to Roomes disceat
Somtuous abroad, for honor of the lande
Temp'rat at home; yet kept great state with staie
And noble house; and gave more mowthes more meat
Then some (that Clym'de) on higher stepps to stande/
Yet against Nature Reason and just Lawes
His blood was spilt, guiltles without just cause/

* 79 *
None can deeme righte, whose faithfull frendes do rest
whilst they doe Rule, and Raigne in great degree
ffor than bothe faste, and fained frendes are preste
Whose faithes seeme bothe, of one effect to bee
But if that welthe vnwynde and fortune flee
as neuer knowen revoltes th'vnfaithfull gheste
but he whose hart, in life once faithe linckt faste
Will loue and serve, euen after deathe is paste

(Nowe hope, now feare, now Ioie now wofull case)
(Our wandringe wills in nature frayle dothe proue)
(in Steed of good for better bad t'embrace)
(in Place of beste, the worste to Like and Love)
(So takinge Swete for sower, and Ioie for paine)
(Wee err in Chaunge, and reape repêtance vaine)

(The good and evill fortune of all a mans liff)
(Consistethe in Choise of his good or (ba) evill wif)
(for who findes a good wif at bourd and at bedd)
(I think of godes blessing is speciallie spedd)
(And who w^th^ an evill wif is forced to dwell)
(might find as muche quiet to harbour in hell)

(The good and bad hap that some women haue had)
(haue stand^ the Choise of good housband or bad)
(for she that good housband and faithfull hath fownd)
(enioyd suche a Iuell as feu go on grownd)
(who lives w^th^ bad housband in (Iarrs) and in awe)
(in yokes not evin payred vneaselie do drawe/

Now hope, now feare, now weale, now wofull case
Our wandrung wills in nature frayle doth prove
in stead of good, for better, badd t'embrace

1 See No. 7, fol. 17v.
2 See No. 8, fol. 17v.
in place of best, the worst to Lyke and Love
So taking sowre for sweete, and stain’d for cleare
We (ar) err in chaunge, and by repentance deere./

[5]

Th’assaulted mynde, besett with thoughtfull throwse
the restlesse head, amyd his muse amaz’d
the dolefull eye, wth drearye teares all daz’d
the charged bulk, wth undigested wose
the heavye hart, wth curelesse wound acraz’d
the trembling hand, that doubts ne dare disclose
the foltring foote, for feobled all and fainte
chardge me their tongue, too ofrre vpp their plainte./

And I alas ne know, how to vnwynde
so great a worke, for god knowth barraine soile
Yeldes seldome frewte, that worthie is the toyle
and yet t’obaye, sence dutie doth me bynde
I yelde to Lode, as overcharged moyle
that shrinkes for waight, and if I faynt youe fynde
pardon I praye, and when my force doth faile
pittie my wantt, and helpp my woe to waile./

Oh blessed wightes, whose webbs were woven so fyne
in golden age, your happie yeares to passe
when vertue chief, eache wheare esteeemed was
and all her trayne, enbraste as thinges devyne
but sence that tyme, those precous partes alas
have so decayde, and do so fast declyne
as if that golde, to Iron all were turnde
and Vertues broode, to ashes all were burnde

Then Iustice even, preserver of mans lyf
then temp’rance rare, of rashe attemptes the staye
then Largesse free, that right rewarde doth paye
then manhode stowte, that stowpes for storme nor stryf
then reason ruled, than wisdome bare the swaye
then Love than peaxe, than faith and trothe were rife
than frindshipp fast, and wordes were helde so pure
as deedes enrowlde, were never sene more sure

Now failes the breath, now bloud forsakes the face
Whên I but meant, t’nfolde the truth for awe
but wormes the flesshe, from bones asonder gnawe
yf in the hartt, one vniust thought had place
ARUNDEL HARINGTON MANUSCRIPT

(yf at this howre, I dare discover more)  
(yf at this h)  
And Pluto black, that Sowles doth downward drawe  
with tormentes great, from lymbes the lif vnlace
if at this houre I dare discover more
but I am wrong'd, and woe is me therfore./

finis

[6]  
[Fol. 17v]

Now all of Chaunge, must be my song  
and from my bownd, now must I breake  
Since shee so straunge, vnto my wronge  
dothe stoppe her ears, to heare me speake

Yet none doth know, so well as shee  
my greif whiche can have no restrainte  
that faine wold follow, now must flye  
for faute of eare, vnto my plaint

Oh afortunes might, that eache compells  
and me the moste, it doth suffise  
now for my right, to ask nought ells  
but to withdraw this enterprise

And so for gayne, of this good howre  
whiche of my woe, shall be reliefe  
I shall refrayne, by paynfull powre  
the thing that moste, hath bene my grieve

And shee vniust, that feareth not  
in this her fame, to be defyl'de  
yet once I trust shall be my lott  
to quyte the crafte, that me beguil'de

finis  
To Smithe of Camden./

7]  
The good & euell fortune of all a mans life  
Consisteth in choise of his good or evell wife  
for who findes a good wiffe at bord & at bedd  
I thinke of godes blessinge is speciallie spedd  
and who with a evell wife is forced to dwell

might finde as great quiet to harbor in hell

finis  

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The good & bad happ that som women hath stande in the choise of good husband or badd
for she that good howsband & faithfull hath fownde
in joythe suche a Iewell as fewe goe on grounde

Who lives with bad howsband in (feare) & (in) awe
in yokes not euen payred vneaselye do(th)e drawe.

In lief and health yf I remayne
vnlesse I haue great lett
I shall sett forthe your lyf as playne
as ever lyf was sett

A matrons lif this is in deede
whose matche yf men sholde seke
a twelve monthes space without good speede
wolde not fynd out her Lyke

A face moste fowle a mynd lesse fayre
an hart wheare hate doth grow
twyxt heaven and hell twixt earth and ayre
a worsse can no man know

A tawny hew a wythred skynne
with Lockes both hore and whyte
a tongue more sharpp than fysshes fynne
the picture trew of spyte

The ffyrst good worke that ever shee wrought
in fyftye yeares and two
and yf the truth were well out sought
ys at this howre to do

Perchaunce some heare that heares this songe
Wyll say it is for spight
but sure they offre greater wronge
they heare nothing but right

And for all those that thinck I fayne
or say yntrew in this
I wold that they should take the payne
to prove her as she is
ffor whyl'st I Lyve in my right mynd
this promesse heare I make
[30]
to trust no mo of Ivnoes kynd
from this day for her sake
[Fol. 18v]
Whiche wild two Serpentes styng to death
Yong hercules as they tell
[35]
Who kept his Cradle stopte their breath
and Skapte a lyve right well
Then I that can both goe and speake
may trust to bring to passe
once to be able my wronges to wreak
as well as hercules was
[40]
And till suche tyme I can espye
redresse of all to gether
with all her fawlties I lett her flye
the devills good grace go with her
finis

[10]
To men that know you not
you may appeare to be
full cleare and without spott
[5]
but truly vnto me
Suche is your wonted kynd
by profe so surely knowen
as I will not be blynd
myne eyes shall be myne owen
I will not wynk and see
I will not please the soe
[10]
I will not favour the
I will not be thye foe
I will not though I can
I will not shew my powre
I will be no suche man
[15]
I will not the devour
But I am he that will
See still as I have seene
your goodnes from your yll
myne eyes shall still be cleere
[20]

• 84 •
from motes of blynding love
that leadeth men somtyme
to trust or they do prove
and fall, when they wolde clyme

I will not feele the fytt
of ioye that fooles do feele
when their chief ioye they hytt
whiche tourneth as the wheele
that lyftes them hye or low
whiche is now vpp now downe
as floodes do ebb and flow
good luck from towne to towne

Suche feavers hote and colde
suche panges of ioye and payne
suche fyttet as do them holde
and do by rages raigne
shall never sease my hart
my freedome shall excuse
the thraldom of suche smarte
synce I so well may chuse

And I indyfferent man
can see and holde my peace
by profe how well you can
begyn to love and ceace
and so by sight I shall
suffyse my self as well
as though I feltt the fall
whiche they did feele that fell

ffinis

E Knevet

[11]
pater noster

Our Lord in Heaven, whiche raigneth still
thei name, be praysed over all
thie kingdome come, done be thie will
in earthe as heaven, we pray and shall
Geve vs this day, o’ daylie bread
fforgeve vs lord, as we forgeve
ffrom synnes assaultes, let vs be lead
Shield vs from yll, that we may lyve./
for kingdom, powre and all is thyne
and glory eke that ay shall shyne./
finis

[12]

[Fol. 19v]
The servis is vnsene
that I full long have servid
yet my reward hath bene
moche more than I deservid
and for those graces past
and favour than I fownd
whylst my poore lyf shall last
I fynd my self still bownd

Whiche makes me move this moche
by sute to serve in sight
as once my chaunce was soche
and now dooe wyshe it might
no man a lyve more fayne
nor in more paynfull wyse
may seeke the greattest gayne
then I this enterpryse

Yet they that seeke may fynd
most hold opynyon this
also I beare in mynd
the proverb saith there is
a salve for every sore
and for all doubtes redresse
thowghe I seeke no man more
and fynd still no man lesse

And this I graunt agayne
and some by profe doth know
whoe doth moste greif sustayne
and best his greif can show
unlesse he tarry tyme
as reason ys he shall
when he wold faynest clyme
may fortune take a fall

[Fol.] 20

So, some may loke and lack
their moste desyred sight
though some mens heads all black
by chaunge in tyme weare whyte
the proverb doth repeat
that whyle the grasse doth grow
the horsse for lack of meate
may sterve or any know

Wherfore do you not greeve
I humblye you requyre
though I seke to atcheeve
the sight I cheif desire
nothing may so content
to cure the care of mynde
as have that helpp present
wheare cure for care to fynde

And heare I make an othe
faithfully not to fayle
as farr as my faith goeth
tyll lyf by death do quayle
to serve none for yo's sake
but you wheare I began
and so myne othe I take
to lyve and dye yo' man

[13]
Peace restfull plentie bringes
through plentie Ryches grow'th
from ryches pryde still springes
and pryde contencon sow'th
Contencon warr eke breeds
Warr yeldes of want the wounde
of want patience proceeds
by patience peace is fownde
this gate the worlde aye yeedes
To ronne his Circuite rounde

[14]

Syns I am dryven to geve assay
to wynne or lose that I requyre
I make you Iudge your self that may
be the redresse of my desyre
and whether that I synck or save
as I deserve so lett me have

And yf you fynd that I do fayne
or move one waye and meane another
or yf the profe appeare not playne
that I am yours above all other
when I sue moste to be rewarded
than lett my sute be least regarded

But yf my truthe shall trye me free
from fraud and all discaptfull wayes
and cleare from thought vntrew to be
and hate all kynde of falce assayes
than print my truth within your brest
and grawnt me that that I love best

Now syns that you this iudge must be
of my desertes both good and yll
you shall perceave that I am he
who bydes yo' iudgement with good will
and makes request for my refudge
to you to be a rightfull iudge

finis

Vnto my songe geue eare that wyll
and deeme my doinges as you please
for I shall tell yf you be still
what trade I toke to lyve in ease
and how those wayes that I wayd best
in fyne did fayle to myne vnrest

The dayes were once and very late
my hart and I might leape at larde
and was not shutt within the gate
of loves desyre nor toke no chardge
of any thing that did pertayne

as toching love, any Payne

My thought was free my hart was light
I toke no care who wept who laught
I playd by day I slept by night
I reckt no whit who lost who sought
from all suche thinges my hart was free
and I my self at lybertye

I tooke no heede of tauntes nor toyes
as lyefe to see them frowne as smyle
their woes I mockt I skorn’d their ioyes
I fownd their frawds and eu’ry wyle
and to my self oft tymes I smyl’d to see how love had them begylde

Thus in the nett of my conceyt
I masked fourthe amonge the sort
of suche as fedd vppon the bayte
that Cupyde layd for his disporte
and eu’v as I saw them caught
I them beheld and there at laught

Tyll at the last when Cupyd spyde
my skornfull will and spitefull vse
and saw I past not who was tyede
so that my self myght lyve still loose
he sett hym self to lye in wayte
and in my way he cast a bayte

Suche one as never nature made
I dare well say but she alone
suche one she was that wolde envade
an hart more hard than marble stone
suche one she is I know it right
nature her made to shew her might

Than as a man all in a Maze
Whan vse of reason is a way
So I began to stare and gaze
and sodenly without delay
or that I had the wytt to looke
I swallowid vpp both bayte and hooke

Whiche dayly greevythe more and more
by sondry kyndes of carefull woo
and none a lyve may heale the sore
save she alone that hurt me so
in whome my health doth now concyst
to heale or hurt even as she lyst
Wherefore synce now that I am caught and fest so fast I can not flee be you by myn e example taught Whiche in your fancyes fynd you free dispyse them not that lovers are Least you lack powre to flye the snare

huomo inconosciuto

[16]
The care to compasse quyet rest Wythout suspect that greif shuld grow hath bredd suche broyle within my brest that more I searche the lesse I know

To leese moste lothe to wynne more wyll great feare to follow my desyre moche lyke to hym whom colde wold kyll perswaded full to flye the fyre

Hys happ is hard that needes must chuse of two great eyvlls whiche to forsake as lyve at lardge thye fame to loose or byde in bonds thye death to take

Lyke chaunce of Choyce now doth appeare in me with sondrye stormes of stryf whiche of theise two I hold moste deare myne honestye or ells my lyf

And synce I am compeld to chuse of evell to lyve or well to dye rather the lyf I shall refuse than lyke to lyve dishonestly

Thus to conclude I wishe and shall the true to holde the false to breake the good great powre the evell as small and me good speede in that I speake

finis

[17]
If right be rakt and over roné and powre take parte with open wrong yf feare through force yeld vpp to sone my lack is lyke to last to longe
Yf god for goods shall be vnplaste
and right for rychesse leese his due
Yf world for wysdome be enbraste
the gesse is great moche harme may sue

Amonge good things I prove and fynde
the quyet lyfe doth moste moste abounde
and sure to the contentid mynde
there is no rychesse may be found

ffor rychesse hates to be content
rule is en’mye to quyetnesse
powre for moste parte to stryf is bent
and seldomes lykes to lyve in peace

I herd a herdman once compare
that quyet nightes he had mo slepte
and had moe merye dayes to spare
then he whiche ought the beastes he kept

I wold not have it thought here by
the Dolphyn Swyme I meane to teache
nor yet to learne the fawlcon flye
I rove not so Farr past my reache

But as my parte above the rest
ys well to wishe and good to will
so tyll my breath shall fayle my brest
I will not stay to wyshe all still

ffinis

All ye that frindshipp do professe
or of a frynd presentes the place
geve eare to me that did possesse
as frindly frutes as ye enbrace
and to declare my case more playñe
there were well skyld them selves did payne
to teache me truly how to take
a faythfull frind for frindshipps sake

But I as one of lytle skyll
to know what good might grow therby
Vnto my welth than had no will
nor to my nede I had no eye
but as the Chylde dothe learne to go
so I in tyme did leerne to know
of all good frutes the world brought forthe
a faythfull frind was thing moste worth

Then with all care I sought to fynde
one worthie to receave all trust
one that was only ryche in mynde
one Secreat, Sober, Wyse and Iust
raise
one rychesse could not (please) at all
nor povertie procure her fall
and to be short in few tearmes playne
one suche a frind I did attayne
And when I had enjoyed this welth
Lord who lyv’d in so pleasant case
ffor to my frindest it was great helth
and to my foes a great deface
and to my self a thing so ryche
as seke a world and fynd no syche
thus by this frind I sett suche store
as no man by hym self sett more

This frind was so moche my delyte
when care had creapt in every part
one frindly thought rid care as quyte
as care had never caws’d my smart
thus ioyed I in my frind so deare
that never frynd sate man more neare
I toke suche care for her alone
as other god I carde for none

But as it doth to them befall
that vnto hym respecte have none
my graffed sweete is growne to gall
that I sowed myrth is reapid mone
this Idoll that I honourd so
ys now transform’d into my foe
that me moste pleasd now me most paynes
and in dispayre my hope remaynes

And for iust skoordge of suche desert
three plages I must my self assure
fyrst of my frind to lose my part
and next my lyf may not endure

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and last of all for my more blame
my Sowle shall suffer for the same
wherefore you frynds I warne you all
sytt fast for feare of suche a fall
ffinis

[19]
The lyf ys longe that lothsomly doth last
the dolefull dayes draw slowly to their date
the present panges and paynfull plage skarce past
yeldes greif aye greene to stablishe thie estate
so that I fynde in this great storme and stryfe

that death ys sweete that shortyth suche a lyfe

Yet by the stroke of this straunge over throw
at whiche conflct in thraldome I was thrust
my god I thanck I am well tawght to know
from whence man came and eke wheareto he must
and by the way vppon how feoble force
his tearme doth stand till death shall end his coorce

The pleasant yeares that seme so swiftlye ronne
the mery dayes to end so fast that flete
the ioyfull nightes of which day dawth so sone
the happie howres whiche mo do mysse than meeete
do all consume as snow agaynst the sonne
and death makes end of all that lyf begonne

Syns death shall dure till all the world lye waste
what meaneth man to shonne death than so sore
as man might make that lyf shuld alway Last
without regarde the Lorde hath lead before
the dawnce of death whiche all must ronne on roo
thowh how or when hym self doth only know

Yf man wold mynd what bourdens lyf doth brynge
what greevous Crymes to god he doth commytt
what greefes do grow what daungers dayly springe
with no safe howre in all his dayes to sytt
he wold sure thinck as with great cause I do
the day of death wear better of the two

Death is a porte wherby we passe to ioye
Lyf ys a lake that drowneth all in payne
Death is so deare it ceasyth all anoy
Lyf is so lewd that all it yelds ys vyayne
ffor as by lyf to bondage man was browght
Even so by death was freedome lykewyse wrought

Wherefore with pawle lett all flesshe wishe and pray
to be dissolv'd from this fowle flesshye masse
or at the least be armde agaynst the day
that they be fownd good Sowldyours prest to passe
ffrom lyf to death from death to lyf agayne
to suche a lyfe as ever shall remayne
ffinis

[20]

At least withdraw your creweltie
or force the tyme to worke your will
Yt is to moche extreamytie
to kepe me pent in pryson styll
free from all fawte voyd of all cauise
without all right agaynst all lawse
how can you vse more crewell spight
than offre wróng and promes right
yet can not accuse nor will acquyght

(A) Eleven months (full) and Longer space
I have endured your deavellishe dryftes
whylest you have sought bothe man and place
and sett your snares with all your shyftes
the fawtlesse foote to wrapp with wyle
in any guylt by any guyle
and now you see it will not be
how can you thus for shame agree

to kepe hym bownd you ought sett free

Your chauncce was once as myne is now
to kepe this hold agaynst your will
and than you swarve you know well how
though now you sware I know how yll
but thus the world his course doth passe
the priest forgeates that Clerk he was
and you that then cryed Iustyce styll
and now have Iustyce att your will
Wrestes Iustyce wrong agaynst all skill
But whye do I thus coldly playne
as thoughe it were my cause alone
whan cause doth eache man so constrayne
as Englonde through hath cause to mone
to see your bloody searche of suche
as all the earth can no way towche
and better weare that all your kynd
Lyke hownds in hell with shame were shrynd
then you had might vnto your mynd

But as the Stone that strykes the wall
Somtyme bownds back on th'urlers hedd
so your fowle fetch to your fowle fall
may tourne and noye the brest it bredd
and than suche measure as you gave
of right and Justice looke to have
yf good or yll, yf short or longe
yf falce or trew, yf right or wronge
And thus tyll than I end my songe
ffinis

[Fol. 25 is wanting.]

Husband, yf you will be my deare
Your other self, you must me make
So, next to god, you shall be neare
So, of our babes, care will I take

An holsome house, and strong built geve
See needefull thinges, be never sckarce
Provide your men, vnyd'lye live
Vse Curtes Speache, shew frendlie face
T'observe your tymes, if tyme I chuse
To know my tymes, you must take payne
And how your frends, you wold I vse
So, looke my frends, you entertaine

Your stormes, for stubburne Servants stay
and gent'lye warne me in myne eare
As you may at your pleasure play
So, when I sporte, be not seveare

That I you please, doth not alone
in all respectes my self suffyse

* 95 *
ffor good, of moe, I wold you knowne
And longe ffrome home, stayd in no wise

Yf no Suspicions rise, youe reede
Suspicivs cause, t'eschewe weare best
What ever care, the day doth breede
Agree, the night, yelde pleasant rest

What so a wooer, you me behight
NOWe husband good, performe as due
Penelopes pathe, if I hold right
Vlixes Steppes, see you tread trew

finis

When I looke back and in my self behold
the wandring wayes that youth could not discrye
and see the fearfull course that youte did holde
and meat in mynd eche steppe I strayed awrye
my knees I bow and from my hart I call
O Lord forgeat youthes fawltes and follyes all

how skant youthe was of skill
ffor now I see (that youthe was voyde of skyll)
I fynde by profe, his pleasures all be payne
I feele the Sower, that sweetnes than did still
I taste the gall, hydd vnder sugred trayne
and with a mynd Repentaunt of all Crymes
Pardon I aske for youth ten thousand tymes

The humble hart hath dawnted the prowd mynd
Knowledge hath geven to ignoraunce the fall
Wysdome hath tawght that folly coulde not fynd
and age hath youth his subiect and his thrall
wherefore I pray O Lorde of lif and truth
Cansell the crymes commytted in my youth

Thow that didest grawnt the wyse king his request
thow that in whale thye prophett did'st preserve
Thow that forgav'st the wounding of thy brest
Thow that didst save the thyef in state to sterve
Thow only good and gever of all grace
forgeve the giltes that grew in youtes greene race

2 Thow that by powre to lyf didst raise the dead
1 Thow that of grace restoredst the blynd to sight
Tho w that for love thye lif and blood out bled 
Tho w that of favor madest the lame goe ryght 
Tho w that canst heale and helpp in all assayes 
Wyp e oute of myn d the wantes of youths vayne wayes

And now sence hope by grace with doubtlesse mynd
dothe preace to thee by prayer t’appease thyne Ire
and synce with trust to speede I seeke to fynde
and wayte through faith t’attayne this just desyre
lord mynd no more youthes errour nor vnskill
but able age to do thie hollye will

Amanza myne with heedefull eye beholde
the lyngtring woe that restles care hath bredd
in frende more worthe, then myne of Indian goolde
of whose lifes ioye th’arte chief and onlye hedd
no youthfull pange bereaveth me of rest
but inwarde care that wakes still in my brest

And yf you aske what cause dothe care procure
I answeare thus, the want of my delight
without the whiche my life may not endure
and lyke the whiche on earthe theare lives no wight
ffor vertue, grace, cleare fame and excellent witt
the chiefest ells in meaner seate may sytt

A pleasãnt cheere, a tongue more wyse then bolde
a constant hart, a secreat brest moste rare
good, Courtesse, fayre, and gladsome to beholde
the want hearof is cause of all my care
and this dothe moche encrease my care the more
I see it spoylde wheare care is none thearfore

ffor ficklenes hath faithfulnes faste lockte
vncertaýnes assurednes hath tyde
and patientnes with passionatnes is yock’t
and Sobernes with Sollennes dothe byde
eake waywardnes hath worthynes at call
and noblenes to noysomnes is thrall

Thus cladd in care I seeke, I sue, I serve
I lyke, I love, I honour and obaye
I waite, I watche, how grace best to deserve
A parte I playne, in presence ofte I praye
but aye the neere I covett to the cooste
the farther of, the thing I covett moste

for whan my shyppe with faire and prosperous wynd
Her course had ronne in hope and happie plight
And all good signes that skill from skyes might fynd
Assured porte with ioye and great delight
Amydds the Haven a tempest suche theare fell
as is to moche for anye tongue to tell

And hope and feare tormentors of mans mynde
at mortall warr sence in my brest are mett
ffeare dothe encrease with everye blast of wynd
and in this Sawe Hopes strengthe is cheiflye sett
no rage of storme so sore did ever blow
but after cleard and greater calme did show

But yf greate faithe, moche truthe and moste good will
With suche respectes as dothe all others passe
or yf true doome of Iustice ioynde with skill
or lawe of landes or nature maye take place
Hope maye be bolde his right to plead with all
in heaven or earthe, give sentence who so shall
finis

[24]
dyvers sentences

The Citie rear’d de enriched with moche payne
more pleasant makes the profittes thearof spring
those conquestes men more dangeroulsie attayne
Do cause the spoile, esteem’d e a dearer thing
The tossed shipp, the more the stormes doth straine
With greater ioye her self in bay doth bring
So, the more sowre, the bloomes of love do blowe
The sweeter frute after the blossoms growe./
finis

[25]

To waite for that, which commith never
To kepe bedd still and want sleepe ever
To serve, and leese eache true endeuer
be three thinges mans lif to discever./
finis
There be two thinges especiallye
that makes a man noted of inconstancie
if either in his awne prosperitie
He sett his frind light
or in his frends adversitie
He cast hym of quight. / [Fol.] 28

Thryse Happie (be) thei, can cutt the winges
of their desyre, to nedeles things. / [26a]

In doing well vse no delay
for in short space, tyme wears away. / [27]

ffaire wordes, (and) fowle deedes, do offe vse
Bothe wise and folishe to abuse. / [28]

Who so to do his best is fownd
To do better is no waye bound. / [29]

Serve aie he shall with paine/
That (tendes) great thinges (t') attaine. / [30]

His fall is nye
that Clymes to hie. / [31]

- 99 -
[33]
The Scilent servant serving well
Doth crave moche by deserving well./
finis

[34]
No man can daunce amisse
Wheare fortune mynstrell is./
finis

[35]
Thei know not peace/ nor rightlie how to deeme it
that first by warr have \( \not \) bene \( ^m a d e \) \( t' \)esteeme it./
finis

[36]
Bewtie is seldome fownd
Without some wem or wound./
finis

[37]
The good and evill horsse the spurr doth crave
The good and badd wif a wand wold have./
finis

[38]
Vertue, wheare wealth doth want, esteemed is but vayne
and of no more accompte, than straw without the graine./
finis

[39]
The inward mirth of hart
makes \( \langle a \rangle \) faire \( \_ \) outward part./
finis

[40]
Lyke as men deeme not that bread best
that grow're the in fairest fild 

till with great diligence it be drest
and excellent prove in yelde

• 100 •
no more doe wise men esteeme moche
those of great parentes grown
vnils their vertuous deedes be suche
as makes them noble knownen.

\[\text{finis}\]

\[\text{[41]}\]

9
ffrom those I trust god me defend
ffrom those I doubt, my self will tend./
\[\text{finis}\]

\[\text{[42]}\]

10
Who so hath tyme at will
and waiteth for tyme still
Doth tyme and travaile spill./
\[\text{finis}\]

\[\text{[43]}\]
(Submit your selves wives wth care to accord)
(Vnto your husbands, as vnto the Lord)
(ffor as Christ is chief of the Churche he fed)
(So hath he ordayn'd the husband the hedd)
(And biddles you obay hym with good affection)
(as the true Churche doth, all his direction)
\[\text{finis}\]

\[\text{[44]}\]
\[\begin{align*}
\text{can be} & \quad \text{sound} \\
\text{No state more (good), no lif more swete} & \quad \text{ys that} \\
\text{than (th?) happie yoke wheare good mynds meete.} & \quad \text{finis}
\end{align*}\]

\[\text{[45]}\]
So moche more great, eache fault is deem'de to be
As he that faulttes, is greater in degree
\[\text{finis}\]

\[\text{[46]}\]
When fortune doth faile, then frindship is gone
and nature will crave agayne that she lent
but that that is gott withe vertue alone
will ever endure and never be spent./
Woe, vnto whome, the poore small, moche doth seeme
and his owne moche, but lytle thinge dothe deeme./

Wolves be lyke Dogges flatt’ers lyke frends
yet their desyres haue vnlyke ends./

Oft tymes good heede
escapes evell speede./

A proverb olde, love those that loves agayne
and wheare love wantes, your love from suche refraine./

Whoe so a wyfe doth take
His payne and woe dothe wake./

Other delight of mynde
then learninge I ne fynde./

He that is an Asse, and Hart hym self doth weene
at leaping o(v)er the ditche, the truth is easlye seene./

He whose faithe once hath suffred staine
hath lytle lefte to lose againe./
15 He was frend never
that is not frend ever./
finis

[56]
blynde ffortune gev(ith) tomoche to manye
and never geves Inoughe to anye./
finis

[57]
Whear e goodnes guydes the mynde
and bewtie restes in face
the vertue is more kynde
and hath the greater grace./
finis

[58]
Vse temperaunce in feedinge
Be sober in drinckinge
Lyberall in gevinge
Slowe in receiveinge
Scarce in Sleapinge
Patient in hearinge
Curteis in answearing
Ware in Counseilling
Speedie in dispatchinge
Prest in pleasuringe
Gentle in Chastisinge
and pitifull in pardoninge
finis

[59]
Ecclesiastes. 8.
Lend not to hym, whose state doth thyne exceade
ffor if thow lend, losse art thow lyke to take
No suretie be, above thie reache I reade
Least thow be driv'n therof paiment to make
And with the Iudge, to law looke thow refraine
ffor he deemes aye, as makes moste for his gayne
finis
[60]
Ephesians. 5. Chap./
Eache man so ought to love his wif
as he dothe love his Sowle or lif
for he, his wife, that loves with hart
even of hym self doth love aparte
and quyett, there shall alwaye dwell
where twoe good mynds, in one gree well
finis

[61]
When ffortune gave good wynde vnto my saile
that tyme I had of frendes no lytle nomber
But a perrie rose, and fortune gan to faile
Adversitie blewe, my ffrendes and me a sonder
Amydd the Seas, my Shipp was all to shaken
and I of ffrendes and ffortune cleane forsaken./
ffinis

[62]
Men are borne to obay the lawse of their contrey
And women to obay the commaundements of their husbands./
finis

[63]
A gratefull guift, from thanckfull mynd
t'approved frend, for present sent
Suche acceptaçon, must needes fynde
as by the guift, the gever ment
Whiche geven and tane, as it is fitt
Assured ffrendes, more sure may knytt
finis

John Harington
hoc vt obscenissimū

[64]
I Scited once t'appeare/before the noble Quene
that ought to guyde eache mortall life / that in this world is seene
That Pleasant crewell foe/ that robbeth hartes of ease
and now doth frowne/ and then doth fawne/ and can both greve
& please

• 104 •
and theare as golde in fyre/ full fynde to eache intent
Charged w\textsuperscript{th} feare and terrour eke/ I did my self present
As one that doubted death/ and yet did justice crave
and thus began t'vnfolde my cawse/ in hope some helpp to haue

Madame in tender youth/ I entrid furst this raigne
wheare other sweete I never felt/ then greefe and great disdaine
and eake so sondrie kyndes/ of tormentes did endure
as lyfe I loth'd, and death desyred/ my cursed case to cure
And thus my wofull daies/ vnto this howre have past
In smokie sighes, and scalding teares/ my weried life to waste
O lord what graces great/ I fled and eke refused
to serve this Crewell Craftie Syer/ that doubtles trust abvsed

What witt can vse suche wordes/ to argue and debate
what tongue expresse the full effect/ of myn vnhappie state
what hand with pen can painte/ t'vnsypher this disceate
what hart so hard that wold not yelde/ that once had seene his
baite
what great and greevous wronges/ what theartes of yll successe
what single sweete mingled with masse/ of doble bitternes
with what vnpleasant panges/ with what an horde of paynes
hath he acquaynted my greene yeares/ by his fake pleasant traines

Whoe by resistles powre/ hath forste me sue his dawnce
that if I be not moche abvsde/ had fownd moche better chaunce
And when I moste resolv'd/ to lead moste quyet lyfe
he spoil'd me of discordles state/ and thrust me in truceles strife
he hath bewitch'd me so/that god the lesse I serv'd
and due respect vnto my self/ the further from me swarv'd
He hath the love of one/ so printed in my thought
that other thing I can none mynde/ nor care for as I ought
And all this comes from hym/ both counsaile and the cawse
that whett my yonge desyre so moche/ to th'ownour of his lawse

\[65\]

\[\text{Fol. 31}^v\]

1. flower of Roses Angells ioy
   Tower of David Arke of Noy
   first of sayntes whose trew protecting
   Of the younge and weake in spryte
   Makes my soule thease lynes endyte
to thy throne her playnte dyrecting

2. Orphan chylde alone I lye
   childlyke to thee I crye
Queene of Heaven vsde to cherishe
Eys of grace behold I fall
ears of pitty heare my call
least in swadling clowts I perishe

3. Hyde the greatnes of each fa\_lte
my Desart yf thear be awghte
by thie meryts be enlarged
that the debts whearin I fall
paying nought but owing all
by thie prayer be discharged

4. Pray to him whose shape I beare
by thie love thie care (my) thy feare
by thy glorious byrthe and breeding
that thoughe ower synnes towche the skye
yet his mercyes (may not dye) mownt more hye
all his other woorks exceeding

5. Tell him that in strengthening me
\wth his grace he graceth thee
every litle one defending
Tell him that I cloy thine ears
\wth the cry of chyldishe tears
from his footstoole still assending

6. Hear my cryes and grant me ayd
perfect mother perfect mayd
hear my cryes to thee addressed
\ffrom my playntes turne not thie face
humble and yet full of grace
pure, vntowcht for ever blessed./
ffinis./

[66]

Verses made by a Catholiq; in prayse
of Campion that was executed at
Tyburne for Treason as ys
made knowne by Proclamation./

1. Why doe I vse m y paper ynke and pen
and call my wyttes to counsell what to say
suche memoryes weare made for mortall men
I speake of sayntes whose names shall not decay

· 106 ·
an(d) angells Trumpe weare fytter for to sownd
theyre glorious deathe yf suche on earthe weare founde.

then

2. Pardon (my) want I offer noughte but will,
theyre register remaynethe safe above,
Campion exceeds the Compasse of my skyll,
and gave me leave in base and lowly varse
his highe attemptes in England to reverse./

3. He came by vow, the cause to conquer sin,
his armour prayr(e) the (devell) his targe & sheeld,
his comfort heaven, his spoyl(e) our souls to wyn,
the devell his foe, the wicked world his fylld
Hys triumphes ioy his wage eternall blysse,
his captayne Chryste whiche ever blessed ys.

4. ffrome ease to payne, from honor to disgrace,
frome love to hate, to daunger beyng well,
frome safe abode to feares in every place,
contemninge deathe, to save our soules from hell,
the devell his foe, the wicked world his fylld
Our new apostle comminge to restore,
the faythe w[th] Austen planted heere before.

5. Hys natures flowres weare mixt w[th] herbs of grace,
his mylde behaveour, temper(e)d well w[th] skyll,
a lowly mynde possest a lerned place,
a suger(e)d speeche a rare and vertuous will,
A sayntlyke man was set on erthe below
the seed of truthe in erringe hartes to s(h)ow.

6. Withe tounge and pen the truthe he tawghte and wroote,
by force whearof they came to Chryste a pace,
but when yt pleased god yt was his lote
he should be thrallde, he lent him so muche grace,
his patience then did worke as moche, or more,
then (as) had his heavenly speeches done before./

7. Hys fare was hard, yet mylde & sweete his cheere,
his pryson close, yet free & loose his mynde,
his torture great, yet small or none his feare,
his offers lardge, yet nothinge coulde him blynde.
O constant man oh mynde oh vyrtue straunge,
Whome want nor woe, nor feare nor hope coulde chaunge./
ffrom racke in Tower./
8. ffrome racke in Tower they brought him to dispute,
Bookelesse alone to awnser all that came.
but Chryste gave grace he did them all confute
soe sweetly theare in glorye of his name,
that even the adverse parte wear forcte to say
that Campions cause did beare the bell away.

9. This foyle enrag(e)d the myndes of some so farre,
they thoughte yt best to take his lyfe away,
becawse they saw he would theyre matter mar,
and leave (thee) shortly nowght at all to say.
Traytour he was wth many a selly slyghte
Yet pacte a Iewry that Cryed guyltie streyghte./

10. Relligion thear was treason to the Queene,
Preachinge of peanaunce, war agaynst the lande,
preestes weare such dawngerous men as had not beene.
Prayeres and beads weare fyghte and force of hand,
Cases of conscience (p) bane vnto the state,
Soe blynde ys error so false (a) witnes hate.

11. And yet behold thease lambs are drawne to dye,
Treasure proclaymed, the queene ys put yn feare,
ownt vppon Sathan fye mallis fye,
speak(e)st thow to those that did the giltlesse heere,
Can humble sowles departinge nowe to Chryst
ptest vntrew? avawnt sowle fend thow lyste./

12. My soveraygne leege behold yowr subiectes end,
yowr secret foes doe misenforme yowr grace,
for
whoe (in) yowr cause theyre holye lives would spend,
as Traytors dye, a rare and monstruous case.
The bloodye woolfe condemnes the harmlesse sheepe,
before the dogge, the whyle the sheppards sleepe.

13. England looke vp, thy soyle ys staynd wth blood,
thow hast made Martyres many of thyne owne.
Yf thow have grace theyre deathe (w)th will doe the good,
the seed will take, that in soche blood ys sowne,
And Campions learninge fertyle soe before
thus watred to must needes of force be more.

14. Repent thee Eliot of thy Iudas kysse,
I wishe thy penaunce, not thy desperat end.
Let Norton thinke w\textsuperscript{th} now in prison ys
To whome was sayd he was not Cesares frend,
And let the Judge consyder well in feare,
that Pylat washte his hands and was not cleere./
\begin{small}
\textit{The wytnes false}\[30pt]\end{small}

\textbf{15.} The wytnesse false Sled munday and the reste,\[85\]
that had yowr slaunderes noted in yowr booke,
Confesse yowr fawltie before hand yt wear best,
least god doe fynde yt wrytten when he looke
\begin{small}
\begin{tabular}{p{15cm}}
In dreadfull doome vppon the sowles of men,
yt wilbe late alas to mend yt then.\end{tabular}\end{small}

\textbf{16.} Yow bloody (G)ewry lea and all \(\text{the leven}\) th'e\ll
take heede yowr vardyt \textsuperscript{th} was geven in haste,
doe not exclude yow frome the Ioys of heaven,
and cawse yow rew yt when the tyme ys past,
and every one whose mallice cawsd him say
\begin{small}
\begin{tabular}{p{15cm}}
Crucifige \(\text{let him}\) dred the terror of that day.\end{tabular}\end{small}

\textbf{17.} ffonde Elderton call in thy foolyshe rymes,
thy scurrill ballads are to bad to sell,
let good men rest, and mend thy selfe betymes,
confesse in prose thow haste not meetred well.
\begin{small}
\begin{tabular}{p{15cm}}
Or yf thy folly cannot chuse but fayne,
Wryte alehowse toyes, blasphem not in thy vayne.\end{tabular}\end{small}

\textbf{18.} Remember yee that would oppresse the ca\wse,
the churche ys chrystes his honor cannot dye,
thoughe hell her selfe revest her gresly iaws,
and Ioyne in league with schisme and heresye,
\begin{small}
\begin{tabular}{p{15cm}}
thoughe crafte devyze, and cruell rage oppresse,
yet styll wyll wryte and martirdom confesse.\end{tabular}\end{small}

\textbf{19.} Yee thought phapps when learned Campion dyes,
his pen muste cease, his sugred townge be still.
\begin{small}
\begin{tabular}{p{15cm}}
but yow forget how lowd his deathe yt cryes,\end{tabular}\end{small}
how farre beyond the sownd of \(p\) toung or quill.
\begin{small}
\begin{tabular}{p{15cm}}
yow did not know how rare and great a good
yt was to write those p\textit{ci}ous guiftes in bloode\end{tabular}\end{small}

\textbf{20.} Lyvinge (he) spake to them that present weare,\[115\]
his wrytinges \(\text{th}\) tooke theyre censure of the vew.
\begin{small}
\begin{tabular}{p{15cm}}
now fame reportes his lerninge far and neere,\end{tabular}\end{small}
and now his deathe confirmes theyre doctryne trew,\[115\]
his vyrtyues now are written in the skyes,
and often red wth hollye inward eyes.

21. All En(gland) wonders at so rare a man,
   England was filld wth rumore of his end,
   London m(u)st (nedes) for yt was present then,
   When constantly three sayntes theyre lyves did spend
   The streates the steppes the stones yow hallde them by
   Proclaymes the Cawse whearfore theasse marteres dye.
   The Tower sayethe

22. The tower dothe tell the trewthe he did defend,
   the barre bares wytnes of his giltlesse mynde,
   Tyburne did try he made a pacient end,
   on every gate his martyrdom wey fynde,
   In vayne ye wrought that would obscure his name
   for heaven and Erthe will still record the same

23. Yowr sentence done pronounced of him heer,
   Exemptes him frome the Iudgment(es) (for) to come,
   o happy he that ys not iudged theare.
   god graunt me to to have an eerthly doome.
   yowr witnesse false and lewdly taken in,
   dothe cawse he ys not now accused of sinne./

24. Hys pryson now the cytie of the kynge,
   his racke and torture ioyes and heavnly blysse,
   for mens reproche withe aungells he dothe singe,
   A sacred songe that everlastinge ys.
   for shame but short, and losse of small renowned,
   he purchast hathe (an) an ever durynge Crowne.

25. Hys quartred lymmes shall ioyne wth ioy agayne,
   and ryse a body bryghter then the sonne.
   yowr blynded mallice torturd him in vayne,
   for every wrinche some glorye hath him wonne.
   and every drop of blood that he did spend
   hathe reapt a ioy that never shall have end.

26. Can dreary deathe then daunt our (lyfe) or payne,
   ys yt lyngringe lyfe (that) wee (doe feere) to loose or ease
   no no suche deathe procurethe lyfe agaynre
tis only god we tremble to displease
who kylls but once and ever still we dye
whoes hot revenge tormentes eternally.

27. We cannot feare a mortall torment wee,
this martires blood hath moystned all our hartes,
whose parted quarters when we chaunce to see
wee lerne to play the constant Christians partes.

his hed dothe speake, and heavnly preseptes give,
how we that looke, should frame owr selves to lyve.

28. His yowthe enstructes vs how to spend our days,
his flyinge byds vs how to banishe sinne,
his strayghte profession shews the narrow ways,
with they must walke that looke to enter in.

Hys (hope) returne by daunger and distresse
Emboldens vs our conscience to professe.

29. Hys hardle draws vs with him to the crosse,
his death doth say his lyfe ys but our losse,
his (he) martird blood from heaven to vs dothe crye.

his fyrst and last and all agree in this,
to shew the way that leadethe vntoe blysse.

30. Blessed be god who lent him so moche grace,
thanked be Chryste that blest his martire soe,
happy ys he that sees his masters face,
Cursed are they that thoughte to worke his woe,
bounden we be to give eternall prayse
to Iesus name whoe suche a saynt did rayse.

ffinis

[67]

The fyre to see my woes for anger burnethe
the ayre in rayne for my afflyction weepethe
the sea for woe to ebb his flowinge turnethe
the erthe with pittie dullde the center keepethe
fame ys withe wonder blased
tyme runnes away for sorrow
Place standethe styll amased
to see my nyght of woes that hathe noe morrow.
Alas aloinely she noe pitie takethe
to see my mysstryes but chaste and crewell
my fall her glorye makethe
yet of mye flames she ys the onely fuell.
ffyre burne me quyte tyll sence of burninge leave me
ayre let me drawe noe more this brethe in anguishe
sea drownd in thee of tedious lyfe bereave me
earth the take this erthe whearin my spirites languishe
fame say I was not borne
tyme haste my dyinge howre
place see my grave vptorne
ffyre sea erthe fame tyme place shew your powre
Alas frome all theyre helps I am (I) exyled
for I am hers and dethe feares her displeasure
fye deatho thowe art beguyled
thoughe I bee heres she makes of me noe tresour./

ffinis

Ph. S./

1 O heavenlye god, o father deare cast downe thie tender eye
Vppon a wretchate that prostrate heare before thie throne
dothe lye
O powre thie precyouse oyle of grace into my wounded harte
O let the dropps of mercye swadge the rygor of my smarte.

2 My sinfull soule suppressed sore withe Carfull clogge of synn
In humble sorte submytttes yt selfe thie mercyes for to wynn
Graunt mercye then o savioure sweete to me moste wretched thrall
whose mornefull Cryes to the O Lorde do styll for mercye call

3 Thie blessed wyll I have despised vppon a stubbrne mynde
Vnto the swaye of wordlye thinges my selfe I have enclynde
forgetting heaven and heavenlye powre wheare god and
saynctes do dwell
My life had lyke to walke the pathes that leade the Waye to
hell

4 But o my Lorde and Lodstarr bryght I will no more do soe
To thinke vppon my former lyfe my harte dothe melt for woe
Alas I sighe, Alas I sob, Alas I do repent,
That ever my lycentious wyll so wickedlye was bent.

5 Sythe thus thearfore withe mornefull playntes I do thie
mercyCrave
Good Lord for thie great mercyes sake let me thie mercy have
Restore to lyfe this wretched soule, whiche els ys like to dye
So shall my voyce vnto thye name singe prayse eternallye
Nowe blessed be the father fyrste, and blessed be the sonne
And blessed be the holye goste by whome all thinges ar done
Blesse me o blessed trinitye withe your eternall grace
That after deathe my sowle may have in heaven a restinge place.

Walter Devereux
Count d’Essex

[69]

A tale put in verse by Mr Grevell
The ptyes that weare Authores of ye true reporte weare Mr of the Rolles y* nowe is
and his ladye/ to Sr. M. A./

1 A tale I once did heare a true man tell
so true as in his thoughtes he knew no shame
That whilest he soughte his healthe at Buckstones well
a well that for the vertue carryes fame
   In Evninges walke he sawe amyd the feeldes
   this pleasant frute amonge the rest yt yeeldes.

2 A woman layde flatt backward on the grounde
   an woman like her face bent to the skyes
   Her thoughtes as highe or higher must be bounde
   for all lighte thinges by nature vpward ryse
   Withe Armes abrode as carlesse what befell
   so yt weare newe for change dothe please them well.

3 Not longe she thus in wandrynge Muses laye
   musinge how heaven moves and weares out tyme
   How one daye comes whiles others passe awaye
   and howe they Age begot that lyvd in pryme
   What nothinge is on what the earthe is bounde
   withe suche Conceytes as ar in women founde

4 But that a man that sawe this femall creature
   lyte their amazd withe wakinge dream possesste
   free of those myndes that love the Heavenes feature
   and for that love neglect the bodyes reste
   Lytes him a longe betweene her & the skyes
   that vpward she sees nothinge but his eyes

5 As new awake yet in her fancye stronge
   she vpward moves as thoughe she fayne would fyte
from this base earthe to leve the starres amonge
but that his downeward working dothe denye
And when she can of neyther syde escape
she clippes him fast and would hav this a rape

6 A rape bycause she neu^r gave consent
vnlesse you make consent in lying styll
but not so styll but he mighte feele she ment
to have him end the sooner by her will
Least lookeres on of whome she stoode in awe
shoulde fynde them theare, and force them to y^r lawe

7 Saflye she thus did from the sirene lye
and laye like those that force not of theyr lode
when as these frendes of myne came passing bye.
delighted withe the ayre theye founde abrode
Tyll at this sight theye bothe did take offence
and withoute byddinge straght depted thence

8 His wife whose mynd e hathe ever hated yll
and by this chaunce thus sawe the shame of bothe
studdyes to sharpe and move her husbandes will
bycause to punish theare she sawe hime lothe
That that theyre faulte might be reproved
as for the worldes example it behoved

9 My frend com^aundes these Couple to apeare
whome he so Coupled found in vnfit place
and askte hime by what lawe he vsed her theare
whoe straghtwaye pleded marryadge in the Case
But marryage men knowe hathe tyme & leasure
In night and chamber lockt to take theyre pleasure

10 He thearfore willes hime to confesse a trewethe
for secretnes dothe shew a love of yll
and evell hathe no better bande of youthe
then by her shame whiche makes vs keepe her styll
for shame is hers and whoe so likes to leav her
Confessione shewes her nakte and dothe berev her

11 The poore ma^n askethe mercye and confessethe
the some of all as you hav hard it tolde
and to the woman he his speache addressethe
swearing her humble lyinge made him bolde
He neu^r sawe nor knewe her tyll that daye
and woulde have ben full glad she had sayd naye
12 The woman lothe to speake as women be
and when theie speake to gentle to saye naye
for this tyme sware she knewe no man but he
and him bycause he would not goe his waye
And wouulde have cryed for helpe when we weare theare
but that she was afrayde least we should heare

13 Thus modestye whearwithe theyre seckes aboundes
pswaded muche to make her faulte the lesse
And vpon him the greater payne redoundes
bycause he tryvmphes on her humblenes
she Could no lower go then to the grounde
and at the lowest on her he was founde

14 Thus bothe sydes hard the faulte was not denyed
they bothe contest the acte of genwacyon
And by theyre answers playnlye it was tryed
they had no lawe to warrant copulacyone
But suche as nature levethe to the bestes
whose lawe and life in sence delighting restes

15 Thus marryage was displayymde on euDye syde
the facte appeares as laulesse as the place
yet to the lawe of bestes my frenes them tyde
to have thinke knowe no thought of greater grace
Then that theyre brutishe lust they do obaye
and (Chaʒe) love, or leave as luste do weare awaye/

Finis

I love a lady wondrows well
was never man loved lady better
yf Iellows hedded eyes would lett her
she would love me her eyes can tell
whyle her eyes ar wth myne agreeing
her husbandes eyes barr myne from seeing
But either I will looke him Leane
for leanesse follows Iellows prying
or I wth myn eyes allwayes eying
will looke him owt of his looke cleane
His lookes to my lookes ar no tyinge
my lookes on her lookes ar relying
So shall owr eyes be free of sighte
so shall her lookes wth in feare hover
lovely allighte upon her Lover
who wonders at her eyes so brighte
with ydes my thoughtes that I can never
thynke but of her and Love her ever
Don Iupiter fell once in Love
with Io farrest of all creatures
Argos that kept those goodly feuates
bord Iupiter all means to prove

till sleepe had closed his seinge sences
his skowts and this fayre maydes defences

whyle

While Argos slept all costes were cleare
his hundred waking eyes gave leasure
to Iupiter to take his pleasure
with Io whom he lovd so deare
Such hap unto my Love were meetest
and so farwell of all the sweetest./
finis./

[71]
O deer lyfe when shall yt bee, that myne eyes thyne eyes may see
and in them thy thoughts discover
wether absence have had forse thy remembrawnce to devorse
from the ymage of thy lover

O yf I my selfe fynd not, by (thy) absence owght forgot
nor debard from bewtyes tresure
Let no towng aspyre to tell/ In what stately ioyes I dwell
only thought aymes at the measure.
Thowght thearfore I must send thee, to take vp the place for mee
long I will not after tary
Thear vnseen thow mayst be bold those fayr wonders to behold
that in them my hopes do cary
Thought see thow no place forbear, enter bravely every whear
ceaze on all to her belonginge
And yf thow wilt garded bee from her beams then take with thee
strenght of lyking rage of longinge
Thinke vppon that pleasaunt tyme, when my leaping hart would clyme
In my lypps to have his bydynge
Thhear those roses fayr to kysse, that breathe owt a sugerd blyssse
opening rubyes pearls devyding.
Thinke vppon my princely powr when most blessed I devowr
with my greedy lykcrows sences
Bewty sweetnes musyke love, whyle she doth agaynst mee proove her strong darts but weake defenses
Thinke vppon those daluyngs and those dovlyke murmorings when with pleasawnt passed anguyshe
Wee chaung eyes & harts for harts each to other then ymparts Ioys till owr Ioys make Ioys languyshe
Ah my thoughts my thoughts surcease your delgyhts my payns encrease
ah I dye wth to much thinkinge
Whearfore thoughts com sleep wth mee, till yee may awaked bee at her lypps my nector drinking/
Sr Phillip Syd: to the bewty of the worlde/

Gyrtt in my giltlesse gowne/ As I sytt heare and sowe I see that thinges are not in dead/ as to the owtward showe And who so lyst to looke/ and note thinges somwhat neare Shall fynde wheare playñesse semes to haunte/ nothing but craft appeare ffor with indifferent eyes/ my self can well discearne how som to guyd a shyppe in stormes/ styckes not to take the stearne whose skill and Conninge tryed/ in calme to steare a bardge they wolde sone shau yow shold sone see/ it weare to great a charde They did her both accuse/ and eke condemnpe her to and yet no reason right nor truthe/ did lead them so to do
And she thus judged to dye/ toward her death went forthe frafted wth faith a pacient pase/ taking her wrong in worthe But he that dothe defend/ all those that in hym trust Did raise a Childe for her defence/ to shild her from thuniust And Danyell chosen was/ then of this wrong to weete How, in what place and eke with whom/ she did this Cryme He caws'd the Elders part/ the one from th'others sight and did examyne one by one/ and charge bothe say right Vnd'ra Mvbereye trye/ it was fyrst sayd the one The next namde a Pomegranate trye/ whereby the truth was knowne Than Susan was discharged/ and they condemned to dye as right requares and they deserve/ that fram'd so foul a lye And he that her preserv'd/ and lett them of their lust Hath me defendyd hetherto/ and will do still I trust

[25]

[30]

[35]

[73]

[118]
Dyd bringe more ioye with his retourne/ than all the flock did kepe
Yt yeldes full hope and trust/ my strayed and wandring gooste
shall be receav'd and held more deare/ than those were never loste
O lord my hope behold/ and for my helpp make haste

to pardon the forpassed race/ that carelesse I have past
And but the day draw neare/ that death must paye the debtt
for lone of lyf whiche thow hast lent/ and tyme of payment sett
from this sharpp showre me shyeld/ whiche threatned is at hand
Whearby thow shalt great powre declare/ and I the storme w*stand
Nott my will lord but thyne/ fulfyl'd be in eache cace
to whose great will and mightie powre/ all powres shall once
give place
My fayth, my hope, my trust/ my god and eke my guyde
Stretche forth thie hand the sowle to save/ whate so the bodye byde
Refuse not to receave/ that thow so deare haste bought
for but by the alone I knowe/ saftye in vayne is sought
I know and eke confesse/ all be it very late
that thow it is to love and feare/ I ought in eache estate

[Fols. 38-48 are wanting.]

[74]

vnto my self, vnlesse this carefull song
print in your harte, some percell of good will
for I alas, in scylence all to long
of myne olde hurt, yet feele the wound but greene
Rew on my lyfe, or ells yo' creeply wronge
shall well appeare and by my death be sene./

[75]

London hast thow accused me
of breache of lawes the roote of stryfe
within whose brest did boyle to see
so fervent hote thyde dissolute lyf
that even the hate of syns that groo
within thie wicked walls so ryfe
for to breake forthe did convert so
that terror could it not represse

*119*
the whiche by wordes synce preachers knoo
what hope is left for to redresse
by vnknowen meanes it lyked me
my hydden bourden to expresse
wherby it might appeare to the
that secreat synne hath secreat spight
from iustice rodde no faulte is free
but that all suche as workes vnright
in moste quyet are nexte ill rest
in secreat scylence of the night
this made me with a recklesse brest
to wake thie sluggards with my bowe
A fygure of the lordes behest
whose skourdge for synne the scryptures shew
that as the fearefull thonder clapp
by Suddayne flame at hand we know
of peoble stones the sowndlesse rapp
y* dredfull plague might make the see
of goddes wrathe that doth thee enwrapp
that pryde might know from conscience free
howe loftie workes may her defend
and envye fynde as he hath sought
how other seke hym to offend
and wrath tast of eache crewell thought
the iust shape hyer in the end
and ydle slowth that never wrought
to heaven his spirite lift may begyn
and greedye luker lyve in dred
to see what hate ill gote goodes wîn
the lechers ye that lustes do feede
perceave what secreacye is in syn
and gluttons hartes for sorow bleede
awaked when their fault they fynde
in lothsome vyce eache droncken wight
to styrr to god this was my mynd
thie wyndowes hadd done me no spight
but proud people that dread no fall
clothed with falsshed and vnright
bredd in the closures of thie wall
but wrested to wrath in fervent zeale
thow hast to strif my secreat call
endured hartes no warninge feele
Oh shamelesse whore is dread then gon
by suche thie foes as meantt thie weale
Oh membre of fals Babylon
the shopp of crafte, the den of yre
thye dreadfull dome drawes fast vppon
thye Martyres blood by sword and fyre
in heaven and earth for justice call
the lord shall heare their iust desyre
the flambe of wrathe shall on the fall
with famyne and pest lamentable
stryken shall be thie Lechers all
thie proud towers and turrettes hye
enmyes to god beat stone from stone
thyne Idolls burnt that wrought iniquitie
when none thie ruyne shall bemone
but render vnto the righteous lord
that so hath judged Babylon
Immortall prayse with one accorde

ffinis

Laid in my quyet bedd, in study as I weare
I saw within my troubled hed, a heape of thoughtes appeare
And every thought did shew, so lyvelye in myne eyes
that now I sight, and then I smylde, as cauwe of thought did ryse
I saw the lytle boye, in thought how ofte that he
Did wishe of god to scape the rodd/ a tall yong man to be
The yong man eke that feeles, his bones with paynes opprest
how he wold be a riche olde man/ to lyve and lye att rest
The rych olde man that sees/ his end draw on so sore
how he wolde be a boye agayne/ to lyve so moche the more
wheare at full ofte I smylde/ to see how all these three
from boy to man, from man to boy/ wold chopp and chaunge
degree
And mvsinge thus I thinck/ the case is very straunge
that man from wealth to lyve in woe/ doth ever seeke to chaunge
Thus thoughtfull as I lay/ I saw my with'ryd skynne
how it doth shew my dynted Iawes/ the fleshe was worne so
thynne
And eke my tothelesse chapps/ the gates of my right way
that opes and shuttes as I do speake/ do thus vnto me say
Thy whyte and horishe heares/ the messengers of age
that shew lyke lynes of true belief/ that this lif doth asswage
bides thee lay hand and feelle/ them hanging on thie chyn
the whiche do wryte twoe ages past/ the thurd now comming in
Hang vpp therfore the bitt/ of thie yonge wanton tyme
and thow that theare in beaten art/ the happyest lif definye
Wheare at I sight and said/ farewell my wonted ioye
trusse vpp thie pack and trudge from me/ to every lytle boye
And tell them thus from me/ theire tyme moste happie is
Yf to their tyme they reason had/ to know the truthe of this./

\[f\text{finit}\]

Suche wayward wayes hath love/ that moste part in discorde
our wills doth stand wheareby our hartes but seeldome doth accorde
Disceite is his delight/ and to beguyle and mocke
the symple hartes whiche he doth stryke/ with froward dyvers stroke
and causeth hartes to rage/ with goolden burninge darte
and doth alaye with leadden colde/ agayne the tothers harte
Hotte gleames of bournig fyre/ and easie sparkes of flame
in balaunce of vnegall weight/ he ponderith by ame
from easie forde wheare I/ might wade and passe full well
he me withdrawes and dothe me dryve/ into the darke deepe well
and me witholdes where I/ am calde and offred place
and will that still my mortall foe/ I do beseche of grace
and lettes me to pursue/ a conquest well neare woonne
to follow wheare my paynes weare spilt/ er that my sute begonne
Lo, by these rules I know/ how sone a hart can turne
from warr to peace, from truce to strif/ and so agayne retourne
I know how to convert/ my will in others lust
of lytle stuffe vnto my self/ to weive a webbe of trust
and how to hyde my harme with softe dissemblid cheare
when in my face the paynted thoughtes/ wolde outwardlye appeare
I know how that the bloode/ for sakes the face for dead
and how bye shame it staynes agayne/ the cheekes with flaming redd
I know vnder the greene/ the Serpent how he lurkes
the hamer of the restlesse fordge/ I know eke how it workes
I know and can be roate/ the tale that I wold tell
but ofte the wordes come forth awrye/ of hym that loveth well
I know in heat and colde/ the lover how he shakes
in singing how he can complayne/ in sleapinge how he wakes
To languishe without ache/ Sicklesse for to consume
a thousand thinges for to devyse/ resolving all in fume
And though he lyke to see/ his ladies face full sore
Suche pleasure as delightes his eye/ doth not his health restore
I know to seke the tracke/ of my desyred foe
and feare to fynde that I do seeke/ but chieflye this I know
the Lover must transforme/into the thing belov'd
and lyve alas (whoe could belyve) with spirite from lyf remov'd
I know in hartie sighes/ and laughters of the spleene
at ones to chaunge my state my will/ and eke my coulour cleene
I know how to disceave/ my self withouten helpppe
and how the lyon chastysed is/ by beating of the whelppe
in standing neare the fyre/. I know how that I freese
farr of to bourne, in bothe to waste/ and so my self to leese
I know how love doth rage/ vppon a yolden mynde
how small a nett may take and mashe/ an hart of gentle kynde
whiche seeldome tasted swete/ to seasoned heapes of gall
revyved with a glyntt of grace/ olde sorowes to lett fall
th(e) hidden trains I know/ and secreat snares of love
how sone a looke may print a thought/ that never will remove
that slipper state I know/ those sodaine turnes from wealth
that doubtfull hope that certaine woe/ and sure dispaire of health./

**ffinis**

Each beast can chuse his feere/ according to his minde
and eke to shew a frindlie cheare/ lyke to their beastlye kynd
A Lyon saw I theare/ as whyte as any snow
whiche seemyd well to leade the race/ his porte the same did shew
Vppon this gentyll beast/ to gaze it lyked me
ffor still me thought it seemyd me/ of noble blood to be
And as he praunced~before/ still seeking for a make
as whoe wolde say there is none heare/ I trow will me forsake
I might perceave a woolf/ as whyte as whale his bone
A fayrer beast, a fressher hew/ beheld I never none
Save that her lookes wear fearce/ and froward eke her grace
toward the whiche this gentle beast/ gan hym advaunce apace
And with a beck full low/ hee bowed at her feete
in humble wyse as who wold say/ I am to farr vnmeete
but suche a scornfull cheere/ wheare with she hym rewarded
Was never seene I trow the lyke/ to suche as well deservid
Wheare with she startt a syde/ well neare a foote or twayne
and vnto hym thus gan she saye/ with spight and great disdayne
Lyon she said yf thow/ hadst knowen my mynde beforne
thow hadst not spentt thie travaile thus/ and all thie payne forlorne
Do waye I lett the weete/ thou shalt not playe with me
but raunge abouthe, thow maiste seeke oute/ some meeter feere for the
fforthwith he beatt his taile/ his eyes begonne to flame
I might perceave his noble hartt/ moche moved by the same
Yet saw I hym refrayne/ and eke his rage asswage
and vnto her thus gan he say/ when he was past his rage
Crewell you do me wronge/ to sett me thus so light
Without desert for my good will/ to shew me suche dispight
How can you thus entreat/ a Lyon of the race
that with his pawes a Crowned Kinge/ devoured in the place
Whose nature is to prea/ vppon no symple foode
as longe as he may suck the fleesse/ and drink of noble bloode
Yf you be faire & freshe/ am I not of your hew
and for my vaunte I dare well say/ my blood is not vntrew
ffor you your self do the know/ it is not long agoe
sins that for love one of the race/ did end his life in woe
In towre both strong and highe/ for his assured truthe
wheare as in teares he spent his breath/ alas the more the ruthe
This gentle beast lyke wise/ who nothinge could remove
but willinglye to seeke his death/ for losse of his true love
Other there be whose lyfe/ to lynger still in payne
against thereire will preservid is/ that wold have dyed right fayne
but well I ma y perceave/ that nought it movid you
my good entent my gentle hart/ nor yet my kynd so true
but that your will is suche/ to lure me to the trade
as other some full many years/ to trace by crafte you made
And thus beholde my kynd/ how that we differ farr
I seeke my foes and you my frends/ do threaten still with warr
I fawne wheare I am fedd/ you flee that seekes to you
I can devoure no yelding pray/ you kill wheare you subdue
My kynd is to desyre/ the honour of the field
and you with blood to slake your thurst/ of suche as to you yelde
Wherefore I wolde you wist/ that for your Coy lookes
I am no man that will be traynd/ nor tanglyd bye suche hookes
and though some list to bow/ wheare blame full well they might
and to suche beastses a Currant fawne/ that shuld have travaile bright
I will observe the law/ that nature gave to me
to conquer such as will resist/ and let the rest go free
And as a ffaulcon free/ that soreth in the ayre
whiche never fedd on hand or lure/ that for no stale doth care
While that I live and breathe/ suche shall my custome be
in wildnesse of the woodes to seeke/ my prea wheare pleasith me
where many one shall Rew/ that never made offence
thus your refuse against my powre/ shall bode them no defence
in the revendge wherof/ I vowe and sweare therto
a thowsand spoyles I shall com̄mytt/ I never thought to do
and yf to light on you/ my happ so good shall be
I shall be glad to feede on that/ that wold have fed on me
and thus farewell vnkynd/ to whom e
I would you wist the shipp is safe/ that bare his saile so low
Syns that a Lyons hart/ is for woolfe no pray
with bloooddye mowth of symple sheepe/ go slake yo' wrath I say
With more dispight and Ire/ than I can now expresse
Whiche to my payne though I refrayne/ the cause you may well
gesse
As for becawse my self/ was awchhour of this game
It bootes me not that by my wrath/ I shuld disturbb the same.
ffinis

Thie name o Lord how greate/ is fownd before our sight
yt fills the earth and spreades the ayre/ the great workes of
thie might
ffor even vnto thie powre/ the heavens have geven a place
and closyd it above their heades/ a mightie lardge compace
Thye prayse what Clowde can hyde/ but it will sheene agayne
Synce yonge and tender sucking babes/ have powre to shew
it playne
whiche in dispight of those/ that wold thie glorie hyde
Hast put into suche Infantes mowthes/ for to confound their
pryde
wherefore I shall beholde/ thy fygur'de heaven so hye
whiche shewes suche printes of dyvers formes/ within the
Clowdye skye
As hills and shapes of men/ eke beastes of sondrie kynde
Monstruous to o' outward sight/ and fancyes of our mynde
And eke the wanishe moone/ whiche sheenes by night also
and eache one of the wandring sterres/ whiche after her doth
goe
And how to kepe their cource/ and whiche are those that stands
because they be thie wond'rous workes/ and labours of thie hands
but yet among all theise/ I aske what thing is man
whose tourne to serve in his poore neede/ this worke thow first began
Or whate is Adames sonne/ that beares his fathers marke for whose delyte and compfort eke/ thow hast wrought all this warke
I see thow mynd'st hym moche/ that doste rewarde hym so beinge but earth to rule the earth/ wheare on hym self doth go ffrom Aungells substance eke/ thow mad'aste hym differ small
Save one dothe chaunge his lif a whyle/ the other not at all
The Sonne and Moone also/ thow mad'ste to give hym light and eache one of the wandring sterrs/ to twynckle sparkles bright
The ayre to give hym breathe/ the water for his health the earth to bring forth grayne and frute/ for to encrease his wealth
And many mettalls to/ for pleasure of the eye whiche in the hollow sowndyd grownd/ in previe vaynes do lye
The sheepe to give his wooll/ to wrapp his boddie in and for suche other needefull thinges/ the Oxe to spare his skynne
The Horsse even at his will/ to beare hym to and fro and as hym list eache other beast/ to serve his turne also
The fysshes of the sea/ lykewyse to feede hym ofte and eke the birdes whose ffeathers serve/ to make his sydes lye softe
On whose head thow hast sett/ a Crowne of glorye to to whome also thow did'st appoint/ that honour shuld be do and thus thow mad'ste hym lord/ of all this worke of thynge of man that goes, of beast that creapes/ whose lookes doth downe declyne
of ffyshe that swymme below/ of ffowles that flyes on hye of Sea that fyndes the ayre his rayne/ and of the land so drye and vnderneath his feete/ thow hast sett all this same to make hym know and playne confesse/ that marveilous is thie name
And Lord whiche art o' Lord/ how merveilouse is it fownd the heavens doth shew, the earth doth tell/ and eke the world so round Glorie therefore be geven/ to thee first whiche art three and yet but one almighty god/ in substaunce and degree as first it was when thow/ the darcke cnfused heape Clottid in one, did'st part in fowre/ whiche Elementes wee cleape
And as the same is now/ even heare within our tyme
and ever shall heare after be/ when we be filth and slyme

[80]
Wheare rechelesse youth in a vnquyet brest
Sett on by wrathe revendge and Creweltie
after long warr patience had opprest
and justice wrought by pryncelye equytie
my Denny then myne errour depe imprest
began to worke dispaire of Lybertie
Had not David the perfect warriour taught
that of my fault thus pardon shuld be sought

[81]
Domine deus salutis. Psal: 98:

O Lorde vpon whose will/ dependith my welfare
to call vpon thie hollie name/ syns day nor night I spare
Graunt that the iust request/ of this repentaunt mynd
so pearce thyne eares as in thie sight/ some favour it may fynde
My sowle is frawghted full/ with greif of follies past
my restlesse boddie doth consume/ and death approachethe fast
Lyke them whose fatall threede/ thye hand hath cutt in twayne
of whome there is no further brute/ whiche in their graves
remayne
Oh Lorde thow hast me cast/ headlong to please my fooe
In to a pitt all bottomelesse/ wheare as I playne my wooe
The bourden of thy wrath/ it doth me sore oppresse
and sondrie stormes thow hast me sent/ of terrour and distresse
The faithfull frendes are fledd/ and banisht from my sight
and suche as I haue held full deare/ haue sett my frendshipp
light
My e durance dothe perswade/ of freedom soche dispayre
that by the teares that bayne my brest/ myne eye sight doth appaire
Yet do I never ceace/ thyne ayde for to desyre
With humble hart and stretched hands/ for to appease thyne Ire
Wherefore doste thow forbeare/ in the defence of thyne
to shew suche tokens of thie powre/ in sight of Adames lyne
whearby eache feoble hart/ with faith might so be fedd
that in the mowthe of thye elect/ thye mercyes might be spredd
The flesshe that feedeth wormes/ can not thie love declare
nor suche setforth thie praise as dwell/ in the land of dispaire
in blynd endured hartes/ light of thie lyvely name
Can not appeare nor can not judge/ the brightnes of the same
Nor blazed may thie name/ be by the mowthes of those
whome death hath shutt in scilence so/ as they may not disclose
The lyvelye voyce of them/ that in thie word delight
Must be the trumpp that must resownd/ the glorie of thie might
wherefore I shall not cease/ in chief of my distresse
to call on the till that the sleape/ my wearied lyms oppresse
and in the morning eke/ when that the sleape is fledd
with floodds of salt repentaunt teares/ to washe my restlesse bedd
within this Carefull mynde/ burd’nid with care and greif
whye doste thow not appeare o lorde/ that shuld’st be his relief
My wretchid state beholde/ whome death shall streight assaile
of one from youth afflicted still/ that never did but wayle
the dread loe of thyne yre/ hath trode me vnder feete
the skourdges of thyne angrie hand/ hath made deathe seeme
full sweete
Lyke to the roring waves/ the Sunken Shipp surrownd
great heapps of care did swallow me/ and I no Succour fownd
ffor they whom e no mischaunce/ could from my love devyde
are forced to my greatter greif/ from me their face to hyde./
finis

The soudden stormes that heave me to and frow
had welneare pearced faith my guyding saile
ffor I that on the noble voyage goo
to succour truthe and falshedd to assaile
Constrayned am to beare my sayles full low
and never could attayne some pleaasunt gayle
ffor ronne from porte to porte to seke avayle
this bredd dispayre whearof suche doubtes did grow
that I gan faynt and all my courage fayle
but now my Blage myne errour will I see
Suche goodlye Light king david gyveth me

[83]
Qm bonus Israel Deus. Ps. Lxxiij

Though the Lord to Israel/ thy graces plentuous be
I meane to suche with pure entent/ as fixe their trust in the
Yct whyles the faith did faynt/ that shuld have bene my guyde
Lyke them that walke in slypper pathes/ my feete began to slyde
whyles I did grudge at those/ that glorye in their goold
whose losethome pryde reioyceth wealth/ in quyet as they wold
To see by course of yeares/ what nature doth appayre
the Pallaces of Princelye forme/ Succeede from heire to heire
ffrom all suche travailes free/ as long to Adames seede
neither withdrawen from wicked workes/ by daunger nor by dread
wherof their sckornefull pryde/ and gloried with their eyes
as garmente clothes the naked man/ thus are they cladd in vyce
Thus as they wishe succeeds/ the myschief that they meane
whose gluttyd Cheekes slowth feedes so fatt/ as skant their eyes be seene
Vnto whose Crewell powre/ moste men for dread are fayne to bend and bow with loftye lookes/ whyles they vaunt in their raigne
and in their blooddye handes/ whose Creweltie that frame
the waylefull workes that skourdge the poore/ without regarde of blame
To tempt the lyving god/ they think it no offence
and pearce the Symple with their tongues/ that can make no defence
Suche proofes before the iust/ to cause the hartes to waver
be sett with Cupps mingled with gall/ of bitter tast and saver
Then say thie foes in skorne/ that taste no other foode
but suck the flesshe of thie electe/ and bathe them in their blood
Shuld we beleve the lorde/ doth know and suffre this ffooled be he with fables vayne/ that so abusesed is
In terrour of the iuste/ thus raignes iniquitie
Armed with powre laden with goold/ and dread for creweltie
Then vayne the warr might seeme/ that I by faithe mayntayne agaynst the flesshe whose falce effectes/ my pure hart wold distayne
ffor I am scourdged still/ that no offence have done
by wrathes Children and from my birth/ my Chastesing begonne
when I behelde their pryde/ and slacknesse of thye hand
I gan bewayle the wofull state/ whearin thie Chosen stand
And when I sought wherof/ thy suffraunce lord shuld grow
I fownd no witt could pearce so farr/ thie hollye domes to know
And that no mysteries/ nor doubt could be distrust
till I come to the hollie place/ the mancon of the iust
wheare I shall see what end/ thie iustice shall prepare
for suche as buyld on worldly wealth/ and dye there coulloures fayre
Oh how their grownd is falce/ and all their buildinge vayne
and they shall fall their powres shall faile/ that did their pryde mayntayne
as Chardged hartes with care/ that dreams some pleaasunt tourne
after ther sleape fynde their abvse/ and to their playnte retourne
So shall their glorie fade/ thie sword of vengeaunce shall
vnto their dronken eyes in blood disclose their errours all
And when their goolden fleece/ is from their back yshorne
the spottes that vndernethe weare hyd/ thie chosen sheepe shall sckorne
and till that happie daye/ my hart shall swell in care
my eyes yelde teares my yeares consume/ betwene hope and dispayre
Loe how my spirites are dull/ and all thie judgementes dark
no Mortall head may skale so highe/ but wonder at thie wark
Alas how ofte my foes/ have framed my decay
but when I stoode in dreede to drenche/ thy hands still did me stay
And in eache voyage that/ I tooke to conqueare synñe
thow wert my guyde and gave me grace/ to comfort me
And when my with’rid skyne/ vnto my bones did cleve
and fleshe did waste thie grace did than/ my symple sprites relieue
In others succours then/ o lorde whye shuld I trust
but onlye thyne whome I haue fownde/ in thie behight so just
And suche for dread or gayne/ as shall thye name refuse
Shall pearishe with their goolden gods/ that did their hartes seduce
Wheare I that in thie worde/ haue sett my trust and ioye
the highe rewarde that longes therto/ shall quyetlye enioye
And my vnworthie lypps/ inspired with thie grace
shall thus forespeake thic seacrett workes/ in sight of Adames race
ffinis

Exaudi Deus orationem meam. Ps:- 55.
Geave eare to my sute lord, fromward hyde not thie face beholde herken—in greefe, lamenting how I praye
my foes they bray so lowde, and eke threpe on so fast buckeled to do me scathe, so is their malice bent
Care pearceth my entrayles, and traveileth my spirit
the greeele ye feare of death, envyroneth my brest
A tremblinge colde of dread, cleane overwhealm’the my hart
O think I, had I winges lyke to the symple dove
this perill might I flye, and seeke some place of rest
In wylder woodes, wheare I might dwell farr from theise cares
what speedie way of wyng, my playnte shuld they lay on
to skape the stormye blast, that threatned is to me
Raine those vnbryled tongues, breake that coniured league
ffor I descyphred have, amydd our towne the strif
guyle and wrong kep walles, they warde both day and night
and myschief joyn’de with care, doth kepe the market steede
why’ste wickednes with crafte, in heapes swarme through the strete
ne my declared foe/ wrought me all this reproche
by harme so looked for/ it wayeth half the lesse
for thoughe myne en’myes happ, had bene for to prevayle
I coulde haue hydd my face, from venome of his eye
It was a frendlye foe/ by shadow of good will
myne olde feere and deare frend, my guyde that trapped me
wheare I was wont to fetche, the cure, of all my care
and in his bosome hyde, my secreat zeale to god
suche souden surpryse, quyck may hym self devour
why’ste I invoke the lorde/ whose powre shall m e defend
my prayer shall not seace/ from that the sonne discendes
till he his aulture wynne, and hyde them in the Sea
with wordes of whote effecte, that moves from hart contryte
Suche hymble sute o lorde, doth pearce thie pacient eare
It was the lord that brake, the blooddie compactes of those
that prelooked on, with Ire to slawghter me and myne
the everlasting god, whose kingdom hath no end
whome by no tale to dread, he could dyvert from synne
the conscience vnquyet, he strykes with heavye hand
and proves their force in faith, whome he swere to defend
Butter falles not so softe/ as doth his patience longe
and over passeth fyne oyle/ ronning not half so smothe
but when his suffraunce fyndes, that brydled wrath provokes
he threatneth wrath, he whettes more sharppe, then anye toole
can fyle
friowr whose harme and tongue/ presentes the wicked sort
of those falce wolves with Coales, whiche do their Ravyn hyde
that swere to me by heaven, the foote stoole of the lorde
who thoughe force had hurt my fame, they did not touche
my lif

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Suche patching care I lothe, as feedes the wealth with lyes  
but in the other psalme of david fynd I ease  
Iacta curam tuam super dūm et ipse te enutriet./ id est  
cast thie care vppon the Lord and he shall norishe thee/  
finis

[85]

Good Ladies you that have/ your pleasure in exyle  
Stepp in your foote, come take a place/ and mourne with me  
a whyle  
and suche as by their Lords/ do sett but lytle pryce  
Lett them sytt still it skills them not/ what chaunce come on  
the dyce  
but you whome love hath bound/ by order of desyre  
to love your Lordes whose good desertes/ none other wold  
requyre

Come youe yet once agayne/ and sett your foote by myne  
whose wofull plight and sorowes great/ no tongue may well defyne  
My lord and love alas/ in whome consystes my wealth  
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas/ in haserd of his health  
That I was wontt for to enbrace/ contentid myndes  
ys now amydd the foming floodds/ at pleasure of the wyndes  
Theare god hy m well preserve/ and safelye hy m send  
without whiche hope my lyf alas/ weare shortlye at an ende  
The fearefull dreames I have/ oft tymes they greeve me so  
that then I wake and stand in dowbt/ yf they be trew or no  
Somtyme the Roring Seas/ me seemes they grow so hye  
that my sweete lorde in dawnger greate/ alas doth often lye  
Another tyme the same/ doth tell me he is come  
and playng wheare I shall hy m fynd/ with. T. his lytle sonne  
So forthe I goe a pace/ to see that lyfesome sight  
and with a kysse me thinkes I say/ now well come home my  
knigh  
welcome my sweete alas/ the staye of my welfare  
thy presence bringeth forthe a truce/ betwixt me and my care  
Then lvelye doth he looke/ and saluith me agayne  
and saith my deare how is it now/ that you haue all this payne  
wheare with the heavie cares/ that heart are in my brest  
brakes forth and me dischardgeth cleane/ of all my great vnrest  
butt when I me awake/ and fyndes it but a dreame  
the angwyse of my former woe/ beginneth more extreame  
and me tourmentith so/ that vnneneth may I fynde  
some hydden wheare to steale the gryfe/ of my vnquyet mynd
Thus eyewe way you see/ with absence how I burne
and for my wound no Cure there is/ but hope of some retourne
Save when I feele the Sower/ how sweete is felt the more
it doth abate some of my paynes/ that I abode before
and then vnto my self I saye/ when that we two shall meete
but lyttle tyme shall seeme this payne/ that ioye shall be so
sweete
Ye wyndes I you convart/ in chieffest of your rage
that you my lord me safelye send/ my Sorowes to asswage
and that I may not long/ abyde in suche excesse
Do your good will to cure a wight/ that lyveth in distresse
ffinis Preston

[86]

Eccles: Cap: i - [Fol.] 55

I Salamon Davids sonne/ Kinge of Ierusalem
Chosen by god to teache the Iewes/ and in his lawes to lead
them
Confesse vnder the Sonne/ that every thing is vayne
the world is falce, mān he is frayle/ and all his pleasures payne
Alas what stable frewt/ may Adams Children fynd
In that they seeke by sweat of browes/ and travaile of their
mynde
We, that lyve on the earth/ draw toward our decaye
Our Children fill our place awhyle/ and then they fade awaye
Suche Chaunges makes the earth/ and doth remove for none
but serves vs for a place to playe/ our tragedies vpon
when that the restlesse sonne/ westward his cource hath ronne
Towards the east he hastes as fast/ to ryse wheare he begonne
When Hoarrye Boreas/ hath blown his ffrosen blast
Then Zephirus with his gentle breath/ dissolves the Ise as fast
ffloodds that drynck vpp small brookes/ and swell by rage of
rayne
Dischardge in Seas whiche them repullse/ and swallow straight
agaynē
Theise worldlye pleasures (Lord)/so swifte they ronne their
race
that skarce our eyes may them discearne/ they byde so lytle space
what hath bene, but is now/ the lyke hearafter shall
what new devyce grounded so sure/ that dreadeth not the fall
what may be called newe/ but suche thinges in tymes past
As tyme buried and doth revyve/ and tyme agaynē shall waste
Thinges past right worthie fame/ have now no brewte at all

· 133 ·
even shall dye suche things as now/ the symple wonders call
I that in davids seate/ sitt Crowned and reioyce
that with my Septer rule the Iewes/ and teache them with my
voie
crane searched long to know/ all thinges vnder the sonne
to see how in this mortall life/ a suretie might be wonne
This kendlid will to know/ straunge things for to desyre
god hath grafte in our greedie brestes/ a tourment for our hyre
the end of eache travaile/ forthwith I sought to know
I fownd them vayne myxed with gall/ and burdend with moche
woe
Defaultes of natures worke/ no mans hand may restore
whiche be in nombre lyke the sandes/ vppon the salt floods shore
then vaunting in my witt/ I gan call to my mynde
What rules of wisdome I had taught/ that Elders could not fynd
And as by contraries/ to trye moste things we vse
Mens follies and their errours eke/ I gan them all pervse
Therbye with more delight/ to knowledge for to clyme
but this I found, an endlesse worke/ of payne and losse of tyme
ffor he to wysdomes skoole/ that doth applie his mynde
the furder that he wades therin/ the greatter doubtes shall fynd
and suche as enterpryse/ to putt new thinges in vre
of some that shall skorne their devyce/ may well them selves
assure

ffinis

[87]
Eccles: Cap. 2.

ffrom pencife fancies then/ I gan my heart revoke
And gave me to suche sporting playes/ as laughter might
provoke
But even suche vayne delightes/ when they moste blyned me
always me thought with smyling grace/ a king did yll agree
then sought I how to please my bellye with moche wyne
to feede me fatt with costlye feastes/ of rare delightes and fyne
And other pleasures eke/ to purchace me with rest
in so great choyce to fynd the thing/ that might content me best
but Lord what Care I mynd/ what souddayne stormes of Ire
with broken sleapes indured I/ to compasse my desyre
to buyld my howses fayre/ then sett I all my cure
by princely actes thus strave I still/ to make my fame endure
Delicous gardens eke/ I made to please my sight
and grafte there in all kyndes of frutes/ that might my mouth
delight
Condytes by lyvely springes/ from theire olde cource I drewe for to refresshe the frutefull treese/ that in my gardens grewe Of Cattell great encrease/ I bred in lytle space bondmen I bought, I gave them wyves/ and serv'de me with their race Great heapps of shyning goolde/ by sparinge gan I save with thinges of pryce so furnisshed as syttes a prince to haue To heare faire women synge/ somtyme I did reioyce Ravysshed with their pleasant tewnes/ and swetenesse of their voyce Lemans I had so faire/ and of so lyvely hewe that who so gazed in their face/ might well their bewtie Rewe Never earst sate therr king/ so rych in davids seate Yet still m e thought for so small gayne/ the travaile was so great from my desyrous eyes/ I hyd no pleasaunt sight Nor from my hart no kynde of myrthe/ that might geve them delight Whiche was the onlye frute/ I reapt of all my payne to feede mye eyes and to reioyce/ my hart with all my gayne but when I made my compte/ with how great care of mynde and hartes vnrest that I had sought/ so wastefull frute to fynde then was I stryken straight/ with that abvsed fyer to glorye in that goodly witt/ that compaste m y desyre but fresshe before mye eyes/ grace did my faultes renewe what gentyll callinges I had fledd/ my Ruyne to pursue what raging pleasures past/ perill and hard escape what fancies in my head had wrought/ the lycour of the grape The errour than I sawe/ that their fraile hartes dothe move whiche stryve in vayne for to compare/ with hym that syttes above in whose moste perfect workes/ suche crafte appeareth playne that to the leaste of them there may/ no mortall hand attayne and lyke as lightsome daye/ doth sheene above the night so dark to me did follie seeeme/ and wysdomes beames as bright whose eyes did seeme so cleare/ motes to discerne and fynde but will had closed follies eyes/ whiche groped lyke the blynde Yet death and tyme consume/ all witt and worldlye fame and looke what end that follie hath/ and wisdome hath the same Then said I thus (o lord) may not thie wisdome cure the waylfull wronges and hard conflictes/ that follie doth endure To sharpe my witt so fyne/ then whye toke I this payne Now fynd I well this noble searche/ may eke be called vayne As slaunders lothsome brute/ sownds follies iust rewarde
is put to scylence all betyme/ and brought in small regarde
even so doth tyme devoure/ the noble blast of fame
whiche should resownd their glories great/ that do deserve the
same
thus present chaunges chace/ away the wonders past
Ne is the wyse mans fatall threed/ yet longer sponne to last
Then in this wretchid vale/ our lyef I lothed playne
when I beheld our frutelesse paynes/ to compasse pleasures
My travaile this availe/ hath me produced low
an heire vnknowen shall reape the frute/ that I in seede did sow
but whearevnto the lorde/ his nature shall enclyne
who can fore know into whose handes/ I must my goodes resyne
but lord how pleasant swete/ then seam’d the Idle lif
that never chardged was with care/ nor burdenyd with strif
and vyle the greedie trade/ of them that toyle so sore
to leave to suche their travailes frute/ that never sweatt
therefore
what is that pleaasunt gayne/ whiche is that sweete relief
that shulde delaye the bitter taste/ that we feel of our greif
The gladsome dayes we passe/ to searche a symple gayne
the quyett nightes the broken sleapes/ to feede a restlesse brayne
what hope is lefte vs then/ what comfort doth remayne
Our quyett hartes for to reioyce/ with the frewte or with payne
If that be trew who may/ hym self so happie call
as I whose free and sumptious spence/ doth sheene beyond
them all
Surelye it is a guyft/ and favour of the lorde
Lyberallye to spend our goods/ the grownd of all discorde
And wretchid hartes have they/ that lett their treasures mowlde
and Carrye the Rodd that skourdgeth them/ that glorye in
their goolde
but I do know by profe/ whose rychesse bears such brute
what stable wealth may stand in waste/ or heaping of suche
frute
ffinis

[88]
Eccles. Capitulo:- 3.
Lyke to the stearlesse boate/ that swarves with every wynde
the slypper toppe of worldly wealth/ by crewell profe I fynde
Skarce hath the seede whearof/ that nature formeth man
receavid lief when death hym yeldes/ to earth wheare he began
the grafted plantes with payne/ whearof we hoped frewte
to roote them vpp with blossoms spreadd/ then is our chief
pursuite
That earst we reared vpp/ we vndermyne agayne
and shredd the Sprayes whose growth somtyme/ we laboured w* payne
Eache froward threatning cheere/ of fortune makes vs playne
and every pleaunant showe revyves/ our wofull hartes agayne
Auncient walls to race/ is our vnstable guyse
and of their weather beaten stones/ to byulde some new devyse
New fancyes daylye springes/ whiche vade returning mo
And now we practyse to obtayne/ that straight we must forgo
Somtyme we seeke to spare/ that afterward we waste
and that we travail’d sore to knitt/ for to vnlose as fast
In sober scylence now/ our quyet lypps we close
and with vnbryled tongue forthwith/ our secreat hartes disclose
Suche as in folded armes/ we did enbrace, we hate
whome straight we reconcyle agayne/ and banishe all debate
My seede with labour sowne/ suche frewte produceth me
to waste my lief in contraries/ that never shall agree
ffrom god theise heavie cares/ ar sent for our vnrestes
and with suche burdens for our wealth/ he fraughteth full
our brestes
All that the Lord hath wrought/ hath bewtie and good grace
and to eache thing assigned is/ the proprie tyme and place
And graunted eke to man/ of all the worldes estate
and of eache thing wrought in the same/ to argue and debate
whiche arte thoughghe it approche/ the heavenlye knowledge
moste
to searche the naturall grownde of thinges/ yet all is labour
lost
but than the wandringe eyes/ that long for suretye sought
fownd that by payne no certen wealth/ might in this world be
bought
who lyveth in delight/ and seekes no gredie thrifte
but freely spends his goodes, may thinck/ it is a secrete gyfte
fulfilled shall it be/ what so the Lord intend
whiche no devyce of māns witt may/ advaunce nor yet defend
who made all thinges of nought/ that Adams children might
Learne how to dread the lord that wrought/ such wonders in
their sight
The greeslye wonders past/ whiche tyme weares out of mynd
to be renewyd in our dayes/ the lord hath so assynde
Lo, thus his carefull skourdice/ doth steale on vs vnware
whiche when the fleshe hath cleane forgott/ he doth agayne repayre
when I in this vayne searche/ had wand'rid sore my witt
I saw a Royall throne eke wheare/ as iustice shuld haue sytt
In steede of whom I saw/ with fearce and Crewell moode
wheare wronge was sett that blooddye beast/ that dronck the
giltles bloode
Then thought I thus one day/ the lord shall sytt in dome
to vew his flocke and chuse the pure/ the spotted have no Rome
yet be suche skourdges sent/ that each agreevid mynde
Lyke the brute beastes that swell in rage/ and furye by their
kynde
This erroour may confessse/ when he hath wrestlid longe
and then with patience may hym arme/ the sure defence of
wronge
for death that of that beast/ the Carion doth devoure
Vnto the noble kinde of man/ presentes the fatall houre
The perfect forme that god/ thath geven to either man
or other beast dissolve it shall/ to earth wheare it began
And who can tell if that/ the sole of man ascend
or with the boddye if it dye/ and to the grownd descend
Wherefore each greedie hart/ that rychesse seekes to gayne
Gather may he that savorye frute/ that springethe of his payne
A meane convenient wealth/ I meane to take in worthe
and with a hand of lardgesse eke/ in measure powre it forthe
for treasure spent in lyf/ the boddie doth sustayne
the Heire shall waste the horded goold/ a massed with moche
payne
Ne me fore sight of man/ suche order geve in life
ffor to fore know who shall rejoyce/ theire gotten good with strife

When I bethought me well/ vnder the restles Sonne
by folke of powre what Crewell workes/ vnchastised were done
I saw wheare stood a heard/ by powre of suche opprest
oute of whose eyes ran floods of teares/ that bayned all their
brest
Devoyde of conforte cleane/ in terroors and distresse
in whose defence none wolde aryse/ suche rygour to represse
Then thought I thus (o Lord) the dead whose fatall howre
is cleane ronne oute, more happie are/ whom that the wormes
devoure
And happiest is the Seede/ that never did conceave
that never feltt the wailfull wronges/ that mortall folke
receive
And than I sawe that wealth/ and everye honest gayne
by travile wonne and sweat of browes/ gan growe into disdayne
through sloothe and Carelesse folke/ whom ease so fatt doth
feede
whose Idle hands do nought but waste/ the frute of other seede
whiche to them selves perswade/ that lyttle gott with ease
more thankfull is then kingdomes wonne/ by travaile and
disease
A nother sorte I sawe/ without both frind or kynne
whose greedye wayes yett never sought/ a faithfull frind to
wynne
whose wretched Corps no toyle/ yet ever werye coulde
nor glutted ever weare their eyen/ with heapes of shyning
goode
but if it might appeare/ to theire abvsed eyne
to whose availe they travaile so/ and for whose sake they pyny
Then shulde they see what cause/ they have for to repent
the frutelesse paynes and eke the tyme/ that they in vayne
have spent
Then gan I thus resolve/ more pleasaunt is the lyf
of faithfull frendes that spends their goodes/ in Common
without strife
ffor as the tender frende/ appeaseth everye greif
So if he fall that lyves alone/ whose shall be his relief
The frendlye feares lye warme/ in Armes enbraced fast
whoe sleapes alone at every tourne/ doth feele the wynter blast
What can he do but yelde/ that must resist alone
Yf there be twayne, one may defend/ the tother overthrown
The syngle twyned Coards/ may no suche stresse endure
as Cables brayded three folde may/ to gether wreathed sure
In better far estate/ stand Children poore and wyse
then aged kinges wedded to will/ that worke without advyse
In pryson have I seene/ or this a wofull wight
that never knew what freedom ment/ nor tasted of delight
with suche vnhoped happ/ in moste dispaire hath mett
within the hands that earst ware gyves/ to haue a Septer sett
And by coniures the seede/ of kinges is thrust from state
wheare on a greeved people worke/ oft tymes their hydden hate
Other without respect/ I saw a frend or foe
with feete worne bare in tracing suche/ whearas the honours
go
deeh at death of a prince/ great rowtes revyved straungeth
whiche fayne their olde yoke to dischardge/ rejoyced in the
chaunge

but when I thought to theise/ as heavie even or more
Shall be the bourden of his raigne/ as his that went before
And that a trayne lyke great/ vppon the dead depend
In humble sprite is sett/ the Temple of the Lorde
Wheare if thow enter looke thie mowth/ and conscience may
acorde

whose Churche is buylt of love/ and deckt with hote desyre
And symple faith the golden ghoost/ his mercye dothe requyre
wheare perfectlye for aye/ he in his worde dothe rest
with gentle care to heare thie sute/ and graunt to thie request
In booste of outward workes/ he taketh no delight
nor waste of wordes suche Sacrifice/ vnsav’reth in his sight

[50]

Eccles. Capitulo:- 5.

When that repentaunt teares/ hath clensid cleare from yll
the Chardged brest and grace hath wrought/ there in amending
will

With bolde demaundes then may/ his mercye well assayle
the speache man sayth without the whiche/ request may none
prevayle

More shall thye penitent sighes/ his endlesse mercye please
then their Importune sutes whiche dreame/ that wordes gods
wrath appeas[e]

ffor hart contryte of fault/ is gladsome recompence
and prayer frute of faith whearby/ god doth with synne
dispence

As fearfull broken sleepes/ spring from a restlesse hedd

by Chatt’ring of vnholly lypps/ is frutelesse prayer bredd
In waste of wynd I reede/ vowe nought vnto the lorde
whereto thie hart to bynd thie will/ freelye doth not accorde
ffor humble vowes fulfilld/ by grace right sweetely smokes
but bolde behestes, broken by lustes/ the wrath of god provokes
yet bet with humble hart/ thye frayltie to confesse
then to boste of suche perfectnesse/ whose workes suche fraud
expresse

[90]

[45]

[55]

[50]

[5]
with fayned workes and othes/ contracte with god no guyle
suche crafte retournes to thyne owne harme/ and doth thie self
defyle
And though the myst of synne/ perswade suche errour light
therbye yet are thie outward workes/ all damnded in his sight
As sondrie broken dreames/ vs dyverslye abvse
So are his errours manyfolde/ that many wordes doth vse
with humble secreat playnt/ few wordes of hotte effecte
honour thie lorde, alowaunce vayne/ of voyde desert neglecte
thoughe wronge at tymes the right/ and wealth eke nede

thinke not the hand of Iustice slowe/ to follow the redresse
for suche vnrightuous folke/ as rule withouten dredd
by some abvse our secreat lust/ he suffreth to be ledd
The chief blisse that in earth/ to lyving man is lent
is mod'rate wealth to nourishe lief/ if he can be content
He, that hath but one field/ and greed'lye seeketh nought
to fence the tillers hand from neede/ is king within his thought
but suche as of their goolde/ their only Idolle make
no treasure may the ravyn of their hungrye hands asslake
for he that gapes for good/ and hordith all his gayne
travailes in vayne to hyde the sweete/ that should releeve his
payne
wheare is great wealth theare shulde/ be many a needye wight
to spend the same and that shulde be/ the riche mans chief
delight
the sweete and quyet sleapes/ that wearied lymbes oppresse
beguyle the night in dyet thynne/ and feastes of great excesse
but wakerlye the riche/ whose lyvelye heat with rest
their Chardged bookes with chaunge of meates/ can not so sone
digeste
An other rightuous dome/ I saw of greedy gayne
with busye cares suche treasures oft/ preservid to their bayne
The plentuouse howses sackt/ the owners end with shame
their sparkled goodes, their needye heires/ that should reioyce
the same
ffrom wealth dispoyled bare/ from whence they came they
went
Cladd in the Armes of povertie/ as nature first them sent
Naked as from the wombe/ we came if we departe
with toyle to seeke that we must leave/ whate boote to vexe
the hart
What lyfe lead testye men/ then that consume their dayes
In inward fтратes, untempryd hates/ at strief with some
always
Then gan I prayse all those/ in suche a world of strif
as take the proffit of their goods/ that may be had in lyfe
for sure the Lyb’rall hand/ that hath no hart to spare
this fading wealth, but poorets it forth/ it is a vertue rare
that makes wealth slave to neede/ and goold become his thrall
Clinges not his guttes with niggishe fare/ to heape his chest
with all
but feedes the lustes of kynde/ with costlye meates and wyne
and slackes the honger and the thirst/ of needye folke that pyne
No gluttons feaste I meane/ in waste of spence to stryve
but temp’ratte mealles the dulled sprytes/ with ioye thus to revyve
No Care may pearce wheare mirth/ hath tempred suche a brest
the bitter gall seas’ned with sweete/ such wisdome may digest
finis

[91]

Owr belly-gods dispayse this Lenton faste
And blame the lyngring dayes and tedyous tyme
Swearing this Abstynence to long doth laste
whose folly I refute in this my Ryme
Methusalem Nyne hunderd years was sflod
only with herbs and berries of the feeld
Iohn Baptist thirteye years his lyfe had led
with Locusts and wylde hunny (woods did yeeld)
Hee that the Isralytes from Egipt brought
whear they in slavysh thralldome long did dwell
Hee whome to Heaven the fyery charret raught
and Chryste himself y* saves vs all from hell
Thease Three as holly scryptures doe repeat
in forty dayes did neyther drinck nor eat
Why then should wee agaynst this Law repyne
that are permitted ev’ry kynde of ffyshe
And not forbid the tast of costlye wyne
are not debard of many a daynty dyshe
Sugar nor Currants pepper cloves nor Mace
Nor Synnamond nor Spyce of any kynde
Reasons and ffiggs and Allmonds in lyke case
to please the taste and satisfye the mynde
And yet forsooth thee thinck wee shalbee marde
Yf wee from flesh but forty dayes bee barde
finis. Io Har.
fflye Sinne for sharp Revendge doth follow sinne
   And wicked Deedes doe wrathfull doomes procure
Yf God stay long ere he to stryke begin
   thoughg long he stay at last hee stryketh sure./
ffinis Io Har.

With Petrarke to compare theare may no wight
Nor yet attayne vnnto so highe a style
But yet I wote full well wheare is a fyle
To frame a learned man to prayse a right
Of stature meane of seemelye forme and shape
Eache lyne of iust proporcon to her height
Her Coulour fresshe and myngled with suche sleight
As thoughe the Rose sate in the Lillies Lapp
In witt and tongue to shew what may be sayde
To everye deede she ioynes a perfyt grace
If Lawra lyv’d she wolde her cleene deface
ffor I dare say and lay my lif to wed
That Momvvs could not if he downe descendid
Once iustlye say, lo, this may be amendid
ffinis

It was the day on whiche the Sonne depreyved of his light
to rew Christes death amyd his course gave place vnnto the night
when I amyd my ease did fall to suche distemperate fitts
That for the face that hath m y harte I was berefte m y wittes
I had the bayte, the hooke and all, and wist not loves pretence
but farde as one that feard no yll, nor forste for no defence
Thus dwelling in moste quyet state, I fell in to this flight
And that day gan my secreat sighes, when all folke wept in sight
ffor love that vew’d me voyde of care, approche to take his praye
And steep by stealthe from eye to hart, so open lay the waye
and streight at eyes brake out in teares, so salt that did declare
by token of their bitter taste, that they weare forg’de of care
now vauntt thee love that flyestea mayde defenst with vertues
rare
and wounded hast a wight vnyse/ vnyweap’nyd and vnyware.
ffinis
I ne can close in short and conning verse
Thye worthie prayse of bountie by desarte
The hatefull spyte and slander to rehearse
Of them that see but knowe not what thow arte
For kynde by craft hath wrought thee so to eye
That no wight may thye wytt and vertue spye
But he have other feele then outward sight
The lack whearof dothe hate and spyte to trye
Thus kynde by crafte is lett of vertues light
See how the outward shewe the wittes may dull
Nott of the wyse but as the moste entend
Minerva yet might never pearce their scull
That Circes Cupp and Cupides brand hath blend
Whose fond affectes now stirred have their brayne
So doth thie happe thie hue with coulour stayne
Bewtie thie foe thye shape doubleth thye sore
To hyde thie witt and shew thie vertue vayne
S Fell weare thie fate, yf wisdome weare not more
I meane by thee even. G. by name
Whome stormye wyndes of envye and disdayne
Do tosse with boisteous blastes of wicked fame
Wheare stedfastnes as chiefe in the dothe raigne
Patience thye setled mynde doth guyd and stere
Scylence and shame with many resteth theare
Tyll tyme thie mother list them forthe to call
Happie is he that maye enioye them all
ffinis

The piller pearisht is whearto I Lent
The strongest staye of myne vnquyet mynde
The lyke of it no man agayne can fynde
From East to west still seking though he went
To myne unhappe for happe away hath rent
Of all my ioye the vearye bark and rynde
And I (alas) by chaunce am thus assynde
Dearlye to moorne till death do it relent
But syns that thus it is by destenye
What can I more but have a wofull hart
My penne in playnt, my voyce in wofull crye
My mynde in woe, my bodye full of smart
And I my self, my self alwayes to hate
Till dreadfull death, do cause my dolefull state

A Ladye gave me a gyfte she had not
And I receyvid her guifte (whiche) I toke not
She gave it me willinglye, and yet she wold not
And I receyvid it, albeit, I coulde not
If she geve it me, I force not
And yf she take it agayne she cares not
Conster what this is and tell not
ffor I am fast sworne I maye not

Was never ffiele yet half so well yfyled
To fyle a fyle for any smythes intent
As I was made a fylinge instrument
To frame other, whyle that I was beguyled
but reason loe, hathe at my follye Smyled
And pard’ned me, syns that I me repent
Of my laste yeares, and of my tyme myspent
ffor youthe led me, and falsehood me mysgyyded
Yet, this trust I have of great apparaunce
Syns that discyte is aye returnable
of vearye force it is agreable
That thearwithall be done the recompeñce
Then guyle beguyled playnd shuld be never
And the rewarde is lytle trust for ever

The long love that in my thought doth harber
and in my hart doth kepe his residence
into my face preaceth with bolde pretence
and theare in Campith spreading his banner
she that me learns to love and suffer
and wills that my trust, and lustes necligence
be raigned by reason shame and reverence
with his hardinesse takes displeasure
whear with all vnto the hartes forrest he slieth
Leaving his enterpysse with payne and crye
and theare hym hydeth, and not appearith
what may I do, when my Master fearith
but in the field with hym to live and dye
for good is the life ending faithfullye

Whoe so liste to hunt I know wheare is an hynd
but as for me alas I may no more
the vaine travaile hath weried me so sore
I am of them that furdest come behynnde
yet may I by no meanes my weryed mynd
Draw from the deere, but as she fleethe afore
ffainting I follow, I leave of therefore
Sithens in a nett I seke to holde the wynde
whoe liste to huntt I putt hym out of doute
as well as I may spend hys tyme in vayne
and grave with Dymondes in letters playne
there is wrytten her fayre neck rowd aboute
Noli me tangere for Cesars I am
And wylde for to holde thoughhe I seeme tame

Was I never of your love yet greevid
nor never shall whyle that my lyf doth last
but of hating my self that date is past
And teares continuall sore have me wearied
I will not yet in my grave be buried
Nor on my Tombe your name yfixed fast
as cruell cause that did the spirite sone hast
ffrom th'unhappie bones by great sighes styrred
then if an hart of amorous faith and will
may content you without doing greefe
Please it you so, to this to do reliefe
Yf other wyse ye seeke for to fulfill
Your disdayne, ye erre and shall not as ye weene
and you your self the cause thearof hath bene

*146*
Eache man me tellithe I chaunge most my devise
and on my faiethe me think it good reason
To chaunge purpose lyke after the season
ffor in everye case to keepe still one guyse
ys meete for them that wold be taken wyse
and I am not of suche maner condicôn
but treatid after a dyvers facôn
and thearyppon my dyversnes doth ryse
but you that blame this dyversnes most
Chaunge you no more but still after one rate
treate ye me well and kepe ye in the same state
and whyle with me dothe dwell this wearied goste
My worde now I shall not be variable
But alwaies one you owne bothe fyrme and stable

Alas madame for stealing of a kisse
Haue I so moche your mynd thearin offendid
Have I then done so greevously amyssse
that by no meanes the matter maybe mendid
then revendge you and the next way is this
an other kisse shall haue my lief throughe endid
ffor to my mowth the first mye hart did sucke
the next shall cleane out of my brest it plucke

Myne owne I. P. sins you delight to knowe
the cawse whye that homweard I do me draw
and flye the preace of Coortes whearso they go
Rather than to lyve thrall vnder the awe
of Lordlye lookes wrapped within my Cloke
It is not because I scorne or mocke
the powre of them to whome powre hath lent
chardge over vs of right to stryke the stroke
but trew it is that I haue ever ment
Lesse to esteeme them then the common sorte
of owtward thinges that judge in their entent
Without regarde what dothe inward resorte
I graunt somtyme that of glorye the fyre
doth touche my hart me list not to reporte[15]
blame by honour and honour to desyre
but how may I nowe this honour attaine
to cloke the truthe for prayse without desert
of them that list all vyce for to retaine
I can not honour them that settes their parte
With Venus and Backus all their lif longe
nor holde my peace of them though that I smart
I can not crowche nor kneele to do so great a wronge
to worship them as god on earthe alone
that are as woolves theise sillie lambs among
I can not with wordes complayne and mone
vse wyles for witt and make diseate a pleasure
and call crafte Counsaile for profitt still to paynt
I can not wrest the law to fill the Cofer
with innocent bloud to feede my self fatt
and do my self hurt wheare my self I offer
I am not he that can allowe the state
of highe Cesar and dampne Cato to die
that with his death did scape out of the gate
from Cesars hands if Livie do not lye
and will not lyve wheare lybertie was lost
So did his hart the Common weale applie
I am not he suche eloquence to boste
[40]
to make the Crowe singing as the Swanne
nor call the lyon of Coward beastes the moste
that can not take a mowce as the Catt can
and he that dyeth for Hunger of the golde
call hym Alexander and say that Pan
passeth appollo in mvsyke many folde
prayse Sir Topas for a noble tale
and scorne the storye that the knight tolde
prayse hym for Counsaile that is dronck of ale
grynne when he laughs, that beareth the swaye
ffrowne when he frowneth, and grone when he is pale
on others lustes to hang both (day and) night and day
none of theise poyntes will ever frame in me
my witt is nawght I can not learne to waye
and moche the lesse of thinges that greatter be
that aske helpp of Coullours to devyse
to ioyne the meane with eache extreamytie
with the nearest vertue, to cloke all way the vyce
and as to purpose lyke wyse it shall fall
to presse the vertue that it may not ryse
as droncknenes good fellowshipp to call
the friendly foe with his doble face
say he is gentell and curtyse there with all
and that favell hath a goodlye grace
in eloquence and creweltie to name
zeale of iustice and chaunge in tyme and place
and he that suffreth offence without blame
call hym pitifull and hym trew and playne
that raileth recklesse to every mans shame
Say he is rude that can not lye and fayne
the Lecher a lover and tyrannye
to be the right of a Princes raigne
I can not I, nor it will not be
this is the cause that I wold never yet
hang on their sleeves that waye as thow maist see
a Chipp of chaunce more than a pound of witt
this maketh me, at home to hunt and hawke
and in fowle weather at my booke to sytt
in frost and snowe then with my bowe to stalke
no man doth marke wheare that I ryde or goe
in Lustie leases at lybertie I walke
and of these newes I feele nother weale nor woe
Save that a clogg doth hang yet still at my heele
no force for that, for it is ordered so
that I may leap both hedge and dytche full well
I am not in fraunce to iudge the wyne
what saverye sawce these delicates to feele
nor yet in spayne wheare one must hym enclyne
rather than to be outwardlye to seeme
I meddle not with wittes that be so fyne
nor flaunders cheere lettes not my wittes to (dymme)
of black nor whytt, nor takes my wittes awaye
With beastynesse, the beasts do so esteeme
nor I am not wheare Chryste is geven in pray
for monye, poyson, and treason at Rome
a common plague vased night and day
but heare I am in Kent and Christendome
among the Mvses wheare I read in Ryme
Wheare if thow list my I. P. for to come
thow shalt be iudge how I do spend my tyme./

ffinis
Yf amorous faithe an hart vnfayned
A sweete langour a great lovely desire
if honest will kyndlid in gentle fyre
yf long errour in a blynde maze chayned
yf in my vysage, eache thought depaynted
or ells in my sparkeling voice lower or higher
whiche now feare, now shame, wofullye doth tyre
yf a pale coulour which Love hath stayned
yf to haue an other then my self more deere
yf wayling or Sighing contynually
with sorowfull angre feeding busilye
yf burning a fall of, and freesing neere
or cause that by love my self I destroye
Yours is the faulte and myn the great anoye

ffarewell love and all thie Lawes for ever
thie baited hookes shall tangle me no more
Senec and Plato call me from thie lore
to perfect wealthe my wit for to endevour
in blynd errour when I did persever
thie sharppe repulse that pricketh aye so sore
Hath taught me to sett in tryfles no store
and scape forthe syns lybertie is Lever
therefore fare well goe trouble yonger hartes
and in me clayme no more authoritie
with Idle youthe go vse thie propertie
and thare on spend thie many brittle dartes
ffor hetherto though I haue loste all my tyme
me lustithe no longer rotten boughes to clyme

My hart I gaue the not to do it payne
but to preserve, it was to the taken
I servid the not to be forsaken
but that I shulde be rewardid agayne
I was content thie servant to remayne
but not to be payed vnder this fasshion
no sens in the is none other reason
Displayse the not if that I do refrayne
Vnsaciate of my woe and thie desire
Assured by crafte to excuse thie fault
but syns it please the to faine a default
ffarewell I saye parting from this fyre
ffor he that beleueth bearing in hand
Plowithe in water and sowith in sand

[10]

There was never fyle half so well fyled
to fyle a fyle for anye Smythes entent
as I was made a fyling instrument
to frame other whyle I was beguyled
but Reason hath at my follye smyled
and pardons me syns that I me repent
of my lost yeares and tyme myspent
for youth did me lead and falswoode guyded
Yet this trust I haue of full great apparaunce
Sins that discipete is aye returnable
of very force it is agreeable
that theare with all be done the recompence
then guyle beguyled playned shuld be never
and the rewarde lytle trust for ever./

[108]

Some fowles theare be that haue so perfect sight
agayne the Sonne theire eyes for to defend
and some because the light doth them offend
do never peere but in the darck or night
Other reioyce that see the fyre bright
and weene to playe in it as they so pretend
and fynd the contrarye of it that they intend
Alas of that sorte I maye be (of) by right
ffor to withstand her looke I am not able
and yet can I not hyde me in no darck place
remembrance so followith me of that face
So that with tearry eyen swolne and unstabe
My desteny to beholde her doth me leede
Yet do I know I ronne into the gleede

[109]

[finis]
[I10]

Because I haue the still kepte fro lyes and blame and to my poure alwaies have the honoure
d vnkind tongue right well hast thou me rendrid ffor suche desert to do me wreake and shame
in neede of Soccour moste when that I am
to aske rewarde then standist thou as one a feard
alwaye moste colde and if thou speake a worde it is in a dreame vnperfect and lame
and ye salt teares agaynst my will eache night that are with me when fayne I wolde be alone
then are ye gone when I shuld make my mone
and you so redy sighes to make me shright then are ye slacke when that ye shuld out starte
and onyle my Love declareth my hart

ffinis

[III]

Though me my self be brydelid of my mynde returning me backward by force expresse
Yf thou seeke honour to kepe thie promesse whoe may the holde my hart but thow thie self vnbinde
Sighe then no more syns no way man may fynde thie vertue to lett thoughe that frowardnes
of fortune me holdith, and yet as I may gesse thoughe other be present thow art not all behynde
Suffyse it then that thow be readie theare at all howres still vnder the defence
of tyme trouth and love to save the from offence
Cryeng I burne in a lovely desyre
with my deere mystres that may not follow wheareby his absence turnith hym to sorrow

ffinis

[I12]

My Gallye charged with forgeatfulnes throughe sharpp Seas in wynter nightes doth passe
thweene rock and rock and eke myne enemie alas that is my lord stirreth with cruellnes
and eveye houre a thought in redynes
as thoughe that death weare (light) in soche a case an endles wynde doth teare the sayle apase

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sighes of forced (sightes) and trustie fearfullnes
a rayne of teares a clowde of dark disdayne
hath done the wearied cordes great hynderaunce
Wreathid with errour and eke with ignoraunce
the Starres be hidd that ledd me to this payne
Drowned is reason that shuld me comporte
and I remayne despairing of the porte

[II3]

Advysing the bright beames of theis faire eyes
Wheare he is that myne ofte moystethe and wassthth
the wearied mynd streight from the hart parteth
and fynd the sweete bitter ynder this guyse
What webb he hath wrought well he perceyuith
wheary with hym self on love he playneth
that spurrith with fyre and brydelith with yse
Thus is it in suche extreamytie brought
in frosen though now and now it standith in flame
twixte myserye and wealth twixte earnest and game
but few glad and many a dyverse thought

with sore repentance of his hardines
of suche a Roote commeth frute fruteles

[II4]

Ever my happ is slacke and sloe in commynge
Desyre encreasying my hope vncertaine
that leave it or wayte it doth me like payne
and Tigre like, swifte it is in partinge
Alas the snow shall be black and skaldinge
the Sea waterles fisshe in the mountayne
the Tamys shall returne back into his fountayne
and wheare he rose the Sonne shall take lodginge
ere that I in this fynde peace or quyetnes
or that Love or my Ladye rightuouslye
Leave to conspeere againe me wrongfully
And if that I have after suche bitternes
any thing sweete my mouth is out of tast
That all my trust and travaile is but waste

[II5]

Love and fortune and my mynde remembre
of that that is now, with that that hath beene
Do torment me so that I vearye often
envie them beyonde all measure
Love sleithe my hart fortune is depryver
of all my comforte the foolishe mynd then
burneth and playneth as one that seldom
Lyveth in rest still in displeasure

My pleasant dayes they fleete away and passe
but daylye yet the yll dothe chaunge into worsse
and more then the halfe is ronne of my course
Alas not of steele but of brittell glasse
I see that from my hand ffalleth my trust
and all my thoughtes are dasshed into dust

[II6]

How ofte have I my deere and cruell foe
with those your eyes for to geat peace and truse
profferd you myne hart but youe do not vse
among so highe thinges to cast your mynd so low
Yf anye other looke for it as ye trowe
theire vayne weite hope doth greatlye them abvse
and thus I disdayne that that ye refuse
it was ons myne it may nomore be soe
yf I then it chase nor it in you can fynde
in this exyle no maner of compforte
nor lyve alone nor wheare he is called resorte
He may wander from his naturall kynde
so shall it be great hurt vnto vs twayne
and yours the losse and myne the deadlye payne

[II7]

Lyke to theise vnmeasurable mountaynes
is my painfull life the burden of yre
ffor of great height be they, and highe is my desyre

154
and I of teares and they be full of fowntaynes
vnder craggye Rockes they have full barren playnes

Herd thoughtes in me: my woffull mynde doth tyre
small frute and many leaves their topps do attyre
small effecte with great trust in me remaynes
the boyst'ous wyndes oftte their highe boughes do blast

Hote sighes from me contynually be shedd
Cattell in them and in me love is fedd

Immoveable am I and they are full stedfast
of that restlesse birdes they have the tvne and note

And I all waies playntes that passe through my throte

ffinis

[II8]
The lyvelye sparckes that yssue from those eyes
Agaynst the whiche ne vayleth no defence
Haue prest my hart and done it none offence
With quaking pleasure more then ons or twyse

was never man could any thing devyse
the Sonne beames to turne with so great vehemence
to dase mans sight as by their bright presence

Dased am I moche lyke vnto the guyse
of one ystreeken with dintt of lighteninge
blyndid with the stroke erring heare and theare

so call I for helpp I not when ne wheare
the paine of my fall patientlie bearinge
ffor after the blase as is no wonder
of deadlye nay heare I the fearfull thonder

ffinis

[II9 and 120]
Right true it is and said full yore agoe
take heede of hym that by thye back the clawethe
ffor none is worsse then is a frendlye foe
thoughe they seeme good all thinge that the delightethe
yet know it well that in thye bosome creepethe

ffor many a man oft tymte suche fyre kindleth
that with the blase his beard singethe

what worde is that that chaungethe not

thoughe it be turned and made in twayne

yf is myne answere god it wott
and the cause of my payne

A Love withe disdayne

· 155 ·
yet is it Loved what wold ye more
It is my health eke and my sore.
ffinis

[121]

Suche vayne thought as wonted to mislead me
in desert hope by well assured mone
maketh me from Compoyne to lyve alone
in following her whome reason bid me flee
she fleeth as fast by gentill crueltie
and after her my hart wolde faine be gone
but armed sighes my way do stopp anone
twixt hope and dread lacking my libertie
Yet as I gesse vnder disdaynfull brow
one beame of pittie is in her Clowdie Looke
which compforteth the mynd that earst for feare shooke
and thearwithall bolded I seeke the way how
to vtter the smartt that I suffer within
but suche it is I not how to begyn
ffinis

[122]

Unstable dreame according to the place
be stedfast ons or ells at least be true
by tasted sweetnes make me not to rue
the Suddaine losse of thie falce fayned grace
by goode respecte in suche a dwangerous case
thow broughtest not her in to this tossing mewe
but madest my sprite lyve my care to renewe
My boddie in tempest her succour to embrace
the boddie dead the spryte had his desyre
paynlesse was thone th’other in delighte
whye then alas did it not kepe it right
Returning to leape into the fyre
And wheare it was at wysshe it could not remayne
Suche mockes of dreames they turne to deadlye payne
ffinis

[123]

You that in love fynd luck and habundance
and lyve in luste and iojful iolytie

• 156 •
Arise for shame do awaye your soggardie  
Aryse I saye do Maye some observaunce  
Let me in bedd lye dreaminge in mischaunce  
That me betyde in Maye moste commonlye  
as one whome Love liste lytle to advaunce  
Sephances said trew that my nativitie  
Mischaunce was with the ruler of the May  
He gest of that I prove the veritie  
in Maye my wealth and eke my life I saye  
Have stond so oft in suche perplexitie  
Rejoyce lett me dreame of your felicitie./  

ffinis

If waker care if suddaine pale coulour  
Yf many sighes with little speache to playne  
Now ioye now woe if they my cheere distayne  
ffor hope of small if moche to feare thearfor  
to haste to slake my pase lesse or more  
by signe of Love then do I love agayne  
Yf thoue aske whome, sure syns I did refrayne  
Brunet that sett my wealth in suche a rore  
th'unfained cheere of Phillis hath the place  
that Brunet had she hathe and ever shall  
She from my self now hath me in her grace  
She hathe in hand mye witt mye will and all  
Mye hart alone well worthie she doth staye  
without whose helpe skant do I lyve adaye  

ffinis

Whoe hath heard of suche crueltie before  
that when my playnt remembred her my woe  
that cawsed it she cruell more and more  
wisshed eache stitche as she did sitt and sow  
Had pricked my hart for to encrease my sore  
and as I think she thought it had bene so  
ffor as she thought this is his hart in deede  
She prycked hard and made her self to bleede  

ffinis
[126]
What needes theise threatning wordes and wasted wynde
all this cannott make me restore my praye
to robb your good I wis is not my mynde
Nor causeles your faire hand did I displaye
Lett love be iudge or ells whome nexte we mete
that may bothe heare what you and I can saye
she toke from me an hart and I a glove from her
Lett vs se now if thone be worth the th’other
ffinis

[127]
She satte and Sowede that hath done me the wronge
wheareof I playne and have done manye adaye
and whylest she herd my playnt in pituous songe
Wisshed my hart the Sampler as it lay
the blynde master whom I have servid (so) long
Grudging to heare that he did heare herr saye
Made her owne weapon doe her fynger bleede
to feele if prickinge weare so good in deede
ffinis

[128]
Some tyme I fledd the fyre that me brent
by Sea by lande by water and by wynde
and now I follow the Coales that be quente
ffrom Dover to Calleis agaynst my mynde
Loe how desyre is both spronge and spent
And he may see that whyllome was so blynd
and all his labour now he laughe to scorne
Mashed in the bryers that earst was all to torne
ffinis

[129]
The furyous goitne in his raging yre
when the bowle is rammed in to sore
and it the same can not parte from the fyre
Cracketh in sonder and in the ayre doth roare
the shivered peeces: right so doth my desyre
whose flambe encreacith from more to more
whiche to lett out I dare not looke nor speake
So that of force my hart doth all to breake
ffinis

[Fols. 69-74 are wanting.]
ffansye doth know how

to further my true hart
Yf fansye might avowe
with faith to take parte

But fansye is so fraile
and flytting still so faste
that faith may not prevale
to helpp me first nor laste

ffor fa\_sy\_ye at his lust
Doth rule all but by gesse
Whearto shuld I than trust
in trouthe or stedfastnes

Yet wolde I please
the fansye of her hart
that may me onlye ease
and cure my Carefull smart

Thearefore my Ladie deare
Sett ons your fantasye

to make some hope appeare
of stedfastnes remedye

ffor if he be mye frende
and vndertake mye woe
Mye greefe is at an end
Yf he contynew so

Elles fansye doth not right
As I deserve and shall
to have you day and night
to love me best of all

ffinis

Patience thoughe I have not
the thing that I requyre
I must of force god wot
forbeare my moste desyre

ffor no wayes can I fynde
to sayle agaynst the wynde

\textcircled{159}
Patience do what they will
to worke me woe or spite
I shall content me still
to thinck both daye and night
To thinck and holde my peace
Syns theare is no redresse

Patience without blame
ffor I offendid nought
I know they know the same
though they have chaunged their thought
Was ever thought so moved
to hate that it hath loved

Patience of all mye harme
ffor fortune is my foe
Patience must be the charme
to heale me of my woe
Patience without offence
Ys a paynfull patience
ffinis

Patience for mye devyse
Impatience for your parte
Of contraries the guyse
Ys ever the overthwarte
Patience for I am true
the contrarie for you

Patience a good cause whie
you have no cause at all

Yf then I burne to playne so
what maye it avayle me
And if the harme that I suffer
be ronne to farr out of measure
to seeke for helpp any further
what may it availe me

What thoughghe eache hart that heares me playne
Pitieth and playneth for mye payne
Yf I no lesse in greef remayne
what may it availe me

Yea though the want of my releef
Displease the causer of my greef
Syns I remayne still in mischeef
what may it avayle me

Suche cruell chaunce doth so me threat
Contynuallye inward to freat
Then of releace for to entreat
what may it availe me

ffortune is deafe vnto my call
Mye torment moves not her at all
and thoughhe she turne as dothe a ball
what may it availe me

ffor in dispaire theare is no reede
To want of eare speeche is no speede
to lynger still a lyve as deade
what may it availe me
ffinis

[134]
My hope alas hath me abused
And vayne reioycinge hath me fedd
Luste and ioye have me refused
and carefull playnt is in their steed
to moche advauncing slaked my speed
myrth hath causeth my heavynes
And I remayne all comfortles

Wheare to did I assure my thought
without displeasure stedfastlye
in fortunes forde mye ioye was wrought
And is revolted readelye
I am mystaken wonderlye
ffor I thought nought but faithfullnes
Yet I remayne all comfortles

In gladsome cheere I did delight
till that delight did cause my smart
and all was wrong wheare I thought right
ffor right it was that my true hart
shulde not from trothe be sett a parte

* 161 *
Syns trothe did cause mye hardynes
Yet I remayne all comfortles

Somtyme delight did tewe my song
and lead my hart full pleasantly
and to my self I said among
mye happ is comminge hastelye
but it hath happid contrarie
Assurance cawseth my distresse
And I remayne all comfortlesse

Then if my note now doth varie
and leave his wonted pleasantnes
The heavie burden that I caruye
Hathe altrued all my joyfulnes
no pleasure hathe still stedfastnes
but haste hath hurt my happines
And I remayne all comfortles
ffinis

Wheare shall I have at myne owne will
Teares to complayne wheare shall I fett
Suche sighes as I may sighe my fill
And then agayne mye playnte repeate

ffor though mye playnt shall haue none end
my teares cannot suffyse my woe
to mone my harme have I no frend
ffor fortunes frend is myshapps foe

Comfort god wote ells have I none
but in the wynde to waste my wordes
nought movith you my deadlye mone
but all you turne it in to bourdes

I speake not now to move your hart
that you shuld rue vppon my payne
the sentence geven may not revert
I know suche labour ware but vayne

But since that I for you my deere
Have lost that thing that was mye best
a right small losse it must appeere
to leese theise wordes and all the rest
But though they Sparkle in the wynde
Yet shall they shew thie falsed faith
whiche is return’de vnto his kynde
ffor lyke to lyke the proverb saith

ffortune and you did me advaunce
Me thought I swame and could not drowne
Happiest of all but mye myschaunce
Did lifte me vpp to throw me downe

And you withe of crewelnes
did sett your foote vppon my neck
me and my welfare to oppresse
without offence your hart to wreake

Wheare are your pleasant wordes alas
wheare is your faithe your stedfastnes
theare is no more but all dothe passe
and I am left all comfortles

But since so moche it doth you greeve
and also me my wretchid lyf
Have heare my trouthe nought shall releeve
But death alone my verye stryfe

Therfore fare well mye life mye deathe
mye gayne my losse my salve my sore
ffare well also with you my breathe
ffor I am gone for ever more.

ffinis

[136]

Though I cannot your crueltie constrayne
ffor mye good will to favour me agayne
thoughe my trew and faithfull love
Have no powre your hart to move
Yet rew vppon mye payne

Though I your thrall must evermore remayñe
and for your sake my lybertie restrayne
the greatest grace that I do crave
ys that you wold vouchesave
to rew vppon mye payne

Though I have not deservid to obtayne
so highe rewarde but thus to serve in vayne

• 163 •
thowghe I shall have no redresse
Yet of right ye can no lesse
but rew vppon mye payne

But I se well that your highe disdayne
Will no wyse graunt that I shall more attayne

[Fols. 79-96 are wanting.]

[137]

Proces of tyme worketh suche wonder
that water whiche is of kynde so softe
Dothe pearce the marble stone a sonder
by lytle dropps falling from a loft

And yet an hart that seemes so tender
Receyvith no droppe of the stilling teares
that alwaye still causse me to rendre
the vayne playnte that soundes not in her eares

So cruell alas is nowghte alyve
so fierce, so froward so oute of frame
but some waye some tyme may so contryve
by meanes of wylde to temper and tame

And I that alwayes have sought and seeke
Eeach place eeach tyme for some luckye daye
this fearce Tygre lesse I fynde her meeke
and more denyed the longer I praye

The Lyon in his raging furour
fforbeares that sueth meekenes for his
and thow alas in extreame dolour
the hart so low, thow treadist vnder thie foote

Eeach feires thing lo, how thow doste exceede
and hydes it vnder so humble a face
and yet the humble to helpp at neede
nought helpith tyme humblenes nor place

[138]

After great stormes the calme retournes
And pleasanter it is thearbye
ffortune lyse wyse that often turnes
Hathe made me now the moste happie

• 164 •
The heaven that pitied my distresse
my iuste desyre and my crye
Hath made my langour to ceasse
and me also the moste happie

Whearto dispayred ye my frendes [Fol. 97v]
Mye trust alwaye in hid lye [10]
that knoweth what my thoughte intendes
wheareby I lyve the moste happie

Lo, what can take hope from that hart
that is assured stedfastlye
Hope thearfore ye that lyve in smarte
Wheare bye I am the moste vnhappie

And I that have felte of your payne
shall praye to god contynuallye
To make your hope your health retayne
and me also the moste happie

ffinis

So feoble is the threde/ that dothe the burden stay
Of mye poore lyfe in heavie plight/ that fallethe in decay
That but it hathe ells wheare/ some ayde or some succours
the runninge spindle of my fate/ anon shall end his cource
ffor sens th’ unhappie howre/ that did me to departe
ffrom mye sweete weale and only hope hath staid my lif aparte
wchiche dothe perswade suche wordes/ vnto my sored mynde
Mayntayne thie selfe o wofull wight/ some better luck to fynde
ffor thoughe thow be deprev’d/ from thie desyred sight
Whoe can the tell if thie retourne/ be for thie more delight
Or whoe can tell thie losse/ yf thow mayste ones recover
Some pleasante howre thie woe may wrapp/ and thee defend
and cover
This is the trust as yet/ that hath my life sustayned
but now alas I se it fainte/ and I by trust am trayned
The tyme dothe fleete and I perceyve/ the howres how they bend
So fast that I have scant the space/ to mark my commynge end
Westwarde the Sonne from out the easte/ dothe scantlye shew his Light
Butt in the west he hydes hym streight/ within the darke of night
And com̄es as fast wheare he/ began his pathe a wrye
from easte to west/ from west to easte/ so dothe his iourney lye
The lyfe so short so fraile/ that mortall men lyve heare
So great a weight so heavie charde/ the bodies that we beare
That when I thincke vppon/ the distaunce and the space
that doth so farr devyde me fro/ my deere desyred face
I know not how t'attayne/ the winges that I requyre
to Lifte my weight that I might flye/ to follow my desyre
Thus of that hope as yet/ that doth my lyf sustayne
Alas I feare and partlye feele/ full lytle dothe remayne
Eache place dothe bringe my greefe/ wheare I do not beholde
Those lovelye eyes whiche of my thoughtes/ weare wont the
keyes to holde
Those thoughtes weare pleasing sweete/ whylest I enioyed
that grace
My pleasure past my present payne/ when I might well enbrace
But for because my want/ shoulde more my woe encreace
in watche and sleepe bothe day and night/ mye will dothe
never ceace
That thinge to wishe whearof/ syns I did leese the sight
I never saw that thing that might/ my faithfull hart delight
th'uneasye life I leade/ dothe teache me for to meete
the fludds the Seas the Landes the Hilles/ that dothe them
entermeete
Tweene me and those shyning lightes/ that wonted for to
cleare
mye darked panges of Clowdie thoughtes/ as bright as Phebus
spheare
It teacheth me also/ what was my pleasante state
The more to feele by suche recorde/ howe that my wealth
dothe bate
If suche recorde alas/ provoke th'enflamed mynde
Whiche sprange the daye that I did leave/ the best of me
behynde
If love forgeat hym self/ by lengthe of absence lett
whoe did me guyde o wofull wretche/ vnto this baigned nett
Wheare dothe encreace my care/ moche better weare for me
As dombe as stone all thing forgeat/ still absent for to be
Alas the cleare Cristall/ that bright transplendant glasse
Dothe not bewraye the colour hydd whiche vnderneithe it has
As dothe th'accombred sprite/ now thoughtfull throwes discover
Of fearce delight, of fervent love/ that in our hartes we cover
Oute by these eyes it sheweth/ that evermore delight
In playnt of teares to seeke redresse/ and eke bothe daye and
night
These new kynde of pleasures/ whearin most men reioyce
To me theye do redoble still/ of stormye sighes the voyce
ffor I am one of those/ whome playnte dothe well content
It sittes me well myne absente wealthe/ me seems for to lament
and with my teares to geve assaye/ to chardge myn e eyes twayne
Lyke as my harte above the brincke/ is fraughted full of payne
And for because thearto/ of those faire eyes to treate
Do me provoke I shall retourne/ mye playnte thus to repeate
ffor theare is nothing ells/ that toucheth me so within
Wheare they rule all and I alone/ nought but the Case or
twaine
Whearfore I do returne/ to them as Well or Springe[55]
ffrom whome discendes my mortall woe/ above all other thinge
So shall mye eyes in payne/ accompanye my harte
That weare the guydes that did it lead/ of love to feele the
smarte
The Crisped golde that doth/ surmount Appolloses pryde
the lyvelye streames of pleasaut starres/ that vnder it dothe
glyde
whearin the beames of love/ dothe so encrease theyre heate
Wth yet so farr touche me so neare/ in colde to make me sweate
The wyse and pleasaut talke/ so rare or ells a lone
That gave to me the Curteist guifte/ that earste had never  none
be farr from me alas/ and everye other thinge
I might forbeare with better will/ then it that did me bringe
with pleasautne worde and cheere/ redresse of lingred payne
whiche wonted ofte in kindled will/ to vertue me to trayne
Thus am I dryven to heare/ and herken after newes
Mye compforte scante my lardge desyre/ in doutfull trust[70]
renewes
And yet with more delight/ to mone mye wofull cace
I must complayne those handes those armes/ that fermlye do
embrace
Me, from my self, and rule the stearne of mye poore Lyfe
the sweete disdaynes the pleasaut wrathes, and eke the lovelye
strife
That wonted well to tune/ in temper iuste and meete
the rage that ofte did make me err/ by furour vndiscreete
All this is hydd me fro/ with sharppe and Craggie hills
att others will my longe abode/ my deepe dispaire fulfills
But if my hope somtyme/ rise vppe by some redresse
it stomblethe straight for feoble faynte/ my feare hath suche
excesse
Suche is the sorte of hope/ the lesse for more desyre
wheareby I feare and yet I truste/ to see that I requyre
The restinge place of love/ wheare vertue lyves and growse
Wheare I desyre my wearyd life/ somtyme maye take repose
Mye songe thow shalt attayne/ to fynde that pleasautn place
wheare shee dothe lyve by whome I Live/ maye chaunce to have
this grace
when shee hathe readd and seene/ the dreede whear in I serve
Betweene her brestes she shall the put/ theare shall she thee
reserve
Then tell her that I come/ shee shall me shortlye see
and yf for waigte the bodye faile/ the Sowle shall to her flye

[95]

ffinis

[100]

When Dido feasted first/ the wandring Troian knight
whome Ivnoes wrathe with stormes did force/ in Lybike sandes
to light
That mightie Atlas taught, the Supper lasting longe
with crisped lockes on golden harppe/ Iopas sange in his sone
That same (quod he) that we/ the worlde do call and name
of heaven and earthe with all contentes/ it is the vearye frame
Or thus, of heavenlye powres/ by more powre kepte in one
Repugnant kyndes in myddes of whome/ the earthe hath place
alone
ffirme Rownde of lyving thinges/ the mother place and nourse
without the whiche in egall waight/ this heaven dothe holde
his course
And it is calde by name/ the first and moving heaven
The firmament is placed nexte/ conteyning other seven
Of heavenlye powres that same/ is planted full and thick
As shyninge lightes whiche we call starres/ that thearin cleve
and stick
with great swifte swaye the first/ and with his restles sours
Carieth itself and all those eight/ in even contynuall course
And of this world so rounde within that rolling cace
Two poyntes theare be that never move/ but firmye kepe
their place
The tone we se alwaye/ the tother standes obiect
Againste the same, devyding iust the grownd by lyne direct
Whiche by ymaginacon/ drawne from the one to th’other
Touche the (S) Centre of the earthe/ for waye theare is none
other
And theise be calld the poles, discryde bye starres not bright

[140]

[Fol.] 99
The lyne that we devyse/ from thone to th’other so
As Axell is, vpon the whiche/ the heavens about do goe
whiche of water nor earth/ of ayre nor fyre have kynde
Thearfore the substaunce of those same/ weare hard for man
to fynde
But they bene vnкорrupt/ simple and pure vnmixt
and so we saye bene all those starres/ that in those same bene
fixte
And eke those erringe seven/ in circle as they straye

So cald because agaynst that first/ they have repugnant waye
And Smaller bywayes to/ skant censible to man
To busye worke for my poor harppe/ let sing them he that can
The wydest save the first/ of all theise nyne above
One hundred yeare dothe aske of space/ for one degree to move
Of whiche degrees we make/ in the first movinge heaven
Three hundred and three score/ in partes iustlye devyded even
And yet theare is another/ betweene those heavens two
Whose moving is so slye so slacke/ I name it not for now
The Seventhe heaven or the shell/ nexte to the starrye skye
All those degreese that gath’rith vpp/ with aged pase so slye
And dothe performe the same/ as elders count hath bene
In nyne and twentie yeares compleat/ and dayes almoste sixtene
Dothe carye in his boute/ the starr of Saturne olde
A threatner of all lyvinge thinges/ with drought and with his colde
The sixte whome this conteines/ doth stalke with yonger pase
and in twelve yeare dothe somwhat more/ then thother
vyoage was
And this is it that beares the starr of Iove benigne
T’wene Saturnes malice and vs men/ frendlye defending signe
The fifte beares bloddie Mars/ that in three hundred dayes
And twyse eleven with one full yeare/ hath fynist all those
waies
A yeare dothe aske the fourthe/ and howres thearto sixe
and in the same the daye his eye/ the Sonne theare in he stickes
The thurde that governd is/ by that that governes me
And Love for love and for no love/ provokes as ofte we se
In lyke space doth performe/ that cource that did the tother
So dothe the nexte vnto the same/ that second is in order
But it dothe beare the starr/ that calde is Mercurye
that many a craftie secreat stepp/ doth tread as Calcars trye
That skye is last and fyxte next vs those wayes hath gone
in seven and twentie common dayes/ and eke the thurd of one
And beareth with his swaye/ the divers Moone aboute
now bright now browne now bent now full/ and now her light is oute
Thus of their owne have they/ two movinges all these seven
One, whear in they be caried still/ cace in his severall heaven
Another of them selves/ wheare their bodies be layde
In bywaies and in lesser roundes/ as I afore have sayde
Save of them all the Sonne/ doth straye still from the streight
The starrye skye hath but one cource/ that we have call’d the eight
And all these movinges eight/ are ment from west to east
Although they seme to clyme a loft, I say from east to west
but that is but by force/ of the first movings skye
In twyse twelve houres from east to east/ that carieth them
by and bye
But marke we well also/ these movinges of the seven
be not about the axell tree/ of the first movings heaven
ffor they have their two poles directlye to the tother

[141]

A spending hand that alway powreth out
Had neede to have a bringer in as fast
and on the stone that still doth turne about
Theare growes no mosse/ these proverbs yet do last
Reason hath sett them in so sure a place
That lengthe of yeares their force can never wast
when I remember this and eke the cace
whearin thow stand’st/ I thought forthwithe to wryte
(Bryan) to the, whoe knowes how great a grace
In wryting is to counsayle man the right
To thee therefore that trottes still vpp and downe
and never restes, but runninge day and night
ffrom realme, to realme, from cytie, streete, and towne
Whye deste thow weare thie boddie to the bones?
And mightest at home sleepe in thye bedd of downe
And drinke good Ale so nappie for the nones
ffeede thie self fatt, and heappe vpp pound bye pound
Lykest thow not this? no. whye? ffor Swyne so groines
in stie, and chaw donge mowlded on the grounde
And dryvell on pearells with head still in the maunger
So, on the harppe the Asse dothe heare the sound
So Sackes of durt be fild. The neat Courtyer
So serves for lesse, then do these fatted swine
Though I seem lean and dry, without moisture
yet will I serve my prince my lord and thyne
And let them live to feed the paunch that list
So I may live to feed both me and myne
By God well said. But what and if thou wist
How to bring in, as fast as thou dost spend
That would I learn. And it shall not be myst
To tell the how, now hark what I intend
Thou knowest well first/ who so can seek to please
Shall purchase friends/ whear trouble shall but offend
s flee the ceremony truth/ it is for wealth and ease
for though they trouble of every man have prayse
full near that wynde goeth trouble in great missease
Vse vertue, as it goeth now adayes
In worde alone to make thy language sweet
And of thy deed, yet do not as thou sayes
Ells be thou sure/ thou shalt be far vnmeet
To gethe bread, eache thing is now so skant
Seke still thy profit uppon thy bare feet
Lend in no wise for feare that thou do want
vnlesse it be as to a calf a Cheese
but yf thou can, be sure to wynde a cant
of half at least, I is not good to leese
Learne at the Ladde, that in a long whyte cote
from vnder the stall, withouten landes or feese
Hathe leapt into the Shopp/ who knowes by rote
this rule that I have tolde thee heare before
Somtyme ryche age also beginnes to dote
See thou when theare thyne gayne may be the more
Staye hym by the Arme, wheare so he walke or goe
be neare alwaye and if he coughe to sore
what he hath spitt tread oute, and please hym so
A diligent knave that pykes his masters pursse
May please hym so, that he withouten mo
Executour is/ And what is he the worse
but if so chanceth thou geat nought of the man
The wydow may for all thyne disbursse
A Ryvelid skynne, A stincking breath what than
A totheles mowthe shall do thie lipps no harme
The goolde is good/ and though she cursse or banne
Yet wheare the list/ thou mast lye good and warme
Lett the olde moyle byte vppon the brydle
Whylest theare dothe lye a sweeter in thyne arme
In this also se that thow be not Idle
Thie neece, thye Cosen, or thye daughter
If shee be faire/ yf handsome be her myddle
If thye better hath her love besought her
Advance his cause, and he shall helpp thie neede
It is but love, turne thow it to a laughter
but ware I saye, so gooelde thee helpp and speed
That in this case thowe be not so vnwyse
As pander was in suche a lyke deede
f Fors he the foole of conscience was so nyce
That he no gayne wold have for all his payne
be nexte thie self for frendshipp beares no pryce
Laughest thow at me, why? do I speake in vayne?
no not at thee, but at thie thriftye iest
would'ste thow, I shulde for any losse or gayne
Chaunge that for gooelde, that I have tane for best

Nexte godlye things to have an honest name
Shulde I leave that? then take me for a beast
Naye then fare well, and yf thow care for shame
Content the then withe honest povertye
With free tongue/ what the myslykes to blame
And for thie trouthe, somtyme adversytys
And theare with all this guifte I shall the gyve
In this worlde now lytle prosperytie
And Coyne to kepe as water in a syve

ffinis

[142]

My mothers maydes when they do Sowe and Spinne
They sing a songe made of the fieldishe mowse
that for because her lyvelode was but thynne
woulde nedes go se her Townishe sisters howse
she thought, her self endured to greevous payne
the stormye blastes her Cave so sore did sowse
That when the furrowes swimméd with the rayne
she must lye colde and weett in sorrye plight
And wursse then that bare meat theare dyd remayne
To comfort her, when she her house had dight
Somtyme a barley Corne/ somtyme a beane
ffor whiche she laboured hard bothe day and night
In harvest tyme when she might goe and gleane
And when her store was stroyed with the flood
Then well away for she vndone was cleane
Then was she fayne to take in steede of foode
Slepe yf shee cowlde her honger to beguyle
My sister (quod she) hath a lyving good
And hence from me she dwelleth not a myle
In colde and storme, she lyeth warme and drye
In bedd of downe/ the durtt doth not defyle
Her tender foote she labours not as I
Rychelye she feedes, and at the ryche mans cost
And for her meat she neede not crave nor crye
by sea, by land, of delicatess the moste
Her tender foote she labours not as I
Rychelye she feedes, and at the ryche mans cost
And for her meat she neede not crave nor crye
by sea, by land, of delicatess the moste

And hath therefor no whitt of charde nor travayle
And when she listhe the lycour of the Grape
Doth glad her hart till that her bellye swell
And at this journey makes she but a iape
So forthe she goethe trusting of all this wealth
with her Sister her part so far to shape
That yf she might theare kepe her self in health
To lyve a ladie whyle her lyf doth last
And to the Doore now is she come by stealth
And with her footshe anone she scrapes full fast
Thother for feare, durst not well appeare
of everye noyse so was the wretche a gast
At last she asked softlye who was theare
And in her language as well as she colde
Peace (quod the Towne mowse) whye speakst thou
so Lowd?

And by the hand she toke her fayre and well
Welcome (quod she) my Sister by the roode
She feasthe her that ioye was to tell
the fare they had, they dranck the wyne so cleare
And as to purpose now and then it fell
She cheered her, with how sister what cheere
Amyd thys ioye befell a sorye chaunce
That (wele away) the straunger bought full deare

The fare she had/ for as she lookt a scaunce
vnder a stoole she espyed two stemynge eyes

In a rownd head, with sharpp eares: in ffraunce
was never mowse so fearde, for the vnwyse
had not yseeene suche a beast before
yet had nature taught her after her guyse
to know her foe/ and dread hym ever more
The Towne mowse fledd/ she knew whiher to goe
The other had no shifte, but wonders sore
sheard of her lyf/ at home she wisht her tho
And to the doore alas as she did skyppe

The heaven it wolde; Lo/ and eke her chauce was so
At the thresholde her seeyle foote did trippe
And eare she myght recover it agayne
The Traytour Catt had caught her by the hypp
And made her theare agaynst her will remayne
that had forgote her powre, suretye and rest

for seeking wealth, wheare in she thought to raigne
Alas (my Poynes) how men do seeke the best
And fynde the worsse, by errour as they straye
And no merveile, when sight is so opprest
And blyndes the guyde anone out of the waye
Goeth guyde and all in seeking quyet lyf
O wretched myndes, there is no goold that may
Grant that you seeke, no warr, no peace, no strif
No, no, although the head weare hoope of golde

Seargent withe mace, with hawlberd, sworde or knyf
That can repulsse the care that follow shulde
Eache kynde of lyfe hath with hym his disease
Lyve in delightes, even as thye lust wolde
And thow shalt fynde when lust thee most doth please
It irketh straight, and by it self doth fade
A small thing is it, that may thie mynde appease
None of you all theare is, that is so madd
To seeke for grapes on brambles or on bryers
Nor none I trow that hath a witte so badd
To sett his haye for Coneies over Ryvers
Nor ye sett not a Dragg nett for a Hare
And yet the thing, that moste is your desyre
You do myslyke with more travaile and care
make playne thye harte, that it be not knottid
with hope or dread, and see thie will be bare
for all affectes, whome vice hath never spotted
Thie self content, with that is thee assynde
And vse it well that is to the allotted
Then seeke no more out of thyse self to fynde
The thinge that thow hast sought so longe before
ffor thow shalt feele it stickinge in thye mynde
Made, yf ye list to contynew your sore
Let present passe, and gape on tyme to come
And depe thie self in travaile more and more
Henceforth (my Poyns) this shall be all and some
theise wretchid fooles shall haue nought ells of me
But, to the great god and to his Dome
None other payne pray I for them to be
but when the rage dothe lead them from the right
That lokinge backward, they may se
Even as she is, so goodlye fayre and bright
And whylst they claspe their lustes in armes a crosse
Graunt them good lorde, as thow mayst of thie might
To freat inward, for losinge suche a losse
ffinis

[143]

In Greece somtyme theare dwelt a man of worthie fame
To grave in stone his conninge was/ Pygmalion was his name
To make his fame endure, when death had hym bereft
He thought it good, of his owne hand some fyled worke weare left
In Secrect studye then/ suche worke he gan devyse
As might his conninge best commend/ and please the lokers eyes
A Cowrser fayre he thought to grave/ barb’d for the fielde
And on his back a semelye knight/ well Arm’d with speare and shield
Or ells some ffowle, or fyshe to grave he did devyse
And still within his wandringe thoughtes/ new fansies did aryse
Thus varied he in mynde, what enterpryse to take
Till fancye mov’d his learned hand/ a woman fayre to make
whear on he stayed, and thought/ suche parfyte forme to frame
whear bye he wolde amaze all greece/ and wynne immortall name
Of yvorie whyte he made/ so faire a woman than
That nature scorn’d her perfytnesse/ so taught by crafte of man
well shaped weare her lymbs/ full comlye was her face
Eache lytle vayne moste lyvelye toucht/ eache part had semelye grace
Twyxte nature and Pigmalion/ theare might appeare great stryfe
So semelye was this ymage wrought/ it lackt nothing but lyfe
His envious eye behelde/ his owne devysed worke
And gazinge ofte thearon he fownde/ moche venome theare to lurk
ffor all the featurede shape/ so did his fancye move
That with his Idoll, whome he made, Pigmalion fell in love
To whome he honour gave/ and deckte with garlondes sweete
And did adourse with iewells riche/ as is for lovers meete
Somtymes on it he fawnde/ somtyme in rage wolde crye
It was a wonder to beholde/ how fancye bleard his eye
Syns that this Image dombe/ enflamde so wyse a man
My deere alas, synce I you love/ what wonder is it than
In whome hathe nature sett the glorye of her name
And brake her mowlde in great dispayre/ your lyke she could not frame

ffinis

[144]  [Fol.] 102

Myne olde dere En'mye/ my froward master
A fore that Quene, I caused to be acited
Whiche holdeth the divine parte of nature
That, lyke as goolde, in fyre he mought be tryed
Charged with dolour, theare I me presented
With horrible feare, as one that greatlye dredith
A wrongfull death, and justice alwaye seekethe
    And thus I sayde once my lefte foote, Madame
When I was yonge, I sett within his reigne
Whearby other then fierlye burninge flame
I never felt, but many a grevous payne
Touernt I suffred, angre and disdayne
That myne oppressed patience was past
And I myne owne life hated at the last
Thus hytherto have I my tyme passed
In payne and smarte, what wayes profitable
How many pleasant dayes have me escaped
In serving this false lyer so deceaveable?
What wit have wordes so prest and forceable
That may contayne my great myshappynesse
And iust complayntes of his vngentlenesse?

So small honye, moche Aloes and gall
In bitterness, my blynde Lif hath ytasted
His falce semblauce, that turneth as a ball
with faire and Amorous daunce made me be traced
And wheare I had my thought and mynde araced
from earthlye frailnesse, and from vayne pleasure
Me from my rest he toke, and sett in errour

God made he me regard, lesse than I oughte
And to my self to take lytyle heede
And for a woman have I set at nought
All other thoughtes in this onylye to speede
And he was onylye counsellour of this deede
Whetting all wayes my youthlye frayle desyre
On cruell whettstone, temperid with fyre

But oh alas, wheare had I ever witte
Or other guifte given me of nature?
That soner shall be chaunged my weried spryte
Then the obstynate will, that is my ruler
So Robbith he my freedome with displeasure
Thys wicked Traytour, whom I thus accuse
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant use
He hath me hasted throughe dyvers regions
Throughe desert woodes, and sharpp hye mountaynes
Throughe froward people, and through bitter passions
Throughe Rockye Seas, and over hills and playnes
with weary travaile, and with laborous paynes
Alwayes in troble and in tediousnesse
All in errour, and daungerous distresse

But nother he, nor she, my tother foe
ffor all my flight, did ever me forsake
That thoughe my tymelye death hath bene to slow
That me as yet, it hath me not overtake
The heavenlye gods of pittie do it slake
And note, they this his cruell tyrannye
That feedes hym, with my care, and mysery

Syns I was his, hower rested I never
Nor loke to do/ and eke the wakyte nightes
The banyshed slepe may in no wyse recover
by guyle and force, over my thrallled sprites
He is Ruler/ syns whiche bell never strykes
That I heare not, as sownding to renewe
My playntes/ hym self, he knowes, that I say true
ror never wormes olde rotten stocke have eaten
As he my hart, whare he is resyndent
And doth the same with death daylye threaten
Thence come the teares/ and thence the bitter Torment
The sighes, the wordes, and eke the languishement
That noye bothe me, and peradventure other
Judge thow that knowest, the one and eke the tother
Myne adversarie, with suche grevous reprofe
Thus he began/ Heare Ladye, thother parte
That the playne trothe, from whiche he draweth a loofe
Thus vnkynde man may shew/ err that I parte
In his yonge age, I toke hym from that arte
That sellith wordes, and makes a clatt'ring knight
And of my wealth I gave hym my delight
Now shames he not on me for to complayne
That helde hym evermore in pleasaut gayne

[Fols. 103 and 104 are wanting.]

[145]

But Lorde how straunge is this/ that to the iust befall
to end with shame lyke synfull folke/ and lyve to slander thrall
Theise Impps lyke wyse of death/ as maskers weare for synne
Disguyseyd walke in vertues Cloke/ and hyde their measlid skynne
Suche fruteles travayles then/ vnto my thought commend
their nature mylde and harmles hart/ that gladsome life entend
That myngle drincke with sporte/ and sawce their food wth myrt[h]
convert theire sower in to sweete/ what wold they more on earthe
Thus whyle I sweate in searche/ of wisdomes vncowthe leere
and to discipher the vnrest/ wheare in man walketh heare
Then with suche hongrie thrust/ as greedynes forbadd the head to seace, the eye to wynck/ in sifting good for badd
When in that shoreles floode/ long tyme my shipp had ronne

• 178 •
I fownde by state of mortall spryte/ soche secreasye not wonne
Suche mysteries to revaile/ what witt doth moste endeavour
Shall waste his tyme/ as I have done/ and deeper doutes discever

ffinis

Certayne verses made by vncertayne autors./
wrytten out of Charleton his booke./

Whye would yow frenede that I my selfe should wreake of Bacchus broode or Plutoes owgly trayne
Suche droncken dames withe hellishe heated brayne
Moves me not once on quiet thought to breake
within whose stinkinge fornace fumes do reste
whiche do corrupte the ayre wth (she) slaunderous brute
of so vlyed rootes who can reape better fruite
Should Princes pallace breed so base a beste
Thow seest how wyne hathe washte a way the wall
That nature made to keepe the tougne in stay
Suche toothles trottes barke but (byte) not byte wth all
I care not I what so they talke or say
The wyse frome wyne and from suche furyes fell
Can saye them selves wear suche foule feendes in hell./

finis

If fortune good could awnswer p*sent ill
and often well amend but once amisse
I my lyfe forepaste in truthe and duty still
m*y salve the sore for whiche my troble ys

O happy they that quite theare princes soe
but thvs wth me o wretched man yt frames
for often well I vnrewarded goe
and for one yll receyve a thowsand blames

Is this my happe or Iustice due for sinne
Yf bothe to fawlte and to my fa(wl)te yeelde I

Myne owne good deedes & iust desartes heerin
I leave and to my god and Queene I flye
And mercy crave for all my sinns vnseene
Prostrate with teares before my god & queene

An heape of sinns I must confesse to god
gaynste whome becausse I have don most amisse

I will receave his iust deserved rod
but to my queene myne only fa wlt is this./

I did advyse a queene vnfortunat
to yeeld her selfe vnto my princes heere

whome apte I thought to pytthie her estate
a frend by kynde a queene & neyghbour neere

But I soughte not agaynst my M's will
to steale by sleyghte out of her highnes handes

this captive queene for guiltlesse of that yll
or any suche I feele thease bitter bandes.

I only did pytthie her miserie
enforst thearto by wretched sympathye

Well shews the tyme in this compassion spent
the will I had to ease her carefull mynde

ffor I conveyed some l'es that she sent
to help her woe to hurtte my selfe I fynde

Loe heere the trothe let (frends) say what they can
call this my falte my folly or myshappe

If my good Queene have m'cie on her man
the tree shall live thoughge wounded in the sappe

Whose harte ys sounde and never could be brought
by love or hate or hope of any gayne

Of my good queene to thinke as yll a thoughte
as myght offend her lyfe or happie raygne

Whome god p'serve an aged queene to be
to englandes Ioy betyde what may of me./

Candida sint comitum Goodyeere
(Alba decent alios) Goodyeereum nil nisi nigrā

Good ever due distroyed w' present yll
showes ofte yll ment thoughe once exprest amisse

2 Lines 13 and 14 are written in the right margin, as if in an attempt to squeeze them in between stanzas 3 and 4.
No lyfe forepaste in (th) truthe and duty still
may licence faultes for whiche the trouble ys.

O wyked they that quite theyre princes so
but thus wth the o vaynest man yt frames
for often well suche guerdon her to show
and wth on yll deserve ten thousands blames

Wayle not mishap whose happier speede hathe beene
sinne & myshap in faulet not fate dothe lye.

(Both) bothe of good deedes wante of desartes thearin
whiche slyly lefte to god and queene yow flye./
Mercy pforce to crave for sinne vnseene
wth fayn’d teares before my god & queene./

A heape of sinnes well sayd confess to god
not well confeste to hyde so great a misse

Not well receaved his due deserved rod
when graunted faulete to queen ys only this.

Yow did a perilous queene to fortunat
more then advyse agaynst yowr princes heere
by cyphringe sleyghte to daunger the estate
of frend by kynde of queene of neyboure neere.

Whether agaynst yowr owne good M’rs wyll
yow soughte to steale out of her highnes handes
that whillome queene, now guylte of that yll
and many suche yow byde thease bytter bandes.

What ray(e)'d yowr pyttie of her myserye
the pange and purpose of your simphatie
Well shows yowr tyme in suche a passion spent
and thralled will to please her reachinge mynde

letters conveyed to daungerous intente
to helpe her luste to hurte (of) our queene we fynde.

Loe heere you trothe now close yt as yow can
call yt yowr fancye follye or myshappe

Yf now our queene pyttye her swarved man
the tree may live thoughghe never sound the sappe

whoes hart is false and easely would
by love or hate or vaynest hope of gayne

1 Lines 13 and 14, like the corresponding lines in No. 147, are written in the right margin, squeezed in between stanzas 3 and 4.
9  agaynste thy Queene to think so yll a thoughte
   to breede myshape vnto her happye raygne[40]
Whome god grant we (and) an aged queene may see./
to our great Ioyys betyde what lyst of thee./
M. Norton
Hic niger est hunc tu Regina Caveto.
\langle Dier\rangle \int\int

[149]

A complaynt of one forsaken of his love.

1 He that his myrthe hath lost whose \langle sorrow\rangle is dismayde,
   whose hope ys vayne, whose faythe ys scorne whose trust ys
   all betrayd,
2 Yf he have \langle h Id\rangle held them deere, & cannot cease to mone,
   Come let him take his place by me, hee shall not rue alone.
3 But yf the smallest sweet, be mixt \langle w\rangle all his sowre, [5]
   Yf in the day the moneth the yeere he feele one lightninge
   howre.
4 then rest he \langle w\rangle him selfe he ys no mate for me,
   whose feare ys fallen whose succor voyd, whose hurt his
   death must be.
5 Yet not the wished deathe \langle w\rangle hathe noe playnt or lacke,
   which making free the better part, ys only natures wracke [10]
6 Oh noe that weare to well, my greefe ys of the mynde,
   whiche allways yeeldes extreamest payns, but leaves the worst
   behinde.
7 As one that lives in shew, but inwardly doth dye,
   whose knowledge ys a blody feeld whear all helpe slayne
   doth lye
8 Whose hart the awlter his spryt to sacrifice, [15]
   vnto the powers whome to appease noe sorrows can suffise.
9  My fancies are lyke thornes on whiche I goe by nighte,
   Myne argumentes are like an host whose force ys put to
   flyghte.
10 My sence my passions spye, my thought lyke ruines
   olde,
   of famous Carthage, or the towne \langle w\rangle Synon bought and
   solde.
11 Which still before myne eyes my mortall fall dothe
   laye,
Whome love and fortune once advaunct, & now have cast away.
12 Oh thought, no thought but (who) woundes somtyme yᵉ seat of Ioy, somtyme the store of rest, but now, the nourse of all annoye.
13 I sowed the soyle of peace, my blisse was in the springe, and day by day I eat the fuite that my lives tre did bringe
14 To nettles now my corne my feelde ys turned to flynte whear sitting in the Cipres shade I reade this hiacinthe
15 The peace, the rest, the lyfe, that I enioyd of yore tofore

Within  
be  
Came to (the) lot that by the losse my smarte myght the more.
16 So to vnhappy me ( ) the best frames for the worst Oh tyme, oh place, oh woordes, oh lookes then deere but now accurst
17 In was stands my delight, in ys and shall my woe, Myne horror fastned in the yea, my hope hangde in the noe.
18 I looke for noe releefe releefe would come to late, To late I fynde, I fynde to soone, to well stood myne estate.
19 Behold suche is the end, what pleasure heere ys suer, Ah nothinge ells but cares and playntes dothe to the world endure.
20 fforsaken first am I yea (vutt) vtterly forgotten, and they that came not neere my faythe to my reward are gotten.

Then love. /
21 Then love wheare ys thie sawce that makes thie tormentes sweet wheare ys the cawse that some have thowghte theare deathe for the but meete.
22 The stately chast disdaine, the secret thankfullnesse. The grace reserved the common light that shynes in worthinesse.

Oh that yt weare not soe or I yt coulde excuse, [Oh] that the wrathe of Ielowsye my judgment myght abyse.

Oh frayle (vnconstant) vnconstant Kinde oh sure in (th) trothe to no man

[No w]omen Angells be, but loe, my Mᵉ ys a woman Yet hate I but the fawlte and not the fawltly one
[Nor c]an I ridd frome me the bonds in whiche I lye alone.

26 Alone I lye whose lyke, in love was never yet.
The prince, the poore, the yownge, the ould, the fond, or full of wit.

27 Nor that I meane hence foorth this straunge will to profess

As one that could betray suche trothe (d)o buyld on ficklenesse

28 But yt shall never fayle that my faythe bare in hande I gave my word my word gave me bothe word and guift shall stande.

29 Sithe then yt must be thus, and this ys all to yll, I yeelde me captyve to my curse my harde fate to fullnll.

30 The solitarye woodes my cyte shall becom(me) The darkest den shalbe my lodge in wth I reste or rome.

31 Of heben blacke my boord, the wormes my feast shalbe. whearwth my carcase shalbe fed vntill they feed on me.

32 My (bed) of Niobe my bed of Craggie rocke, the serpentes hisse myne harmonye the shreckinge owle my clocke.

33 Myne exercise nought ellse but raging agonyes, My booke of spytefull fortunes foyles or dreery tragedyes.

34 My walke the pathe of playnt my pspect into hell Wheare wretched Sisiphe and his feeres in endles torment dwell.

35 And though I seeme to vse the fayninge poetes style To figure foorth my rufull flyght my fall or my exile yet are my greefs not fayned whearin I sterue or pine.

36 Who feelethe moste shall fynde yt leaste yf his compare wth myne.

37 My songe yf any aske whose greevous case ys suche Die er thowe let his name be known his folly shews to muche.

38 But best yt is to hide and never come to lighte ffor one the earthe ma y none but I the accente sound aright./

[150]

[Finis.]

A withered plant, wth storm and lightninge blasted
A rewined shryne whose saynte ys quite defaced.

• 184 •
T E X T

a sowen feeld wth beastes & cattell wasted
a racke of Cloudes wth passions tempeste chased.
a seelye fysh wth bayte on hooke beguiled
a tyred fly within the cobwebe lyinge.
a wounded deere frome wonted heard exiled
a byrd alive wth in the childes hand dijnge.
a tantalus wth p'sentes foode fore sterved¹
acteons feere wth his own fancyes torne
a Sisiphus to many deathes reserved.
antheus weake from reasons ground vpborne.

sinke
a hell whear in all sorrows are discended
ame I. and know not how yt may be mended./
finis

[151]
All women have vertues noble & excellent
Whoe can prove that: they do offende
Daylye: they serve god withe good intent
Seldome: they displease theyr husbandes to their lives ende
Alwayes: to please them they doe intende
Never: in them a man shall finde shrewdnes
Commonly: suche qualityes have women more or lesse
finis

[152]
The earthe and Sea a sunder shall
    The Rockes shall ruñ the stones shall fleete
The hilles shall flye the Skye shall fall
    And Easte and Weste together meete
Soner then I have any will
    But onlye youe for to fullfill./
finis/

[153]
Ingratitude the greateste vice,
    Abhorde of god and lothde of men
And kindnesse of as great a pryece
    If rightlye vs'd to whome & when

¹ Line 9 is written on the margins, between lines 8 and 10.
And for my pte I doe Confesse
my selfe to be an vnkinde mann
If that my deedes do not expresse
asmuche good will as powre can
And wheare my powre shall be to skant
thear shall my goodwill fill the want.

finis//

[154]

Love to geve lawe vnto his subiectes hartes
stode in the eyes of Barsabe the bright
And in a looke anon hym self convertes
Crewellye pleasante before kinge Davides sight
firste David his eyes and further forthe he startes
With venemd breath as softlye as he might
Towch't his sensis and over ranne his bones
With creaping fyre spark'led for the nones
And when he sawe that kindled was the flame
The moiste poysen in his hart launced
So that his Sowle did tremble with the same
And in this brawle as he stooed and traunced
Yelding vnto the fygure and the frame
that those fayre eyes had in his presence glaunced
The fourme that love had printed in his breste
He honoreth it as a thinge of things best
So that forgott the wisdome and fore cast
Whiche woe to Realmes when that this kinges do lack
fforgeatting eke gods maiestie as fast
Yea and his owne forthwith he dothe to make
Vrye to go into the field in haste
Vrye I saye that was his Idolls make
vnder pretence of certen victorie
ffor en'myes swordes a redy praye to dye

Whearby he maye enioye her out of doute
Whome more than god or hym self he myndeth
And after he had brought this thinge aboute
And of that luste posseste hym self he fyndeth
that hath and dothe reverse and cleane turne oute
kynges from kingdomes and Cities vndermyndeth
He blynded thinkes his trayne so blynde and close
To blynde all thinge that nought may it disclose
But Nathan hathe spyde oute this trecherye
With ruthfull cheere and set afore his face
The great offence outrage and iniurye
That he hath done to god as in this cace
By murder for to cloke adfletere
He shewith hym eke from Heaven the threatens alas
So stearnlye sore this Prophett this Nathan
That all amazed this aged wofull man
Lyke hym that mete with honour and with feare
The heate doth straight forsake the lymbes colde
The Cowlour eke drowpith downe from his cheere
So doth he fele his fyre manyfolde
His heat his luste and pleasure all in fyre
Consume and waste and straight his Crowne of golde
His purple palle his scepter he letts fall
And to the grownde he throwthe hym self with all
The pompous pryde of state and dignitie

fforthwith rebates repentante humblenes
Th'inner vile clothe then clothithe povertie
Doth scantelye hyde and clad his nakednes
His faire hore bearde of reverent gravitie
with ruffeld heare knowinge his wickednes
More lyke was he the self same repentante

Then stately prince of worldlye governance
His harpp he takes in hand to be his guyde
whearwith he offerith his playntes his soule to save
That from his hart distills on everye syde
withdrawing hym into a darke depe cave
within the grownds wheare in he might hym hyde
fflyeng the light as in pryson or grave
In whiche as sone as david entrid had
The darke horrour did make his faulte adrad
But he without prolonging or delay
Of that that might his Lord his god appease
ffallleth on his knees and with his harpp I saye
Afore his brest yfraughted with disease
Of stormye sighes his cheere colourid lyke claye
Dressid vpright sekinge to counterpayse
His songe with sighes and touchinge of the stringes
with tender harte Lo, thus to god he singes./
ffinis
Dnē ne infurore
tuo arguas me./

O Lorde sence in my mowthe thie mightie name
Sufferth it self my Lorde to name and call
Heare hathe my harte hope taken bye the same

That the repentance whiche I have and shall
Maye at thie hand seke mercye as the thinge
Onlye comforte of wretchid Synners all
Whearbye I dare with humble bymoninge
By thie goodnes of thee this thinge requyre
Chastice me not for my deservinge
Accordinge to thie iuste conceavid yre
O Lorde I dread and that I did not dread
I me repent and evermore desyre
thee for to dread I open heare and spread
Mye faulte to the but thow for thie goodnes
Measure it in lardgenes nor in bread
Ponishe it not as asketh the greatnes
of thie furour provokte by mye offence
Temper o lord the harme of mye excesse
with mending will that I for recompence
Prepare agayne and rather pittie me
ffor I am weake and cleane withoute defence
More is the nede I have of remedye
ffor of the whole the leache taketh no cure
The Shepe that straieth the Sheapherd sekes to se
I Lorde ame strayed, I seeke without recure
ffeele all my lymbs that have rebelde for feare
Shake in dispayre vnlesse thow me assure
mye fleshe is troubled my hart doth feare the speare
That dread of death, of death that ever lastes
Threateth of right and draweth neare and neare
Moche more my sowle is troubd by the blastes
Of theise assawltes that come as thick as hayle
Of worldlye vanytie that temptacōn castes
Agaynst the weyke bulwarke of the fleshe frayle
Wheare in the sowle in great perplexitie
ffeelethe the sensis with them that assayle
Conspyre, corrupte by vse and vanytie
whearby the wretche dothe to the shadowe resorte
Of hope in the, in this extreamytie
but thow o Lord, how longe after this sorte
fforbearest thow to see my myserye
Suffer me yet in hope of some conforte
ffear and not feele that thow forgettest me
Returne o Lorde, o Lorde I the beseche
Vnto thie olde wonted benignitie
Reduce revyve my soule be thow the leche
And reconcyle, the great hatred and stryfe
That it hath tane agaynste the flesshe the wretche
That stirred hathe thie wrathe bye filthie life
Se how mye sowle doth freat it to the bones
Inwarde remorceso sharp' the it like a knife
That but thow helpp the caitefe that bemones
His great offence/ it turnes anon to dust
Heare hath thie mercye matter for the nones
ffor if thie rightuous hand that is so iuste
Suffer no Synne or strikke with dampnacōn
Thie infinyte marcye want nedes it must
Subiecte matter for his operacion
Amonge the Dampnyd nor yet no mencion
Of thie great name grownd of all glorye
Then if I dye, and goe wheare as I feare
To thinc thearon, how shall thie great mercye
Sownde in my mowth vnto the worldes eare
ffor there is none that can thee lawde and love
ffor that thow nilt no love among them theare
Suffer my Cryes thie marcye for to move
that wonted is a hundred yeares offence
In momente of repentance to remove
How ofte have I calde vpp with diligence
This slowthfull flesshe longe afore the daye
ffor to confesse his faulte and negligence
that to the done for ought that I coold say
Hath still returnd to shrowde it self from colde
wheareby it suffers nowe for suche delaye
by mightye playntes in stede of pleasures olde
I wasshe my bed with teares contynuall
To dull my sight that it be never bolde
To stirr mye hart agayne to suche afall
Thus drye I vpp among my foes in woe
That with my fall do rise and grow with all
And me besettes even now wheare I am so
with secreat trappes to troble my penaunce
Some do present to my weeping eyes lo
The cheere the maner bewtie and countenance
of her whose loke alas did make me blynd

Some other offer to my remembraunce
Those pleasant wordes now bitter to my mynde
And some shew me the pow'r of my Armour
Tryvmpe and conquest, and to my hed assygn'de
Doble dyademe, some shew the favour
Of people fraile, Palace, pompe and riches
To theise Mermaydes and their baites of errour
I stopp my eares, with helpp of thie goodnes
And for I feele it comes alone of the
That to my hart those foes have none accesse
I dare them byd avoyde wretches and flee
the lorde hath heard the voyce of my complaynte
Your engynes take no more effect in me
the lorde hath herd I say and sene me fainte
Vnder your hand and pittieth my distresse
He shall do make my sensis by constraynte
Wheare the disceate of your glawncynge bayte
Made them vsurpp a powre in all excesse
Shamyd be theye all that so lye in wayte
To compasse me by missinge of their praye
Shame and rebuke redounde to suche decaye
Sodaine confusion as stroke without delaye
shall so deface their craftie suggestion
That theye to hurt mye health no more assay
Syns I o Lord remayne in thie protection

[156]

Who so hathe sene the sick in his feaver
After truce taken with heat or w'th colde
And that the fytt is past of his furour
Draw faynting sighes/ let hym I say beholde
Sorowfull David after his langour
That with the teares that from his eyes downe rolde
Paused his playnte and layde adowne his harpp
ffaithfull recorde of all his sorowes sharppe.

ffinis¹

¹ This "ffinis" properly belongs at the end of No. 155, but was mistakenly written by the copyist after the first stanza of No. 156.
It semed now that of his faulte the horrour
Did make a feard no more his hope of grace
The threatts whearof in horrible errour
Did holde his hart as in dispayre a space
Till he had willd to seeke for his souccour
Hym self accusing by knowing his case
Thynckinge so best his lord to appease
Easyd not yet helde he filleth his disease

Semethe horrible no more the Darke Cave
That earst did make his faute for to tremble
A place devoute or refudge for to save
The Succourlesse it rather doth resemble
ffor whoe hathe sene so knele within a grave
The chiefe pastor of Th’ebrues assemble
Wolde iudge it made bye teares of penytence
A sacred place worthie of reverence

With vapourd eyes he looketh heare and theare
and when he hath a whyle hym self besought
Gatheringe his sprytes that weare dismayde for feare
His harppe agayne into his hand he caught
Tewninge accorde bye Judgement of his eare
His hartes bottome for a sighe he sought
And theare with all vppon the hollowe tree
with strayned voyce agayne thus Cryethe hee

[157]
Beati quorum remisse sunt
iniquitates:-//

Oh, Happie are they that have forgevenesse gott
of their offence (not bie their penitence
As by merite whiche recompencithe nott
Althoughe that yet pardone hathe none offence
without the same) but bye the goodnes
of hym that hath perfecte intelligence
of hart contryte, and coverthe the greatnes
of synne, within a mercifull dischardge
And happie are they that have the wilfullnes
Of luste restrayned afore it went at lardge
Provoked by the dread of gods forsour
whearbye theye have not on their backes the chardge
Of others fault to suffer the Dolour
for that theire fawlte was never execute
In open sight example of errour
And happie is he to whome god dothe impute
no more his faulte by knowledging his synne
But Clensed now the Lord dothe hym repute
As adder fresshe and new stripped from His skynne
Nor in his spryte is ought undiscoverdd
I, for becawse I had it still within
Thyncking by state in faulte to be preferd
Do fynde by hyding of my faulte my harme
As he that feeleth his healthe to be hynderd
By secreat wounde concelyd from the charmne
Of Leathis Cure that ells had had redresse
And feele my bones consume and wexe vnferme
by daylye radge Roringe in excesse
Thie heavye hand on me was so encreaste
Bothe day and night and held my hart in presse
With pricking thoughtes byrevinge me my rest
That witherd is mye lustinesse awaye
As Sommer heates that hathe the greene opprest
Whearfore I did another way assaye
and sought forthwithe to open in thie sight
Mye fault mye feare my filthinesse I saye
And not to hyde from thee mye great vnright
I shall (g) I agaynste my self confesse
Vnto the Lorde all my synfull plight
And thow forthwithe didste washe the wickednesse
Of myne offence of trouthe right thus it is
Whearfore they that have tasted thie goodnesse
At me shall take example as of this
and praye and seke in tyme, for tyme of grace
Then shall the stormes and flooddes of harme hym
mysse
And hym to reache shall never have the space
Thow art my refudge and onlye savegarde
from the troubles that compasse me the place
suche Ioye as he that scapes hys en’myes warde
With loosed bondes hath in his Lybertie
Suche ioye mye ioye thow haste to me preparde
that as the Seaman in his ieoperdye
by suddayne light perceyvid hath the porte
So by thie great mercifull propertie
within thie looke thus reade I mye conforte
I shall the teache and geve understandinge
And poynte to thee what waye thow shalt resorte
for thie redresse to kepe thee from wandringle
Myne eyes shall take the Chardge to be thie guyde
I aske thearto of thee alone this thinge
be not lyke horsse or moyle that man dothe ryde
That not alone dothe not his master know
But for the good thow doste hym must betyde
and bryd'led least his guide he byte or throw
Oh, dyvers are the chastysinges of synne
In meate in drincke in breathe that man doth blow
In sleepe, in watche, in fretting still within
that never suffer rest vnto the mynde
fylld with offence that newe and newe begynne
with thowsand feares the hart so strayne and blynde
but for all this he that in god dothe trust
with mercie shall hym self defendid fynde
Ioye and reiyoce saye ye that be iust
In hym that makethe and holdethe you so still
In hym your glorie alwaye sett you must
All that be of an vpright harte and will./

This songe endid, David did stynte his voyce
And in that whyle a boute he withe his eye
Did seeke the Cave, withe whiche withouten noyce
His scylence seem'de to argue and replye
Vppon this peace, this peace that did reiyoce
The Soule withe mercye, that mercye so did crye
And fownde mercye, at plentifull mercyes hand
Never denyde but wheare it was withstand

As the Servant that in his masters face
fynynding the pardon of his passed offence
Concyderinge his great goodnes and his grace

glad teares distilles as gladysome recompence
Right so David that seemyd in that place
Marble ymage of singuler reverence
Carved in Rock with eyes and handes on highe
Made as by crafte, to playne to Sobbe to sighe

The whyle a beame that brighte sonne forthe sendes
That Soññe the whiche theare was never clowde
could hyde
Pearcithe the cave and on his harppe descendes
Whose glauncinge lighte the cordes did over glyde
    And suche glister vppon the harppe extendes
As light of Lamppe vppon the golde cleane tryed
    the turne whearof into his eyes did starte

Surprys'de with ioye by penance of the harte
He then inflamde with farre more hote affecte
of god then he was earste of Barsabee
His lefte foote did on the earthe erecte
And iuste thearbye remayneth the tother knee
to his lefte syde his waight he dothe directe
Sure hope of healthe and harppe agayne takethe he

His hand his tewne, his mynde eke sought his laye
whiche to the Lorde with Sober looke did saye

ffinis

[159]
Dñe ne infurore tuo arguas me./

O Lorde as I thee have bothe prayde and praye
Althoughhe in thee be no alteracbon
But that we men lyke as our selves we saye
Measuring thie iustice by our mutacbon
Chastyse me not o Lord in thie furour
Nor me correcte in wrathfull castigacbon
ffor that thie Arrowes of feare of terrour
Of sworde, of sicknes, of famyne, of fyre
Stickes deepe in me, I loe from myne errore
am plounged vpp as horsse oute of the myre
with stroke of spurre, suche is thie hand on me
That in mye fleshe for terrour of thye yre
Is not one pointe of ffyrme stabilitie
Nor in my bones theare is no stedfastnes
Suche is my dread of mutabilitie
ffor that I know my frailefull wickednes
ffor whye my Synnes above my head are bownd
Lyke heavye waigte that dothe my force oppresse
Vnder the whiche I shrinck & bowe to grownd
As willowe plant halyd bye violence
And of my fleshe eache not well cured wownd
That festerd is by follye and neglygence
Bye secreat luste hath rancklyd vnder skynne
Nott Dulye cured by my penitence
Perceyvinge thus the tyrannye of synne
that with his waigte hath humbled and deprest
mye pryde by grudging of the worme within
that never dyeth, I lyve withouten rest
So are mye entrailes infecte withe fervente sore
ffeedinge the harme that hathe mye wealth opprest.
That in my flesshe is Lefte no health thearfore
So wond'rous great hath bene my vexation
That it hathe forste my harte to crye and roare
O Lord thow know'ste the inward contemplacõn
Of mye desyre, thow know'ste my sighes and playntes
Thow know'ste the teares of my lamentacõn
Can not expresse my hartes inward restrayntes
my hart panteth my force I feele it quayle
My sight, my eyes, my looke decayes and fayntes
And when mye enmyes did me most assaile
Mye frendes moste sure wheare in I sett my trust
Myne owne vertues sonest then did me fayle
And stond aparthe reason and witt vniust
As kynne vnkynde fardest gone at neede
So had thei place their venime owte to thruste
That sought my death by noughtie worde and deede
Their tongues reproche their wittes did frawde applye
And I lyke deafe and dombe forthe my waye yeede
Lyke one that heares not, nor hath to replye
One worde agayne, knowing that from thye hande
Theise thinges proceade, and thow Lord shalt supplye
my trust in thee whear in I stick and stand
Yet have I had great cause to dread and feare
That thow would'st geve my foes the over hand
ffor in my fall they shew suche pleasant cheere
And thear withall I allwaye in the lasshe
Abyde the stroke and with me everye wheare
I beare mye faulte, and greatlye dothe abasshe
my doufull cheare, for I my faulte confesse
And mye deserte dothe all my conforte dasshe
In the meane whyle mye en'myres safe encreace
And my provokes hearbye do moche awgment
That without cause to hurt me do not ceace
In evell for good agaynste me they be bentt
And hynder shall mye good pursute of grace
Lo, now my god, that seiste my whole entent
My Lord (I am) thow knowste well in what cace

[195]
fforsake me not, be not farr from me gone
Haste to my helpppe, haste Lord, and haste apace
O Lord, the Lord of all my health alone

[70]

ffinis

[160]

Lyke as the pilgrym that in a longe waye
ffayntinge for heate, provoked by some wynde
In some fresshe shade lyeth downe at mydds of daye
so dothe of David the weried voice and mynde
Take breath of sighes when he had suenge this laye
Vnder suche shade as Sorowe hathe assign’dde
And as the one still myndes his voyage ende
so dothe the other still to marcye pretend

On Sower cordes his fyngers he extendes
Without hearing or judgement of the sound
Downe from his eyes a streame of teares descendes
without feeling that trickell on the grownd
As he that bleedes in bayne, ryght so entendes
Th’alterid sensis, so that they are bownde
But sighe and weeppe he can none other thinge
And looke vppe still vnto the heavens Kinge

But who so had bene without the Caves mowthe
And heard the teares and sighes that he did straunye
He wolde have sworne, theare had oute of the sowthe
A lewke warme wynde, brought forthe a smokie
rayne
but that the Cave close was (-) & eke vncoythe
that none but god was recorde of his payne
Ells had the wynde blowne in all Isr’ells eares
The wofull playnte and of their kinge the teares

Of whiche some parte, when he vsupped hade
Lyke as hee whome his owne thought affrayes
He turnes his looke hym seemythe that the shade
Of his offence, agayne his force assayes
by vyolence dispaire on hym to lade
Stertinge lyke hym whome sodaine feare dismayes
His voyce he straynes and from his harte out bringes
This songe that I note wheather he cryes or singes

ffinis
Miserere mei Deus:

Rewe on me Lorde for thie goodnes and grace
that of thie nature arte so bountefull
ffor that goodnes that in the worlde dothe brace
Repugnant natures in quyet wonderfull
And for thie ma^cyes nombre withoute ende
In heaven and earthe perceived so plentifull
That over all they do them selves extende
ffor those marcyes moche more then man can synne
Do waye mye synnes that so thie grace offend
Ofte tymes wasshe me but wasshe me well within
And from mye synne that thus makes me afrrayd
Make thowe me cleane as aye thie wonte hathe bene
ffor vnto the no nombre can be layde
ffor to prescribe remissions of offence
In hartes returnde, as thow thie self haste sayde
And I beknow my faulte my negligence
And in my sight mye synne is fixed fast
Thearefore to have more perfecte penitence
To the alone to thee have I trespaste
ffor none can measure my faulte but thowe alone
ffor in thie sighte I have not bene agaste
ffor to offende iudginge thie sight as none
So that my faultt weare hid from sighte of man
thie maiestie so from my mynde was gone
this knowe I and repent, pardon thow then
wheareby thow shalt kepe still thie worde stable
Thie iustice pure and Cleane bycawse that whan
I pardoned am, then forthwith iustlye able
Iust I am iudged, by iustice of thie grace
ffor I my self, lo, thinge moste vnstable
fform’d in offence, conceyvid in lyke cace
Am nought but synne from my nativitie
be not this said for myne excuse alace
but of thie helppe to shew necessitie
ffor lo, thow lov’ste the truthe of inward hart
whiche yet dothe lyve in my fydeltye
Though I have fallen by frailtie overthwarte
ffor wilfull malyce led me not the waye
So moche as hath the fleshe Drawen me aparte
whearefore o Lord as thow haste done alwaye

197
Teache me the hydden wisdome of thie lore
Sence that my faithe doth not as yet decaye
And as ye Iuyce to heale the leaper sore
Thow shalt me wasshe, and more then snowe thearefore
I shall be whight, howe fowle my fault hathe bene
Thow of my health shalt gladsome tydinges bringe
when from above remyssion shall be seene
Descende on earthe, then shall for ioye vpspringe
The bones that weare afore consum'de to duste
Loke not o Lord vpon myne offendinge
But do awaye my deedes that are vniuste
make a cleane harte in the myddes of my brest
with spryght vpright voyde from filthie luste
from thye eyes cure, caste me not in vnreste
Nor take from me thie spryte of holynes
Render to me ioye of thie helppe and reste
My will confyrme with spryte of stedfastnes
And by this shall theise godlye thinges ensue
Synners I shall into thie wayes adresse
Theise shall returne to thee, and thie grace sue
my tongue shall prayse thie iustificacon
My mowthe shall spread thie glorious prayses
but of thie self o god this operation
It must proceede, by purgynge me from bloode
Amonge the iuste that I maye have relation
And of thie lawdes for to lett out the flood
Thow must o Lorde my lyppes at furst vnloose
ffor if thow hadd'st esteemed pleasaunt good
The outward deedes that outward men disclose
I wold have offerd vnto thee sacrifice
but thow delyghtest not in no suche glose
of outward deede as men dreame and devyse
The Sacrifice that the Lorde lykethe moste
Ys spryte contryte, lowe harte in humble wyse
Thow doste accepte o god for pleaunt hoste
Make Syon Lorde according to thie will
Inwarde Syon the Syon of the goste
of hartes Hierusalem strengthe the walls still
Then shalte thow take for good theise outwarde deedes
As sacrifice thie pleasure to fullfill
Of thee alone thus all our good proceedes

[162]
Of deepe secreates that David heare did singe
Of marcye of faithe, of frailtie, of grace
of godds goodnes eke, and of iustifieng
The greatnes did so astouñ hym self a space
As whoe might saye, whoe hathe expreste this thinge
I Synner I, what have I saide alas?
That gods goodnes woulde withine my songe entreate
Lett me agayne consyder and repeate
And so he dothe but not exprest bye worde
But in his harte he turneth and payseth
Eache worde that earste his lipps mighte forthe aforde
He poyntes he pawsethe, he wonders he prayseth
The Marcye that hydes of iustice the sworde
the iustice that so his promesse complissethethe
for his wordes sake, to worthilesse deserte
That gratis his graces to men dothe departe

Heare hathe he comforte when he doth measure
measurelesse marcies to measurelesse faulte
To prodigall Synnes infinite treasure
Treasure tearmlesse, that never shall defawlte
Yea when that synne shall faile and maye not dure
Marcye shall raigne, gaynste whome shall not assaulte
of hell prevayle, by whome lo at this daye
of heaven gates, remission is the kaye

And when David hathe ponderid well and tried
And seethe hym self not ytterlie depryv'de
ffrom light of grace that dark of synne did hyde
He fyndes his hope moche thearwith all revyv'de
He Dare importune the Lord on everye syde
ffor he know'the well to marcye is ascryb'de
Respectlesse labour importune crye and call
And thus beginnithe his songe theare with all

· 199 ·
Dñe exaudi orationem meam:-

Lord Heare my prayer and lett my crye passe
Vnto the Lorde without impediment
Do not from me turne thie marcifull face
Vnto my self leaving mye governement
In tyme of trolle and adversyte
Inclyne to me thye eare and thie intent
And when I call helpp my my necessitie
Reddelye graunte th'effecte of my desyre
Theise bolde demaundes do please thie maiestie
And eke mye cace suche haste dothe well requyre
ffor lyke as smoke my dayes bene past awaye
Mye bones dry'de vpp as ffurnace with the fyre
My hart my mynde is witherd vpp lyke haye
Because I haue forgott to take mye bread
Mye bread of lif, the worde of truthe I saye
And for my playntfull sighes and for my dread
My bones my strengthe, my verye force of myn d
Cleav'd to the flesshe and from the sprite weare fled
I, as desp'rate thie marcye for to fynde
So made I me the solemne Pellican
and lyke the Owle that flyeth by proper kynde
Light of the Daye and hathe her self betane
To ruyne life oute of all Companye
with waker care, that with this woe began
Lyke the Sparow was I solytarye
That sittes alone vnder the howses eaves
This whyle my fooes conspyr'nde contynually
And did provoke the harme of my disease
Whearefore like assshes my bread did me Savour
of thie iuste worde the taste might me not please
Whearefore my Drynck I temp'rid with lycour
Of weeping teares that from mye eyes downe rayne
Because I know the wrathe of thie furour
Provokte by righte had of my pryde disdayne
ffor thow didest lifte me vpp to throw me downe
to teache me how to know my self agayne
Whearbye I knew that helplesse I should drowne
Mye dayes lyke Shadowe declyne, and I do drye
And thee for ever eternitie dothe crowne
Worlde without end doth last thie memorye
ffor this frailtie that yoketh all man kynde
Thow shalt awake and rue this myserye
Rue on Syon, Syon that as I fynde
ys the people that lyve vnder thye law
ffor now is tyme, the tyme at hand assynde
The tyme so longe that doth thie servantes drawe
Daye of Redeemynge Syon from Synns awe
ffor they have Ruthe to see in suche decaye
In duste and stones this wretchid syon lowre
Then the gentyllys shall dread thie name alwaye
All earthlye kinges thie glorye shall honour
Then when thie grace this Syon thus redeamyth
When thus thou hastede declarde thye myghtie powre
Hee lord his servantes wishes so esteemyth
That hee hym turn’t the vnto the poores request
To our descent this to be wrytten seemythe
Of all confortes as consolacion beste
And they that then shall be regenerate
Shall prayse the lorde therefore bothe moste and
least
ffor he hath looke from th’height of his estate
The Lorde from heaven in earthe hath lookte on vs
To heare the mone of them that are algate
In fowl bondage to loose and to discusse
the Sonnes of Death out from their deadlye bond
to geve thearbye occasion gracious
In this Syon his hollie name to stond
And in Hierusalem his lawds lastinge aye
When in one Churche the people of the lande
And Realmes bene gatherd, to serve, to lawd, to praye
The Lorde above so iuste and mercifull
But to this Sample running in the waye
My strengthe fayleth to reache it at the ffull
He hathe abridg’d my Dayes they may not dure
To see that tearme, that tearme so wonderfull
All though he I have wyth hartie will and cure
Pray’d to the lorde, lord take me not awaye
In myddes of yeares thoughhe thyne ever sure
remayne etearne, whom tyme can not decaye
Thow wrought’ste the earthe, thie hands the heavens
did make
Theye shall pearishe and thou shalt laste alwaye
And all things Age shall weare and overtake
Lyke clothe, and thow shal chaunge them lyke apparrell
Turne and translate and theye in worthye it take
But thow the self, the self remaynest well
That thow waste earst and shalt thie yeares extend
Then sence to this theare may nothinge rebell
The greatest comforte that I can pretende
ys that the Children of thie servantes deare
That in thie worde are gotte shall withoute end
Before thie face be stablishtte all in feare

When David had perceyved in his brest
The spryte of god returnde that was exylde
Because he knew he hath alone exprest
Theise same great things, that greateer spryte compylde
As Shalme or pype lettes oute the Sownde imprest [Fol. 116r]
by musykes Arte forgid tofore and fylde
I saye when David had perceyvid this
The Spryte of conforte in hym revyved is

ffor thear vppon he makethe argument
Of reconsyling vnto the lorde grace
Althought some tyme to prophecye have lent
Bothe brute beastes and wicked hartes aplace
But our David iudgethe in his entent
Hym self by penaunce cleane oute of this cace
Whearbye he hath the remission of offence
And gynneth to alowe his payne and penitence

But when he wayethe the faulte and recompence
He damnethe this his deede and fyndeth playne
A twenee them twoe no whytt equiualence
Whearbye he takes all outwarde deede in vayne
To beare the name of rightfull penytence
Whiche is alone the harte returnnde agayne
And sore contryte that dothe his faulte be mone
And outward deede the signe or fruite alone

Wythe this he dothe defend the sye assaulte
Of vayne alowaunce of his worde deserete
And all the glorye of his forgeven faulte
To god alone he dothe it hole converte
His owne meryte he fyndeth in defaulthe
And whyl’ste he pondreth theise thinges in his harte
His knee his Arme his hand sustaynde his chynne
When hee his songe agayne thus did begynne./

\textit{ffinis}

\begin{center}
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\end{center}

De profundis clamaui./

ffrom deapthe of synne and from a deepe dispaire
ffrom deapthe of deathe, from deapthe of hartes Sorowe
ffrom this deepe Cave of Darknes deepe dispayre
Thee have I calde o Lord to be my borrow
Thow in my voyce o lorde perceyve and here
mye hart my hope my playnte my overthrowe
Mye will to ryse and let bye graunt appeare
that to my voyce thyne eares do well intende
No place so farre that to thee is not neare
No deapthe so deepe that thow ne maiste extend
Thyne eare thearto heare then my wofull playnte
ffor Lorde yf thow observe what men offende
And putt natyve marcye in restraynte
Yf iuste exaction demaund a recompence
Whoe may endure o Lord, whoe shall not faynte
At suche accompte? Dreade and not reverence
Shoulde so raighe lardge but thow seekest rather love
ffor in thie hand is mercye residence
By hope whearof thow doste our hartes eke move
I in thee Lord have sett my confyndence
My soule suche truste dothe evermore approve
thye hollye worde of etearne excellence
Thie marcies promesse that ys alwaye iuste
Have bene m y staye my pillar and pretence
Mye Sowle in god hath more desyrous trust
Then hath the watche man loking for the daye
By this his relief to quenche of sleepe the thurst
Let Israell trust vnto the lord alway
ffor grace and favour are his propertie
Plentuouse ranosome shall come with hym I saye
And shall redeeme all our iniquitie

\textit{ffinis}
He seith that worde when full ripe tyme shulde come Do waye that vayle by fervent affection Torne of with deathe for deathe shuld have her dome And leapishe lighter from suche corruption The glutt of lighte that in ayre dothe lome Man redeemed death hathe her destruction That mortall vayle hathe immortalitie David assuraunce of his iniquitie Whearbye he frames this reason in his hart That goodnes whiche doth not forbeare his sonne ffom deathe for me and can thearbye convart Mye deathe to lyf, my synne to salvaçon Bothe can and will, a smaller grace departe To hym that suythe bye humble supplcaçon And sence I have his larger grace assayde To aske this thinge whye am I then afrayde He graunteth the moste to them that moste do crave and he delightes in sute without respecte Alas my Sonne pursues me to the grave Sufferd by god my synne for to correcte But of my synne Sence I my pardon have Mye Sonnes pursuite shall shortlye be reiecte Then will I crave with sured confydence And thus begynnethe the sute of his pretence./ ffinis

[167]
Dne exaudi orationem meam./
Heare my prayer o Lorde heare mye request Complishe mye boone, awnsweare to mye desyre Not bye deserte, but for thyne owne beheste
In whose fyrme trouthe thowe promeste myn e empire
To stand stable, and after thie iustice
Performe o Lord the thing that I requyre
but not of lawe after the forme and guyse
To entre iudgement with thie thrall bond slave
To pleade his right, for in suche maner wyse
Before thie sight no man his right shall save
ffor of my self lo this mye righteousnes
By scourdge and whippe, and pricking sourrs have
Scante rysyng vppe, suche is my beastlynes
ffor that myne enmye hathe pursuide my life
and in the duste hathe foyled mye lustynes
fforreyné Realmes to flye his rage so rife
He hathe me first as dead to hyde my hedde
and for because within my self at strife
Mye harte and spryte with all my force weare fledd
I had recourse to tymes that have bene paste,
And did remembre thie deedes in all my dred
and did pervse thie workes that ever last
Whearbye I knewe above those wonders all
Thie mercyes weare, then lifte I vppe in haste
Mye handes to thee, my sowle to thee did call
Like barren soyle, for moysture of thie grace
Haste to m y helppe o lord, afore I fall
ffor sure I feele mye spryte dothe faynt a pace
Turne not thie face from me, that I be layde
In counte of them that headlonge downe do pase
in to the pitt shew me betymes thynye ayde
ffor on thie grace I whollie do depende
And in thie hand syns all my healthe is staid
Do me to knowe what waye thow wilt I bend
ffor vnto the I have raisde vppe my mynde
Ridd me o Lorde from those that do intend

Mye foes to (m)e, for I have me assinde
alwaye within thie secreat protection
Theache me thie will that I bye thee maye fynde
The waye to worke the same in affection
ffor thow my god thie blessed vpright spryte
In lawde of trouthe shall be mye direction
Thow for thie name, lord,shalte revyve mye spryte
Within the right that I receave bye the
Whearbye mye life of Daunger shall be quyte
Thow haste fore done their greate iniquitie
That vexte mye sowle, also confownde
Mye foes o Lorde for thie benignitie
 ff for thyne am I thie sarvaunt aye moste bownde

finis

[168]

Noli æmulari in maligna:-

Althoughe thow see th'owtragious clyme alofte
Envye not thow his blynde prosperytie
The wealthe of wretches thoughe it seemythe softe
Move not thie harte by their felicitie

They shall be fownde lyke grasse turnd into haye
And as the hearbes that wyther sodeinlye
Stablishe thie trust in god seeke right alwaye
And on the earthe thow shalt inhabite longe

And if with god thow tyme thie hartie songe
He shall the geve what so thie hart can lust
Caste vppon god thie will that right thie wronge
Geve hym the Chardge for he vpright and iust

Vprighte as the Sonne, and thie rightuousnes shall
The curseds wealthe, thoughge now do it deface
Shyne lyke the daye lighte that we the moone call
Patientlye abyde the Lordes assured grace

Dismaye the not thoughe thow see the purchase
Encrease of some, for suche lyke luck god sendes
To wicked folke,

Restrayne thie mynde from wrathe that aye offendas
Do waye all radge and see thow do eschew
By their like dede suche deedes for to commytt
 ffor wicked folke their over throw shall rew
who patientlye abydes and do not flytte
They shall posseede the worlde from heire to heire
The wicked shall of all his wealthe be quyte

So sodenlye and that with out repayre

That all his pomppe and eke his straunge arraye
Shall from thyne eye departe as blast of ayre
The sobre theme the worlde shall welde I saye
And lyve in wealthe and peace so plentyfull

• 206 •
Hym to destroye the wicked shall assaye
And gnasshe his teethe eke with ginninge yrefull
The Lord shall scorne the streamnings of the wretche
for he doth know the tyde is nighe at full
when he shall syncke and no hand shall hym seeche
Theye have unsheathed eke their bloody bronds
And bent their bowe to prove if they might reache
To overthrowe the
Bare of relief the harmlesse to devour
The sworde shall pearce the hart of suche that fonds
Their bow shall breake in their moste endeavour
A little Livinge gotten rightfullie
Passithe the ritchesse and eke the highe powre
Of that that wretches have gatherd wickedlye
Pearishe shall the wickedes posteritie
And god shall stablishe the iuste assuredlye
The iust mans dayes the Lorde doth know and see
Their heritage shall laste for evermore
And of their hope beguylde they shall not be
When dismolde dayes shall wrappe the tother sore
They shall be full when other faynte for foode
Thearwhylesthe shall faile theise wicked men thearfore
The godes enmyes suche end shall be allowdd
As hath lambs greace wastinge in the fyre
That is consumde into a smokyke clowde
Borrow'th th'vniust without will or desyre
To yelde agayne the iuste freelye dothe geve
Wheare he seethe neede as marcye dothe requyre
who will the hym well for right thearfore shall leve
who bannyshe hym shall be rooted awaye
His stepes shall god, directe still and relieve
And please hym shall what lyf hym lust assaye
And thoughe he fall vnder foote lye shall not he
Catchinge his hand for god shall streight hym staye
Nor yet his seede foodelesse seene for to be
The iuste to all men mercyfull hathe bene
Busye to do well, thearfore his seede I saye
Shall have habundaunce all waye freshe and grene
flee yll do good that thow mayste last all waye
ffor god dothe love for evermore th'vpright
Never his Chosen dothe he cast awaye
ffor ever he them myndeth daye and night

• 207 •
And wicked seede alwaye shall waste to nought
The just shall welde the world as their owne right
And longe thearon shall dwell as theye have wrought
With the wisdome shall the wyse mans mowthe hym able
His tongue shall speake alwaye even as it ought
With godes learning he hath his harte stable
His foote thearefore from slydinge shall be sure
The wicked watchethe the just for to disable
And for to se hym dothe his busye cure
But god will not suffer hym for to quaise
By tyrannye nor yet bye faulte vnpure
To be condemn’d in judgement without faile
Awayte thearefore the commynge of the Lorde
Live withe his lawes in pacience to prevaye
And he shall raise the of thyne owne accorde
Above the earth in suretye to beholde
The wickedes deathe that thou maye it recorde
I have well scene the wicked sheene lyke goolde
Lustie and grene as lawrell lasting aye
But even anon and scantt his seate was colde
When I have paste agayne the self same waye
Vanshshet was for all his fresshe arraye
Let uprightness be still thie stedfast grownde
Ffollowe the right suche one shall alwaye fynde
Hym self in peace and plentie to habounde
All wicked folke reversyd shall untwynde
And wretchidnes shall be the wickedes ende
Healthe to the iuste from god shall be assignde
He shall them strengthe whom e troble shoulde offend
The Lord shall helpp I saye and them delyver
ffrom curssed handes and healthe vnto them send
for that in hym they sett their trust for ever./
ffinis

[169]
Somtyme the pryde of mye assured trothe
contemned all helpp of god and eke of man
Th’argument./ but when I saw man blyndlye how he goithe
in demying hartes whiche none but god there can
And his domes hyd wheareby mans Malyce
growth
Myne, Earle, this doute my hart did humble
than
ffor errour so might murder Innocentes
Then sang I thus in god my Confydence./

[Fols. 120-27 are wanting.]

but rest in doute as I began
yet will I end my dyttye thus
assoyle it those wyse heades that can
that ven> though she chose the smyth
she meanes another thing thearwith./

ffinis

Among the Craggye Rockes/ bothe roughe and hard
of
(by) kynde
Wheare weather beates and stormes are brým/ by eache
small blast of wynd
Wheare springes no forrein frutes/ ne daynties are not
sought
nor Common pleasures made for man/ are not in
markettes bought
Wheare growes no grapes for wyne/ to glad the gryped
brest
ne standes no bowers to bankett in/ yong wantons for
to feast
Wheare people are not fyne/ nor yet no fools I troe
but playne as packstaff aye they bee/ and playnlye do
they goe
I, setlyd a m to lyve/ and lykes m y lott as well
as they that have a Rycher home/ or with great princes
dwell
Now fynde I eache thing sweete/ that sowre me thoughte
before
that, in tymes past did please me moche/ (now) me
nowe
(delightes) nomore
The Towne and stonye streetes/ I wearye am to treade
the fieldes I lyke and motley cote/ as homlye folkes are cledd
Now fryse and kendall greene/ may serve in steede of sylke
And I that fedd on better meates/ am well content with mylke
And take suche Contrey cheere/ as easlye is mayntaynd no dishe of gifte but suche plaine fare/ as sweat of browes hath gaynd
no platters full of brybes/ theise mowntaynes forth doth bring
A quyet morsell theare is calld/ a banquett for a king
To eate and slepe in rest/ to speake and laughe from feare
to be an honest neighbour knownen/ is all, that men seek theare
no holownes of hartes/ no hawltie wayes are lykte no paynted sheathes, no peacockes prowde/ that have their feathers pykte
are seene vpon theise Hills/ nor in the Dales at all
Whear e those that dwell in Cottage poore/ esteemes no princelye hall
A Crewse of Colde cleare whaye/ the sugred Cupp doth passe
in goolden bowles doth poyson lurk/ that spyde is in the glasse
The poore man tastes hym self/ the prince dare not do so then better is th’assured life/ then doutfull dayes I knowe
Did not Diogenes/ sett more store bye his Toññe then of the worldlye kingdomes all/ that Alixandre woncé
did not that mightie prince/ theise wordes hym selfe expresse
Yf Alixandre weare I not, I wolde be Diogenes Sence kinges the meane estate/ in no wyse do disdaine Then blame me not thowgh I reioyce/ to rest wheare I remayne./ ffinis Churcheyard

[172]
The Sillie bird that dreads no guyle/ is sone brought into thrall

\[ 210 \]
when in the busshe the fowler lyes/ and soundes his pleasant call
The foolishe flye that seeth the flame/ is caught through his desire
in steele of sporte to taste of greefe/ and burne in blazing fyre
The haggard hawke that Sores on highe/ doth freelye spend his tyme
Vntill he fynd His wofull praye/ besett with twigges and lyme
The ffysshe that floteth in the fome/ is taken in the leape
And wheare he wends to wynne his wealth/ theare doth he sorow reape
The Deare his deathe doth oft receave/ by hym that slylye stalketh
ffor he dothe iudge no harme at all/ in hym that with hym walketh
The Mearmaydes Songes doth sone allure/ eache wight y^ seekes to heare them
thus you do heare and I do fynd/ that trust moche bane doth breede
Enbrace the lore that saieth to all/ be iust in worde and deede

ffinis Cordall

[173]

Syns by examples daylye we are taught
no wight in this world hath suretye of ought
when with travaile and care we seek great Ryches
An vnknowen man takes end of oure gladnes
Oure Covetous desire putes cleene oute of mynde
the vnware woe and harme that comes behynde
we see no ioye with any hart abyde
but comes and goes as water with the tyde
whye shulde we heare desire to Rule or rayne
when greatest ioyes at length are proved vayne
thearefore good frend (thearefore) I wishe you as my frend
to seeke ffor ioye that never shall have end

ffinis

Vaux
My pen to base, my skill but blunter and bare

to wryte of Love, his lordshipps are so great
the sweete conceits, whiche in o' fancies are
with outward signes, setts forthe the inward heat
for loves great might, and what he can subdue
that hart maye iudge, whome he lyke hawke dothe mewe
he makes the mynde, through starrye clowdes to clyme
and lord he is, whyles youthe is in the pryme
A king commaundes, no more than love may doe
He setts men vpp, and overthrowes them toe./

Throughe stonye walles, he creaps and makes his waye
What doth not love, attempt when pleasure list
but yf love mysse his long desyred praye
he skornes to stoope, vnto the dayntyefist
and if no salve, the wounded brest can fynde
it heales it self wth crewell kankred mynde
and so converts, his love to lothesome hate
then comes disdaine, whoe quicklye geves the mate
for looke what waye, did fancie first begynne
the self same stepps, doe bring mislyking in

A wond'rous chaunge, by straungenes heare is wrought
the want of Love, makes Lovers drawe a syde
and either pyne, and weare awaye with thought
or burne in heate, that eas'lye is espied
but then they flye, vnto disdayne in haste
for he alone, the force of love dothe waste
he breedes suche toyes, and hammer in he head
that luke warme love, becomes as colde as lead
Nowe iudge of twoe, whiche is of greatest might
Love, or disdaine, and waye them bothe a right./

finis

Hennage

Graunt that thie goodes, exced the treasures cleene
So riche vntowch of Arabie and Inde
and all the Seas of Pontus and Tirhene
be furrow'd still, with Shippys thie gayne to fynd
if crewell nede shall styrike her hardest naile
vpon the toppe of thyne vnhappy head
Thow canst not shifte thie mynde from feare, ne traile
thie hedd from snares of death and mortall dread
A better lif the fyldye Scithian lives
that draw so well their wandring homes in waynes
And eke the Geates, whose grownd vnbounded gyves
bothe corne and frute, full freelie to their gaynes
wheare yearlye tilthe, without a further moyle
dothe best content, and everie one relieves
with equall lott, anothers taske in toile
the daughter there, the steppe dame never grieves
no dowred wif, there, over rules the man
nor trustes vpon her painted Lechers grace
The dowre is great, that parentes vertues wan
and fast bound faithe, that flieth the straungers face
wheare synne is shame, and death offences paye
Oh, who so list, the lothsome Murders ridd
and outrage great, that swarmes in Cities staye
To after age whoe sekes to live vnhidd
and wold be shryn?de, as shilder of his land
to brydle lust, and eche vnbroken ill
to brake in tyme, must boldlie take in hand
but aye Alas, our fowle enviusse will
when vertewe rainges, we hate her thryving state
and wishe asfast when from our sight shee flyes
if no offence, no punishement abate
wherto than sute of sadd complaynt applies
what proffitt lawes, when none amendes? In vayne
when neither place moste hidd, nor parcht with heats
can drive the greedie Marchaunt from his gayne
nor frozen Snowes, no Coaste wheare Boreas beates
throughe dreadfull Seas, the skillfull Shipmen seeke
and povertie the great reproofe to men
Biddes everie thing, be done and suffred eek
and leaves the waye of noblest vertue then
but vice to ridd and to repent a right
this gold and stone, the grownd of worst disease
cast to the preace that crave, and rowte of might
that love it soe, or throw it in the seas
for sure the rootes, we cleane must quyte vpraze
of evill desyres, and theise our daintie myndes
to moche to nice we must enforme and grace
with wise desyres, and rules of sharpper kinds:
The gentle Chield vntaught, is nothing wise
to handle horse, and fears to hunt in fields
to Toppe and scourdge, and to forbidden dise
or worser games, with better will he yeldes
with faith forsworne when guilfull fathers preace
t’enriche their heires, with frinds and stranger wracks
vnworthie moche then wicked goods encrease
I wott not what, but yet there ever lacks

ffinis

[176]
Since shunninge payne I ease can never fynde
Since bashfull dreade seekes wheare he knowes me harmed
Since will ys woomd & stopped eares ar charmed
Synce force dothe faynt, and sighte dothe make me blynd
Synce loosing longe the faster shall I bynde
Whear naked Sence can conquere reason armede
Synce harte in chillinge feare withe ease ys warmede
In fine since strife of thoughtes but marres the mynde
I yealde O love vnto thy lothed yoke
Yet cravinge lawe of armes, whose lawe dothe teache
That hard’lyste vsed whome Pryson ever broke
In iustice quitt of honore made noe breache
Whear yf I may a gratfull guardyen have
Thowe art my Lorde and I thye vowed slave./

ffinis/

[177]
A trew report, of Mrs Isabell Harington somtyme of her maties Pryvy Chambre
wrytten by a credible parson that was well acquaynted with her conditions./

A body chast, a virtuous mynd, a temperat toung, an humble hart,
secret, and wyse, faythfull, & kynde, (trew) wthout guyle,
playn myld wthout art
A frend to peace, a foe to stryfe, a spotlesse mayd a matchlesse wyfe
A boy that should content me wondrous well
should keep these rules set down for his behoofe
In fearing god all boys he should excell
and lead a lyfe vnworthy just reproofe
An vpryght gate a forhed smothe and playn
a countenaunce good wth feet even set on ground
a steady ey still hands and setled brayn
an open ear to good enstructions bound
a courteous tounge that talketh trew & playne
(and) An humble harte of guyle voyd’ evermore
A constant mynde that will refuse no payn
to purchase skyll (the) fruyt of virtous lore
and lern to know and know to doe the best
and suche a boy should worthely passe y° rest.

The best verse that ever th’autor made./
Sytinge alone vppon my thoughte in melancholye moode,
In syghte of sea and at my backe an(d) auncient hoary
wood,
I saw a fayre younge lady come, her secreat greefs to
wayle,
Clad all in colour of a Vaer, and one her face a vayle./
Yet for the day was cleere, I mighte discerne her face,
as one myght see a damaske rose thoughe hid withe
Cristall glasse.
three tymes wth her softe hande full hard on her lefte
syde she knockes
and syghed so sore as would have mooved some mercie
in the rockes
ffrome syghes and sheddinge aumber teares in to sweet
songe she brake
And thus the eccho aunswered her to every woord she
spake.

O heavens qu°d she whoe was the fyrst that bredd in me
this fevear - year
whoe was the fyrst that gave the wound whose scar I wear
for ever. vere
what cruell Cupide to my harmes vsurpes the golden
quiver. vere
what wight fyrst caughte this hart & can from bondage 
  yt deliver vere
yet whoe dothe moste adore this wighte yea hollow
  caves tell trew. yow
what nymphe deserves his likinge best yet dothe in
  sorrows rew yow
what makes him not regarde good will withe some
  remorse or ruthe yowth
what makes him shew besydes his byrthe soche Pryde &
  suche vntruthe. yowth
May I his bewty matche wth love. yf he my love will
  trye. I
May I requite his byrthe withe faythe then faythfull
  will I dye. I

And I that knew thys lady well, sayd lord yt ys (an o)racle
To heere this eccho truethe to tell, as tweare Apolloes oracle.
  finis q\a E. Veer. count d'Oxford

[Fol. 131 is wanting.]

[Fol. 180]

6 Some soile doth scortche, keepe rut at home
  for gentle Iack will wannt the dyke
  yf boyling water chaunce to fome
so topp and tayle maye be a lyke
the malt house is the meeting place
  wherein this mynion popps the cace

7 In smothe silke skinne a ravining woolf
  freshe Coulours chaunge not kynde
  A Goodgyn swymes wth in the gulf
when trypes myslikes her mynde
  wyf and m\e Goodge
A twinckling eye doth shew an ytche
  a ffawning tayle a flatttring bytche

8 The butcher is not pleased wth me
  but Iaskell frett thie fill
although thye head well armed be
  although thye head well armed be
  (Hughe Ryding Dyers) [15]
yet butt not gentle will
  (Land lorde)
Thou shalt for all thie bragginge brawle
still beare the badge of butchers hall

9 The drvyling Droile the Dyers draff
  a trott for Droncken donne

  · 216 ·
A Ryding Iade she needes no staff
that Taylours spurres hath wonne
but yet I thinke no harme is mente
the land lord seaseth but his rent

Not brodest back beares heaviest wayght
for slender sydes have strengthe
A tydie Tytt with pedders fraught
to markeett comes at lengthe
but what shee meanes I cannot tell
his saltfishe doth not savour well/

More gayne is gott by Taylours Trasshe
then Iasons glorious shewes
the one doth always lye at lasshe
the other still bestowes
one bringe an other beares awaye
thus barckrowtes droppes to theire decaye

White was the leaf that lyllye bare
whome wanton wynd blew of
shee hath the kyndlie skoff
thoughe hanyball be forste to fight
yts hard to foyle a Carpett knight

ffyne Hollond is not fitt for Coltes
then seeke some better Smocking
the fletcher may goe mend his boltts
when Archers haue the nocking
no statelie stepp nor loftie Looke
may save a p'late from a Cooke

Poore fletcher can not hit yt right
his bolt doth some what square
the bushe and birde be saf in sight
w'lyned his cote w' care
Tushe fortune may thie state advaunce
shooete Richard shoote and take thie chaunce

A dew the sonne the moone in
clypes
some fownde to hott the soyle
a crabbed signe in scabbye Hypps
god Crosse me from that royle
though Katherine Knights do
still encroche
yet meaner men the vessell brotche

Hugh Reding diers
Land lorde/

M" Tatam and
a pockye pedder

M" Whytclyf and
Hanyball of ye
Lyllie pott

Besse Holland w"th
m" Acher & m" Bird

M" Addeson w"th gentlemen
of Katherine hall ye reader
(y" clearck) & m" Somme of the
Queenes Colledge/

Katherine Knights do Queenes Colledge/
yet encroche
16 Wee haue no harlotts heere to hyer
goole look them some wheare elles
He was a pr(e)est though not a  
yfrer
that filched the faulcons belles
shee (looketh) cometh not in open
vewe
but hath her castinge close in mewe

17 A cleark to threed her needle ofte  
for she doth daylye stiche
She shakes the legg he fleing a loft
whyle Onsse to patche his brytche
ys this the feast of radishe rootes
a botts on his crooper that rydes in my
bootes  

Churche Roome is skarce in sermond tymes

18 great preace one pewe contaynes
All in at once his clapper chymes
when Megg at home remaynes
some dayntie Ioncketts to prepare
Rrice potage was her cheefest fare

19 The smithe maytaines a frie forge
come lyght the candle dick
A Draper Cramd her greedie gorge
she loves a lycorishy tryck
Thats Averye fyne no more of that
the wittoll now doth smell a Ratt

20 Smythes Anvill bydeth batttring still
of hammers great and smale
Th’yron is hott come woorke yo’ will
eare stock do backward fall
you vaunt in vayne yo’ wordes ar wynde
Speak welshe and then she knowes yo’ mynd

21 But (what) you what it hapneth soe
that he w’th wrought the wyle
Our pastyme past hath waged w’th woe
wher at I often smyle
The horns that Averie lent to smythe
are nowe restored and more threwhithe
Well may thie wyfe a Countes be
yf thou wilt be an Earle
Her counte as some report to me
besetts thie frontt w\textsuperscript{th} pearle
with nett and twigg shee spends
the night
in Daring fowle w\textsuperscript{th} Cresset light/

A marke by name a Leeke by lott
Devyne and full of guyle
whoe Ioynes w\textsuperscript{th} every dronckenn sott
may catche the frenche mans byle
S\textsuperscript{t} marck did alwayse thinke it well
to heale the halte aske lymping nell

Myne ostes olde S\textsuperscript{t} George defende
Her tapping can not last
to Chapmen shee hath ben a frende
but now her pryme doth wast
A barren Doo whoe striketh free
maye well a forde the keepers fee

The fyne to filth it fitts not well
When gentlest falles a thacking
thow myght'st haue borne awaye the bell
yf thou had'st left thye smacking
but some are galled and cloyed w\textsuperscript{th} sweete
w\textsuperscript{th} now w\textsuperscript{th} homelye morsells meete

Thie stones doe Rolle and geat no mosse
still grynding others grayne
thou sifting left'st behynd the drosse
in hope of greater gayne
But all is Mard saieth ruddie Rrose
yf thou my secreates doe disclose

Whoe pulles awaye by crafte thie right
what brawl'st thow not to see
the Refuse of a Collier Knight
doth blymeshe thie degree
Thow huntest the hare he ferrits holles
the scrybe begynnes to carye Colles

Although the Ball be hoysted hye
yett ware the hazerd holle
for if his sleeping slyde a wrye Ball Justice of peace [135]

an other geats the goale very busye—
This ball in Court doth marr the playe
then bandie such a ball a waye

The more you Tonne the worsse you
brewe
precisions can not sinne Mr Morton and [140]
yf Pockie Barwells tale be trewe Mr Barwell
he hath his bayght on gynne preachers and p'cisions
they love the nyght they lurck all daye
theise slypp'rie knaves can closely playe

Such welpps Do vant on Dwe relief [145]
when seme as S' in sight
for both are fedd wth Butchers byef
a Cullions Dyett ryght
such Cogging Copesmates strick y* stroke
when consciens is theire masking Cloake [150]

When in at windowe Philoe creeps
he meanes but lyttell good Philoe creeping thorough y*
his man in lyvereye Coullo* keepes wyndowe to mrs maning
whoe byes a forqued hoode
Such kynde of Coxecomes were not worne [155]
when Gryggs sold poynts wth taggs of horne

Regnù impiù regale civitatis genus
In youthe Redd hearing was a king./ Rex princeps./
but now his pith is spentt [160]
Ho-well I heare the Cuckow sing
in the musterd pott of kent
I am forbyd by speciall chardge
to tell whose Ore did row the bardge
Illud suù regnù iudiciale opposuit Catelina. [165]
C. h. p°. pii. l°. ad etti

If his desert do purchase blame
with stombling now and then
then such a Cock deserveth shame
as treads his neyghburs henne
Cutt of his Kelkes for maìers sake
and of a Cocke a Capon make./ [Fol. 134v]

Alcocke convert a Cockold iust
the bawdie court can tell
wher in be iug'd by Nycholas rust [175]
whoe knewe the action well
Shee grauntes the fyght betwene them both
though Alcocke cleard him self by othe

O Harrie Sadler Arraunt Knight
well mounted on a Gray
thow bear'st thye price y't (b)ring by ryght
though Gefferey Smythe say nay
Thie fillye feede in foggie feññe
yett stalld in Sable nowe and then

A yonckers lres late I vew'd
with signes of scecreat smart
I can not terme him fully rude
an ympe to Dryue a Carte
L is the lres of his name
curr burnyd wth love lres
a Tynckers curr for donghill dame

But whoe would thinke this propper man
with fyrie flaminge nose
could of a rotten patched panne
Compyle a veluet hose
the ladyes say that see this swadd
be hold a cloune most clenlye cladd

His good to wynne by paynted sheath
some scraping squire delyghtes
our common Course of the heathe
the hollie text resytes
falce hipocryte do what thow can
by the Challis thou arte a horned man

Well cosening knave for all thie shewe
wee spie thie hollowe harte
thie slypperie slights thie neighburs knowe
a fayning knave thow arte./
Creapt vpp by Cogging to som wealthe
besyds thie booties gote by stealthe
And yow that think stollen flessh so sweete
this Lesson learne of me
you, lyke a preacher most discreet
shold shewe your self to be
And put the whyte-gifte you enioye
to better vse then such a Toye

Take heed that Cartwrythe and the rest
of those you have displast
when tyme shall serue and you thinke leste
on such a counter blast
doe not set forth to ye worlds eyes
how Closelye you kepe fleshe from flyes
Religio pietas sanctitas ceremonae arspicia

To hunt and Lay the game on Huntley called my lord
grownd m° Hownd & m° woode
the wood man lyketh well
whiche feeles (th) by sent of greedie
hound
to trace the Tyger fell
Looke some what better to thie lodge
and have and eye to symple hodge Hodge Cooke
Ad agnitionem animi pulcherima est et ad moderandam
Religionem necessaria, de. nat. d° p. i? vetera iam ista
et religione diuin consecrata.Tusc. lib. i. fo. 178. /

Smale is the wood the braunch not greene
that setts the howse on fyer M° smalwood and
ffor Manngie mates a noble Cheat great Coxe
which closetts meane to hyer
well though thou makest thine oste an oxe
thow burn' st thie Buskyns slapmond Coxe

ffor and as towching th'other thinge
wee spake of yester daye
his stone is in the gold smythes Anne Stone w° m° ringe
Horne of Kgs Colledge
His Jewells pullishet gaye
she typpes the horne w° pcell giltt
and keepes the yeard to Ronne at Tiltt

Gippe Gybbins can a blincking patche
keepe on his path waye soe
and darckling soe to draw the Latche Gybbins musicōn & [245]
of Butlers seller Lowe y° butlers wyf of
Ware ryott pyping knaue I saye Clare Ha:
Darrest thou on scolle's fiddle playe

At Elye fayre when Romes were skant
wher straungers seek repast
Least that thie frend should lodging want
thow tookest him in, in hast
To crosse thie fyeld was then his mynd
the craftie Curr did pintche behynde

· 222 ·
Yf cleny words myght shew the case
all men should know the same
when vnto the was turnd her face
her fact Deserued blame
John Sanderson I would be playne
But shame doth bid my pen refrayne
By this the post is gone from hence
to place ells where assigned
Meane whyle whylest he returne from thence
he leaues his horne be hynde
A dew this present new yeares daye
god send yo' troupe a merrye waye
Heare ends the Cockolds kallender
devysed by vaine valenger
Although S' John de Gecke be post
whear valenger is oft at oste/

A copie of oxford Libell autore. vide—
What news Iohn of Dogges.

1 And thinkes thow I have nowght to load
because I seeme a carelesse clowne
I ryde and heere the newes abroad
I syt and see the trickes in towne/

2 The devill ys ded in Devonshire late
a happie tale if it be true
This gyves the checke and not the mate
and are youe dead sir Devill a due./

3 Pope Ionne hath played a prettye cast
the clarke hath popte her paunch so full
There was a mynister made in hast Allthowgh yow
be shrewe the Bisshoppes berded skule

4 A hobby hoveringe in the wynde
for want of wytt was long vnfed
I iudge him of some castrells kinde
his flickering fethers wer so redd

5 He laye a lofte longe at the larcke
but brought a buntinge to the baye
with flyght did cause eache curre to barcke
and so for shame he (fledd) awaye

6 Nobilitie is sett at nought (and no mane cares
   for twentie)
   and no mane cares for twenite grotes
   The fyne some fyner still hath sought
   he liste not blende wth liverie coates

7 No thinge more base then noble blode
   whome double dealinge dothe deface
   and eloquence hath thoughte it good
to geve the sworde and buckler place

8 At Lawrence lane there dwelleth shee
   the curtall caryeth rhetoryck still
   A broyling gredern
   (motheaten Iacke) myght shee bee
   motheaten Iacke for mangy gill

9 Not far from thence there was a warde
   had speciall grace against a thruste
   wth buckler bente for softe and harde
   and foyne there at myght he that lust

10 But ovte of warde now beaten quighte
    and dryuen drye as crushed crabbe
    No man wth her delyghe to fyght
    skantly
    for (hardlie) she can warde a skabbe

11 The lambe that longe hath liv’d at lardge
    aswell to take as give the horne
    Hath bent her selfe to such a charge
    and laught the lovinge wormes to skorne

12 ffor duetie byndeth (the) debtes be payed
    And scoare on taile kepe reckninge true
    Wheare wyves wax olde welfare the mayde
    close playe doth well yett howe saye youe

13 Pack saddle pincheth at this geare
    shall Madge yo' mayde match o' good } ma
   Wth that me thought I hearde one sweare
   by'th(e) bodye of me(A)le paye him } whome
   than,
Th' fayes whom follie forced sore
dodwell pceaves old frendes to faynte
And styng' that so lowe a dore
Did entertaine a solompne saynte
this

(Which) thinge displeased the nobles moche
The pt(i)es to ioyne them selves weare lothe
Let go sayth one sith lack is suche
Alas ye be but levenge bothe

They wak at Lyn while red nose wynckes
tis pittie age her taile should tame
Her season's past som what she thinkes
yet beares she goodwill to the game

fast by this place
(Not far fro thence) dwells Marie and Ioan
wth each of them an offeringe box
But best to let them both alone
for (But) best he speedes y' scapes the poxe

And her that all our tubbs

Duk humfrys dame lovd well her Lord
and all ways deemd him as hir deer
All princely pryde she hath abhord
Refusing not Russells to wear

The Buck did lay

All thoug'h yow thinke I passe a clown
Of genisis for to discry
How Corstardyn dyd throw her dou[n]
Clowns be devynes and so am I

The Flemish hoy lades Irysh stones
At harrow hill the Timber grow
A samon in a sawyers pit
did think

I know not how it comes to passe
but sure it is not as it was

• 225 •
my pen is set on ryming now
and if yow aske I know not how
forsooth my witts are grown so rashe
that I must boord with Mr Bashe
and though I leape beyond my lashe
and plaie the knave a little crashe
it is but ryme and revell dashe
for why my libertie is lardge
I am not tyed by anie chardege
to call a spade a spava vade
nor yet to cownt a curtall Iade
to be a Jennet bred in Spaine.
my Witte is dull my speech is plaine
for I must call a knave a knave
and though he thinke I raile & rave
yet when I speake of such a slave
let him be sure I will not spare
to ryme a little out of square
But will yow know with Bash I mean
or els it were not worth a beane
yt is not Bash the millers man
nor Bash the brewer of the swan
nor Bash the butcher though he bee
as Butcherlike a knave as hee
But this is Bash ye new made squier
of Stansted town in Harford shier
Duke of Albeif, namd for the nones
and Marques of the Marybones
Countie of Calvs heads, by like degree
and vicownt Neats tongs this is hee.
But shall I spend a little time
to blaze his name in ryding rime:
Then will I doe the best I cann
to paynt yow forth a proper man
first for his name of great renown
this Bashe was born in Worster town
perhaps yow take my words as skorns
but there his syre made showing horns
as for his yowth he spent it well
not where his father wont to dwell
but wandring thorough here & there
in manie a town and sundrie shere
to seeke the fortune of his hap
""

In Bever castle in the Vale
as some men saie (marke well my tale)
neither for better nor for worse
but even for cutting of a purse.
  well let y^t passe his lucke was good
to scape y^e scowring by y^e Roode.
ffrom thence he came? but wot yo^w what
that contrie after was too hott
but so hee went to London walls
where after sundrie climing falls
  he fell in consanguinitie
  & linked in affinitie
w^th bawds & brothells, hores & knaves
cutthroats in chauntery, bankerout slaves
Clippers Coyners & convayers
Privie takers, & Pilferers
Bribes and false extorcioners
  of everie wicked fashion
  withall abhomination
That at the last he scraped such mucke
& grew so rich by Cuckolds lucke
that now he gan for to disdaine
the name of Purveyor twas to plaine
& on y^e ground he might not tred
for Ioultine of his heavy head
  well let it bee, as be it might.

[col. 1] This scabbed squyre this dongsll knight
gan now on Cockhorse for to ride
along the street in pompe & pride
but eare he let his office slip
he gaue poore Elliott such a trip
  y^t he was faine to Cracke two poyns
for naught but hemp could hold his Ioynts
  well Elliott once was Purveyor
  & Bashe became a Noble Synior
The walls of Stansted were to low
  & vp in hast then must they goe
much like the tower of Babilon
  which fell to great confusion
and so shall his at last I hope
for though Mr Bashe did scape y^e Rope
  & be as stowt as Turk or Pope
yet if yow giue me leave to grope
within the lyning of his Cope
Then of this howse this needs must hitt
that either fyer must perrish it
    Vel rapto alter habebit
and whie forsooth bicause it is
    Varijs constructa rapinis
Bee as bee may is no banning
a knaves life is skant worth skanning
for if it were I could yow tell
that he hath spent his talent well
And never hid it in the ground
why should he to one stocke be bound
for I dare lay yow Twentie pownd
there was no strumpett to be founde
were she sore, or were she sownd
but he would broach her barrell low
what not? his brothers wife I trow.
beshrow me then if I saie so
but let y^t^ passe among the rest
    Vox populi, vox dei est
Alas But little might he doe
to pull on his ownc brothers shooe
[95]
With such a shooing horne or two
[100]
and were his brother not vnkind
but of an honest thankfull minde
Surelie he should take the pain
[105]
to send him home his horns againe
& so to let him haue as good
in token of their brotherhood
ffor though he then might spare y^m^ well
while he was younge & bare the bell
[110]
Yet now forsooth I can yow tell
y^t^ he hath worke ynough at home
abroad he needs not for to rone
He hath a young wife ? hath he caught her
yea out of doubt for he hath bought her
[nor y^t^ she was a wisemans daughter)
I will not saie how sore he sought her
[nor y^t^ she was a wisemans daughter
[nor y^t^, y^t^ was a wisemans part
but sure poor wench it pincheth her hart
of w^e^ y^e^ lord soone send her ease
although & if it might her please
I could assure her now and then
a pretie morsell of a man
[115]
that should be proper sweet & good
better then neats tongs by ye rood
 alas alas it frettes my blowd
 alie of late I haue heard say
she was delivered this other daie
of a knave child both fair and fatt
which was good luck but wot yow what
how much the better had it been
if she had bene delivered cleen
of the knave him self and all
oh: there had beene a festivall
for then some lustie Reveller
would haue bene glad to haue marid her
& so t'haue done some good alms deeds
As first to help her at her needs.

And

And then to set abroach the Tonne
of pownds & pence so lewdly wonne
but sith that now I haue begon
I will assaie, & not to misse
to tell yow plainlie what he is
first for his shape it doth appeer
much like a Tonne of double beer
and he y* well doth marke his nose
which is as read as anie Rose
then out of doubt he will suppose
y* Bashe loves double beer full well
or if a man the truth should tell
first if his bodie were set vpright
& his necke were cut of quite
a man y* had good list to shite
might sitt at ease vpon his necke
& down his throate (abo) without all checke
The durt would fall in to his gutts
& then it might be tried by cutts
whether the durt that down did fall
or y* wher was there first of all
be putrified best of twayne
this is a question that is plaine
or if it bee as I haue heard
whether his filthie feltred beard
bee fitter for a dizard
or for a master on a vizard
Another question doth arise
whether the twinkling of his eyes
bee all of drinke or ought of sleepe or when he smileth like a sheepe
what faith & troth he meanes to keep
now some there be y* make a doubt
whether his Turkie coulورد snowt
be bigger then his mouth a bout
Lo thus they dally with the lowt
But this I boldlie dare avow
y* he is wasted like a Cow
And like a bull in breast & brow
& somwhat snowted like a sow
eyed like a ferrit when he winks
mouthd like a Mattocke when he drinks
Breathd like a Poltcat when he skinks
And maie not such a man as this
thinke him self worthie to kisse
A counsellors daughter where she pisse
yes indeed & so hee shall
with lipps with tongue & mouth & all
But of his shape a little more
or els it should offend him sore
Set him on foote & hee goes than
reelling and rowling like a swan
set him on horsebacke out of doubt
hee rydeth like a deniee lowt
or if I do not forget the foole
like a toade on a washing stoole
but hange him vp and so tis best
& let his face hang east or west
and on his shoulders wilbe spred
the plaine signe of a Sarazens head
His tongue, his tongue, alas alas
I had forgot it by the masse
some saie it is a neates tonge right
faire, full, fatt, in lustie plight
some to a calvs tonge haue great keep
some saie tis like vnto a sheep
& others saie it is so fine
like (vnto) the taster of a swine
but this I dare be bold to saie
it is a knaves tonge everie waie
To prate & to clatter
to lye and to flatter
To cogg & to sclaunder
To sneake like a gander
To speake like a Prelate
To thinke like a Pilate
to fill vp my letter
To tawnt with his better
I thinke from Denmark to Ind
a falser tonge can no man fynde
Now sith the case so plaine doth stand
that hee is thus at every hand
I thinke it would bee better skand
why & wherefore he giues the Griphin
Comming so latelie from the kitchin
Oh sir yow are deceived much
the beast he beares is nothing such
but when the harrolds did espie
the walls of Stansted clime so hie
they might perceiue and guesse thereby
y* Bashe must needs have Arms in hast
because he was so trimly plaste
Clarentieux, knew it verie well
for as I heard some herald tell
they have assigned him a thing
much like a griphin by the wing
but gryping talents hath it none
& in his mouth a Marybone
w'th some do take for a broken speare
But sir did yow ever here
of such a straung deformed beast
nor Bashe him self y* beast at least
did ever know the misterie
but takes it for great dignitie
forsooth and by mine honestie
the Herrald vsd him handsomly
yet plaine dealling had bene best
he should haue gone among the rest
& Arms he should haue none of mee
if I were herralds as they bee
except I would of charitie
bestow some armes vpon a knave
behold what armes he then should haue
Partie (p) pawnch w'th durt and drafte
vpon his neck a sacke of Chaffe
betweene two purses to stint all strife
a Chevin like a Cutting knife
all cownterchaunged like a Cope
& brauely imbroydered with a Rope
supported as it comes to passe
both by an Ox and by an Asse
a showing horne should bee the crest
bycause his dad did breed y* beast./
And for his word he should apply
Oves et boues et peccora campi.

A knave he was borne & so shall dy
and now for sooth to tell yow true
I think tis time to bid adew
to such a scabby squyre as yow
and yet (I) or ere I go my waie
this one thing to yow I must saie
that if I dye this present daie
I am not in your dett a word
not to the valew of a Tord?
what a torde ys sure it is my dett
I thinke I vs’d not y* word yet
loe how soone one maie forgett
well then sith I such (cr) curtsie vse
and frelie giue yow leave to chuse
then see y* yow no tord refuse
a childs torde or a mans tord
the devills tord, or his dams tord
(a childs tord or a Mans torde)
but take all gentlie as a frend
tord in yo* teeth & there an end.

Finis

My maisters you y* read this ryme
I pray yow take it for no cryme
for why I orderly haue sought
to keepe decorum as I ought
my Mr Chawcer taught it mee once
this pretty lesson for the nonce
that if a man should paint a pike
with Asses ears it were not like
so if I haue rym’d slovenly
Bashe is a sloven certainly
yf bawdie words be my offence
his bawdie deeds are my defence
ys ill favordly rym'd I haue
Bashe is an ill favord knave
 & this is knavishe ryme say I
 & if it bee not, saie I lie./

Finis

[15]

Thryse had the sickle cut the harvest downe
thryse had the pleasaut grape abid the presse
thryse wth the ploww manured the Counrye clowne
thryse weare the trees deleaved wth colds distresse
When I still burned wth flames of quencheless fyre
and for old greefes new helpes I did desyer.

I craved muche. but littele gote therbye
I colde no pittie move yet did complayne
I sought to lyve, and founde the waie to die
I fealt dispaire, yet hope colde not refraine
the shadowe, not the bodie I did imbrace
eache favore have I lost, and finde disgrace

When all the fruit is gone I clime the tree
the may I misse the hawthorne prickes my hande
and what I wolde alas yt will not bee
I call in vayne for none will vnderstande
my harme I hate, not her that caused the same
to whome myne earnest was but as a game

Noe peares but paringes fall vnto my share
annoy not ioye I tast on everie daye
shee laughes I wepe as over fraught wth care
I crave for speede she graunteth wth delaie
I wolde some charme coulde softe so harde a harte
as can delighte to see me live in smarte

I wyshe her well that weaves my weabe of woe
that better knowes to hurte then heale againe
Thoughe myne doe ebbe, her ioyes I wolde have floe
if shee Delight therin lett me have paine
for I confesse that happe hath the thus assigned
I ame the bodie of an others mynde./

ffinis

[Fols. 140 and 141 are wanting.]
Vnhappye verse the witnesse of my vn happie estate
make thie selfefluttring winges of thie fast flyinge
thought, and flye foorth vnto my love whearsoeuD
she be
Whether liynge restlesse in heavye bedd, or else
setting so Cheerlesse at the Cheerfull borde or else
playing alone carlesse on her heavenlie Virginalls
Yf in bedd, tell her that myn eyes can take no reste
yf at boorde, tell her that my mouth can eate no meate
yf at her Virginalls, tell her I can heare no mirthe
Asked whie? say: waking love suffrethe no sleepe
say that raging love dothe appall the weak stomack
saye that lamenting love marreth the musicall
Tell her her pleasures weare woonte to lull me a sleepe
tell her that her bewtie was woont to feede my n eyes
tell that her sweete tongue was woont to make me
mirthe
Now do I nightlye waste wanting my kyndlie reste
now do I dailie starve, wanting my livlie foode
now do I allwaye dye wantinge my tymlye mirthe
And if I waste who will bewayle my heavye Chance?
and if I starve who will record my Cursed end?
and if I dye, who will saye this was imerito?
ffinis

Atteyned he hathe the deapthe who fyndes
of this swifte fletinge roaringe streame
Which wth nick name men called a life
that to most sortes seemses aye so leefe
A dimmed sight hav vulgar folkes
ye blynded eyes wth woe be sett.
Theyr wasting hope that rest on staye
that slipping tyme may cauise respect
O deafe indeeceede and beare & frayle
in reason symple of counsayle skarce
Diseased throughoute yea forlorne wightes
But he that wth his brode bent browe
The globe dothe guyd and keepes in frame
that stures and pleasethe the Ellementes all
whose devyne witt, moe misse then know
Not I alone but gladd and fayne  
the angelles ioyes of one bownd gole  
Of thowsand ptes even one be knowen  
with endid will and flaming wish  
Thear ys theyr bode whear love them bydes  
O noble mynde styll thrusting from (ye) End  

That won, by manye yeares is had  
that lost, by one howre space is past  
The sences with burden that presse our mynde  
to day, to morrow, tyme p'sent, tyme past,  
Lyke glyding shade a mynute fades  
was and shall, gettes theare no rome I made  
the p'sent tyme beares rule alone  
eternall abode ys sure & stanche  
great ar the past and of lettes  
or Sight that dymmed with dazed eyes  
And is thear worthie none of trust  
whear hope may safflye be reposed  
whose ofte blynd change makes wavering myndes  
So that of life a playe we make  
In tossing thoughtes what state ys ours  
and to what chaifice our dyce will torne  
Our seasones slylie shall not slyde  
but eache thing in an instant passe  
The Somer gon and Wynter none  
the tyme all dead, the place all chandge  
The Stern of mortall fame, or yeares  
shall guyd no more nor rule at beck  
But that whiche once semes bright & cleare  
like hew & bewtye aye reserves  
O happie Soules that walke in pathe  
and that shall trace the waye to reache  
that shall atteyne the End of meane  
What so yt be or may be gest  
Amyd the rest of welbe seeme and rare  
happiest of all is shee whome deathe  
affore her tyme shortned her threed  
whome natures Loome at lengthe had warpt  
Her Angellike graces shall then apeare  
the honest woordes, her true chast thoughtes  
Whiche nature grafte in youthlye hart  
the oft revoltes that tyme hathe made  

And eake the change that deathe hathe torned
rebownd shall to theyr florishing trade
Thear shall be scene wheare love me lynked
whear, wth theyr hand men will me mark
Lo wheare he goeth that ever wayled
In mone more happye then in myrthe
And shee whoseprayse my teares indites
amazed at her selfe shall byde
To see her land to passe the rest
yet wote I not when this shall happ
Best knowen vnto her selfe I gesse
So great a trust mor Credit obtaynes
The misterie so highe who dare aprocthe
I gess he draw full nyghe and misse
the trew won game, the false got good
The fynall Count, and prov & trye.
for all like Spidars webb shall end
How vainlye sett weare all our Cares
and how for naught we toyled and swet
How we deceaved weare each one
We shall then clearlye see, and playne
no secret may be hidd nor shutt
Each Conscience be yt pure and ordyne
affore the rownd worlde wyde and lardge
disclosed yea naked thear shall byde
He that by reason iudgeth all
thear syttes and knowes what one she is
Then each man to his way him hies
as chased deere to Covert goes
In that apearance shall men see
what made them so wth pryed puffed vp
Theyre gold and land shall be theire losse
advantage none thearby they get
Suche shall be parted from the (rest) row
as wth a gentle bitt hathe ruled
All fortunes chaunce wth mylde mynd
ther ppomp dispised wth cast in ioy the same./

I hard a voyse and wyshed for a syght
I lookt asyde and did a shaddow see
whose substance was the sonne of my delyght
which came (I) vnseen and so away did flee
yet hath conceyt perswaded mee content

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there was a substawnce whear the shaddow went
I did not play Narcissus in conceite
I did see my shadowe in a springe
I knowe myne eies weare dimd wth noe deceite
I sawe the shadow of some worthy thinge
for as I sawe the shadowe passinge by
I had a glawnce of somwhat in mine eie
But what it was as yeat I cannot tell
because indee I had not pfect vewe
but as it was by gesse I wishe it well
and will vntill I see the same a newe
Shadowe or shee or bothe or chuse yow wether
blessed be the shape that brought the shadow
hether
finis

Blushe Phebus blushe thy glorye is forlorn
abate thy pride for thowe haste loste thy prayse
my sunne thy glistringes houldes in shamefull scorne
so splendaunte be her evershininge raies
and where thowe shineste by day & that scarce
brighte
my sune shines nyght and day wth heavenly lighte
Amiddes the morne when shee herr starres displayes
away runes hesperus wth wonderows haste
and yf nighte vesper chaunce one them to gase
out goes ther twinklinge lighte to muche disgraste
So bothe those starres wth rules the nighte & daye
are quite put out where my faire starr makes waye
Then yo" my sune my starres my hevenly guide
yf from yo' beames myne eies receve theire light
let not yo' beames by beawtie purified
deny myne eies pore eies so riche a sighte
for from y' sighte myne eies derive there blisse
thrise happy sighte wherein naught is amisse
finis

When weare you borne desire
in pompe and prime of Maye
by whom sweete boye werte thowe begotten
by good conceites men saye

Tell me who was thy nurse
freishe youthe in sugred ioy
What was thy meate & dayly foode
sad sithes wth great annoye

What broughte then a sleepe
sweete speche that liked me beste
and wheare is nowe yo' dwellinge place
in gentle hartes I reste

What feedethe moste thy sighte
to gase one favo' still
Whom take yow moste to be yo' foe
disdaine of my good will
dothe companie displease
yt dothe in manie one
then
where dothe desire chuse to be
he likes to muse alone

dothe ether age or dethe
bringe thee vnto decaye
No no desire bothe lives & dies
ten thowsand tymes a daye
finis

The lowest trees have toppes y' aunt her gaule
y' flye her spleane & littell sparkes ther heate
and heares caste shadowes thoghe they be but smale
and bees have stinges althoghe they be not greate
Seas have ther shours & so have shollowe springes
& love is love in beggers as in kinges
Wher waters smothest rune depe are the fordes
the diall stures thoghe none peeve it move
The firmeste faythe is in the fewest wordes
& turtles cannot singe, & yet they love
Trewve hartes have eies & eares noe tonges to speake,
they heare & see, and sighe, & then they breake
finis
locke vp faire liddes the treasurs of my harte
pserve those beames this ages only lighte
to her sweete scence sweete sleepe some ease imparte
her scence to weake to beare the spirites mighte
and while oh sleepe thowe closeste vp her sighte
her sighte where love did forge his faireste darte
oh harbour all her ptes in easefull plighte
let no strange dreame make her faire body starte
but yet oh dreame yf thowe wilte not departe
in this faire subjecte frame thy commone righte
but wilte thy self in suche a seate delighte
then take my shape & playe a lovers parte
kisse her from me and saye vnto her (spirite) sprighte
till her eies shine I live in darkeste nyghte
finis

All thy scence my sweetenes gained
thy faire heare my harte enchained
my poore reason thy wordes moved
so that thee like heaven I loved
will to my mynd thy outside stooed
for messenger of inwarde goode

Nowe thy sweetnes sowre is deemed
thy heare worthe a heare esteemed
reason hathe thy wordes removed
findinge that but wordes they proved
for no greater signe can credit win
yf that substance faile wth in

No more is thy sweetnes glory
for thy knittinge heare be sorry
vse thy wordes but to bewaille yee
y† noe more thy beames avayle thee
lay not thy coulowrs more to vewe
wthout thy picture be fownd true

Woe to me alas shee weepethe
foole in me what folly creepethe
was I to blaspheme enraged
wher I had my soule engaged
but wretched I muste yeld to this
the faulte I blame her chastnes is

Sweetnes swetly pdon folly
ty me here yo's captive holy
wordes oh wordes of hevenly knoledge
knowe my wordes theyre faultes acknowledge
and wilt I live I muste confesse
y^a lesse I love I live the lesse
finis

[193]

Shorte is my reste whose toyle is overlonge
my ioyes are darcke but clere is seene my woe
In safty smale great wrackes I bide throughge wronge
whose tyme is swifte & yet my happ but sloe
eche grif and wounde in my poore soule apperes
y^t laffethe howres & wepee the many yeares
dides of the day are fables of night
sighes of desire are smokes of thoughtfull teares
my steppes be false althoughge my pathes be righte
disgrace is bould my fave^r full of feares
disquiet (&) sleepe keepes audite of my lyf
where rare content dothe make displeasure Rife

The soulfull clocke w^h is the voice of tyme
cales on myne ende before my happes be seene
thus falles my hopes whose harmes have powre to
clyme
not come to have w^h longe in wishe have bene
I truste yo^r love and feare not others hate
be yow w^th me & I of Ceasars fate
finis

[194]

Lyke to hermite poore in pensive place obscure
I meane to spende my days in endles doughte
to wayle suche woes as tyme cannot recure
Wher none but love shall ever finde me oute
my foode shalbe of care & sorrowe made
my drincke noughte els but teares falne from myne eies

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TEXT

& for my lighte in suche obscured shade
the flames shall serve wth from my harte arise
A gowne of grife my body shall attire
of broken hope my staffe wheron I staye
of late repentaunce linckd wth longe desire
yte coutche is framd whereon my limes Ile laye
and at my gate despaire shall linger still
to lett in dethe when love and fortune will
finis

[195]

(Fol.) 146

(Helen was fayre, yet liued most vnchast)
(Eneas braue in warr but falce in loue)
(Sybyll (was) sayd truth at first, but falce at last)
(Thayis to kynde a constant dame to proue)

[196]

Ringe out the bells lett morninge shewes be spred
for love is ded
all love is dead infected wth plaghe of depe disdayne
from so vngratfull fancie
from suche a femall fransy
from them vse men thus
good lord deliver vs

weepe neighbowres weepe have yow not hard it sayd
yte love is dead
his dethebed Pracockes folly his wynding sheete his shame
his will false seeminge holly his soules exector blame
from so

let dirge be sonnge and trentalls rightly reade
for love is dead
Sf wronge his towmbe ordeynethe my mth marble harte
his epitaphe conteynethe her eies weare onn his darte
from so

alas I lye rage hathe this errof beredd
love is not dead
love is not dead but sleepethe in her vnmacched mynd
wher shee is counsell kepeth till due deserte shee find
then from so vile a fancie
to call suche witt a fransy

* 241 *
A godly father sitting on a draught
To doe that neede and Nature hath vs taught
Sayd as he vs'de to say some godly prayre
And straight to him y* dyvell did repayre
And boldly to revyle him doth begin
Alleadging that it was a deadly sinne
And that it show'de he was devoyd of grace
To speake to god from so vnfit a place

The father somewhat with this speeche dismaid
Yet strong in faith thus to the divell said
Thow Nurse of Pryde, of hate of stryfe of lying
Disparing thine owne good and owrs envying
Take eache his owne and me thow canst not hurt
My prayre to god to the befall the durte
Vpp flyes pure prayre to god that hie doth sitt
Downe falles the dunge for fends of hell most fitt./

Away wth these self lovinge laddes
whom cupides arrowes never glades
awaye poore soules that sittes and weepe
in love of those that lye a sleepe
for cupid is the meadowe god
and fscethe none to kisse the rodde

Since Cupides shaftes like destany
do cawsles good or ill decree
deserte is borene out of his bowe
reward vppon his feete dothe goe
what fools are they that have not known
that love likes noe lawes but his owne

1 See No. 198.
my songe shalbe of Cynthyghs prayse
I weare gold ringes on holly days
in every tree I write her name
and every day I read the same
wher hoñor Cupid rivall is
ther miracles are sene of his

yf Cinthia crave her ringle of me
I blott her name out of the tree
yf dought doe darken thinges held dere
then welfare nothinge once a yere
for many runes but one mvste winne
fooles only heydge the cuckowe in

The worthe the worthines should move
as love that is the bond of love
& love as well the foster cann
as cann the myghtie noble man
Sweet sayncte tis trewe you worthy be
yeat wthout love nought worthe to me
finis

[199]

Sr H. lea./

his golden lockes tyme hath to silver turned
O tyme to swifte O swiftnes never ceasinge
his youth (a)gaynste age and tyme hath ever spurned
spurned in wayne youthe wayneth by increasinge
Beuty strength youth are floweres but fadinge scene
deuty, fayth, love, are rotes and ev* greene

his helmet nowe, shall make a hive for bees
and lovers sonett/ turned to wholy psalmes
a man at armes mvst nowe serve on his knees
And feed on prayers wth are ages almes
but though from courte to cotage he departe
his saynct is suer, of his vnspotted hart
country

and when he saddest sits in (hevenly) sell
heill teach his swaynes, this carrell for a songe
blest be the hartes, that wishe my soveraygne well
curste be the soules, that thynke her any (harme) wronge
Goddesse alove, this aged man his right
to be yo\textsuperscript{r} beadseman nowe, that was yo\textsuperscript{r} knight

[200]

Piae, potenti, fælicissimæ virgini
fidei pacis nobilitatis vindici
cui Deus astra virtus summa

Deoverunt omnia

Post tot annos et ludicra
tot certamina Animæ ad
pedes positurus tuos

Sacra senex

affixit arma

vitam quietam Imperiũ famam
æternum æternam quam
precatur tibi sanguine

redempturus suo

Sic vltra columnas Herculis
columna moveatur tua

Corona superit Coronas

omnes vt quam cœlum

felicissime nascenti

Coronam dedit

Beatissima moriens reportes cœlo

summe sancte æterne Audi

exaudi Deus./

[201]

Mⁿ Henry Conestables sonets to
the Lady Ritche. 1589.

1 Resolvd to love, vnworthye to obtayne
I doe not favor crave, but humble wyse
to thee my syghs in verse I sacrifyse

Only some pittye and no help to gayne.

Heer then and as myne hart shall ay remayn
a pacient obiect to thy lyghtning eys

a pacient ear bring thow to thundring cryes.

fear not the cracke when I the blow sustayne.

So as thyne ey bred myne ambitiows thought
so shall thyne eare make proud my voyse for Ioy
lo deer what wonders great by thee be wrowght
when I but lytle favors doe enioy./

The voyse ys made the ear for to reioyse
and yowr ear geveth pleasure to the voyse./

[202]

2 Blame not myn e hart for flying vp to hye
syth thow art cawse that yt his flyght begunne.
for earthly vapowrs drawn vp by the sunne
Comets become and nyght sons in the skye.

Myne humble hart so wth thyne heavnly ey
drawn vp alloft all low desyres doth shunne
rayse thow mee vp as thow myn e hart hast donne.
so duryng nyght in heavn remayn may I.

I say agayn blame not my hye desyre
syth of vs both the cawse thearof depends
In thee dothe shyne in mee doth burn a fyre
fyre drawth vp other and yt selfe assends.

thyne ey a fyre a so draws vp my love
My love a fyre and so ascends above./
ffly low./

[203] [Fol. 148v]

3 3 ffly low my Love, thy Sonne dost thow not see.
take heed doe not so neer his rays asp(a)yre
least for thy pryde enflamd with wreakfull yre
yt burn thy wyngs as yt hath burned mee.
thou haply saiest thy wings immortall be
and so cannot consumed be wth fire
the one ys hope the other ys desire
and that the heavens bestowd them bothe on thee
A muses woordes made thee wth hope to flie
an aungells face desire hath begott
thy self engendred by a goddes eye
yet for all this immortall thou art not
of heavenlie eye though thou begotten art
yet art thou borne but of a mortall hart
A frind of myn e pitying my hopeles love
hoping by killing hope my love to slay
let not quoth he thy hope thy hart betray
impossible yt ys her hart to move
but sith resolved love cannot remove
as long as thy dyvine pfections stay
thy godhead then he sought to take away
deare seke reveng and him a lyar prove
gods onelie doe impossibillitie
impossible sayth he thy grace to gayne
shew then the powr of thy divinitie
by graunting me thy favor to obtaine
so shall thy foe geue to himself the lye
a goddes thou shalt prove and happie I.

Myne eye wth all the deadlie synns ys fraught
first proud sith yt presumd to looke so hie
a watchman being stood gasing bye
and idle tooke no heed till I was caught
And envious bears envie that my thought
should in his absenc be to her so nye
to kill my hart myne eye lett in her eye
and so consent gave to a murther wrought
And couetous yt neuer should remove
from her faire haire gold so dothe please his sight
a glutton eye wth tears drunck euery night
vnchast a bawd betweene my hart and love
these synns procured haue a goddes yre
wherfore my hart ys damned in loves fire

ffalslie dothe envie of your prayses blame
my toung my penn my hart of flatterie
becawse I sayd there was no sunn but thee
yt calld my toung the partiall trumpp of fame
And sayth my penn hath flattered thy name
becawse my penn did to my tounge agree
and that my hart must needs a flatterer be
wth taught both tounge and penn to say the same
No no I flatter not when thee I call
the sunn sith that the sunn was neuer suche
but when the sunn thee I compard wth all
doubtles the sunn I flattered to muche
wittnes myne eyes I say the truth in this
they haue seen thee and knowe that so yt ys:

[207]

7 7  Much sorrowe in yt self my love dothe move
more my dispaire to love a hopeles blisse
my folly most to love whom sure to mysses
        oh help me but this last grieue to remove
all payne yf you command yt ioy shall prove
and wysdome to seek ioy then say but this
becawse my pleasure in thy torment ys
I doe commaund thee wthout hope to love
so when this thought my sorrowe shall augment
that myne owne folly did procure my payne
then shall I say to geue my self content
obedyenc onely made me love in vyne
          yt was you'r will and not my want of wytt
I haue the payne beare you the blame of yt

[208]

8 8  My ladyes presenc makes the roses redd
becawse to see her lipps they blush for shame
the lyllyes leaves for envy pale became
and white hands in them this envy bredd
the marygold the leavs abrode dothe spred
becawse the sunn and her powr ys the same
the violet of purple color came
dyde wth the bloud she made my hart to shed
In breefe all flowrs from her their vertue take
from her sweet breath their sweet smels do proceed
the lyving heat wth her eye beams do make
warmeth the ground and quyckeneth the seed
the rayne wherwth she watereth the flowres
falls from myn e eyes wth she dissolves in shoures

[209]
wch euer shall so rare an object see
  but happy hart yf thoughts lesse happy were
   ffor their delights haue cost my hart full deare
in whom of love a thousand causes be
and each cause breeds a thousand loves in me
   and each love more then thousand harts cann bear
howe cann my hart so many loves then hould
wch yet by heaps increase from day to day
but like a shippe thats ouercharg'd wth gould
must either synk or hurle the gold away
  but hurle out gold thou cannot not feeble harte
in thine owne bloud thou therafore drowned arte

[210]
The Calculation of the nativity of the daughter
of my Lady Rich borne on a fryday Anno do: 1588:

ffaire by inherytanc whom e borne wee see
  bothe in the woundrous yeare and on the day
  wherein the fairest beare the sway
  the heavens to thee this fortune do decree
    thou of a world of harts in tyme shalt bee
  a monarch great and wth one bewties ray
  so many hoastes of harts thy face shall slay
    as all the rest for love shall yeld to thee
  But even as Alexander when he knewe
    his fathers conquests wept least he should leave
    no kyngdome vnto him for to subdue
  so shall thy mother thee of prayse bereaue
    so many harts already she hathe slayne
    as fewe behynd to conquer shall remayne

[211]

It may be love my death dothe not pretend
  although he shoote at me but thinks yt fitt
  thus to bewitche thee for my benefitt
  cawsing thy wyll to my wyshe condiscend
   ffor wytches wth some murther do entend
  do make a picture and do shoote at yt
  and in that part where they the picture hitt
    the partie self dothe languishe to his end
  so love to weake by force thy hart to taynte
  wth in my hart thy heavenly shape dothe paynt
The sunn his iorney ending in the west
taking his lodging vp in Thetis bedd
thoughe from our eyes his beams be banyshed
yet wth his lighte th'antipodes be best
nowe when the sunn tyme brings my sunn to rest
wth me to ofte of rest hath hyndered
and whiter skynn wth white sheete couered
and softer cheek dothe on softe pillowe rest
then I oh sunn of sunns and light of lights
wyshe me wth those Antipodes to be
wth see and feele thy beame and heate by night
well though the night bothe could and darksome ys
yet half the days delight the night graunts me
I feele my sunns heate thoughge his light I mysse

Vncyvile sycknes hast thou no regard
but dost presume my dearest to molest
and wthout leave dar'st enter in that brest
wherto sweet love approach yet neuer dar'd
spare then her health wth my liefe hath not spar'd
to bitter such reveng of my vnrest
although wth worngs my thought she hathe opprest
my worngs seek not reveng they crave reward
cease sycknes cease in her then to remayne
and come and wellcome harbor thou in me
whom love longe sync hath taught to suffer payne
so she wth hathe so ofte my payne increast
(oh god that I might so revenged be)
by my more payne shold haue her payne releas'd

yf true love might true loves reward obteine
dumb wonder onely could speak of my ioy
but to muche worth hathe made thee to muche coy
and told me long agoe I sigh'd in vayne
not then vayne hope of vndeserued gaine
hathe made me paint in verses myne annoy
but for thy pleasure that thou mights enjoy
thy bewtis sight in glasses of my payne
see then thy self thoughe me thou wilte not heare
by loking on my verse for payne in verse
Love dothe in payne bewtis in love appeare
so yf thou wold'st my verses meaning see
expound them thus when I my love rehearse
none loves like him, that ys, none faire like me

Lady in bewtie and in favor rare
of favor (not of due) I favor crave
nature to thee bewtie and favor gaue
faire then thou art and favo\textsuperscript{r} thou mayst spare
nor when on me bestow'd your favours are
lesse favor in your face you shall not haue
yf favo\textsuperscript{r} then a wounded sowle may saue
of murthers guylt deare Lady then beware
my losse of liefe a myllion fould were lesse
then the least losse should vnto you befall
yet graunt this guihte w\textsuperscript{th} guyte when I possesse
bothe I haue liefe and you no losse at all
for by your favo\textsuperscript{r} onely I do lyve
and favor you may well bothe keepe and geue

My reason absent did myn e eyes requyre
to watche and ward and such foes to discrie
as they should nere my hart approching spy
but trayto\textsuperscript{r} eyes my harts death did conspire
corrupted w\textsuperscript{th} hopes guyfts lett in desire
to burne my hart and sought no remedy
thoughe store of water was in either eye
w\textsuperscript{ch} well imploy'd might well haue quench'd the fire
reason retorned love and fortune mad e
Iudges to iudge myn e eyes to punyshment
fortune sithe they by sight my hart betrayed
from wished sight adiudg'd them banishment
Love sithe by fyre murdred my hart was found
adiigned them in tears for to be drownd/.
TEXT

[217]

Wounder yt ys and pittie ys that she in whom all bewties treasure we may fynd that may in Ritch the body or the mynd towards the pore should vse no charitie my love ys gone a begging vnto thee and yt bewty had not benn more kynde then pitty long ere this he had benn pyn'd but bewty ys content his foode to be oh pittie haue when such pore orphanes begg Love naked boy hath nothing on his back and though he wanteth neither arme nor legge yet maym'd he ys sithe he his sight dothe lack and yet though he blynd he bewty cann behould and yet thoughhe nak'd he feles more heate then could

[218]

Pitty refusing my pore love to feed a begger steru'd for want of help he lyes and at youre mouthe the dore of bewtie cryes that thenc some almes of sweet graunts might pceed but as he wayteth for some almouse deede a cherrie tree before the dore he spyes oh deare (quoth he) two Cherryes may suffise two onely may saue liefe in this my need But beggers cann they naught but Cherries eate pardon my love he ys a goddes sonne and neuer feedeth but on daintie meate els neede he not to pyne as he hathe donne for onely the sweet frute of this sweet tree cann geue foode to my love and liefe to me

[219]

The fowler hides as closslie as he may the nett where Caught the sillie birde should be least he the threatning pryson should but see and so for fear be forc'd to flie away my Lady so the while she dothe assay in curled knotts fast to entangle me putts on her vayle to th'end I should not flee the goulden nett wherin I am a pray
alas (most sweet) what need ys of a nett
to catche a birde that ys already tame
sithe wth your hand alone you yt may gett
for yt desires to flie into the same
what need such art my thoughts then to entrapp
when of them selves they flie into your lappe

[220]

ffaire sunn yf you would haue me prayse you light
when night approacheth wherfore do you flie
tyme ys so short bewtis so many be
as I haue need to see them day and night
that by contynuall vewe my verses might
tell all the beams of you diuinity
wth prayse to you and ioy should be to me
you lyving by my verse I by youre sight
I by your sight but not you by my verse
need mortall skill immortall prayse rehearse
no no though eyes were blynd and verse were dumbe
your bewty should be seen and your fame knowne
for by the wynde wth from my sighs dothe come
your prayses rownd about the world be blowne

[221]

Sweet hand the sweet but cruel bowe thou art
from whenc at me five Iuorie arrowes flie
so wth five wounds at once I wounded lye
bearing my brest the prynt of euery dart

Sf ffurcuses had the like yet felt no smart
where I in lyving torments neuer dye
his wounds were in his hands and feet where I
all these five helples wounds feele in my hart

nowe as Sf ffurcuses yf a Sf am I
the bowe that shoot these shafts a Rellique ys
I meane the hand wth ys the reason whie
so many for devotion thee would kisse
and some thy glove kisse as a thinge dyvine
this arrowes quyver and this Relliques shrine

*252*
Ovid's Confession. Non ego mendosos ausim defendere mores./

1 To lyve in lust I make not my professyon nor in my verse my vyces to defend but rather by a trew and playn confessyon to make yt known my meaning is to mend

2 I hate and am my selfe the thing I hate I loade my self yet stryve to bee dischardged lyke steerlesse Shipp vnstayd runns my estate bownd by my self, I sue to be inlardged

3 No certen shape my fancye doth enflame a hunderd Causes kyndle my affection Yf sober lookes do showe a modest shame strayght to those eyes my soule is in subiection

4 A wanton looke no lesse my hart doth peerce because it showes a pleasaunt inclynation Yf she be coyke to the Sabines feerce I thinck such Coynes deep dissimulation if she bee

5 Yf she be Learnd, I honor guiftes so rare yf ignorant, I love a sweet simplicity Yf she doe prayse my vearses and compare them wth the best in her I take felicity

6 Yf she disparaye my verses and the maker to winne her lyking, I some love would lend her Goes she well grac’te her gate wolde make me take her Yf not I thinck to touch a man myght mend her

7 Yf so shee be a sweet and cunning singer to snatche a kisse from her I have a will Yf she play well on Lute wth learned finger what hart could hate a hand so full of skill

8 But yf she knowe wth art her armes to move and daunce Quarantos wth a stately grace To’omitt my self that easely fall in Love Hippolitus would thear take Priaps place
9 Lyke auncyent Heroyns I count the tall
mee thickes they fill a good lardge roome in bedd
Yett nimbler sportes proceed from statures small
thus tall or small my fansy still have fedd

10 Yf shee goe playne, then what a peece wear this
weare she attyred; yf brave, I lyke her bravery
the ffayre, (lovely), browne, _ blacke, none comes amisse
my wanton Lust is thrall'd in so greate slavery

11 Yf Heare lyke Gett, her Neck lyke Ivorye cover
Ledas was black and that was Ledas glory
With yellow lockes Aurora pleas'd her Lover
loe thus my fansye suites to every storye

12 The Matron grave the greene young gerle and pretty
I love for age or manners vnuspicous
In fyne to all in Country Court or Citty
my Love doth presse to (make) it self ambicious

[Fol. 154 is wanting.]

Sonnettes of S't Phillip Sydneys (vppon) to ye Lady Ritch.

1 Loving in trewth, and fayn my love in verse to show
that the deer shee myght take some pleasure of my payn
Pleasure myght caurse her reed reading myght make
her know
knowledge myght (myght) pitty win and pitty grace
obtayn.
I sowght fyt words to paynt the blackest fase of woe
studying inventions fyne her witts to entertayne
oft turning others leavs to see yf thens would flow
som freshe and frutefull showr vppon my sunnburnd
brayn
But words came halting owt wanting inventions stay
Invencion natures chylde fled stepdam studys blows
And others sute still seemd, but strawngers in my way
thus great with chyld to speake and helplesse in my
throws

' 254 '
Byting my towng and pen beating my selfe for spyght
ffoolc sayd my muse to mee looke in thy hart and wryght./

[The rest of this page is blank.]

[224]

Tho w art pretty bvt vnconstant too too louely to be trve
thy Affections in an instant are still struggling to be new
this and that
and here and there alwayes in thy thoughts appear

[The rest of this page is blank.]

[225]

S'r Wallter Rawleys epitaphe on S'r Phillip Sydney.

To prayse thy lyfe and wayle thy worthy death, and want thy wytt, thy wytt pure hygh devyne: is farr beyond the powre of mortall lyne, nor any one hath woorth that draweth breath./

Yet ritche in Zeale thouggh poore in Learnings lore, whose frendly care obscured in seacret breast: and Love that envye in thy lyfe supprest, that deare lyfe donne and death hath dubled more./

And I that in thy tyme and lyving state,/ did only prayse thy vertues in my thowght: as one that seild the rysing sonne hath sowght, with woords and tears nowe wayle thy tymeles fate./

Drawn was thy race aright from princely lyne nor lesse then soch by guifts that Nature gave the common Mother that all princes have doth vertew showe, & princely lyving shyne./

A King gave thee thy name, a kingly mynde which god thee gave, who thougght yt now to deare for this base world, and hath resum'de yt meare to sitt in skyes and sort wth pow'rs devyne

* 255 *
Kent thy bearth dayes and Oxford helld thy yowth
the heavens made hast and stayd nor years nor tyme
the fruietes of age grew rype in thy first pryme
thy will thy woords, thy woords the sealles of trewth

Great guiftes and wyosedome rare ymployd thee thence
to treat from kings with those more great then kings
soch hope men had to lay the hyest things
on thy wyse yowth to bee transported hence

When to sharpp warrs sweet honnor did thee call
thy Countrieys love, Relygion and thy frends
of woorthy men the marks the lyves and ends
and her defence for whome wee labor all./

Whear thow didst conquer shame and tedious age
greife sorrowe sicknes & base fortunes myght
thy rynging day saw never woefull nyght
but past with prayse from of this worldly stage

Back to the Campe by thee y* day was browght
first thyne owne death and after thy longe(r) fame
tears to the soldyers, the proud Castillians shame
vertew exprest and honno* trewly towght

What hath hee lost that soch grace hathe wonne
yowng yeares, for endlesse yeares, and hope vnssure
of fortunes guiftes, for wealth that still shall dure
(oh happy Race) wth so great prayses runne./

England doth hold thy lymes that bred the same
fflanders thy vallew whear yt last was tryed
the Campe thy sorrow whear thy bodye dyed
thy ffrends thy want, the world thy vertews fame./

Nations thy witt owr Mynds lay vpp thy love
Letters thy learning, thy Losse long yeares to come
(w) in woorthy harts sorrow hath built thy toombe
thy sole and spryght inrytche the heavens above./
Thy lyberall hart./

Thy lyberall hart ymballmd in gratefull tears
yowng sythes sweet sythes sage sythes bewale thy fall
envye her sting, (hath s) and spyght hath left her gall
Mallice her self a mourning garment wears
That day theyr Hanniball dyed, owr Cipio fell
Cipio Cicero and Petrarke of owr tyme
whose vertews wounded by my woorthles ryme
let Angells speake, and Heavens thy prayses tell./
finis./

[226]

Calmeydas verses translated by Iohn Harington

Thease Thirtye things that Hellens fame did rayse:
A Dame must have that seeks for bewtyes prayse./
Three bryght, three black, three redd, three short, three tall
Three thick, three thinn, three close, three wyde, three small
Her Skynn, Hear, Teeth must bee clear bryght and neat
Her Browes, Eyes, pryvye part, as black as geat
Her Cheeks, Lypps, Nayles, must have vermillion hew
Her Hands, Hear Heyght, must showe good length to vew
Her teeth, feet, ears, all short noe length allows
Large Breast, large Buñe, large space, between the browes
A Narrow Mowth straight waste strayght pryvye member
her ffingers, hears, and lypps, but thin, and slender./
Thyghes, Belly, Buñe, must full fatt and rownd,
Nose, Hed, and Teatts, the least that ma y be fownd.
Syth ffew or None, perfection soche attayne,
But ffew or none be fayre, the case is playne./

[227]

Trigenta hec habeat quae vult formosa viderj
fœmina sic helenam fama fuisse refert
Alba tria et totidem nigra et tria (stricta tot ampla) rubra reques.

tres habeat longas res totidemq; breves
tres graciles totidem crassas tria stricta tot ampla
sint ibidem huic forma sint quoq; parva tria.
Alba cutis nivei dentes clariq; capilli
Nigri oculi cunnus nigra supercilia
labra genae atq; vngues rubrae sit corpore longo
sint longi crines sit quoq; longa manus. [10]
Sintq; breves dentes aures pes pectora lata
et Clunes distant ipsa supercilia
Cunnus et os strictum stringunt vbi singula stricti
sint Coxë et Culus vulvaq; turgidula
Subtiles digiti crines et Labra puellis [15]
sit parvus Nasus parva Mamilla Caput
Cum Nullē aut paucē sint he formosē vocari
femina nulla potest femina rara potest.

[228]
Lady to yow, whose reverend bewty rare,
Highe birthe, great witt, sweet speeche, and grace
devyne;
with ffame owr Eares, with wonderl fills owr eyne,
But dauntes the Hart, that further fancy dare:
Loe here I showe, this slender woorke and bare, [5]
In which the paine, but not the prayse is myne;
Lyke Grapes that grew vppon anothers vyne,
And happily in the gathering brused are./
I cannot bost, but as of borrowd ware,
Though Grape be good, the Presse may marr the
tyne;
And make it sow're, before it should be fyne,
To please your tast, I did it first prepare:
with higher witts, and woorkes, I not compare,
Only the Love, I beare your Noble Lyne;
that vnto me this woorke did first assigne,[15]
In this poore showe, would faine it self declare.
what others say, or thinck, I litle care,
Whether they prayse, or whether they repyne;
to such I cast the same, as Pearles to swyne,
Though these no Pearles, they woorthy woorsere fare(,): [20]
But yf your favours to my verse enlyne,
I count I have receav’d a bounteous share;
The woorke as yet I wishe not seene of other,
But of your self and of your Noble Brother./

[229]
Vnto the Caitife wretche, whome long affliction holdeth,
and now fully beleevs, helpe to be quite perished,
Graunt yet, graunt yet a Looke, to the last Monument,
of his Anguishe,
O you (alas so I fynde) cause of his only ruine. [Fol. 157v]

Dread not a whitt (o goodly Crewell) that pitty may enter,
into thy Hart, by the sight, of this Epistle I send;
And so refuse to behold, of these straunce woundes the Recitall,
least it might th(e) allure home to thy self to retouerne;
Unto thy selfe I doe meane, those graces dwell so within thee,
Gratefullnes, sweetnes, holly Love, Harty regard)
Such thing cannot I seeke (dispaire hath giv(e)n me my answer;
dispare most tragicall, clause to a deadly request).
Such thing cannot he hope, that knowes thy determinat Hardnes,
hard lyke a Ritche Marble, hard but a faire Dyamond./ [15]
Cann those Eyes, that of eyes, drownd in most harty flowing teares,
tear, and tears of a man, had noe retourne to Remorse;
Cann those eyes now yeelde, to the kynde conceat of a sorrowe,
which Ynce only relates, but ne laments, nor replyes:
Ah that, that do I not conceave, (though that to me leefe weare,
more then Nestors yeares, more then a kinges Diademe:/
Ah that, that I doe not conceave, to the Heav'ne when a Mowse clymes,
then may I hope to atcheeve, grace of a heavnly tygre;
But but alas lyke a man, condemnd; doth crave to be heard speake,
not that he hopes for amends, of the Disastre he feeles: [25]
But fynding th'approche of death, with an inly relenting,
gives an adewe to the world, as to his only delight./
Right so my boyling hart, inflam'de, with a faire eye,
bubling owt doth breath, signes, of his hugie dollars;
Now that he fyndes to what end, his lyfe, and love, be reserved,
and that he thence must part, where to live, only I lived./
O faire, ó fairest, are such the trivmphes, to thy fairenes?
Can death beawty become? must I be suche Monument?
Must I be only the mark, shall prove that virtue is angrye?

shall prove that feercenes, can with a white dove abyde?

Shall to the world appeare, that faith, and love, be rewarded, with mortall disdayne, bent to vnendly revendge?

Vnto Revendge?  δ sweet; on a wretche, willt thow be revenged?

shall such highe Plannetts, tend to the losse of a worme? And to revenge, who doe bend, would in that kynd be revenged,
as the offence was donne, and goe beyond yf he cann;

All my offence was love, with love, then must I be chastned,

and with more by the lawes, that to revenge doth belonge:

Yf that Love be a fault, more fault in you to be lovely,

Love never had me opprest, but that I saw to be loved;

Yow be the cause that I love, what reason blameth a shadowe,

that with a bodye it goes, since by a body it is?

Yf that love, hate yow did, you should your beawty have hidden,
you should those faire eyes, have with a vaile covered;

But foole, foole, that I am, those eyes would shine from a darck cave,

what vailes then doe prevaile, but to a more miracle?

Or those golden Lockes (those lockes wth lock me to bondage)
torne, you should disperse, vnto the blastes of a wynde:

But foole, foole, that I am, thoe I had but a haere of her head found,
even as I am, so I should, vnto that heare be a thrall.

Or with a faire handes nayles, (δ hand which nayles me to this death,

you should have your face (since love is evill blemished.

O wretch what did I say, should that faire face be defaced:

should my to much sight, cause, so true a sonne to be lost?

ffirst let Cimmerian darcknes, be my only habitacion,

ffirst be myne eyes pull’d out, ffirst be my braine perished:

Ere that I should consent, to doe such excessive a dammage, vnto the earth, by the hurt, of this her heav’nly Iewell.
Oh not, but such love, you say you could have afforded,
as might learne tempreance, voyd of a rages event;
O sweet simplicitye, from whence should love be so learned,
vnto Cupid

Vnsto Cupid that boye, shall a pedantee be found? [Fol. 158v]
Well but faultie I was, reason to my passion yeelded,

Passion vnsto my rage, rage to a hasty revenge;
But what's this for a fault, for which such faith be abolishe(d)?
such faith so staineles, inviolate violent
Shall I not? oh may I not? thus yet refresh the remembrance,
what sweet Ioyes I had once, and what a place I did hold?

Shall I not once object, that you, you, graunted a favor,
vnsto the man whom e now, such miseries yow award?
Bend yo'ur thoughts, to the deare sweet wordes, w'h then to my gaine were,
think what a world is now, thinck who hath alltred her hart./
What was I then woorthy of such good? now woorthy so much evill?

Now fled, then cherished? then so nye, now so remote?
Did not a rosie breath, from lipps, more Rosie proceeding,
say that I well shuld fynd, in what a care I was had?
With much more, now, what doe I fynde, but care to abhorr me,

Care that I sinck in greife, care that I live banished:
And banished doe I live, nor now will seeke a recou'rye,

since so she will, whose will, is, to me more then a lawe./
Yf then a Man, in most evill case, may give you a farewell;

 farewell, long farewell, All my woe all my delight./

[230]

[1] A stearles shipp in stormy waves,
is for'st to trie to tourne and tosse:
The Rock it ryves, the Hav'ne it saves,
As fortune lists, so lyeth the losse:
And resteth not whillst she may ronne
Till she be wract, or hav'ne hath wonne./
2. When forraine force a forte to winne
   assaults and scales the walles without
   And lurking treason workes within
   to false the faith of souldeyers stowt
   They hope for helpe that dread ye sacke
till foes have spoild or turnd their backe./

3. The Beast for bow that lodged lay
   imbost to soile him hies a pace
   from thicks through lawnes and pincht to bay
   he tornes his head so in each place
   And at each tyme is danger found
   Of Crossbow or of Hunters Hownd

4. The Simple Dove in open skie
   whome eager howke wth hastie flight
   pursues to death is forc to flye
   ne seeth she safty whear to light
   But cutts th'ayre to scape away
   from present perrill as she may./

5. The Silver fishe in quiet sea
   is faine to flote in Joopardie
   be sett wth netts layd to betray
   her silly lyfe and liberty
   Vnsure she shwimmeth heare or there
   To passe her danger and her feare
   But god doth

6. But God doth ofte the rage appease
   of waves that mountaine lyke arise
   and brused barckes brings ofte from seas
   wth earst wth windes wear blowne to skies
   And saylers safe arryv'd on shore
   Discourse of daungers past before./

7. Sometyme they win that gave the charge
   sometyme repullst ar foild in feild
   whillst they that keepe the breaches lardge
   inioye y earst they fear'd to yeild
   So doth the Stagg the Princes game
   Live many yeares with chaunged name./

8. Ofte tymes the tyrant Eagle failes
   To feed on her desyred pray
Oft home the wearied fissher sailes
With empty boote vnto his bay
Thus ofte thye live free from anoye
That dreading death dispar'de of Ioye./

[231]

In this one Wight, three mighty Princes strave./
which of them three, ye greatest part should have:
Dame Nature first this tytle did pretend;
I did quoth she such beawty to her lend,
with all such guifts of body, and of witt,
As more was not for any parson fitt./
Then ffortune thus reply'de, thease guiftes be small,
If that with myne in question them you call,
Beawty may beegg, and witt may want good offers,
yf ffortune faile wth coine, to fill her coffers./
Therefore because my benefitts be better,
In reason good, my part should be the greater./

[232]

Of Auncyent Howse, and gentle bloud descended.
ffor wise, and virtuous manners much imbraced;
By service donne to Prince, in feild commended,
Through warlyke feates, in warlyke office placed.
In frendshipp firme, a faithfull frend vnfained;
An Englishe Hart, to stoure, to stoope to straungers./
O that such mynde in some such men remayned,
Then wear the state no dowbt, devoyd of daangers./
Then Markhim well, how he of god is blest,
With health, with wealth, and Childred broght vpp well:
Daughters, and sonnes, but farr above the rest;
A wife so wise, and kynde, as toung can tell./

[233]

If Love should rule wth even and vpright hand
and gave rewardes to those deserve the best
bannish deceipt and falshood from ye land
that Lovers might descerne where faith did rest
owr lyfe in most contented case would stand
soone might he would build his nest
And willinglie each one would have professed
What state more sweet, more happy and more blessed.

But since thow art a boy naked and blynd
Wanton addicted all to Iarrs and stryfe
No mervell of their discontented mynde
yf that their greifes and their Complaints be ryfe
whereas yf thow some other course would fynd
they would adore thee during breath and lyfe
Great Honnor and of pleasure no small part
Should there be then in ye true amorouse hart

Surely I thinck and other lykewise say
that yf this flame wear brought to colder plight
yf so the torment might be cast away
and the harts greife and sorrow made more light
then owr desyres would growe to such a stay
that we should crave and have nothing but right
And in such case each man must needs confesse
What lyfe more quiet what more hopiness

Now must I crave my verse and you to stay
And for a while my restlesse mynde to spare
Since my badd destenie will beare such sway
I may not minishe this my present care

O Happy lyfe fitt for devinest vision
Yf I have any scence in my conceate
What cannot Loves desy're voyd of suspicion
performe y' holdes in loyall hart his seat
but in this age each one yeilds such submission
to y' blynde Archer thrall'd to his deceit
That no disease nor greater plague is found
Then in the cheynes of Cupid to be bound.

Now art thou not a god as thou art call'd
but yf thou be a god a god of Hell
because thy state so wondrously is thrall'd
wherein all vices in great measure dwell,
and who in sweetest seates be thought install'd
suffer such torment as no toung can tell
Neyther should any cause of sorrow spring
wear not men tucht w' th y' same inward sting
I say by proofe of those have try'de the same
not that I knowe or make it of my braine
with in my brest I never hatcht such flame
for I wear blynd yf I would be so vayne
But this I say some in their phansie frame
A Jealous thought a bitter divelishe paine
Most women have this madd worme in their head
Of leawd susspicion and of foolish dread.

ffor feare least I my self be cast away
My pensife thoughts s'vntollerable are
By that same Martirdome that phrenesie
By this same maddnes called Jealousie. 1

As is indicated, the above poem is written in double columns. The sense and stanzaic form make it clear that lines 25-28 and 53-56, written at the bottom of the columns, together form the seventh and concluding stanza.

Octavia to Anthony

To thee yet Deare, thoe most disloyall Lord
whome impious Love keepes in a barbarous Land
thy wronged wyfe Octauia sendeth word
of th'vnkynde woundes receaved at thy hand
Great Anthony ô lett thyne eyes affoord
but to permitt thy hart to vnderstand.

The hurt thou dost and do but reed her teares
That still is thyne thoe thow willt not be hers

Although perhapps these my Complaintes may come
whilst thow in th'armes of y't incestuous Queene
the stayne of Egipp, and the shame of Rome,
shallt dallying sitt, and blush to have it seen:
while proud disdaynfull shee guessing from whom e
the message came and what the cause hath bee
Will scorning say fayth this comes from yo't deare

Now S't you must be shent for being heare
ffrom her yt comes indeed Delicious Dame
thow royall Concubyne and Queene of Lust
whose armes yet pure whose brests are voyd of blame
and whose most lawfull flame proves thyne vniust
Tis shee that sendes this message of thy shame
and his vntruth y't hath betrayd her trust
Pardon (deere Lord) from her these sorrowes ar(ε)
Whose Bedd bringes nether infamy nor war
And therefore heare her words that to to much hath heard the wronges comitted by thy shame allthough at first my trust in thee was such that it helld owt against the strongest fame My Hart would never once let in a tuche of least beleife till all confirme ye (ff[a]a) same That I was allmost last ye would beleeve Because I knew me first ye most must greeve.

How ofte have poore abused I tooke parte With fallshood only for to make thee true How ofte have I argued against my hart not suffring it to knowe that wth it knew And for I would not have the what thou art vnto my self I made my self vntrew So much my Love labord against thy sinne To shutt owt fear ye still kept fear within

ffor I could never thinkth'aspyring mynd of woorthy and victorious Anthony could be by such a Syren so declynde as to be traynd a pray to Luxury I could not thinck my Lord would be s'vnkynd as to dispise his Children, Rome, and me; Yet soone I see they be deceav'd ye trust, And more shame theirs, ye wilbe so vniust.

But now ye certen fame doth open lay thy new revollt and straunge relapse from me Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away and lefte ye passage of my sorrowes free ffor now poore Harte ther's nothing in ye way remaynes to stand betwixt dispayre and thee All is throwne downe there are no succors new It is most trew my Lord is most vntrew

Which makes me as I doe hyde from th'eye of the misjudging vullgar that will deeme that sure there was in me some reason why wth made thee thus my bedd to disesteeme So that alas poore undeserved I a cause of thy vnclene deserts shall seeme Thoe Lust takes selldome Ioye in what is dew But still leaves knowne delights to seek out new.
And now must I with shame enough pull in
the colors I advanced in his grace
for that subduing power with him did win
hath rob’d me to the honor of my face
But why should I that bear no part of sin
bear such a mighty part of his disgrace
Yes, thou it is not mine, yet is of mine
And his Renowne being clip’st myne cannot shine

And yet my brother Cæsar labored
to have me leave thy house and live more free
But God forbidd Octavia should be led
to leave to live in thy house left by thee
the pledges here of thy forsaken bed
are still th’objects that remember me

That Anthony was once although false now
And is my Lord though he neglect his vow

These walls that here do keep me out of sight
shall keep me all unsnotted unto thee
and testify that I will doe the right
and never stayne thy house though shame mee
The now sad Chamber of my once delight
shall be yt Temple of my Piety
Sacred unto the faith I reverence
Where I will pay my tears for thy offence

Although my youth thy want, my Powre thy wrong
myght draw my blood to forfeit unto shame
nor need I frustrate my delights so long
having such means to carry so the same
seeing the face of greatness is so strong
yt it dissolves suspect and bears out blame

Having all secret helps that long thereto
That selldome wants there ought but will to do

Which o to doe, ere Lust his hart shall frame
Earth swallow me alive, Hell rapp me hence
shall I because despise contemne my shame
and add disgrace to others impudence
What can my powre but add more powre to fame
Greatnes doth make yt great incontynence

Chambers arr fallce the Bed and all will tell
No dore keepes in there shame yt doe not well
Hath Greatnes else peculyer ought alone  
but to stand faire and bright above the base
What doth devyde y° Cottage from the Throne
yf Vice shall lay both levell w°th disgrace
And yf Vncleanenesse make them all but one
What priviledge hath honor by his place
What yf o° sinns goe brave and better cladd
They are as those in raggs as base as badd

I knowe not how but wrongfully I knowe
hath vndescerning Custome plaste owr kynd
vnder desert and sett vs farr belowe
the reputation to owr Sex assignde
Chardging o° wrong reputed weakenes how
we be vnconstant fickle falce vnkynde
And thoe o° Lyfe w°th thousand proofes say no
yet sith strength sayth it weakenesse must be so

But ° should wee as God forbidd we should
carry no better hand on o° desyres
then your strength doth what interest could
owr patience back repay you for yo° hyres
What mixtures of straunge generations would
followe the fortunes of vncerten syres
What fowle confusion to yo° blood and race
To yo° eternall shame and owr disgrace
What are

What are there barrs for vs no bownds for you
must levyty stand firme, and sfermenes fall
and have you priviledge to be vntrew
and wee no graunt to bee dispensat w°thall
Must wee invyoable keepe your dew
both to yo° truth and to your falshood thrall
While you have loos’d yeo° lust vnto your will
As yf yo° strength wear lycenst to doe ill

O yf you be more strong then be more Iuste
cleare this susspcion lett not the world owt
Whether in strong or weake be better trust
yf fraylty or ells manhood be more stowt
and yf wee have shutt vpp o° hartes from lust
let not your bad example let vs owt
Thinck that there is lyke feeling in o° blood
yf you would have vs good be you then good
Is yt that Love takes never trew delight
in what yt hath but still in what it would
which setts you on to doe vs this vnright
while feare in vs of loosing y't wee hould
keeps vs in still to you that sett vs light
so that, that you vntyes doth vs infould
Then Love 'tis thow y't dost confownd vs soe
To make owr truth th'occasion of owr woe.

Distressed womankynd that either must
or Loving loose your lyves or gett neglect
whiles wantons are more car'de for then y'o. Just
falsehood is cherisht, ffaih w'owt respect,
better they fare, that are in lesser trust,
and more belov'de, y't be in more suspect.

w'ch is (δ pardon) great defect in you
To have yo' Love subiect to th'vntruew

Yet yf thow didst not love, thow mightst have seemd
though to have seemde had lykewise bin vniust
Yet so much are leane showes by vs esteemd
they ofts doe feed though not suffice owr trust
for why o' Nature greeveth to be deemde
so to be wrongd allthough wee bee and must
And yet some ease yet to be kyndly vsde
In owtward showe tho inwardly abusde

But woe is her that both in showe dispisde
and in effect disgraste and quite forlorne
for whome no succors are to be devysde
nor noe new hopes can evermore be borne
O Anthony could it not have suffis'de
that I was thyne but I must be her skorne
That envyes all owr blood and doth devyde
Thee from thy self only to serve her pryde

What fault had I comitted that should make
thee to dislyke of me and of my Love
or did thy fault but an occasion take
to dislyke that, that most should it reprove
or else the Conscyence willing to mistake
her owne misdeeds which she would faine remove

And they that be vnwilling to amend
Doe take offence because they would offend
Or having runne beyond all pardon quite
they fly and Ioyne with Sinne as only his
making yt now theyr cause their part and right
and to turne back might seeme t'have donne amisse
That now they thinck not to be opposite
to what vpbraides their sinne is wickednesse
So much their error thrusts them into blame
That even to leave of shame they count yt shame.
Which doe

Which doe not thow (Dear Lord) for I doe not
pursew thy fault but sew for thy returne
back to thy self whome thou hast both forgot
wth me (poore me) yt doe not spye but moorne
And yt thow couldst as well amend thy blott
as I forgive these plaints had bin forborne
And thow shouldst be yt same vnto my hart
wth once thou wast, not yt wth now thou art

Though deepe do sitt the hard recovering smart
of that last wound wth God graunt be the last
and doth more peerce th'inward feeling part
of my sadd soule then all th'vnkindenesse past
and Anthony I appeale to thy owne hart
yt ye hart wth once was thyne thou still yet hast
Yf ever any woman that did lyve
Had iuster cause then wofull I to greive

ffor coming vnto Athens as I did
weary and weake wth toyle and all distrest
after I had wth labor compassed
a hard consent to graunt me that request
And how my travell was considered
and all my care and cost thy self knowes best
That wouldst not stepp one foote from lust to me
That had left all was deare, to come to thee

ffor what adoe had I at first to winne
m'offended brother Cæsars backward will
and ply'de and wepte and prayd to turne ye ill
of Civill ranckor rysing twixt you still
for what a case shall woefull I be in
plaste betweene both to share of both yo' ill
My blood (quoth I) wth either of you goes
who ever wins I shalbe sure to lose
And what shame should such mighty persons gett
for two weake womens cause to disagree
nay what should I y* should be deemde to sett
th’enkyndled fyres seeming enflam’de for mee
O yf I be the motyve of this heate
let these vnguilty handes the quenchers bee
And lett me trudge to mediate and accorde
Th’agent twixt my Brother and my Lord

With teares w\textsuperscript{th} prayers most infortuniate
I wrunge from him a slender graunt at last
and w\textsuperscript{th} such riche provisions as I gate

Parthian
fo\textsuperscript{r}(ode) th’entended^warr made (noe litle) haste
not sparing this poore bodies weake estate
but all the tedious difficulties past
I came to Athens whence I Niger sent
To tell thee of my coming and intent

Whereof when he had made relation
I was commaunded to approche no near
then I sent back to know what should be donne
w\textsuperscript{th} horse and men and money I had thear
Which whether shame or ells remorse begonne
to tuch thy hart to thinck yet what we wear
But Cleopatra fearing least the grownd
Of her vngodly cause should prove vnsownd

Now armes her teares th’ingines of Deceate
and all her falshood to oppose my Love
and dryve thy coming grace to a retreate
the strength of all her suttlety to prove
Now pale and wann she languisheth and straight
seemes in a sownd vnable to remove
While her instructed followers ply thyne eares
With forged tales mixed w\textsuperscript{th} fayned teares

Hard harted Lord

[co]. 1

Hard harted Lord (say they) how canst thow see
this myghty Queene a Creature so devyne
lying distret and languishing for thee
and only wretched but for being thyne
whiles base Octauia must entytled bee
thy wyfe, and she esteem’d thy Concubyne
Lifte vpp thy hart, raise thee vnto thy grace
And let a Scepter baser passions chase
Thus they assayle thy natures weakest syde
and worke vppon th'advantage of thy mynde
knowing where Judgement stood least fortyfyde
and how t'encounter folly in her kynde
But the meane while ō what dost thou abyde
that in thy self such wrastling thoughts dost fynde
In what confused case is thy soule in
wrat betweenete pitty, sorrow, shame, and sin

I cannot tell but sure I dare beleeve
my travells needs must some compassion move
for no such linck to blood could nature give
to shutt owt pitty though it shutt owt Love
Conscyence must leve a little way to greeve
to lett in Horror comming to reprove
The guilt of his offence ō did the same
ffor deepest woundes the hand of owr owne shame

Never wear vniust pleasures so compleate
In Ioyes entyre but still feare kept ye dore
and helld back some thing from ye Love of sweet
to intersower vnsure delghts the more
ffor never did all circumstances meete
wth the desyres that wear conceav’d before
Something is left behynd to check or sin
And give a tuch of what should not have bin

Vnhappy man ō how hath nature made
The Lawfull vndelightfull, Th’vniust shame
as yf or pleasures only wear forbade
but to give fyre to Lust and more t’inflame
Or ells wear but ordayne’d to invade
owr hould of rest and to confound the same
Yf it be soe yet clear thy self made foule
wth thy disordred thoughtes and clense the soule

Vnyte thy self, and now at length make peace
with thy devyded passions tyr’d with toyle
Cease from this warr this brest dissention cease
thy thoughts vnto thy thoughts now reconcyle
I doe not seeke only my good t’increase
but thyne owne ease and liberty the while
Th ee in the Circuit of thy self confyne
And be thyne owne and then thow willt be myne

I knowe my pittyed truth doth aggravate
Envye and wrath for these wrongs offered
and that my sufferings add wth my estate
Coles in thy bosom hatred on thy hed
Yet is not y my fault but my hard fate
that rather wishe to be vnpitied
   Of all but thee then that my Love should be
   Hurtfull to him that is so dear to me
What must I then not love but leve the to
since yf I love I hurt yf not I wornged
ay me vnhappy, what would yllnes doe
yf vnto goodnes such offence belonge
O yf my Constant faith be made t'vndoe
both thee and me why is yt not lesse stronge
   What must my Love take part against my Love
   And my softe peace, warr and dissention move
Cannot the busye world lett me alone
to bear alone the burden of my greife
but they must intermeddle with my mone
and seeke to vex me wth vnsopt releife
whiles my afflictions labor to move none
but only thee must Pittye play the theife
   And steale so many harts against my hart
   And make a part against my dearest part
Yet all this shall not preiudice my Lord
yf yet he will but make retorne at last
his sight shall rase owt of the sad record
of my inrowled greife all that is past
And I will not so much as once afford
place in my hart to thinck but what thou wast
   And Pitty shall bring back againe wth me
   Th'offended harts that have forsaken the
Come then (Deare Love) least happly longer stay
doe arme against thee all the powres of spight
and thow be made at last the wofull pray
of full inkindled wrath and ruynd quite
but what presaging thoughts of blood do stay
my trembling hand and doe my soule affryght
   What sorrowes do I see prepard t'attend
   Th'event of this, what end, except thou end
Prevent great spiritt y tempestes y (aryse) begin
yf Lust and thy ambition have left way
but to looke owt and have not shut all in

to stopp thy Judgement from a true survay

Consider in what daunger thou dost lay

Thy lyfe and myne to leave y° good y° hast

To followe hopes w° shadows overcast

Come come away from Warr, from craft from toyle

possesse thyne owne w° truth w° peace

breake from those snares Judgement vnbeguile

free thyne owne dangers and my feares releace

but whether runne my sorrowes all this while

beyond their skope and knowe not when to cease

My wordes w° my increasing greife do growe

I know to have said to much and not enowe

Wherefore no more but only I Commend

To thee the hart is thyne and so I end.

[Fol. 161 is wanting; fol. 162 is blank.]
A true retrieving of sorrow and despair
an idle boy that leynes on pleasures lap
A deep mistrust of that with certain seemes
a hope of that with reason doubtfull deemes

[235a]
A man that hath a good wife love her love her

[236]  [Fol.] 163
A replye in his defence.
Wellcome true love, the lantern of my lyghte./
[The rest of this folio, recto and verso, is blank.]

[237]  [Fol.] 164
Tempus detegit peccata./
Veritas omnia vincit./
As truth, before time, ought placed to be
Sith truth, when time was not, all things did decree
So time bringeth tryall, what place truth did fynde
when time with truth seem'de to be in his kynde

Man, made was by god, that truth he should trust
with truth while he trusted, his state was full lust
but time was his tryall, and at length fell from grace
whiles he wrought truth, treason to serve time and place
A time had man's offspring, this truth to profess
Some trusting vnto it, and suche god did blesse
but those that vntrulie, from truth to time Ranne
though time with trust sryved, yet truth of time wanne
A time was, a time is, a time eu O shall be
when some by truth stand shall, but most from truth flee
and cleave to time stoutlye, to serve still tymes will
though time truth destroye shoulde, with time will they still
The time past might teache vs, oure time how to use
So as truth for tymes sake, we do not abuse,
but gyve truthe due Hono*, as truthe gave vs tyme for whiche cause truthe framed, our shape from vyle slyme

Shoulde truthe waight on tyme, and so serve tymes turne and wth tyme Ioyne truthe to, least tyme be to late for as tyme without truthe, is Compted moste vayne. So tyme must an end have, when truthe shall remayn

The truthe dothe requyre you, to serve god the Lorde in spirite and truthe trulye, as truthe dothe recorde and not to discemle, in tyme of distresse wherby tyme should Tryumph, that truthe ye transgresse

The Marters amongst you, of late shed their bloode that truthe might his place keepe, the tyme they withstoode and other, not able, the tyme to withstand for truthes sake chuse gladlye, to leave their owne land [Fol. 164v]

Of these twoe as all ought, the first to begynne So lykewise the other to use, is no Synne thoughge death then so dread you, ye dare not abyde to serve tyme and flye not, ye seeme sore to syde

Wherefore yet be warned, yf tyme truthe gaynsaye to truthe trust you strongelye, and tyme disobaye So truth tyme withstand shall, let tyme do his best and you Raigne wthout tyme, wth truthe still in rest. finis

\[238\]

The dread of future foes exyle my present Ioy And wit mee warns to shunne soche snares as thretten myne annoy for fallshood now doth flow and subiects fayth doth ebbe which shold not bee yf reason rewld or Wydsome wove the webbe./

But clowds of Ioyes vntried, doth cloke aspiring minds Which turne to rage of late report, by chaunged course of minds The topps of hope suppose, the roote of Rue shalbee./ and fruteles of their graffed guile as shortlie yow shall see The dazeled eyes with pride, with great ambition blynde
shalbe vnsealld by worthie wights, whose foresight falshood fyndes
The daughter of Debate, that discord ay doth sow
Shall reape no gaine where former rule, still peace hath taught to know
No forrain banisht wight, shall ankor in this Port
Our Realm brooks no seditious sects, Let them elsewhere resort
My Rustie sword through rest, shall first his edge imploy To poll the topps that seekes such chaunge or gapes for further Ioy.

ffinis
Elizabetha
Regina./

[Fol. 165 is wanting.]

In youthfull yeares, when first my yonge desyres beganne to prick me forth to serve in Court, a slender tall yong man
my ffathers blessing then I ask'd vppon my knee
Whoe blessing me with trembling hand, theise words gan say to me
My Sonne god guyde thie wayes, and shield the from mischaunce and make thie just desertes in Courte, a poore estate t'advauce
but when thow art become one of the Courtly trayne thinc on this proverb olde, q'd he, that faire wordes make fooles fayne

This Counsell gravely geven, moste straunge appear'd to me
till trackt of tyme w't open eye, had made me playnly see what subtill sleightes are wrought, by painted tales device when hollow hartes w't ffrendly shewes, the symple do entice
to think all golde that shynes, to feede theire fond desyre Whose shyuiring colde warmed w't smoke, in steede of flamyng fyre
Sith talke of tickle trust, doth breed a hope most vayne thys proverb olde by proofe I fynde, that faire wordes make fooles faine

* 277 *
ffaire wordes alwaies do well, where deedes ensue fair wordes
ffaire speeche againe doth alway ill, that busses gives for burdes
Whoe happ to have faire wordes, to trie his luckie lott
yf I may counsell, lett hym stryke while the Iron is hott
but they that feede on cloddes, in steede of pleasant grapes
and after warning often geven, for better luck still gapes
ffull lothe I ame yet must I (tell) needes tell them in few wordes playne
this proverb olde by profe I fynde, that faire wordes make fooles fayne

Woe worth the tyme that wordes, so slowly proves to deedes
Woe worth the tyme that faire sweete flowres, are turn’d to rotten weedes
But thryse woe worth the tyme, that truth away is fledd
Wherin I see how symple hartes, w’t wordes are vaynlye fedd
trust no faire words therfore, where no deedes do ensue
trust wordes as Skilfull ffawlkeneres doe, trust hawkes that never flewe
trust deedes lett wordes be wordes, that never wrōught no gayne
Lett myne experience make thee wise, ffor faire wordes make fooles faine.

ffinis

[20]

[25]

[30]

[240]

[Fol. 166r]

The Subtile slylye slyghtes, that worldlye wittes do worck
the ffrendly shewes vnder whose shade, most craft doth often lurcke
enforceth me alas with yearly voice to saye
woe worth the wylye heads that seekes the symple mans decay

The bird that dreads no guile is sonest brought in snare
the gentle hart devoyd of craft, is sonest brought to care
good nature sonest trapt, w’th gives me caurse to say
woe worth the wylye heads that seekes the symple mans decay

• 278 •
I see the serpent vyle, that lurkes vnder the greene
How subtillie he shrowdes hym self that he may not be seen
I see his ffosters bane, his learing lookes bewray
woe worth the wylye heads that seekes the symple mans decay

Woe worth the ffawning lookes, on favo' that do waite
woe worth the ffayned ffrendly hartes, that harbours depe deceit
woe worthe the Vypers broode, oh thrise woe worth I say
all worldly wylye heads, that seekes the Symple mans decay

finis

Deeme all my deedes by dew desertes, wch shew foorth everie frute
and paise my wordes and prove my workes, and so estee me my sute
my truthe vntryed, bides my relyre, and brings me in dispaire
passe on saith hope, good luck may come, the weather may be faire

Passe not to ffast saith daunger than, for feare thie foote do slyde
of hastie speede great harmes do rise, as often hath bene tryde
Repentaunce comes ere men be ware, for want of perfett skill
Wherfore let wisdome rule thie raigne, and reason guyd thie will

Thus in my head a battaile is, betwixt my hope and dread
Hope pricks me forth, feare dryves me back, my ffancyes to proceed
Thoughe hope be farr above my happ, good luck may me advaunce and all this warr may be appeas'd, as all thinges have their chaunce

finis
[242]

Now Leave and lett me rest
dame pleasure be content
go chuse among the best
my doting dayes be spent
by Sondrie signes I see
thie proffers are but vayne
and wisdome warneth me
that pleasure asketh payne

And Nature that doth know
Her tyme, her stepps doth trye
gives place to paynfull woe
and bidds me learene to dye
Syns all faire earthlye thinges
Sone rype will sone be rotton
and all that pleasant springes
Sone withered, sone forgotton

And youth that yeldes new ioyes
that wanton lust desyres
in Age, repentes the toyes
that retcheles youth requyres
all whiche delightes I leave
to suche as follie traynes
by pleasures to deceyve
till they do feel the paynes

And for vayne pleasures past
I flye and fayne wold knowe
the happie lif at last
wherein I hope to goe
ffor wordes or wise reportes
nor yet examples gone
can brydle youthfull sportes
till age comes stealing on.

The pleasaunt courtlye games
that I did pleasure in
myne Elder yeares now shames
suche follies to begynne
and all the fantasies straunge
that fond delight brought forthe
I do entend to chaunge
and compt them nothing worth

[Fol. 167v]

[Fol. 167v]
Attend ye, goe play ye, my Love I am busye
my silke and twist, is yet vnsponne
my Ladye will blame me, if she do send for me
and fynd my work vndone
How then, how will it be sett me
shall I say Love did lett me
no, no, not fitly, it were no scuse for me
It were no scuse for me./

If Love were retayned, my Ioyes were reclaymed
my silk and seame wold take no hold
oft have I bene warned, by others prov’d learned
Hott wanton Love sone waxeth colde
goe now I say, nowe goe pyke the
or my needle shall prick the
Seeke out dame Idle
most meete for yo’ brydle
Well worth of blamyng for yo’ long detracting
all is in vayne that you have done
best for you be wandring, and vaunt of yo’ wynning
goe tell yo’ Dame what you have wonne
goe say, now say as than as I bad youe
that yo’ lytle dogg fancye
Lyes chaste without movinge
for feare of well beatinge

Now is this youthe wandring, the Ladies be working
dispatche a while, that you had done
the tyde will not tarrie, oft tymes it doth varie
the Daye doth passe I see the Sonne
and now amongest all faire flowers
Lett vs worke that is owers
Hartes ease
(Haste vs) and be merie
till oure needles be wearie
ffinis

[244]

Longer to prove ye, what may it availe me
ffor right well know ye, ye tolde it vnto me
Still for to love me, alone and no moe
but now ye haue deceavd me/ whoe wolde have thought soe
Your faire wordes caught me, and made me yo\'r mickell
but tyme hath taught me/ theire truthe is to tickell
Sence faithe is fickell/ and flitted you froe
your wa(s) is to brickell/ whoe wolde have thought soe
[ Fol. 168\']

Your great assuraunce, oft tymes did glad me
but the performance, thereof hathe made me
as reason bad me, to lett your love goe
With lies ye have leadd, whoe wold haue thought soe
Your ffaithe and trouthe, dothe flye as the wynde
I wolde be lothe, to chaunge that by kynde
could never yet fynde, in chaunge to saye hoe
I meane by your mynde/ whoe wolde have thought soe
Sence waxe nor wryting/ can certaine assure ye
nor Love nor lyking, can no waies allure ye
once to procure ye/ to staidnesse to growe
I can not endure ye/ I care not whoe knowe
Trusted well that I/ will never mistrust ye
I care not a flye/ goe love wheare it lust ye
ffor needes chaunge must ye, for waile or for woe
in that I moste trust ye/ whoe wold haue thought soe
ffare well vnstable/ for heare I forsake the
ture Love is not able trewe lover to make the
Wherfore I betake thee/ to them that can shewe
the waye how to breake thee/ where I doe not soe./
ffinis
ffalce may he be and by the powres above
never have he good speede or luck in love
that so can lye and spott the worthye fame
of her for whom thow lyer art to blame
ffor Chaste Dyane that Huntith still the chace
and all her maydes that sew her in the race
With faire bowes bent and Arrowes by their syde
Can say that thow in this hast falslye lyde
ffor never hong the bow vpon the wall
of Dianes Temple, nor ever did or shall
Of broken Chaste the sacred vowe to spott
of her whome thow dust, chardege I wot
but yt if ought be, whearof he blame may ryse
yt is in that she did not well advyse
to marke thee right, as now she doth thee know
ffalce of thie deede, falce of thie talke also
Lurker of kynde lyke Serpent layd to bight
As poyson hidd vnnder the Suger whight
what daunger suche so was the house defylde
Of Colatyne, so was the wyfe begylde
so smarted shee and by a Traytours force
the Carthage Queene so shee vndid her corce
So strangeld was the Rodapeiane mayde
ffye Traytour fye, to thye shame be it sayde
Thow donghill Crowe that Crok'st agayne the rayne
Home to thie hole, Cadge not with phebe agayne
Carrion for thee, and lothesome be thie foyse
thie song is fowle I wearye of thie noyse
Thie black feathers whiche are thie wearing weede
weett them with teares and sorrow for thie deede
and in dark caves, wheare yrksome wormes do creepe
Lurck thow all day, and flye when thow shuld'st sleepe
And never light wheare lyving thing hath life
but eate and drinck wheare stenche and filth is rife
ffor shee that is a fowle of feathers bright
Admytt she toke some pleasure in thie sight
As fowle of state somtymes delightes to take
ffowle of meane sorte, their flight with them to make
ffor play of wyng or Solace of their kynde
but not in sorte as thow doste breake thye mynd
not for to leade with suche fowle fowle as thow
no no I sweare and I dare it advowe
thow never sett thie foote within her nest
bozte not so brode then to thyne awne vnrest
but blusshe for shame for in thie face it standes
And thow canst not vnspot it with thie handes
for all the heavens agaynst thee recorde beare
And all the earthe agaynst thee to will sweare
That thow in this art even none other man
but as the Judges weare to Susan than
fforgers of that, whearto their Lust them prickt
Bashe blazer then, the truthe hath thee convickt
And shee a woman of her worthie fame
vnspotted standes and thow hast caught the shame
And theare I pray to god that it may rest
ffalce as thow art, as falce as is the best
That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man
in whome all trothe first florisht and began
And so hath stode till now thie wretched parte
hath spotted vs, of whose kinde wonne thow arte
That all the shame that ever rose or maye
of shamefull deed may light on thee I saye
and on thy kynde and thus I wishe the rather
that all thie seede may lyke be to their father
Vntrew as thow and forgers as thow art
So as all wee be blameles of thie parte
And of thie deed, and thus I do thee leave
Still to be falce/ and falslye to disseave

Honour is highe, and hard for to attayne
Enforcing hartes, of noble blood that bene
No deed to do, their statelye stock to stayne
Right race to ronne, no Reckles for to seeme
In Awntrus actes, as did Awcetours olde
Stowtlye to stand, the en'mye in the face
Trulye to serve, the prince as baron bolde
Allowing lesse the life, then royall race
Not fearinge foes, ne fortune in suche case
Loyall to be, and Lyberall also
En'mye to none, but suche as wold degrace
In evell sort, your Honour as a foe

• 284 •
Love Litt'rature, as Lamppe that lighteth all
Onlye eschewe, the ydle pathe to treads
Right Honour restes, wheare vertue governe shall    [15]
Delicate lyfe, lett women onlye lead       [Fol.] 170
Excell in all, that leadith vnto fame

Stryve with the least, more valyant for to be
Trew noblenes, Tryvmphethe in the same
Regarde your god in all felicitie    [20]
Ambicon abhor, that Ladye brutishe beast
Note well the end, of suche as so aspyre
Goe you that waye, your noble parentes prest

Ey well to serve, the state, was their desyre
Highe Honour thus, right well you shall defend       [25]
Sure so to lyve, vnstayned to the end

[247]
The Daughters deare of mightie Iove the great
Commaunded me all barren of suche skill
no tyme to tract but wryte withouten let
Suche lynes as they thearwith, my pen shuld fill
Her Royall race first to discryve aright    [5]
Her vertues then, eache one to putt in sight

Her noble lyne no stayned stock by kynde
Her blood moste rare that Brytayne forthe hath brought
Her Honour highe, suche fewe, or none to fynd
Her seemelye shape Dame nature so hathe wrought     [10]
This Paragon whose perfect molde thus made
theise bene her giftes, whiche can not fayle ne fade

A prudent head Dame Pallas perfect crest
A memorye so lyvelye quyck allwaye
A pearcinge eye, well iudging of the rest    [15]
A Sylent tongue, no trust that can bewraye

A sweete rownd face, with stayed countenance right
Wheare Vertue Raignes, Ioyned with bewtie bright

A blisfull brest wheare in in setlid sure
A hart from whence eache noble vertue flowes     [20]
A mynd so myxte, aye modest to endure       [Fol. 170°]
A hope so stronge, not fearing secret foes
A good desire, the quyet life to lead
not thirsting rule, ne vnder foote be tread

A fervent Zeale, humblie her prince to serve
A faithfull frend, wheare fast frindship she fyndes
A gratefull one, to suche as well deserve
As Ivye braunche, she frindshipp Lynckes and byndes
A constant Corps, in causes great or small
Whome frownes ne threattes, can move to ryse or fall

A hand whiche hates, that noysome nygardes craves
A deadlye foe vnto those mysers all
A Ruler of, that maketh moste men slaves
A grand mystres, making the same her thrall
A Ladye suche, straight laste, lykes not to be
A pityyefull one, to eache in their degree

A Courtyer suche, for curtesye and grace
As best besyttes, suche noble state to be
A furnyture, when as she comes in place
of worthie bloode, eache eye deemes her to be
A margaret Stone, most Straunge and rare of kynd
Whose vertues all, within her breast bene shrynde

Wheare with alas, the muses then me lefte
the vglye black, and they could not agree
bothe Pen and style, from me by force berefte
in naked sorte, me seemed so to be
tyll I espyed, that state amyd the throng
to whome was sent, by me theise muses song

ffinis

[248]
The mightie Macedon king, tooke in good part
the poore mans gifte, whiche he gave with good hart

[249] [Fol.] 171

Deus venerunt gentes: spal. lxxix

Heare David doth Crye out of those
that Christ his Churche doth spoyle and waste
The Argument The Martyres blood he doth disclose
Wisshing Revendge and that in haste
Oh, god the Heathen people vyle thyne owne enheritaunce entred are thy Hollye Temple they defyle And fills Jerusalem full of Care

The boddies of thie servantes good they daylye geve flewles of the ayre the brute beastes bathen in their blood with terrible teethe them all to teare

Their Sacred blood Lord thus is shedd Lyke Ryvers Running on eache syde that in thy Cittye lardge of bred to burye their Corps none dare abyde

So that alas wee are become an open shame vnto our foes A very scorne to all and some of forren Realmes whiche scarce vs knowes

But lord how long how long I saye Shall dure this iust plage of thyne Ire shall this thie Ielosye burne for aye as Coales of hote consumyng fyre

Thyne indignacōn and sharpp Rodd vppon suche people powre it forthe as thynkes thee not their onlye god ne yet esteemes thie name ought worthe for they oh god, theise gluttons great Devoured have thie Iacob cleane whose wombes insaciate daylye freat to see thie monumentes yet remayne

Oure old Synnes Lord sence we repent fforgeat o god and that in haste Least this thie most sharpp ponishement thye hole elect consume and waste

Then Lord aryse and that in tyme ffor the great glorye of thie name Delyver those in paynes that pyne Whoe gladlye wolde set forth thye fame

And stop the mowthes of such as say wheare is their god whiche is their god with the humble hartes oh, Lord we praye prepare for them a new thie rodd

• 287 •
That in owre dayes it may be said
Looe, how the Lord revengid hase
the sacred blood by tyrannites shedd
of suche as truly trode his trace

The Sorowfull Sighinges of all suche
as for thie sake in fetters lye
Delyver Lord and graunt this moche
them to presarve appoynted to dye

But as for those that wicked band
Whiche daylye doe blaspheame thie name
Lord stryke them with thie mightie hand
Even seven folde to their open shame

Then shall thye lytle flock of shepe
Reioyce and lawd thie name anew
thye pastours good when they vs kepe
then shall we geve the prayses dewe./

ffinis

[250]

Scarse can I me refrayne/ from teares when I thinck
on
Kinge Pryams Sonne that paris hight/ alas I sighe
I grone
When I thinck how that hee/ out of troy towne gan
passe
to the fforest whiche Ida hight/ in evill howre alas
but suche was his hard happ/ as he full well might say
ffor to encontre Ladies three/ who willed hym to stay
And that he wold attend/ indifferntly to heare
the roote and cause of that their strife/ as playnly
shall appeare
and then as rightuous iudge/ to frame his iudgement
just
According vnto truthe and right/ and not after his lust
Wheare to Paris did swere/ by the hollye Palladium
His truthe and honour not to stayne/ what so heare
after come

Ivno/ Then spake here Ivno thus/ thow worthie Parys
beholde
the only cause of all our strife/ this apple heare of
goolde
whiche Jupiter hath throwne/ in sudden among vs three
and eke aboute the same is wryte(n)/ in greeke as thow
mayst see
that who so fayrest is/ shuld hit possesse and have
thus have I tolde to thee the cause/ of our contenc~
grave
And for my parte I sweare/ yf thow it geve to me
in all king pryams howse of Troy/ none shall be lyke
to thee
In honour to exalte/ thye name above the rest
for to compare with Hercules/ I promes thee at least
This gift now I thee geve/ if thow graunt my request
ells contrarye thic foe for aye/ still seking thyne vnrest
Pallas/
With sober sylent voice/ the prudent pallas than
vnto this kinges sonne gan she speake/ and thus her
tale began
Have heare the greatest gift/ that thow canst now devyse
an understanding hart receave/ and eke suche Sapient
eyes
Whearwith thow shalt discearne/ eache thing vnder the
sonne
the good the badd and eke foresee/ suche happ as yet
to come
with quyetnes to daunte/ thie en'myes at thie will
thye conquest shalt thow overcome/ thoughe thow at
home sitt still
Thie foe men shall thee feare/ thie frendes shall love
thee best
when they shall see suche wisdome sheene/ in thee
above the rest
Suche blisfull benefyttes/ geves wisdome by her might
Whiche gifte is thyne yf that thow frame/ thie
judgement now aright
but yf thow it refuse/ and seeme me to deprave
this Iuell shalt thow lose for aye/ thoughe thow
full oft it crave
With smyling cheere then spake/ to hym now last
Vens
Veno the lyvelye goddesse of love/ as men her clepe
and call
With fyled tongue all new/ and sugred wordes all sweete
To Paris shee peticon makes/ in wordes as ye shall
weete
Oh Paris thow kinges sonne/ thow know'st how that the
greekes
faire Ixion, thye Awnte they forste/ with teares vppon
her cheekes
And how the noble king/ Laomedon they slewe
And Razid Troye eache stone from stone/ oh Paris
this is trewe
Now to revendge the same/ yf that thow list thow shall
ffor of all greece now I thee geve/ the fayr'st Ladye
of all
Her to enioye and have/ whyle (that) that thie life
shall last
Loe, when thow list her to enbrace/ she shall be thyne
in haste
ffor Paris this I say/ yf thow her once behylde
Resistance weare there none at all/ but streight thie self
to yelde
And brieflye to conclude/ her feiture to discryve
Was never earthlye eye yet saw/ one half so faire a lyve
But Lord who so had seene/ poore Paris chaunged cheere
Wolde sure have said and sworne also/ that Helene
had bene there
So sone this goddesse wordes/ toke roote within his hartt
that now the braunches gan to budd/ whiche showes of
love the artt
His coulour comes and goes/ now pale and wan of hew
and streight a blusshe the blood doth bringe/ and
staines his cheekes anew
The bottome of his hart/ now for a sighe he sought
wyth forcid smyling gan he cloke/ the same and seem'd
he laught
Whiche when dame Venço I saw/ with her attentyfe eye
To paris stright without delaye/ for judgement gan
she crye
And he resolvid sone/ no pawzing puttes in vre
but to dame Venço gan he give/ the golden Apple pure
And said she did as farr/ excell in bewtie bright
the other twayne, as doth the Sonne/ the Loode mans
starr in light
Loe, what desyre hath done/ and lust that lothsome
beast
Whoe chaced hath honour away/ and wysdome from
that feast
but blynded bene they soe/ wheare lust doth sowe her seedes
that honour theare and wisdome bothe/ are plucked vpp as weedes
but lowde dame fame hath blowen/ the trompp of this fowle deede
Whiche Cawsed Troyes distruction/ and all king Pryams seeede./

ffinis

[251]

Not she for whom e prowde Troye did fall and burne
The Greekes eke slayne, that bloddye race did ronne
nor she for spight that did Acteon turne
in to a hart, her bewtie coye to shoon
nor she whose bloodd vpon Achilles Tombe
was spreit, whose face wolde tame a Tygers hart
Nor she that wanne by wyse of Parys dome
The Apple of golde, for bewtie to her parte
Nor she whose eyes, did pearce true Troylus brest
and made hym yeld that knew in love no lawe
Might be compared to .N. N. fairest and best
whome nature made to kepe the rest in awe
for bewties sake sent downe from heaven above
thryse happie he, that can attayne her love

ffinis

[252]

Syns thought hath leave to thinck at least
and tongue and tyde may ofte offend
Tongue holde thie peace, so is it best
for thought is free and so an end

ffinis

[253]

You halting howres that passen all to slowe
thow sluggishe tyme at my desire to slack
oh doutfull dark that all to straite I tro
hath tyed the horse of phebus to the rack
Thow lothesome night I saye my mortall foe
that shrowdes myne eyes with Mantell all to black

• 291 •
thow lamppe or hell whear in no light doth shoe
that doste witholde my moste desyre a back
Woe be the tyme that ever I did the know
in vayne so ofte that makes me tell the clock
duste thow not heare the Cock how he doth crowe
to call the light whiche thow doste holde a back
Wolde god I had, the powre thee for to throe
deepe downe in hell, among the devells black
then shuld'zt thow not disturbe me thus I troe
in restles bedd that nought can do but wake
Goe sell thie darck with all thye clowdes Arooe
to Sleepie men with burdens on their back
that the dawning day with phebus helpp among
May shew me that whiche thow hast hyd so long

Sone highe, sone Lowe, sone Ryche, sone poore
Sone faire, sone fowle, sone sweete, sone sowre
Sone got, sone spent, sone wonne, sone lost
Short lyfe, sone death, small gayne moche cost

My lyfe, is stryfe my ease, disease, a frind, a foe,
    my myrthe is woe
    No peace, but payne, ffor all is vayne/

Who so that lyst to note well this
shall fynd it true by profe at length
A Ryver that devyded ys
in Sondrye streames can have no strength
A Tree remov'de from place to place
can take no roote to bring forthe frute
the hound that hunttes and hawntes eache chace
is wearye sone and leaves his sute
The waxe that everye pryntt doth take
as lyghtlye loseth it agayne
what neede I more examples make
Syns that all these be true and playne
and so of force it must ensue
the contrarye to be as true

ffinis

[Fols. 174 and 175 are wanting.]

[257]

An Epitaphe

In ioye thow arte, for whom I Sorowe sore
Once offrid vpp, thow hast suche Sacrifice
Not to returne heare for to taste more woe
Enioye sweete soule, eache ioye above the skyes
As heare thow wast, A Paragon eache waye
Leading in hand, dame vertue at thie will
Envyous earth, still gaping for suche pray
Infringinge faith, thow didst that glutton fill
Never agayne, on earthe I shall thee see
Ever I hope, in blisse withe thee to be
   Touche Lord my Sowle let it to her assend
   Life so to have, whiche never shall have end

ffinis

[258]

Remember well from whome ye have
Your gifte of tongue and connyng style
and whoe within your head did grave
those wittye things ye fordge and fyle
Concyder eke whoe made the molde
whearin you toke suche shape and hew
as nature cannot be controlde
ffor any thing shee wrought in you
And sence shee fram’dye you for a shryne
wheare vertue shuld bothe lodge and rest
Spott not your giftes whiche be devyne
With any vice but it detest
so guyde your life in godlye wayes
that of his gifte he may have prayes

ffinis

• 293 •
Th’argument
Vnto his wyfe that blisfull dame
He tellethe all when he home came

When Cancer creapt was out of sight/ and Leo ledd the race
to sfrithe and sforest went eache wight/ the doune deare for to chace

The ratling hornes Acteons men/ the well mowth’d houndes with all
the brayeng beastes suche noyse made then/ as heaven to earth wold fall
The prince on pleasaunt palfrey pight/ prick over dale and downe
the hudge Hart foremost followes in sight/ and wynnes thearyb renownme

The Ladies brave the lyke not seene/ in glymsing glitt’raunt golde
eache to the symple seemde a queene/ or nymphe not made of molde
all mounted theare full fayre in sight/ their startling steedes gan strayne
after their mystres with all might/ they gallop gan amayne

Diana hight this princelye dame/ so her chaste lif doth shoe
to Ivnoes feastes none can her frame/ the sole life lykes her soe
on whome eache eye stode theare in gaze/ eache eare her wordes to heare
eache marshall knight she coulde amaze/ yf she chaunged but cheare
all theise in chace this noble thronge/ in troopes they trudge apace
nought may this royall hart attayne/ save death to be his grace
The mote is blowen, the deare is deade/ the prince doth take the say
the keper Cabadge can the head/ thearwith to make the baye
all this is done the prynce retyres/ towards her statelye Courte
the noble hartes whome Cupid fyers/ gan eache to other resorte
Devysing of their Iolye woes/ the same how to recure
and theare in spight of all their foes/ the one of other sure
ffor when the pleasaunt planett raygnes/ and her sweete
signe so fixt
by fyve wyse wordes their growes more gaynes/ then
seven years sute plixt
Then said I thus can none obtayne/ of fortune now the grace
Suche happ to have, suche tyme to gayne/ dyana to purchace
What have I said he sittes above/ that hath her hart in hand
none saw I theare, whose durst her move/ but humbly
a loofe to stand
Save wyse and worthie Counsellours/ whoe came when they weare calld
Seeming in sight suche senatours/ whyllom in Rome ystalld
And to the rest suche goodly grace/ and sweete wordes gan she geve
the whiche whoe heard and saw her face/ might only by those lyve
Thus sprinckled was eache honest hart/ with holy halowid wordes
I, well contentid did departe/ wheare thronge ne thrust disturbes
Home to my homlye Cribb I came/ and said what [Fol.] 177
I had seene
Vnto my best beloved dame/ Cryeng god save the queene./
ffinis

[260]
The ffrancklyn fyndeth all alone
an Aged man a Seemelye one
The Argument Whoe piteouslye thear did bewayle
His long tyme spent without avayle
This royall hunting ended thus/ on whiche I chattid lowde
And eke so long till morpheus/ me vnder wyng could shrowde

• 295 •
God Tytan in the Orient/ vprysen was degrees
Whiche when I saw my self yshent/ the morning so to leese
No thriftie poynct of husbandrye/ by said Chadd said I thoe
to heare the lytle larkes so hye/ and I not forthe ygoe
To fforest thoe I farde in hast/ one lost sheepe hear to fynd
and as my care a syde I cast/ amazed in my mynd
Suche sudeyne Sorowe prickt me tho/ suche feare eache vayn could fill
My combred Corps full freight with woe/ to heare a voice so shrill
Downe in a dale whearto I ranne/ wheare as I might behold
vnder a Tree an aged man/ this wofull tale me tolde
with wringinge handes and watrye eyes/ his lockes on shulders lay
ffor sighes, for sobbes, for carefull cryes/ one worde scarce could he say
Att length he said, oh husband man/ thow happyste wight of all
that in securitie leve can/ when mighttie princes fall
That blooddie beastes ambiçn/ bredd never in thie brest the homlye howse wheare thow doste wonne/ content’st thee wth moche rest
Assured of an honest stey/ ne want’st thow clothe ne foode
Aye able for to pitche and pay/ bothe for thie coate and hood
Whear as no Curssed Courtiers lyve/ in hope consumyng tyme
gaping for gnattes nought ells they geve/ for service now in fyne
A howse thow haste, I neuc none/ this horye head to hyde
Yet have I fortie yeares and one/ my tyme in Courte ytryde
Without reward, save in my youth when Lybrall lorde did lyve
whose promes ever prov’d a truthe/ then freely wold they geve
but now alas suche as do sarve/ about the state eache howre
their sutes so colde at poynt to sterue/ ne taste they sweete
but sowre
Save those now plumed peacock lyke/ in sondry
coulours quaynt
Whoe fynely can their feathers pyke/ whose fyled
tongues can paynt
the black Crowe whyte, and say the swaine more [Fol. 177v]
swifte than swalloe flew
the fowle falce stork extoll he can/ above the Turtle trewe
The prating pye, so can they prayse/ now prudent for
to be
the Coward kyte at all assayes/ more franck than fawlcon
free
to hunt with hound and hold with hare/ at all tymes
theise bene bolde
in one hand fyre full hote to beare/ in thother water
colde
ne blussheth theise this wicked arte/ to practyse now
forgayne
whear natures good of honest hart/ will rather losse
sustayne
I love be my iudge thow francklyn faire/ I have thee told
but truth
whearfore home to thie ploughe repayre/ and also see
thie youth
to Court seeldome see that they come/ least vayne sight
theare they see
in youth to roist it out as some/ in age prove lyke to me
more said he not, saving fare well/ this faire olde aged
man
my children learnes his wordes to spell/ putt 'geather as
they can

finis

[261]
The ffrancklyn gaynst hym doth replye
Proving his cause meere destenye
Argument
Els losse of tyme he sayth is all
Whye suche in myserye do fall

When I had heard his tale to end/ and all that he could
saye
I hym fayre frayned as a frend/ a space with me to staye

· 297 ·
So shuld he heare without delay/ my self gayne hym replye
In playne plat Contrey tearmes nott gay/ sett rolling
Reth’rick bye
Then Curteslye he came me neare/ requearing me to tell
my tale to end as you shall heare how then rang my rude bell

I well perceave quod I thie greif/ and myserye is moche
yet dust thow cleaneforgeat in cheefe/ the cause thearof
to toche
Whearas thow rashlye run’st away/ as hownd hunting
at gaze
blamyng eache wight for want of stey/ whearby thow might’st amaze

My selfe thoughhe symple yet I see/ whearas the fault
doth rest
In pervers fortune, ells in thee/ in one of bothe at least
ffor once syr Tyme that golden god/ whose heares sheene
as the Šonne
with smyling cheere gave the a nodd/ and bad the to
hym come
with busye Cure if thow as than/ of hym had taken holde
then truly haddest thow playd the man/ but now thow
all to olde
to follow hym that flyes so fast/ and never standith still
whose Clock once smote thye houre is past/ then voyd of
reasons skill
fforthe didest thow marche to swifte a pace/ wth reckles
youthie to flye
Eache vayne delight for to enbrace/ whyles happie tyme past bye
Oh tyme so past now sans recure/ ne mayst thou geat
agayne
Thoughe Nestors dayes thow didest endure/ thie...[Fol.] 178
hope weare but in vayne
so see I stamped in thie face/ thowgh barren bene my
skill
How fortune fowle with mightie mace/ makes thee
retyre still
beating thee back with Churlishe check/ from piller then
to post
Sith thow camest not to Tyme at beck/ her favour had’st
thow lost
Yea, though the merites might deserve great guerdon
so to have
while this vile goddess stondes to Carve/ in vayne still
shalt thow crave
for so the Rolling heavens roynne/ and eke the starres
on hye
Suche fatall threede so have they sponne/ whose domes
none can denye
Then for thy parte blame no estate/ when thow in
furye fall
but blame in fyne thye owne fowle fate/ as chief cause
some and all
And heare one proverb by the waye/ on whiche all doth
depend
Happ well and thow shalt have well aye/ Loe thus my
tale I end

finis

[262]
The prayse of six gentle Women attending of the
Ladye Elizabeth her grace at Hatfield then./

The great Dyana, chaste
in forest late I mett
who me commaunded in haste
to Hatfield for to geatt
And to you Sixe a rowe
her pleasure to declare
How she meanes to bestow
on eache a gift most rare

ffyrst doth she geve to Grey
the ffawlcons Curtesse kinde
her Lord for to obay
with moste obedient mynde
ffraught with suche vertues rare
his love aye to renew
with Tysbe to compare
Or, Alsyon most trew

To worthye willobe
As Egle in her flight
So shall her pærcing eye
bothe heale and hurt eache wight

* 299 *
that shall vpon her gase
Shall sone perceyve I see
A Lawra, in her face
And not a Willobe

To Markhams, modest mynde
that Phenixe bird most rare
So have the godes assynde
with Grysyld to compare
Oh, happie twyse is hee
whome Love shall do the grace

to lynck in vnytie
that blissfull to enbrace

To Norwyche good and grave
Suche Sapient eares is send
As prudent Serpents have
the Charmer to defend
with knowledge in foresight
of suche thinges yet to come
As had Cassandra bright
Whoe tolde of Troye the dome

ffor Seintloe doth she say
So stable shall shee stand
as rock within the sea
or hudge hill on the land
dye rather with the mace
ffrom mightie Hercules hand
then once her truth degrace
yf she theare in do stand

If Skypwith shuld escape
Without her gift most rare
Dyana wold me hate
and fill my life with care
syns in her Temple chaste
full highe vpon the wall
her bowe thear hangith fast
vnbroke and ever shall

Thus have I shewid you all
this worthie goddesse will
Who hath decreed you shall
as her owne ympps lyve still

[25]
[30]
[35]
[40]
[45]
[50]
[55]
[60]
long in suche sacred sort 
whearof dame fame shall bloe 
suche trumppe of true reporte 
as through the earth shall goe: 

finis

1 Lines 52-63 are written in parallel columns at the top of folio 179v. The second column begins with line 59. No. 263 following is not so divided.

[263]

Of Purgatori

The Sowles that lacked grace 
whiche lye in bitter payne 
are not in suche a place 
as foolyshe folke do fayne

Tormented all with fyre 
and boylde in skalding lead 
with serpentes full of yre 
stungg oft from foote to head

Then cast in frozen pyttes 
to freese theare certen howres 
and for theise paynfull fittes 
appointed tormentours

No no it is not so 
theire Sorrow is not suche 
and yet they have of woe 
I dare saye twyse as moche

Whiche comes because they lack 
the sight of the goddhed 
and are from that put back 
whearwith Angells be fedd

This thing know I by love 
through the absence crueltie 
whiche makes me for to prove 
Hell payne before I dye

Theare is no tongue can tell 
my thowsandt part of care 
there may no fyre in hell 
with my desyre compare
No boiling lead can passe
my scalding sighes in heate
nor snake that ever was
with stinging can so great

A trew and tender hart
as my thoughtes dayly do
syth I know not but smart
and that whiche longes therto

O Cupide Ven> Sonne
as thou hast shewed thie might
and hast this conquest wonne
now end the same a right

Beholding heare this slave
contentid with all this
So helpp me soone to have
my perfect earthlye blyssse

ffinis

Soyled in Synñes o lord/ a wretchid synfull ghoost
to the I crye to the I sew/ that shewest of mercyes most
Whoe can me helpp but thou/ in whome all helpp doth rest
my synne is more than man can mend/ and that thou
know'st it best
on whome then shall I call/ to whome shall I make mone
sence man is mightlesse synñe to cure/ I seeke to the alone
In the I know all might/ and powre eke dothe remayne
and at thye hand I am well sure/ mercye I shall obtaine
Thy promesse can not fayle/ wheare in I me repose
to the alone ells to no man/ my hart will synne disclose
The synner thou dost save/ no saviour ells I fynde
thow only satisfied hast/ for the synnes of all ma n
the sacrifise wherof/ is offred once for aye
whearyby mans synne for Adams gylt/ thy favour toke awaye
and by thie death alone/ mankinde restored is
there was no meanes mercy for man/ to geatt for hym
but this
ffor thou hast mercy bought/ if man by thee will crave
and he that seekes by other meanes/ small mercy might he have
Thye blood hath bought my sowle/ and bootithe all my bale
and not mans workes nor chaunted charmes/ devised by Mamons dale
Whearfore to the o Lord/ for mercye do I call
Lett not my synnes consume me cleane/ and I damnep to fall
the merytes of my workes/ weare they never so iust
I cleane forsake and them resigne/ to suche as in them trust
Thow syttest wheare thow seist/ our workes both all and some
the secreat thoughtes of everye hart/ before thy judgement come
Shall I then plead my workes/ thow knowest them better then I
forgeat them lord I clayme them not/ for mercye do I crye
Have mercye on me Lord/ forgeve my trespass wrought and from henceforth the graunt me thie grace/ to guyd my deede & thought
That all my workes may shew/ dew glorye vnto the that heaven and earth and all there in/ may yeld the praise for me
for wheare as ought is done/ by man after thy will that worke is thyne, and thyne the prayse/ man can do nought butyll
ffor I my selfe do know/ in me is nought but synne in synne I walke in synne I rest/ in synne I did begynne
And have I not thie grace/ to synne agayne I shall without thie helpp so weake I am/ no choyce in me but fall
wherefore graunt me o lord/ thy grace that I may haue thy faithfull promesse is to geve/ it them in faith do crave
Of mercye and of grace/ my faith doth me assure and by thy death to have at lengthe/ the blisse that shall endure
ffinis

\* 303 *
In dumppes but late wheare as I laye/ my fortune was to fynde
Suche fancyes as my carefull thought/ had brought in to my mynd
and whan eache one was gone to rest/ full softe in bedd to lye
I wolde have sleapte but than the watche/ did follow still myne eye
And Suddenlye even theare I sawe/ a Sea of Sorrowes prest
whose wicked waves of sharpp repulse/ bredd my vnquyet rest
I saw the world and how it went/ eache state in his degree
how sone from wealth ofte graunted is/ both lyfe and lybertie
I saw how envie yet died raigne/ and bare the greatest price
Yett greater poysone is not fownde/ within the Cokatrice
I saw also how that disdayne/ oft tymes to fordge moche woe
gave some the Cuppe of bitter sweete/ to pledge the mortall foe
I saw also a thing moste strange/ how nature did forsake the blood that in the wombe was wrought/ as dothe the lothed Snake
I saw also how that desyre/ to rest no place could fynde but still constrayn'de an endles Payne/ to followe natures kynde
I saw how fancye wold retayne/ no longer then she lust and as the wynde how she doth chaunge/ and is not for to trust
I saw how stedfastnes dyd fliye/ with winges of often chaunge a bird but seldom sene trulye/ her nature is so strange
I saw our tyme howe it did ronne/ as sand oute of the glasse
even as eache houre appointed is/ from tyme and tyde to passe
I saw how that the lyttle Antt/ in Sommer still did ronne to seeke her foode wheare by to lyve/ in wynter for to come
I saw wheare Atrapose did sytt/ the threed of lyfe to spynne
Whiche shoethe the end of everye worke/ before it doth begynne
I saw how pleasaunt tymes did passe/ as flowers in the mead
to day that Ryseth redd as Rose/ to morowe lyeth deade
I saw a lofte vppon the wheele/ Honour in highe estate
Whose wretched end most eyes behelde/ loe, heare his fynall fate
The happyste man theare saw I then/ who sought no greedy gayne
but with his calling was content/ delighting in the meane
I saw and heard the dolefull crye/ of people in the land
how wickednes the world gan wylde/ and had the vpper hand
In place of iudgement theare I sawe/ with fearce and cruell moode
wheare wrong that blooddye beast was sett/ drincking the giltles bloode
and when all theise with many moe/ I saw moste perfectlye
in me my thought eache one had wrought/ A perfect propertie
Then sighing said I thus o lord/ at thye moste dreadfull dome
When Riche and poore bothe good and bad/ before thie seat shall come
Thow lyke a iust and rightuous iudge/ there shalt rewarde eache wight
according as he heare hath wrought/ to darknes ells to light
Thus all the night I did devyse/ whyche way I might constrayne
to forme a plott that witt might worke/ theise braunches in my brayne

ffinis

[266]
When Phebus gan hym self assend
Above the planettes seven
ffrom Cancer gan his hart descend
the highest signe in heaven

• 305 •
I meane in Iune that iolye Moone
as in my wonted guyse
the day appeareth not so sone
but with the Larke I ryse

And forthe I go vnto my folde
My good sheepe for to see
but when I fynd both yong and olde
Lorde then I make good glee

And on my myskyns lowde as bell
I pypen dyvers wayes
Appollo never pypte to well
Ne pan for all his prayes

And ofte at noone a nappe I take
those dayes so longe they bene
that I could sleepe and never wake
My dreames so pleasaunt seeme

Yet wonder haue I new
how in my sleepe I see
the things that earst I never knew
Suche farleys falls to me

As now but late me seemed I was
In the Courte of a kinge
Wheare lowde was blowen Trompettes of brasse
whhiche made the hole earthe ringe

ffull highe on stage I sawe one stand
and Lowde these wordes he sayde
that Ladye pleasure was at hand
Her self that seemelye mayde

Whiche wordes no soner endid was
but forthe this goddesse came
eache wight that her behelde alas
his hart she gan enflambe

Dame pleasure hath proclamyd this
that who so can her geate
He shall be hers and she be his
now luckye man to lott

Mownted full highe on starting steed
Came Courage first in place
thinking by meane of marciall deede
Dame pleasure to purchase
Enflamed new appeared Lust
whome ofte she did enbrace
Lamenting moche she might not trust
that Chaungelyng in suche case

Labour lost no tyme at all
but busye aye was he
and longest tyme had bene her thrall
yet sckornde she hym to se

ffull woode was Envye with the rest
that did before hym goe
Whose boyling hart within his brest
Pleasure did never knoe

fforthe Came Ielosye pale and wān
Sownde sleepe yet sleept he never
Whome pleasure gave to guerdone than
in woe to lyve for ever

Dyligence at hand was aye
he lothed Losse of tyme
yet sighing sore oft gan he say
dame pleasure was to fyne

Theare saw I falce disceapt alas
with pleasure often rownded
 till she espyed his doble face
and all his falshead fownd

Dread theare durst not shew his face
So worthie a wight to wynne
Ne yet dispayre but said alas
his woe was to begynne

Of Symple Sowles theare saw I stand
thowsandes arayde in black
who wolde had pleasure by strong hand
but power putt them a back

Whose Lowring lookes and frowning cheere
made pryde to stoope full loe
his presence fild eache wight with feare
their duties for to knowe

To whome dame pleasure oft tymes spake
ne weare his fewming fell
that Lord she wold never forsake
but aye with hym to dwell
With Ryvelyd face and horye head
Myne eye gan one discover
his Cheekes full thynne, gone was the red
He Loked lyke no Lover

Whose name I willed one to tell
Rychesse said he ever
in fayth a straunger wheare I dwell
my self yet knew hym never

Was never Iuell half so cleare
yet fownd in Orient
Ne of Arabia gold to deare
dame pleasure to present

Who freely doth receave the same
and Rychesse promes makes
After his lust her lyke to frame
and hym by hand she takes

Thus rychesse hath the rest berefte
and worldly pleasure wonne
in passing ioye theare I them lefte
and so my dreame was done

And I retourned to my Cote
as well content in mynd
as hym that Rulith all Ewrope
or as the king of Inde

[267]
No wight hym self happie can call
Before the end whiche shewith all

The Sheening season heare to some
the glorye great eaven of dew right
Renowned fame throughe fortune wonne
the glytt’ring goolde the eyes delight
the censuall lyfe aye seemyng sweete
the hart with ioyfull dayes replete
the thing theare to eache wight is thrall
the happie end exceadith all

The merrye meane who so can hytt
that stable state ay standing sure

· 308 ·
the chaste wyfe by thie syde to sytt whose vertuse may thy love assure suche faithfull frendes as for to trust treasure, to serve, but none to rust theise guiftes moste rare they vanyshe shall the happye end exceedith all

The hardie hartes that mars doth sarve When blooddye battaills ioyne in fight the fyrye strokes for to desarve the Lawrell greene even of due right the Coward knightes turning their backes the Victour, of his Conquest crackes the Valyaunt to the Varlett thrall the Happie end exceedith all

The Symple Soule that toylethe still by sweatt of browes to eate his bread of VenÆ Lawes hath he no skill ne Bacchus trobleth nought his head eache golden hall he doth detest his Thackyd howse hym lyketh best Yf Contentacon hym be fall His happie end exceedith all

In Ceasers seate who lyst to sytt with Bodkins brought to shamefull end Catoes Cunning and his witt that with dispaire durst not contend Hercules honour, and yett be brentt Ryche as Cresus, in Orientt whome Syrus made to serve as thrall the happye end exceedith all

Over thye head now dothe depend Hanging by Subtylle twyned threede Immortall fame whiche dothe assend vpp to the Starrs who so can reede Tells contrarye, for aye suche shame As Crewell Nero had by name So that no wight happie I call before the end whiche shewith all finis

Nemo felix ante obitum:-
Muse ye no whytt at all
though I some Sorrow shoe
my cheekes although they fall
my black heares long doth groe
the Turtle this he knoe
when he his make doth mysse
remayneth still in woe
tyll she returned ys

So I that wonted was
my faithfull frend to see
eache daye with open face
whiche best contented me
hath fortune frowardlye
a sonder sett vs twayne
wheare shee in paynes doth lye
and I in woe remayne

Ne weare the hope I have
of that her short retourne
moche better weare the grave
then thus alyve to mourne
save when the hylls I hent
I may desarne with eye
the place whearto she went
[Fol.] 184
and wheare that sweete doth lye

Wheare as I wishe me ofte
that lyefsome sight to see
thoughe weare the wyndes a loft
in moste extreamytie
the night never so black
 suche fyrye leven fall
 ne dreadfull Thonder crack
sholde seeme no lett at all

But lybertie I lack
as she full well doth knoe
by slaund'rous tongue put back
that Serpent faire to shoe
I meane suche wicked tongues
as do delight to tell
more then to truthe belonages
they never yet said well

• 310 •
Yett wold I well they wist
the good will that I owe
ys Cloked with no myst
but cleare it self doth shoe
thoughe I ought for the best
wrought cleane agaynst my will
Seemynge for to deteste
the thing I lovid still

Yet know I well that she
as constant is and sure
As was Penelope
Whoe ten yeares did endure
Absent from Vlixes
Who laye before Troye towne
in Campe as storyes sayes
With Greekes of great renowne

So yf Vlixes lett
shuld chase me from her sight
I know her hartt so sett
to chaunge she hath no might
and for my part I saye
When myghtie Mowntaynes move
then shall my faith dekaye
and falce she shall me prove

But yf through spightfull foes
She nott retourne agayne
Or Crewell Atropose
do Cutt the threede in twayne
Then with the Swymmyng Swanñe
moste sweetlye shall I synge
Wellcome my death as than
I wishe none other thinge

finis

To this my songe if you geve eare
what I do thincke shall playne appeare
and synce youe meane the knott to knitt
so sure that it shall never slyppe

A love that is on vertue grounded
can by no fortune be confounded

. 311 .
nor yet be found in any lacke
till death hath brought you bothe to wrak

Suffyse your self if that you fynde
a worthie head a constant mynde
a faithfull hart and full of Love
whome ye can Love all other above

ffor with suche one ye may be sure
a pleasant life for to endure
duringe the date of all their dayes
a wittie wight will not displease

ffor wittie heads do seldome want
a constant mynde, love is constant
a faithfull hart is frindlye still
and love convertes bothe in one will

And wheare as twoe in one agree
there must needs be felicitie
for twoe, ne one, of will and mynde
ys that one flesshe that god diffynde

So that this is the knott a right
whiche to vndoe no man hathe might
and all the rest but worldlye bandes
whiche oft we see full slypper standes

O happie knott when it is knitt
so fast that it can never flytt
whiche is no band but Lybertie
wheare god hath grafte suche amytie

That either thinkes them selves at ease
when that they may the other please
and take it as a world at wyll
for to enioye eache other styll

And if that fortune chaunce to lower
that is not sweete to bothe, is sower
So that they parte indifferentlye
bothe weale and eke adversytie

And compforte them all wayes in this
that they are bothe eache others blysse
and have a full felicitie
as long as they to gether bee
Whiche no myschaunce can undermyne
till deathe the threede of lyf vntwyne
O happie folkes and fortunate
that lyve in suche a ioyfull state

Where everye care is cured streight
with gentle wordes and loving sleight
with merrye meales and quyet rest
and all thinges taken to the best

This is the knott of gods devyce
This is the earthlye paradyce
more full of Ioye then I can say
that never went the ioyfull way

But Mammons Marriage Cladd in care
I will no parte therof declare
whiche is so full of Myserye
of discorde and of Ielosye

Of brawling, stryffe and deadlye hate
of weeping, wayling rathe and late
of woe and Sorrow ever more
of Sobbing sighes all way in store

Of locking in the Chambre fast
of fainte accord with that is past
of wishning oft within the grave
of Ronning fast the lyf to save

And how the ffrendes be after sent
when all to late for to repent
of parting and Devorcing bothe
to wryte therof my pen doth Lothe

I have no Incke is black ynoughe
for to discryve so fowle a sloughe
but leave it of, for them to tell
that wryte of all the Payne of hell

And wishe that you may never know
the feathers of so fowle a Croe
but that your choyce and chaunce may be
to lyve in pleasaunt Unytye

Where vertue Rules and love is Lord
whiche lyncketh fast all good accord
and maketh bitter things full sweete
and workes of blysse when Lovers meete

And all thinges easye for to beare
this is a pleasant lyf to weare
Heare have I sett before youre face
A dongeon and a pleasaunt place

Now may you chuse wheare you will dwell
in heavens blisse or ells in hell
ffor Marriage is, to end this storye
bothe Paradyse and Purgatorye

finis

[270]
My frend the lyfe I lead at all
by theise fewe lynes perceyve ye shall
the sluggishe bedd I do detest
Sith I there in do take no rest

And with the larke eache day I ryse
on ffield to fare suche is my guyse
where I the lustie greene may vew
and eke the yolow flowers new

whiche Coulours two, I love and shall
for in myne eye they passen all
then to the mowntayne fast me by
I take the waye as it doth lye

And vpp my wearye lymbes I gete
thoughe ofte I puff and somtyme sweat
yet stint I not till I ma y stand
on the highest topp to vew the Land

Wheare I may se eache day with eye
the Land, the Sea/ suche fowles as flye
the hudge fforrest fairest of all
and everye beast that I name shall

The hart the hynde the buck the doe
the swifte and eke amazed Roe
the nimble hare that fast can rofne
the Crack nvtt Squyrell lytle bofne

There may I see how the false foxe
the Bawson beateth from the rockes
mawgre his head through subtill sleight
of hym sone can he wynne that streight
Amonge the rest there may I see
that onlye place whiche lyketh me
on whiche full long myne eyes I stay
and to my self theise wordes I say
Within thie walls o place of blisse
my dearest frynd enclosed is
where as I wishe me oft to be
So that no wight me knew but she
Transformed in suche manour wyse
as she her self could best devyse
of beast or bird suche shappe to take
of fowle or fyshe that Swymmes in Lake
A phillipp Sparrow to be fedd
at her owne handes with Crommes of bread
A lyttle whelpp on her to fawne
so that my mynde to her weare knowne

A fearfull flye in for to Creepe
At Crevis small when she dothe sleepe
a lynnett in her Cage to synge
ne stynt wold I of warbellinge
A Creeping mowse in holle of wall
when she list sleepe my noyse weare small
The lytle Robyn with red brest
or ells a black fley in her nest
In faith ne could I fynd in hart
out of her sleepe her to astart
but in her presence aye to be
I aske of god none other fee
And with myne eyes her to beholde
I had my wishe nought ells I wold
Loe, heare my frend the hole estate
of this my lyfe earlye and late
finis

[271]
My frend I see the pale and wan
I see how that thow pyn'ste away
I know the greif I could it scan
I know the cause of thie decaye
I see thee fedd with Tantalus foode
aye wanting that wolde do the good
and for her parte I see how shee
can glorye in her lybertie

ffor those thie sighes that thow doste spend
I see her secreat smyling cheere
when fewme doth force thye browes to bend
Her hartie Laughters ofte I here
thus is thie woe become her weale
thye feaver can her franzye heale
then leave to love and learne to hate
betyme I saye and not to late

Let Subtill Eve with Apple sweete
Some other seellye soule deceave
ne lett not Dalyda thy counsell weete
Lest Sampsones webb to sone thow weave
Remembre thow how mydas sped
who shewid his wyf in secreat bedd
Appollos punishement how it was
his two eares long as hath an Asse

And she to hym by othe hath sworne
no lyvinge wight the same shold knoe
Yet nature wrought so the next morne
that counsell could shee kepe none thoe
but in the earthe a hole hath made
Lowd cryenge Mydas asse eares hade
So secreat Lo, some be in brest
as Chattering pye vppon the nest

Remembre eke thow maiste full well
how wicked helene causer was
before Troye Towne in bloddye battell
three hondreth thousands slayne alas
the Auncient walles rased to ground
the Castell Ilyon eke confound
kyng Pryam slayne Eccuba his wif
their thirtie sonnes berefte of lyf

The subtill shirte do not forgeate
that Dyamira to Hercules sent
whiche made his flesh so sore to treat
that he him self to Asshes brent
of Spightfull Ivno and Cressid vnrew
of unnaturall Medea take thou vew
though theise be gone yet shalt thou fynd
them for to matche remayne behynd

Then thinck thou not at all to fynd
suche a Penelope as was one
ne yet beleve, is left be behynde
anye such gryseld as is gone
for Constancye intowmyd is
with Penelope in greesse I wis
and patience is laid to sleepe
in grave with gryseld it to kepe

And shamefastnes was laid in grave
with Lucre there in Rome to rest
and eke trew love remaynes in cave
where as true Thisbye lyeth in chest
thus are theise vertues rare eache one
from Veno babes banisshett and gone
yet yf thou list one mayst thou trust
the trewest shalt thou fynd unjust
finis

[272]
Du spero Pere:.- Du spiro Spero:.-
When wynter with his Shivering blastes/ the Sommer
gan assaile
With force of myght and rygour greate/ his pleasant
tyme to quayle
And when the lustie greene had left/ eache holt and hill
so hie
and everye pleasaut place appear'de full pale and wan
to eye
the favours sweete and dewye dropps/ that wonted was
to be
in everye field the flowers fayre/ no suche thing can I see
but Boreas with his blustring blast/ eache leafe had layd
full loe
that wonted was in Sommer tyme/ full highe on tree to
groe

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And every birdd hath bound hym self/ no more to strayne
his voyce
vntyll the pleasant spring shall come/ wheare in he
may reioyce
ffirst gan hym hye the horye frost/ to feoble flowres
fearce
whose chilling colde bothe roote and Rynde/ of hearb
and trie do pearce
eache fowle wext faynt and everye beast/ muste browce
wheare he may best
of bushe or bryere to lyck the leaves/ and thinck hym
at a feast
The lyttle Emyte slowthfull was/ within the mowle
hill hydd
to shrowde it from the wynters blast/ as nature doth
her bydde
I meane that weate and walishe moone/ that then
novembre was
when that eache wight the howse can holde/ and pleasant
walkes let passe
eache day so drowsye was and I/ in dumppes had suche
delight
thatt then dispayre his tyme gan spye/ thincking to
worke his spight
And thus he sayde thow wretchid man/ whye art
knowing that fortune is thie foe/ more then I can
discryve
for synce thie birthe thow knowest best/ what favour
thow hast found
att fortunes handes in thyne affaires/wheare at she ever
found
and therto hath she made an othe/ even still so to
persever
never to be thye frend at all/ but as thie foe for ever
no pen can print the penurie/ ne tongue may yet discryve
the wofull chaunce as yet to come/ of some that bene
alyve
yet in the starrs who so can reede/ is wrytten and ygrave
the wretchid lyf that thow shalt lead/ till thie retourne
to grave
and eke the plannettes seven hath sworne/ eache one to
be thie foe
before thou first receavid breath/ yfeared was thie woe
Now sence thie wretchid destenie/ thow doste well
vnderstand
breviat thie dayes and I dispaire/ shall helpp the heare
at hand
Whearwith in sowne neare sunck adowne/ had not hope
hyed in hast
Cryeng what man art thow that wilt/ thie self awaye
thus cast
and thus me thought he spake me still/ in wordes as ye
shall heare
I, hope hath holpen thowsandes ten/ deludid by dispayre
Ys this thie greif for love quod he/ or want of worldlye
welth
Losse of thie frend, Losse of thye tyme/ or ells for lack
of health
What yf thie Ladie thow hast lost/ through her
disceaptfull way
Another thow mast fynd as true/ as was Penelope
Or if as Cresus thow dost covett/ with rychesse to rule
all
Remembre well how horde hath hate/ and clyming ofte
doeth fall
Or if thie frend throughge ficklenesse/ hath broke his
faithfull band
knytt then the knott more surer next/ wher as thow
takest in hand
ys theise three now the cruell cause/ of this thie mortall
payne
or losse of tyme the whiche thow knowest/ will not
begott agayne
what though that fortune froward was/ to the in
youthfull race
thye tyme half spent ynoughe remaynes/ if natures
lawe take place
where in so wyselye thow mayst worke/ as doth the lyttle
antt
or as the busye bee thow seeste whiche neu feeleth
wantt
So that thow haue me hope for aye/ still graffed in thie
hart
So shalt thow sone thie dolefull dayes/ to pleasant lyf
convart
Throughe hope did Iason take in hand/ an enterpryse moste bolde
three wonders wrought and after wan/ the noble fleese of goolde
Thesy? slew the mynitawre/ and david with his slynge
the great Golyas overcame/ through hope they wrought this thing

[Fols. 189-91 are wanting.]

[273]
that serven Mars in Armour bright
though Dreames be doubtfull yet thinck on
the end of this ilke worthie knight
after your sweete sleepes looke ye heare
the Councell of your frendly feare.
finis

[274]
My deare sith chaunce hath Chosen me/ to be thyne only man
Thee for to serve in eache degree/ so farr forth as I can
With humble hart I me submytt/ to do thie will in all
as one contented with eache whitt/ that by suche fate doth fall
Then for thie parte I the requyre/ let shew no sturdie guyse
as though thew discontentid were/ with this the godes devyse
for certes sweete beleve this well/ long tyme our birthes before
Appointed was that we shuld dwell/ in love for evermore
Suche pleasure toke the powre devyne/ to knytt vs two in one
then for my parte I me assigne/ to Reape that they haue sowne
Happ good or yll, taste sweete or sowre/ come weale or ells suche woe
Appointed hath that fatall howre/ me for to love thee so ffor ever, never to repent/ the good will that I beare althoughge to thee suche lot weare lent/ as was to Ixion the fayre

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Shuld I then shrinck the to defend/ the griselye Monstre froe
and see with eye the dredfull end/ alas shuld I do so
In pryson thoughhe thow weare as sure/ as Quene prosperpyne was
whyles breathe and lyfe in me did dure/ ne wold I stay to passe
by owglye Cerberus sett I sholde/ my foote even for thie sake
and on hym wynne that streight I wolde/ ells theare myne end to take
So if the hundreth Centaures came/ A way the for to steale
Lyke as they did yong Ixodame/ yet wold I them assayle
Althoughte I note my self vnmeete/ suche enterpryse to prove
Yet for my Ixodame mooste Sweete/ sweete weare suche death for love
Whearby shuld spring for aye suche fame/ as never shuld deceave
vnto disloyall lovers blame/ and to the faithfulls prays
Loe, here my sweete even for thie sake/ yf powre weare to my will
In faith ne wold I stynt ne slake/ all theise things to fulfill

ffinis

When I do call to memorye, what learned bookes do shoe
in manye a famous historie, of ladies long agoe
for love and lyving purelye/ I must geve judgement then
that women haue bene surelye/ as worthie prayse as men
The Noble Arthemysya when “the king her Husband dyed
being [then]/the Quene of Charia] satt still by the Coffyns syde
and of his scull a drincking Cupp/ she made as tis discust and thearin drank his boddie vpp/ as it withrid to dust
Hipsicratea did regarde king Mythridates so
she counted not the trayvaill hard/ with hym to ryde or goe
but servid as a man of his/ somtyme disguyised fyne
and toke with hym suche woe and blisse/ as fortune did assigne

When Iulia saw Pompeius come/ all blooddie from the field
Her hart was colde her sences nu me her life began to yelde
and fearing that he was not well/ she toke so great a flight
She dyed streight as stories tell/ in the king her husbandes sight

It is but needlesse to rehearce Lucrecia by her name
Sith poetes wryte in many a vearce/ the vertue of her fame

Whome when Torquius did oppresse/ and wretchidly defloure
she kilde her self remedilesse/ and dyed within an howre

Remembre now Penelope Vlixes loving wyf
whyle he lay rolling on the Sea/ how she did spend her lif
and how she sett vpp huswiferye/ and what a deale she sponne
to kepe her truthe and honestie/ till Troye siedge was done

Lett Clawdia come among the rest/ as worthie for her fame
Who lovid her true husband best/ papinius by his name
and all the whyle he was awaye/ the space of twentie yeares
she loved none but said them nay/ as by good bookes apareas

When Porcia herd her husband was/ among his Amye slayne
ffor Sorow then she did not passe/ whiche ways to worke her baine
but having neither sword ne knife/ then present in that moode
With burning Cooles did rid her lyf/ extreamlye wheare she stoode

I lothe to heare the Ill reporte/ that Theseus dothe deserve
whiche vsed in suche evill sorte/Ariadne that did serve
and howe Eneas did provoke Elyssa that true wight
to geve her hart a deadlye stroke/ for love that she hym
plight
I do bewayle the death alas/ of Ero worthie mynd
and phadra that despysed was/ of hippolyte vnkynd
and Phillis that moste famous Quene/ that hoãge her
self for woe
that demophon forsoke her cleene/ whome she had
loved so
When Saphon by phaone was/ cast of with churlishe Check
by Crewell happe to her alas/ she fell and burst her neck
and thesbe that good lady true/ when Pyramçois was slayne
then with the sworde her self she slew/ that was her
lovers bayne
It weare to moche a memorie/ to wryte the twentithe
parte
I fynd in every historie/ of eache true ladies hart
besyde the Conninge and the skill/ and their invencõns
then
as wryters have approved still/ as worthie prayse as men
ffinis

[276]

betwixt Love and Lust

The great confllyct and cruell overthroe
the Cicill discencõn bred within my brest
twixte Love my Lord, and Lust his mortall foe
both lodgid in me, alas to myne vnrest
my sences all eache one with other at Iarr
and I consume in this their Civill warr
ffor Camped is within my carefull Corce
both Love and Lust eache one with myghtie band
no day no houre whear in they shew their force
but I in perrill great alas do stand
when I se Lust all readye to devour
My Liedge Lord, Love, of weake and feoble powre
Twyse hath the black trompp sowndid to the fielde
Wheare Epicure, and Baccus both do stand
of Lust, the vangarde now they Lead and wield
and he hym self in mayn battaill att hand
Rape and desyre, Ioyn'de with discerte and guyle [Fol. 193v]
the Rearwarde they rule, as Cruell tyrannites vyle

And Love alas lyeth weeping in his tent
with powre small, of whiche hope hath the chardge
good will with hym who never from hym went ne Loyaltie that lorde of bountie lardge
Who toke in hand loves banner all of blew
Depainted with sighes, and Silver teares all new

Thus Love with feoble band vnto the field
forthe gan he marche and hope aye hym before
good will hath sworne hym self never to yeald ne Loyaltie, but rather dye therfore
Loe, thus eache parte, to Ioyne all prest they stand
Alarme they sownd and trye with mightie hand

Theare saw I Love hym self with vygore greate
Suche noble deeds do, with his onlye hand
but all in vaine for hym to fewme or freat Lustes Lothsome Legions may he not withstand
till vpp to heaven his pearcinge eye he cast
Cryeng to god for healpp, and that in hast

Who herd his sighes and saw his bitter teares
and hath hym sent to be his chief refudge vertue, that with his blissfull band apareas whoe when lust sawe, away fast could he trudge as one dismayde retyre he did apace
and durst not looke dame vertue in the face

Thus Lust with all his Lothsome band is fledd
and Love with vertue Ioyned is for aye
the toyes that trobled so my restlesse hedd
as smoke with wynde are vanisht cleene away
thus quyeted is all my care and strife
The Lover true god graunt suche quyet Lyfe
ffinis

[277]

It pleasid Love that iudge devyne/ on my first fatall daye
that Sagittare, most crewell syne/ shuld Raigne and beare the swaye
Above the other highe in heaven/ and Ioyn'de to hym was tho
as chieffest planett, of the seven/ Dame Veno full of woe
but oh alas, Crewell the whyle/ the gods and goddesse all
contentid with suche froward fyle/ as Nature forged with all
A crewell counsaill gan they call/ my destinie to dresse
whearof the furies infernall/ weare judges tho doubtlesse
ffor loe suche wretched lothesome lyne/ for me at lengthe they drewe
that sence the houre theise curssed Ioyne/ one playsure scarce could vewe
this head this hand this heavie hart/ eache tending their affayres
this trobled mynd hath feltt his parte/ of twentie thowsand cares
These eyes I say whiche never ceast/ with gazing me to spill
hath vew'd of late when they thought least/ the crewell Cokatrill
whose glearing eye me first espyed/ then thus to me she sayde
thoughe Atlas strength to the weare tyed/ needs must thow now be dead
Oh Serpent sweete then said I tho/ syth those celestiall eyes
haue vigore thus to venome soe/ may not my paynes suffysse
Yf not but death I the requyre/ those starres close vpp a space
whyle I may sommon to appeare/ suche as wolde the deface
Wheare with the Tuscan poet there/ that loved Lawra so with vapour'de eyes gan he appeare/ Cryeng graunt mercye tho
Suche lynes as he for Lauras love/ with goolden pen he placed
Repentant hart, so did hym move/ eache one forthwith he raced
And eke the glorye of the Greekes/ with pencyll there in hand
Pigmalyon each place he seeks/ her grace to understand
The Image all of Iverye whyte/ in sonder there he brake
Sayeng now for this goddesse bright/ a fayrer must I make

With harpp in hand forthe came he than/ that Erudyce
did love
I meane hym Orpheus that gleeman/ who humblyly did move
When first he sawe those starrye skyes/ of my
Ladye the light
for pardon piteouslye he cryes/ to that most seemlye [Fol. 194*] wight

Oh goddesse said he for thie sake/ graunt me to take in
hand
the black brooke, Acharons lothsome lake/ to wade the
wearye sand
synce once for symple Erudyce/ suche travaile did I take
for thee tenne tymes shall not suffyse/ great plutoes
beard to shake

Whose gentlenesse she thancked then/ saing to me prepare
now to departe with theise dead men/ nought ells shall be thie fare
then I contented with suche payne/ beheld those killing eyes
Whearwith the cences from eache vayne/ departed to the skyes

ffinis

[278]

A discripçon of Tyme
Vppon the hill Olympiade
wheare hercules begonne
first myghtie theetres to be made
wheare noble deedes weare done

Depaynted theare with pencill fyne
at lardge aboute the same
There saw I stand hym self syr Tyme
and at his back dame fame

In Charret shyninge Sonnishe bright
this Syre satt onthrone

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ydrawne with wylde hartes fresshe and whight
who fledd as they had flowne

On whiche this wynged god he went
the whole world for to vew
eache Creature tyme how he had spent
A note to take a newe

And with hym as I said before
he brought tryvmphant fame
ffor to rewarde renownme the more
who so deserv'de the same

Thus hasting over holte and hyll
first gan he them beholde
that toyles and travailes ever still
to whome syr tyme thus tolde

In sweat of browes, you symple men
whyle lyf in you remaynes
haste on, you shall rewarded be then
your travaill for your payñes

In princely pallace proudlye pight
Syr tyme a whyle gan stay
for theare dame ffame wold vew a right
howe eache one spent the day

Theare fownd they prest a noble band
in armour bright and brave
on startling steedes with staves in hand
nought ells but tyme they crave

In lustie lystes at lardge they lay
on bolde rebatant blowes
the knight on Courser gyns to swaye
and to the grownd he goes

Then hym to receave ronneth fast
another to wynne prayse
among the worthies to be plast
he stryves at all assayes

To whome dame fame with smyling grace
gave thanckes vnto them then
and in their sightes before eache face
their prayses did she pen
Then said sir tyme beholde hearbye
a nombre infinite
of Idle ones loe wheare they lye
Lyving in fowle delight

Cutt of there tyme, cryed fame then
that so consumes their dayes
Suche slothefull sorte of sluggishe men
nought worthie are of prayse

Then glyded forthe this great god tyme
till he approched neare
a multitude of men devyne
a heaven was them to heare

ffor of eache Scyence called seven
a nombre theare weare mett
with faces fixed vp to heaven
whose hartes weare firmlye sett

In Studye only tyme to spend
knowledge aye to encreace
no curious cares gan them offend
ne sought the worldly prayse

Among whiche blessid people good
with heavenlye harpp in hand
Orpheus sate that gleeman good
trew mvsycke theare he skand

In tyme and tewne with notes aye new
to Iehove he prayses sange
So did the rest as reason dewe
whearof the whole earth rang

Oh tyme well spent said syr tyme then
to everye one by name
Receave you shall you mortall men
for this Immortall fame

Then strecht he out his golden plumes
forthwith to take his flight
bothe wynde and weather he consumes
and sone fades out of sight

Wheare I and many a mazed man
remayneth still in place
to see heare after if we can
once vewe tymes goolden face
ffinis

[279]
The black Ladie

In autumne when mynerves men
with Sythe and Sickell had shorne
Suche frute as Ceares yelded then
of everye kynde of corne
and when each shock and sheafe was laide
in carte and home ycarried
a brode to walke then I assaide
that longe in house had tarried

So to the greene grove gan I goe
the Idle tyme to spend
where I theare ronninge to & froe
sawe one in haste assend
with werye lymbes the hills she hent
and after ladies three
there came to heare her wofull playnt
eache one in their degree

In thickett shrowdid secreatlye
theise Ladies lett I passe
their talke I herd and saw with eye
what drerye cheere there was

Thoe had I slepte vppon the Hill
that so (parnaso) hight
Yet all to symple weare my skill
it to discryve a right

The noblest wight I did advyse
ware vesture all of black
the shene of her celestiall eyes
put phebus beames aback
her face seemde lyke no earthlie wight
but rather a powre devyne
her plainte shee gan with piteous shright
as ye shall heare in fyne

I am quod she the black Ladie
that whylome was so whight

· 329 ·
Nature my mother fostryd me
as chief of her delight
Wheare she appointed Lucre faire
and Lawra to fulfill
As handie mayedes both to repaire
and worke my onlye will

Then Veno with her smyling chere
oft tymes she did me move
A noble wight for frendlye feere
to take and hym to love
So did I and suche doble Ioye
eache daye and night we ledd
Was never lyke the half in troye
though Helen theare weare wedd

Tyll envie oh alas my care
theear at began to frowne
to se in me suche vertuse rare
suche fame and great renownme
As serpent hyd vnder the greene
with faire face me to fore

[Fols. 197-204 are wanting.]

immortall thanckes to geve
ffinis

The Argument

When that my greedye gluttons harte
yet never werye wishing still
of worldlye pelf, so lardge a parte
till lo, that blisfull spryte of skill
that whiche taught Salomon the wyse kinge
What baale superfluous wealth doth bringe
that sprite producinge me eache daye
hath taught me thus with hym to praye
heare followith the three
petiçons of Salomon.—

The rare and greatest guyft of all
that ever god gave yet to man
vnto king Salomon did befall
a witt eache worldlye thinge to scan
whose Sacred wordes and wyse request
Igraved is within my brest
when he thus sayd with hartie accorde
three thinges denye not me o lorde

1 first gan he praye with humble harte
thy servant Lord do not compell
through povertie to play suche parte
as they that in dispayre do dwell
ne with the wicked to cast lott
by wrong to wynne that I haue not
with lothesome scryppe my Croñes to crave
or wishe my mothers wombe my grave

Or for to cursse hym me begott
suche synfull threde in fume to spynne
a breache of lawes to truthe a spott
a sckarre for aye vnto my kynne
in woe to lyve and end with shame
and after deathe assured blame
ffrom suche hard happe and fynall end
thye humble servant lord defend

2 With bowed knees and hands elate
whose lyvely loke gan pearce the skye
with pure hart eke this highe estate
with sweete shrill voyce thus gan he crye
Haboundaunce Lorde geve not to me
Lest that my hart exalted be
with heapps of shyninge golde at fill
I the forgeat and worke my will

Suche hatefull horde to have in store
Suche worldlye wealth to wallow in
Suche greedye hartes aye wisshing more
Suche vayne advauncement for to wynne
ffrom humble bedd to highe estate
regarding nought the fynall fate
Suche hastie springe suche fadinge greene
Sone rype sone Rotten is I wene

3 Thus hath this wyse kinge made request
with needye naked not to stryve
suche rychesse eke he doth detest
as kepes the hart alwayes captyve
and only this thing gan he crave
a meane convenient wealth to have
and eke a hart contentid then
a thing moste rare amongst vs men

Warninge therbye none to presume
with the ffenixe for to stryve in flyght
Leste thatt the Sonñes heate hym consume
and from the earth hym Roote a right

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Wha t natures worke is this, in one wightes Corps
to hyde
so gaye gyftes and so badd, ill mixte without ameane
The happie head of witt, the tongue well sett to speake
the skilfull penõ in hand to paynt the wittes device
Vncerten is the rest whiche shame will not discrye
nor rage with stroke of tongue/ that bittrest egg to byte
Agayne the dead who hath dischardged vnto earthe
Dame natures loue of life that heavie dett to paye
What saye we then by thee whose wittie workes we see
excell in kynde of vearce as worthie Chawcers mate
even as the paynter good, with pensell, natures matche
Apelles once did leave the Lusting goddesse head
Porterid with shape of lif faire blomes of bewties sheene
so faire and lyvelye drawne with Coullours to beholde
that onlye it lacktt in deede bothe lif and heat there in
the boddie lefte vnmade no conning hand in worke
the crafte of skill well tryed durst fassion to the rest
and draw with trayned hand, a sightlye boddies frame
to that so noble peece the prayse of Painters scoole
Suche was natures device, so fyne in sute to molde
and plenifiull to make one kynd with shifted sorte
thie headd she made of witt, a paragon, of tongue
a subtill toole to fyle the rowghe hewen to the best,
of style a Streame to Howe, with conning to endyte
Whiche envie wyll denye moste perfectst grace to have
suche seldome thewes of kinde, is selde in one head fownd
What shuld I saye the rest, moche better ment then spoke
not hydd with envies flambe, Iust prayse for to denye
but staid by purpos'de stile, thie great lacke 

to forgeatt 

the(e) had well praysde, in thee not had, is staid to 

wysshe/. 

finis 

[283] 

I praye to god whoe weldithe aye, the starrye heavens 
in cource so due, to serve hym and his chosen all 
that this desyred knott, that all the free doth knitt 
and seeke to wrappe them selves with in, and hope to 
laste

With heated hart in love, to lead the stailesse happ 
of lyves vnended bond, so may the cource be sett 
of your remayned lyfe, that all this slipprye tyme 
of breath ne geven, but lent to yelde, vpp at the 
howre

forepointed of the Owner hie, you may go through 

with ease mynde, and passe the stryfelesse yoake with 

health

vngreeved of disease, whyle hooredd age doth call 
and tell that all must paye the due, whiche birth to death 
dothe owne by natures playne decre, and heare to leave 
some frute behynde, vndeathfull if the gone be may 
Vndeathfull age to make ye heare, and eke to leave 
of them betyme agayne to kepe the goale, to bee 
bothe happie, in this haplesse age, and happie eke

Wheare happs vnhappie can be none, and so to short 
my wishe, desyre, that happie happ you both befall 

Whiche you do wishe your selves to have, and god doth 

heap

on his beloved Chosen, and none haue no more 

finis

si' Ió cheek

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[284] 

The fainted shade ( ) of life painted with natures

hand

lyke blossome fresshe of hew doth sleightlie passe awaye

whoe in the morning castes a pleasaunt beame of youthe

but or the Cold dewd night, the hote sonne doth abate

and hydes his daylie course aye drenchid in the Sea

S' Iohn cheek

[5]
her fairnesse all doth fade shroncken with withred fear
and falleth downe apalled with drearye cheare to see. finis

[285]

Vncertaine certaine deathe free grindall hath thee caught
With dentt of flaminge plage, and stintt thie race of life
no losse there in to be, thie quyet life thee taught
synce bound is none so free, as chaungge to rest from strif
by studie learnede, by profe sober, by nature wyse
by grace, well lyv'de to dye, and free from eiger lust
Didste wealthe of happe beare well/ and throwse of
chaunce despise
well pleasde with smartt of death, th'apoynted end of
dust
Thie lyfe did other please, death did thie self content
a happie haven of life well wonne in vertues lore
whearfore thie speedie death was late to lif well spent
and makes thee happie man, more happie then before./

si* Iohn cheek

[286]

So Luckye be your twisted holde of Copled youthe
I knitt with easye bondes of hartes well pleased happ
That day do none appeare so gray ne night so darke
With deadly soore of hate well able strif to make
Ne thoughtfull ake of dreerye mynde to fetche the sighe
so deepe of wakinge nightes to fore think happs be fallen
ne freattid worde so sharpe to lawnce the tender harte
and leave the restlesse heavie mynde in care bewrapte
yonge Impps ye may haue manye faire and brought well
vppe
in wanton youthe with sporte to playe with dread to
learne
to serve the heavenlye Lorde above with lowlye feare
And eke the Soveraigne here on earthe with humble
harte
in age when heate of feirs battaile dothe presse the state
with manfull hand and harte to serve in wealthie peace
With Councell helpppe evells to redresse good things
tadvaunce
in heithe of honours princelye seate and statelye rule
to beare them even and justlye deale eache wight betweene
in order of pryvate doynges to vs the staye
of temperaunce in all the Course of worldlye life
by trade of wisdomes lore the skilled way to sue
And then the longer that the webbe of lyves tickle
threede stretchith oute the feoble holde of hastie lyfe
and drawith on the reache of all appointed endes
This lykelye duties knott the faster may be bownd
With staid agreement of Marriage the happie parte
And daylye more encrace in honours heighe degree
with praise amonge all earthlye folkes afore the Lorde
whose dreadfull hand dothe toufne the starrie heavens
aboute
And stayethe the heavie earthe vpon the stormye seas
in godlye feare and worshippe of his hollye name
to lead the Cource in this vnstaide slipprynge life/

[287]

 Attend good Ladies and geve heede/ my dolefull
playnt to heare
And deck your hartes in mourning weedes/ that pittie
maye appeare
And recorde beare of myne estate/ and eke of cursed cace
How Cruell fate a Theame of Hate/ hath sett in
frendships place
Behold also how spight hath sponne/ her threede of
brawl and stryfe
And eke how shee hath cleane vndone/ the knott of
quyet life
And falce reporte by subtile crafte/ hath gotte hym
winges to flee
With venomde head and poysoned shafte/ thus causeles
woundeth me
In tender youthe suche chaunce was myne/ to matche
above degree
To thee that sware thie selfe not thyne/ but yeldest
vnto me
And I poore Sowle belevinge the/ to be the same thow
spake
Did thrall my self to sett the free/ this did I for thie sake
And with good will my hart I gave/ my boddye eke
with all

* 335 *
Was more obedient then thie slave/ thie v(e)ss(e)ll or thie thrall
And canst thow then forgeatt her quyght/ thow stonye harted man
Shall theare in the appeare suche spight/ agaynst a poore woman
A Caterpillar wiltt thow be/ that blossomes yonge devour
And barren kepes a frutefull tree/ as thow doste me this houre
Ah, call to mynd forgeatfull man/ the throwse of wyvely care
Whiche I for the did suffer than/ when I thie childre bare
And do not now thie selfe for sweare/ and leave me thus in payne
ffor pitties sake alas my deare/ retourne yet once agayne./ ffinit

O god that ruPste both Sea and Land/ even by thie Heavenlye powre
Graunt I may passe the raging Seas/ now in this happie howre
ffor as the Deare that seethe the darte/ his bane dothe dread full sore
So do I feare the wyndes the Seas/ and eke the drowning shore
But if thow wilt my corps to pyne/ among’st the drenching waves
I yelde my spryte to the o Lord/ that all the whole world saves
And to the fishe I geve my flesshe/ a worthie foode to be
Woe worthe the tyme it chaunced thus/ my Cuntrey for to flye
ffor loe even now myne eares doth heare/ how theise same waves do rore
That shall dreve forthe my drowned Corps/ vnto the soundinge shore
And theare some wight shall see me lye/ vppon the shyning sandes
And thus shall praye vnto the Lorde/ in lifting vpp their handes

. 336 .
O Lord my frendes and Children all/ guyd withe thie hollye hand
And graunt they flye the raging Seas/ and dye vppon the land
ffor lo even heare I see onlye/ whyles he his race did roine
Amydes the cruell Seas he caught/ his bane alas to sone
It is alas a rufull thinge/ to see this wofull wight
Make thow o Lorde his sylye soule/ partaker of thie light
And I to shew the perfect love/ I beare to Christian blood
Heare will I take this Corps vnknowen/ and put it in a shrowde
And beare it to the hollye Kirke/ the Christian rightes to have
And theare within the hallow'd grownd/ to lodge hym in a grave
Vppon his grave shall stand a stone/ in witness of his cace
That shall forbid all suche as saile/ t'attempt that dredfull place
Thus shall I dye, thus shall I lye/ this is m y destenye
But woe worthe me that shall geve cause/ eache wight the seas to flye
Wo worthe that man that framde the shipp/ whearwith we cutt the seas
To see the Cuntries far a part/ our fancyes for to please
But wo worthe me yet once agayne/ that thus shall lye vnknowen
And shall not place m y drowned Corps/ vnder some Englishe stone
O Lord whie doste thow take me now/ amydes the drownyge seas
And shorten thus my springing youthe/ and eke my pleaasunt dayes
But now o Lorde but now I saye/ bequeathe m y youthlye springe
Take me in age and let me lyve/ as yet a Longer tyme
That I maye waile my wicked wayes/ and eke my wanton will
And learne to hate all earthlye ioyes/ of whiche I had my fill
But wo is me I praye in vayne/ and cleane agaynst thie will
fforgeve my Synnes and wickidnes/ o Lord thow wilt me kill
Thie will be done in Sea and Land/ to dye my self I bend
O death come now for god my Lord/ hath pointed me this end
O death how sharppe art thou to suche/ as be in perfect age
Whiche by repentaunce think at lengthe/ thyne Ire for to asswage
But dye I must vndoubtelye/ what nede me further talke
And in the Salt Sea fluid my corps/ vnnto the shore shall walke
I yeld my spryte into thie Handes/ that dyed vppon the roode
ffor thow hast bought it god of truthe/ even with thie precious bloode
I am beset with synne alas/ I am the Chielde of Ire
keepe thow o Lorde my sillie sowle/ from everlastinge fyre
In thee o Lorde I putt my trust/ thie bloode onlye I crave
fforgeatt my synnes and graunt my spryt/ thie heavenlye ioyes to have
Lo, now I synck beholde I drowne/ and drinck the mortall flood
O Christe make speede take thow my sowle/ it trusteth in thie blood

ffinis

[289]

Geve eare to me my god/ and heare my mourning voyce
breake downe the wicked swarminge flockes/ that at mye fall reioyce
whose cruell ravening myndes/ to worke my bane are bent
So that my troubled quyv'ring hart/ with mortall broyles is spent
Whearefore I wishe me ofte/ the swiftfull pigeons guyftes
that scape I might by farr floen flight/ from all their devillishe driftes
But Lorde roote outhe their tongues/ that sow suche poisoned strif
throughout the land disperspartedlye/ that thus pursue
my lif
ffor yf they had bene foes/ that wold display their yre
Then warn’d thearby I might have bene/ as by the
flambe from fyre
but even my mates they weare/ that seem’de to holde
me deere
When vnder face of frenflye faithe/ they bredd this
doulefull cheere
Synce so: devoure them Lorde/ consume them everye
chone
And throw them in the dredfull pitt/ wheare they shall
stintles mone
beseching the my god/ with humble hart and mynde
To succour me oh helples wretche/ from tourmentes
they assynde
To whome with restles note/ all thanckfull prayse I singe
bothe night and day and every houre/ as to my god
and kinge
That hast me garded aye/ withe thye tryvmphant shylde
ffrom fearfull force of furious foes/ and graunted me
the fielde
Suche carefull openid eares/ thow Lord hadd’st in my
neede
That still I hope theise Curssed sorte/ shall be razde vpp
with speede
Whoe with faire Clokes of truce/ and fawninge lowlye
bowes
Have trait’rouslye conspyred my death/ and falst their
solempne vowes
All Soothinge sugred speache/ eke past theire flyringe
lypps
When they had lead their frawdfull snares to snarle me
fast in tripps
But I appeale to the/ that will when fitt tyme is
Dischardge my fraughtfull brest of woe/ and poure in
heaps of blisse
And send consuming plages/ for their desertes moste due
That thurst so sore mye giltles blood/ their tyrants
handes t’embrue

ffinis

Io. Warwick
O mightie Lorde to whome/ all vengeaunce doth belonge
and iust revendge for their deser tes/ whiche do oppresse by wronge
Thye praid fore presence shew/ thow iudge and righteous guyde
And pay them with a due rewarde/ that swell in hatefull pryde
ffor Lorde yf thow forbeare/ and suffer suche to raigne
How longe shall then those hawltie men/ so lordlye vs disdayne
Which do dispyse thye flocke/ and vse with threat es the iuste
And widowes withe the faultles men/ they order as they luste
And eke the helplesse babes/ whiche fatherlesse remayne
They spare not in their guiltlesse blood/ their cruell handes to stayne
And thus amonge them selves/ they holde the Lord is bl ynde
And deeme his powre to farr to short/ their cloked faultes to fynde
But yet in tyme beware/ you froward blooddie band
What thinges against the Lord your god/ you seeke to take in hand
ffor whoe can hyde from hym/ one deede or secret thought
Syns eares and eyes with eache good gui fte/ alone by hym weare wrought
Or whoe can hym restrayne/ to ponishe at his will
Syns that his Rodd doth rule bothe sortes/ as well the good as yll
And eke the Lord doth know/ no thought in man doth raigne
That framed ys by natures worke/ but is bothe fraile and vayne
But blessid is that man/ whome Lord thow doste correct
And by those pathes thow doste appoint/ his wayes aye to dyrecte
And in his trobled state/ dothe graunt hym patient mynde
till wastefull graves shall swallow vpp/ the vyle and wicked kynde
ffor from the faithfull flock/ the Lord will never swarve
But garde them with his mightie shyeld/ and safelye
them presarve
And eke restore agayne/ true judgement to his seate
Tyll rightuousnesse may guyd the iust/ and vanquyshe
all disceate
Wheare, when the wicked rule/ and bare the swaye
by might
No one wolde preace to take my parte/ or once defend
my right
So that for want of helpp/ I had bene sore opprest
Yf that the Lorde had not with speede/ my wofull plight
redrest
Whoe, when he heard me crye/ and for his goodnesse call
With mercye streight he staide my foote/ and sav’d me
from the fall
And eke from carefull thoughtes/ that did consume
my brest
His endlesse powre hath cleane discharg’d/ and fild
my soule with rest
He hates the cruell kynde/ that wresteth iustice still
and makes their lawes obaye their lustes/ as good men
do gods will
And shamelesse wayes conspyre/ the wicked to
preserve
And searche by powre to sheede the blood/ of suche
as least desarve
But sure the Lorde my god/ myne ayde and only strengthe
Will them rewarde and sharplye scordge/ with endlesse
payne at length
And them destroye eache one/ that wayles not others
woe
That they shulde know the mightie Lord/ hath powre
to plague them so./
ffinis
Ro. Dudley

fforgeatting god
to Love a Kyng
Hath bene my rod
or ells nothinge
In this fraile Lyf
being a blast

' 341 '
of care and stryf
till it be past
Yet god did call
me in my pryde
Leste I shulde fall
and from hym slyde
ffor whome Loves He
and not correcte
that they ma y be
of His electe
Then deathe Haste the
thow shalt me gayne
Immortallye
with Hym to raigne
Who send the Kinge
Lyke yeares as Noye
in governing
His Realme in ioye
And after this
ffrayle Lyf suche grace
as in His blysse
I
(Hee) ma y have place
finis
T. Seymour

[292]

Eache thinge must have his tyme/ and tyme tryes
out mens trowthe
and trothe deserves a speciall trust/ on trust great
frindship growth
and frindship never fayles/ when faithfulnesse is fownde
and faithfulnesse is full of frute/ and frutfull things
are sownd
The sownd is good in profe/ and profe is prynce of prayse
and worthie prayse is suche a pearle/ as lightlye not
decayes
All this doth tyme bring forthe/ whiche tyme I must
abyde
How shulde I boldelye credyte crave/ till tyme my
trothe have tryde
And as a tyme I fownde to fall in fancyes frame
So do I wishe a happie tyme/ at lardge to shewe the same
Yf fortune answere hope/ and hope maye have his hyre
Then shall my hart possesse in peace/ the tyme that I desyre

ffinis

[293]
Experience now doth shew/ what god vs taught before
Desyred pomppe is vayne/ and seldome dothe it last
Whoe Clymes to raigne with kinges/ may Rew his state full sore
Alas the wofull end/ that comes with care full fast
Reiect hym doth renowne/ his Pomppe full low is cast
Deceavid is the bird/ by sweetenesse of the call
Expell that pleasaunt taste/ whear in is bitter gall
Suche as with Oten Cakes/ in poor estate abydes
of care they have no cure/ the Crabb with myrthe they roste
More ease fynde they then those/ that from their heithe downe slydes
Excesse doth breede their woe/ the saile in Sillas Coste
Remayninge in their stormes/ till shipp and all be loste
Serve god thearfore thow poore/ for loe, thow lyv’ste in rest
Eschew the golden hall/ thye thatched howse is best

ffinis

[294]
In sufficiensem principem
sudore absorptum:—
A pierlesse Prynce, of worthie weldinge witt
whose youthlye yeares, was rulde by reasons skill
In whome was learninge lodg’d/ and knowledge fytt
To guyd by wysdome/ yuthes vnconstant will
A hope of happe lyeth hyd/ and wormes do gnawe
His carelesse Carkas/ suche is natures lawe

ffinis
ffrom vyle estate, of base and low degree
by false disceyt, by crafte and subtile waies
of myschief mowlde/ and kay of Creweltie
was creapt full highe/ borne yppe by sondrye stayes
Picture of pryde, of papistrye the platt
in whome treason, as in a Throne did sytt
with Irefull eye, aye glearing lyke a Catt
good
killing throughge spight, whome he thought ^ to hytt
This Dogge is dead, the Sowle is downe to hell
The Carren Corps, within the grownd is layde
Whose festred flesshe, above the earth did smell
Plaged with pocks, so was this wretche arayed
ffinis
G. Blage. of Lord Wrythesley

When tender youthe and pleaasunt yeares are past
The vnware woe that sleapeth now so sownde
will pearce thie faire softe brest with bitter wound
ffor Losse of tyme whiche follies fawlt dothe wast
Thus am I short not longe/ though somwhat rownd
because I know you take me not your frend
but as I was I am and so will end
ffinis Io. Asteley

The secreat flame that made all Troye so hot
Longe did it lurcke within the woodden horsse
The Machyne hudge Troyans suspected not
The guyles of Greekes, nor of their hidden force
Till in their beddes their armed foes them mett
And slewe them theare, and Troye on fyre did sett
Then rose the rore of Treason round aboute
And Children could of Treason call and crye
Wyves wronge there handes, the hole fyr’de Town throughout
When that they sawe their husbandes slayne them bye
And to the Godds and to the skyes they shrigh
tVengeaunce to take for treason of that night

Then was the name of Sinon spredd and blowne
And wheare vnto his fyled tale did tend
The secreat startttes and meetinges then weare knowne of Troyan Treatours tendinge to this end
And everye man could saye as in that case
Treason in Anthenor and Eneas

But all to long suche wisdome was in store
To late came oute the name of traytour than
When that their king the aulter lay before
Slayne theare alas, that worthie noble man
Ilium on flambe, the matrones cryenge out
And all the streetes in streames of blood about

But suche was fate, or suche was symple trust
That kinge and all shuld thus to ruyne ronne
ffor if our stories certen be and iust
Theare weare that sawe suche mischief shulde be donne
And warning gave whiche compted weare in sorte
As devynes in matter but of sporte

Suche was the tyme and so in state it stoode
Troye trembled not so carelesse weare the men
They brake the walles, theye toke this horsse for good
They deem'de Greekes gone, they thought all suretye then

When treason starttt and sett the Towne on fyre
And Troyans stroyed and gave greekes their desyre

Like to our tyme, whearin hath broken out
The hidden harme that we suspectid least
Wombed within our walles and realme aboute
As Greekes in Troye weare in the Greekishe beast
Whose tempest great of harmes and eke of Armes
Wee thought not on till it did noyse our harms

Then feltt we well the piller of our wealthe
How sore it shooke, then saw we even at hand
Ruyne how shee, rusht to confownd our healthe
Our Realme and vs with force of mightie band
and then we heard how treason lowde did rore
Myne is the rule and Raigne I will thearforre

Of Treason marke the nature and the kynde
A face it beares of all humilitie
Truthe is the Clooke, and frindshipp of the mynde
And deepe it goes, and workith secreatlye
Lyke to a myne that creapes so nye the wall
Till oute breakes sulphure/ and over turneth all

But hee on highe, that secreatlye beholdes
The state of thinges/ and tymes hath in his hand
And pluckes in plagues/ and them agayne unfoldes
And hathe appoynted realmes to fall and stand
He, in the myddes of all his sturr and route
Gan bend his browes, and move hym self aboute

As whoe shuld saye, and are ye mynded so?
And thus to those, and whom you know I love
Am I suche one as none of you do know?
Or know ye not that I sytt heare above
And in my handes do holde your health and woe
To Rayse you now, and now to overthrow?

Then thynck that I, as I have sett you all
In places wheare your honours lay and fame
So now my self shall geve you eache your fall
wheare eache of you shall have your worthye shame
And in their handes I will your fall shall be
Whose fall in yours you sought so sore to see

Whose wisedome highe as he the same foresawe
So is it wrought, suche lo, his justice is
He is the Lord of man and of his law
Praye therefor now, his mightie name in this
And make accompt that this our case dothe stand
As Israel free, from wicked Pharaos hand

Brittle bewtie that nature made so fraile
Whearof the guyfte is small and shorter is the season
fflowringe to daye to morrow apte to faile
Tickle treasure abhorred of reason
Daungerous to deale with/ vayne of none availe
Costlye in keping/ past not worth two peason
Slipperer in slydinge/ than is an Eeles tayle
Hard to obtayne once gotten (and not) geason
Well of Ieopardie/ that perrill doth assaile
Enmye to youthe/ that moste men bewayle
Thow fareste as the fruite/ that with the frost is taken
To daye Reddyre ype/ to morrow all to shaken./

ffinis
L vawse

[299]
O temerous taunters delighting in toyes
Tomblinge Cockbote(s) Tossinge to and frow
Ianglinge gesters depravers of all Ioyes
Grownde of the graffe wheare all my grief doth grow
Sullen serpent envenomyd withe spight
That ill for good at all tymes will requight
ffinis L vawse.

[300]
Staye gentle ffrend that passeth bye
And learne the lore that leadith all
ffrom whence they come with haste to hye
To lyve to dye to stand to fall
and learnthe strength and lustie age
that wealth and want of worldlye woe
Can not resist the mightie rage of death our best vnwelcome foe
ffor hopefull youthe had hight my health
my lust to laste till tyme to dye
And fortune found my vertue welth
but yet for all that heare I lye
Learne also this to ease thie mynde
When deathes on Corps hath wrought his spite
A tyme of Tryvmphe shalt thow fynde
with me to scorne hym in delyte
ffor one day shall we meete agayne
Mawgre deathes darte in life to dwell
Then shall I thanck the of thie payne
Now marke my wordes and fare thow well./
ffinis

[301]
Whoe is a Shrew and seemes a saincte
And workes theare by to wyn them prayes
The tyme will come when truthe will taynte
Her wylye wittes and Cloked wayes
Whearefore in tyme a man shall trye
And know the spyder from the flye

The more ye desyre her the soner ye mysse
The more ye requyre her the straunger she is
The more ye pursue her the faster she flyeth
The more ye eschue her the soner she plyeth
But yf ye refrayne her and vse not to crave her
So shall ye obtayne her if ever ye have her

A worlde of wittes wear far to faynt
To compt the cares that might have come
Had not god heard his peoples playnt
To weede the wrong out of rightes rome

Whiche thinge yet done great doubtes remaynes
Vnlesse he guyde the thinge begonne
And turnede to losse is all our gaynes
Suche Clowdes are come to Clippes the sonne

Wheare powre had past right to resist
And learned least the law denied
The Symple sorte by trouthe entyste
gave Sentence on the Sothefull syde

By whome Brytayne thow gottest agayne
Thye States by guydes so growen from guyse
Yet now to see who wolde not fayne
Clayme lytle of that enterpryse

Dothe teache and trye by truthes twayne
How Rule and rest dothe aye prepare
As first by bookes now taught agayne
Yf men by warninges may beware

And how that kinges their Commons is
before we readd and now we fynd
to trye this true they matche amysse
That had in th'end suche shame assign'de

Who list to learne heare listen may
What pryde prevayles, what rule requyres
What frendes avayles what state may staye
What is the end of suche desyres

ffrom free to bond, from bond to thrall
ffrom force to feare, from feare to feares
ffrom sweete to sowre from sowre to gall
ffrom sighe to sighes, from sighes to teares

ffrom powre to playnt ffrom playnt to Ruthe
ffrom wealth to woe from woe to worsse
And to be short to shew the truthe
No fayrer frutes may they disbursse

That Counte to clyme by crueltie
That hopes to have that others hath
That chaunge all Cheape for sckarsytie
With theise said frutes must needes be fraught

Vnles god spake theise wordes in sporte
Do as thow woldest be done vnto
and measure marcye in suche sorte
Lyke as thow wold'ste be meatt vnto

Who wolde not now to grawnt o god
Thye wordes and workes to be as one
And from hence forthe to feare thie rod
Sith when thow stryk'ste thow sparest none

Whan Cressyde came from Troye
In Chaunge of Antenour
As Troylus then did ioye
So Ioye I at this howre
And as he pleasure had
To see her from hym goe
In lyke cace am I glad
To parte my lover froe

But yf he weare alas
An woffull Troian than
So I to in this cace
am now the heavist man
and even the man I know
all thoughe I be another

finis
Yet in this paine and woe
of right may be his brother
But since there is no choice
But that I must for goe
whiche moste I did reioyce
and moste have loved soe
what ells remaynes in me
whiche am so sad awight
but even as Troylus he
To mourne my losse of right
And now for evermore
To take my self for one
As Troylus did before
When Cresyde was once gone
And all the daye to spend
In playntes and lovers Cryes
Till death shall ryd and send
My spryte aboue the skyes
And now and then alas
with teares of bothe my eyen
to moyste and weete the place
where she and I have bene
And then thus for to saye
Poore man thow maist well mone
for two they weare to daye
but now theare is but one
But when the skriche owle shall
flye from the hollow tree
Whiche cry'the to lovers all
that faithfull lovers be
Than shall ye say thus Loe
Hark man who flyeth about
the Beadell of thie woe
Calles now to have the oute
And out I shall goe then
a wath man meete of right
whiche sith the daye be gan
have watchid for the night
In whiche I might at will
my wofull lif to ridd
bothe sighe and sobb my fill
As wofull Troylus dyd
ffor eache brute beast I see
laid downe to take my rest
may be a meanes to me
to think this in my brest
Lo, heare eache thing rest can
as kynde hath taught it soe
Save thow alas poore man
which wandrest still in woe

Whiche am as Troylus he
a man in bitter payne
And Troylus still will be
Till tyme shall come agayne
And thought she did not mynd
to come her truthe to save
yet shall she me thus fynd
Trew Troylus to my grave

ffinis

[305]

The thoughtes of men do daylye chaunge
as fancye breedes with in their brestes
And now their nature is so straunge
that few may fynde wheare frendshipp restes
ffor doble dealinge beares suche swaye
that honest meaninge dothe decaye

The stedfast faith that frendes professe
is fled from them and lytle vsed
who doth so faithfull frendes possesse
by whome he never is abvsed
wheare one is fownd a frend in dead
A skore theare be that failes at neede

ffor barren trees will blossoms beare
as well as those that frewt shall yelde
whose bark and braunches seemes as faire
as any tree within the fielde
as symplye lookes the subtill man
as he that of no falshed can

A frend in wordes wheare deedes be dead
is lyke a spring that water wantes
and he that with faire wordes is fed
dothe hope for frute on with’red plantes
but who can judge by vew of eye
when frutes be dead wheare trothe doth lye

The surest way that I can fynde
is first to prove and than to trust
so shall affection not be blynde
ffor profe will sone trye oute the iust
And tryall knowes whose meanes deceite
And bides me to beware the bayte

Without good profe be not to bolde
yf thowe my counsell list to take
in paynted wordes theare is no holde
they are but leaves that wynde doth shake
but wheare as wordes and deedes agree
Accept that frend and credite me

ffinis

[30]

Misshapp doth holde the Helme/ the Sease my shipp
dothe shake
Suspect doth dreve me from the coast/ wheare love wold
landing take
Perforce the pylate is, the weather bids me goe
the gale is great the Sailes be vpp/ the stormes begyn
to blow
How shuld I ancker cast/ when haste hath taken leave
Or how shuld any fayned skewce/ the mariner deceave
Yf I shuld stay behynde wheare I wold gladlye be
and lett the pylate passe away/ and so remayne with the
The lookers on wold say/ I ment a further fatche
ffor as I thinck a skore of eyes/ on thee do daylye watche
before whose ielous lookes/ may nothing well be wrought
except that stealth and outward signes/ do show the
inward thought
ffor signes may passe vnknowen/ when wordes are often
bard
And secreat lookes the message do/ when talke may not
be hard
As by my laste farewell/ thow might if that thow list
perceyve what toyes weare in my head/ when I did wring
thie fist
not that I wolde thee hurtt/ but have thee call to mynd
the frend that so from thee did parte/ and leave suche
signes behynd
A playner part I plaide/ but well it came to passe
I stooede so long at gaze on thee/ I knew not wheare
I was
A none my faulte I spied/ and smyling steppt a syde
whearwith the master of the shipp/ said sir you lose a
tyde
Dispatche awaye quod I/ and so we ancker waied
we ware no soner vnder saile/ but to my self I said
The first good fortune loe/ that ever chaunced me
ffor lack of tyme I must forgoe/ what greater greif
may be
The distaunce so farr of/ the frendshipp gott so greene
the speedye parting makes me doubt/ the smart will
long be seene
Theise wordes thus brought to end/ with ruffled heare
on head
I Clapped to my Cabbon doore/ and laid me on
my bedd
And made a solempne vowe/ yf ever land I gett
I will not long be from her sight/ on whome my
hart is sett

finis

[307]

My care to kepe my worde by promesse dewe
my feare to breake that sittes me best to holde
my mynde that moves me all wayes to be trewe
my sute to serve wheare I may well be bolde
Doth force me now god wote agaynst my will
to wake my mvse that ells wold have bene still

And weare it not that profe hath often thought
you moste myslyke the false of this behest
and justlie iudge that ffrendshipp to be nought
Wheare faith in worde doth not abyde and rest
shame shuld forbid to shew my barren style
in naked vearse thoughe clothed with good will

But when I looke and see with whome I deale
whose noble myndes do deeme by vertuse choice
And when I fynd within my hart the zeale
whearin I serve, then do I moche reioyce
and boldlye bid my self sitt downe and wryght
to you that will butt iudge my tale a right

And hearin restes th'effecte of my desyre
to you whome I do hono\textsuperscript{e} sarve and love
I know you dwell twixt frost and burning fyre
a place full fitt the worthie wight to prove
Whearefore take heede in all your wordes and deedes
Among sweete hearbs theare grow no poyson weedes

And though in place wheare you do spend your dayes
theare be that think that frendly faith is geason
no force for that hold you those pleasant waies
whiche guyd you streight all voyde of guyle and treason

O happie mynde that so lyeth downe and sleepes
When envye weales, and mallice sittes and weepes

Be frend to few, but foe to none at all
Vse Curteis speeche to eache in their degree
Lead not your lyf but even with suche as shall
by vertew wonne in league with you to be
A Scylent tongue doth all ways fynd great ease
When lavishe speeche doth often tymes displease

Wrong not your frend, whom you have proved iust
Least you do loose that now is rarely f\textsubscript{f}ownd
your once knowen foe, receave not in to trust
believ it well their faithes are never sownd
forgyve them quyte revendge not though you may
but trust no more all though they seeme full gay

And now least I be medling over moche
What lyf in courte is best for you to leade
And well I know that I do wryte to soche
whose modest lif is cladd with comly weede
I make an end and wisshe above the rest
in happ and health you matche alwayes the best

Cordall f\textsubscript{f}inis
When ffortune gave good wynde vnto my saile
Lo then of frendes I had no lytle nomber
but A Pirrye Rose and fortune gan to faile
Adversytie blew, my frendes and me a sonder
Amydes the Sea, my Shypp was all to shaken
And I of frendes and fortune cleane forsaken
ffinis

The flamyng Sighes that boile within my brest
Somtyme brake forthe and they can well declare
the hartes vnrest and how that it doth fare
the payne thearof the greef and all the rest
the watrid eyes from whence the teares do fall
Do feele some force or ells they wolde be drye
the wasted flesshe of cowlour dead can trye
and Some thing tell what Sweetnes is in gall
and he that list to see and to discerne
How care can force within a weried mynd
Come hee to me, I am that place assynd
But for all this no force it dothe no harme
the wound alas happ in some other place
ffrom whence no toole away, the skarr can race
But you that of suche like have had your part
can best be iudge, whearfore my frend so deare
I thought it good my state shuld now appeare
to you, and that there is no great desert
and whear as you in weightie matters great
of ffortune saw the shadow that you know
ffor tasting thinges I now am stryken soo
that though ye feele my hart doth wound and beat
I sitt alone save on the second day
my ffeaver comes with whome I spend the tyme
in burning heat whyle that she list assigne
and whoe hath health and libertie alwaye
Lett hym thanck god and lett hym not provoke
To have the lyke of this my paynefull stroke
[311]

Stond who so list vpon the Slipper toppe
of courtes estates/ and lett me heare reioyce
and vse me quyet without lett or stoppe
vnknowe in courte, that hath suche brackishe ioyes
in hidden place, so lett my dayes forthe passe
that when my yeares be done withouten noyse
I may dye aged after the common trace
ffrom hym death greep'the right hard by the croppe
that is moche knowen of other/ and of him self alas
Doth dye vnknownen/ dazed with dreadfull face
ffinis

[312]

Hart oppressyd with desp'rat thought
yf forced ever to lament
Whiche now in me so sore hath wrought
that needes to it I must consent
Whearfore all ioy I must refuse
and crewell will thearof accuse

Yf crewell will had not bene guyde
Dispayre in me had had no place
ffor my treuw meaning she well espied
and for all that wold geve no grace
whearfore all ioye I must refuse
and crewell will thearof accuse

Shee well moght see and yet wolde not
and may daylye if that shee will
How paynfull is my haples lott
Ioynde with dispayre me for to spill
Whearby all ioye I must refuse
Sence Crewell will doth me so use
ffinis

[313]

What thing is that, that I both have and lack
With good will grawnted and yet is denyde
How may I be receav'd and putt aback
Alway doing and yet vnoccupy'de
Moste slow in that I have moste applyde

* 356 *
Thus may I say I leese all that I wynne
And that was readye is new to begynne

In wilfull Riches I have found povertie
and in great pleasure I lyved in heavynes
In too moche freedome I lacked libertie [10]
Nothing but plentie caused my scarcenes
Thus was I both in ioye and in distresse
and in few woordes if I shuld be playne
In a Paradyse I suffred all this payne

ffinis

Who so desyres, to know in what estate
My Love, by profe of contraries dothe stand
Heare, of the hurt, that hath my hart in band
And still procureth this my crewell fate [5]

I follow that, that flyeth from my sight
and shonne the help that may content my mynd
I leave the grownd, to sowe seede in the wynd
And eat the leaves, wheare feede on frute I might [10]

I dye for thurst, and have the well at hand
I may haue ease/ and draw my torment neare
at all tymes calld/ yet never do I heare
and ever calling, none will vnderstand

Me thinckes I flye and houer in the aire
borne vpp with wynd/ and yet no whit I move
bothe hotte and colde, at ones, in one I prove
and hope wheare trust is thrust downe by dispaire [15]

In burning flame, cong’elde am I to Ise
And, sett in snowe, am like a kindled fyre
ffor painfull service, sorow is my hyre
Iust gwerdone of my guidles enterprise [20]

With (yo) eyes at lardge, all blinde to ronne astray
to seke not fownd, in hand to feele and faile
With wynde at will, in fortunes gulf to saile
but Currant streames, my vessell alwaies stay

The more I preace, the farther cast behynd
The port at hand, the raging Seas I trye

\* 357 \*
A blissfull sterr, doth sheene for remedie
But I in Clowdes, the storme the darker fynde

Not through my self, but play I must and will
As chaunce of dyce, my luckles chaunce hath sett
With gayne refused, present losse to get
So love forsaking, doth retaine me still./

finis

Moste happie is that wight, whiche borne is so to en'd
this vyle and wicked lyfe Corps, that thearby lyve he may
the ever lyving lif, wth to vs bothe god send
when his good pleasure is, to ryve vs hence away./

finis.

Be sure the slipper tyme, so slyde not slighlye his way
but that you still encrease, in vertue ev'rye day
and so shall you obtaine, rewarde of heavenly blisse
the iust and onlye paye, for hym that blessed is

finis

What wight in wealth doth walke, and weald at will
faire flockes of folke shall fynd that fawne wth flearing face
and follow hym full fast, his fancies to fulfill
till fickle fortune faile, and flyng hym from her grace
but then they blyvely breake, and slaughtlye shrinck
by telling tales not trew, to seeke his sweete to spill
for so they save them selves, they sett light what betyde
Soche slypper soothe, they have, and shall eke haue so still./

finis

No storme nor bitter breathe, of Boreas blustring blast
nor skalding stroke so sore of phebus fyriest beames
can once bereave the bay, of his olde wonted cast
Whose nature is to shrinck, for neither theise extreames
no more can fortunes frowne, nor yet her flearing' st face
remove my frendlie faith, that fast is in a place./
finis

[319]

[359 •]
I could have said as youthe can saye but now I pray for them that maye

Experience then was cal'd in place with witt and reason to debate the rightfull judgement of this case what hart in youth maye love or hate to whiche request he answerd thus what I haue sene, I will discusse

I haue seene fancie beare suche swaye as witt and reason could not rule and as for love I dare well say can make the wysest wight a foole (I thinck small reason can prevaile) and where as wisdome once doth faile I thinck small reason can prevaile

And towching youth to say the truth there is hard stryving with the streame for this we see of some that dothe it breedes a corsye so extreame the hart that wold and can not wynne dispaires in god or dieth in synne

When that experience had defynde the rage of Love as he had knowen then witt and reason bothe resynde and in my hart were overthrowne then said my hart vnto my hand wryte all theise wordes that here be skand

And wrighte to her whome I love best sith fancie fownd her to be myne that shee vouchesave to graunt me rest Least that for love of her I pyne for witt and reason bothe are fledd and none but shee can rule my headd./

finis

Triumphe Petrarcke./

Amazed to see, nought vnder heavens cope steddie and fast, thus to my self I spake

· 360 ·
Advise the well: on whom doth hang this hope, 
On god (said I) that promyse never brake 
With those that trust in hym. But now I know 
how earst the fickle world abused me 
eke what I am and was, and now to goe 
or rather flye the nimble tyme I see 
Blame wold I, wist I whome: for all the cryme 
is myne that sholde (not slacking till the last) 
haue earst vnclosed myne eyes before this tyme 
for trouthe to say, olde waxe I all to fast 
But overlate godes grace came never yet 
in me also I trust there shall be wrought 
works wonderfull and strange by meanes of it. 
Theise sayed and answere made thus more I thought 
If none of all theise thinges do stand in staye 
that heaven turnes and guydes, what end at last 
shall follow of their everturning swaye? 
Whyle deeper yet my searching mynd I cast 
a world all new even then it seemed me 
in never chaunging and ever lyving age 
the sonne, the skye with all her sterres to see 
dissolved quite with earth and Seas that rage 

one made more faire and pleasant in his place 
when hym that never stayed but earst to chaunge 
eache thing was wont wandring in divers race 
stand on one foote I saw: how seemed it straunge 
all his three partes, brought into onlye one 
and that one fast so that as wont it was 
no more so swifte it hasted to be gone 
but had one shew as earth dispoiled of grasse 
there were not shall be, hath bene, after earst 
to irksome weake and divers state that brought 
our life./ As Sonne dothe pearce the glasse so pearste 

my thought, yea more, for nothing stoppith thought 
What grace fynd I, to see if I attaine 
even face to face the greattest god of all 
(no ill whiche onlye tyme gieves and againe 
as first it came with tyme eke parte it shall 
the Bull or fishe lodge shall no more the Sonne 
whose chaunge dothe make a toyle now dye now 
springe 
now waste now growe. Oh happie spirites that 

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or shall hereafter stand in the chief ring
Wose names aye memorie writes in her booke
Oh happie hee to fynde, whose happ shalbe
the deepe Chanell of this swift robbing brooke
whose name is life that manie wishe to see,
wretched and blynd the common sort that stay
their hope on things wth tyme reaves in a trice
all deafF, naked and subject to decaye
quite void of reason and of good advice
and wretchid mortall men throughout diseas’d)
whose beck doth guide the world by whome at iarre
are sett the elements and eake appeased
whose skill doth stretche beyond my reache so farr
that even the Angells are content and ioye
of thowsand partes but one to see, and bend
their witts to this; and this wishe to enioye
Oh happie wandring mynde; ay hungring to the end
What meane so manie thoughts? one howre dothe reave
that manye yeares gathered with moche a doe
To morrow, yesterdaye, morning and eve,
that presse our sowle and it encombre soe
before hym passe shade like at ones awaye
for was or shalbe no place shall be fownde
but for the tyme of is, now, and todaye
onlye eternitie knitt fast and sownde
Huge hills shalbe made plaine, that stopped cleane
our sight, ne shall there any thing remayne
where on may hope or our remembrance leane
whose chaunge make other doe that is but vaine
and lif to seeeme a sporte. Even with this thought
what shall I be, what was I hearetofore
all shall be one, ne peese meale parted ought
Sommer shalbe, ne winter any more
but tyme shall dye, and place be chang’d with all
and yeares shall beare no rule on mortall fame
but his renome for ever florishe shall
that once atchiev’d to be of flowring name
Oh happie soules that now the path dothe treade
or henceforth shall when so it happs to be
whiche, to the end whearof I speake doth leade
of faire and wandring sprights yet happiest shee
Whome deathe hath slayne far shortt of natures
bounde
the heavenlye talke good words and thoughts so chaste

Open shall lye vnfolded in that stounde
Whiche kinde within a youthfull hart hath plaste:

[The rest of fol. 220r, all of fols. 221 and 222, and the
recto of fol. 223 are blank.]

[321]

[363]
Howe manye wold with you, through thick and thynne abide
Perhaps a heappe of suche, coolde hungry hangers on Whose nature gives the Court a figg/ when worldlye happe is gone
Can you not see the cause/ that brings them swarming in And wheare the wheele of ffortune swarves/ the world wold favour wynne
Hadd not yo' Elders wise/ good tryall of suche trashe Did you not see what worthie witts/ at lengthe were left in lashe
By trusting some to farr/ and hastie happe in those That seemyd frends to outward sight/ and yet weare secret foes
Oh lett me licence have/ to paint theise Pecockes owte Whose ffeathers wav'ring with the wynde/ and so turns taile aboute
yet flicker with the wings/ to fawne the face a while vntill theire suddeine flight they take/ and so their frends beguile
What shuld we judge of them/ that beare in faces still Wheare, for all their Curte'sye great/ they beare but small good will
And where they seldome come/ but when some sute they have They make a signe to see my lorde/ yet seeke by slight to crave
What makes them watch their howres/ and thrust in thickest preace It is for frendshipp that they beare/ vnto a certeine leace my lord must helpp to geat/ now crowche and kneele they all
Now stand they vpp like saintes in Shryne/ or nailde against awall Now figg they heare and theare/ as thornes were in their heeles
Now trudge about theise whirlye gigges/ as world did stand on wheeles Now cast they frendlye lookes/ all over the chamber gaye Now give they place as god weare theare/ now turne they everie waye

\cdot 364 \cdot
Now talke they trymme in print/ and prate of Robin hooed
Moche lyke the knights of Arthurs Cowrte/ yt knew full well their good
Some throughe a fyner meane/ doe creape in Creadites lappe
And vaile their Bonettes by device/ as favo follow'd Cappe
Suche Juglers bleare your eyes/ and smyle wthin your sleeve
When hono in his harmlesse moode/ dothe best of them belive
Weare you but once a daye/ in symple Servantes place
And lyke a looker on you stoode/ to prye vpon this cace
Then shuld you throwklye see/ whoe play'd the wylye ffoxce
and how the woolf can frame hym self/ to draw in yoke like oxe
Then shuld the mufled men/ shew forth their faces bare
And there bye noble harts might learne/ to know what flatt'rers are
The glorie of yo Seat/ heaves vpp your head so hie
that manie thinges doth scape yo vewe/ whiche we see full with eye
And whoe is now so bolde/ that dare flatt warning gieve
to suche as in the toppe of Pomppe/ in Princelye
pleasure li(e)e
I muse what new fownd charme/ hathe so disguiz'd the state
that men oft tymes for speaking playne/ doe purchase endlesse hate
Whilstte frawde and fayned cheare/ dothe eche ill humo feede
And no man dare a plaister give/ to heale the wound in deede
ffull sicklye shall you walke/ and never want disease
They shuld be banisht from yo Court/ that are so glad to please
With twitling twatling tales/ the truth e like Larom bell
Shuld shrillie sownde in tender eares/ and learne you to do well
But aye the sweetest Nutts/ do norishe wormes apace
and flatt’rers of the fynest stamppe/ in Courte have fittest place
I am to playne therefore/ my penne hathe droncke to moche
Or Aley headd makes Idle hand/ the quick to neare to touche
(ffor free of everie haunce/ I thanck the gods I ame)
(And serves no turne but for a vice/)
Nay, nay some one must speake/ Althoughe the vice it be
Or ells the playe weare done and past/ then Lordens pdon me
(ffor free of every haunce/ I thanck the godes I ame)
and serves no turne but for a vice/ sence first to Court
I came
To make the Ladies laughe/ that leads the Retchelesse lyves
Whoe late or never woodcock lyke/ at Latter Lammasse thrives
yet if the foole had gote/ at his departure thence
A nightcappe or a Motley Coate/ or ells some spending pence
It had beene well ynoughe/ but nothing there I fownde
(ffor nothing from theire bowgetts fell/ they weare so straitlye bounde
Ye lye Sr dawe in deede/ cow’ldest thow so long be theare
but needes must fall in to thie hand/ some paring of a peare
A hongrie paring lord/ they have that theare do waite
He watchithe like a greedie hownde/ that standeth at receate
whoe ofte for lack of gaine/ Runnes home his panche to fill
Or sterves in fforest or in parck/ at least to be at keepers will
Loke whate to Courte he brought/ it is consum’dde and gone
And there the flesshe of everie iointe/ is worne vnto the bone
Crowes
The Caryon of Cheappe/ in seing bones so bare
Wolde clappe the foole in Cownter fast/ to breede hym further care
[N]ay fye on suche good luck/ on Sowldiers faith I sweare
to sell the Court and Cittie bothe/ and he that takes me theare
Lett hym cutt of myne eares/ and slitt my Nose aright
And make a Curtall of the beast/ that hath a head so light
To linger out in yeares/ for Moone shyne in the well
A hoode a hoode for suche a foole/ a Bable and a bell
A Cockes combe is to good/ for suche a Calfe I trowe
Thus of my Lord my leave I take/ and so agayne I goe
Wheare fortune shall assigne/ my Staffe to light or fall
And thus I know a trewer frend/ was not among'st them all
Then to my powre I was/ to you and all your race
Nor vnto whome I daylye wisshe/ more blessid happe and grace./

finis

[322]
Shonne the bywaies, of wightes whiche walke a wrie
Vertue enbrace, with singlenes of hart
Settle thie self, to serve the Lord on hye
and feare to breake his heastes in anye parte
Note what is good, that vse and flye the yll
Stayne not those stepps, thie breeder with great care
thee trayned in, but seeke to sue them still
of whose desertes, great prayses justlye are none coulde so well, have fram'd thie witt and skill./
eache daye therfore, eache howre and in eache place
Rev'rence her moche, and thake god of his grace./

finis

[323]
The [X] Commaunde[me]ntes
These are the Hollie Commaund'mentes tenne
wth god or' Lord gave so Straightlye
by Moses His servant vnto all men
Vpon Mount Synaye

Thus saith the Lord one god alone
onlye to worshipp see thow doe
to Graven Image, to Stock ne stone
See thow ne bow therto
His Hollie name take not vainlie
print well this sayeng in thie Hart
that from the Howse of Blasphemye
His Plague shall not depte

So saith the Lord the Saboth to
Hollye thow holde in frutes of faith
in Love and feare his Law to do
Lyke as the Scripture saieth

Hono\textsuperscript{r} thie Parentes all thow may
wherbye the Lord doth promyse thee
Long Lyf on earthe to serve hym aye
in Spirite and veritie

Revenge the not for any cause
ne seeke thow blood in deede ne will
Obay the Lyving Lord whose Lawse
doth say thow shallt not kill

And farther saith thus shalt thow deale
towards thie neighbo\textsuperscript{r} well eache wheare
thow shalt not Lust thow shalt not steale
ne yet false witnes beare

By theise Commaundementes Learne thow Loe
to Love the Lord above all thing
thie neighbo\textsuperscript{r} as thie self also
and thus I Leave to singe

\textit{finis} Tho. Smithe./

\[324\] [Fol. 225]\textsuperscript{v}]

A prayer./

With Heavie hart I call to the
O Lord give eare vnto my playnt
in my distresse consyder me
and mark how that my Sowle doth faynt
forlorne with care becawse that He
So oft offends thie magestie

But synce thow paidest the blooddie price
thie f\textsuperscript{f}athers wrath to pacifie
in thie great powre and strengthe arise
forgeve my Synnes o Lord I crye

\[368\]
ne Lett my Sowle be brought to naught
whome once thow hast so dearlye bought

My Due desert doth breede dispaire
and hell I shall haue for my hyer
vnlesse thow wilt thie wrath forbeare

to ponishe me in thie iust Ire
but sith thie mercye passeth all
ffor mercye Lord I crye and call

fforgyve thie People all theire Cryне
Whose Health on thee doth aye depend

and with thie Hand in this our tyme
Oure Noble Queene o Lord defend

and that shee maye her foes deface
poure downe on her thie Heavenlye grace./

Amen./