Appendices
APPENDIX I

Nos. I, II, and III below are printed from British Museum MS. Add. 28635 (Nott's transcript of the AH MS.), fol. 2r, which corresponds to the missing fol. 15 of the original. No. IV, which offers additional lines to the fragment No. 74 by Surrey, is also taken from the transcript, lower half of fol. 24r, which corresponds to the missing fol. 48 in the AH MS. Evidently only the lower half of this folio was in the Manuscript when the transcript was made. See the Introduction, p. 8, n. 10.

[I]

In all respectes that nature may commend
As face and forme, grace good and favour great
No one I know, that rightlye may contend
(Exception none) to chalendge chieffer seate
ffamed well farr, and justly praysed neare
Loved of all, and hatefull unto none
Esteamed wyse, and of the wyse held deare
Most sett by yet, wheare vertue is best knowne
in worde right ware, of sober deede and cheare
neither to sower, nor of to pleasant mynde
Great is the prayse, shee geveth all her kynde

ffinis

[II]

Of hew right faire, a face both good and sweete
Sober of cheare, joyned with with singuler grace
Bewtie and vertue, heare in tryvmphe meete
Of force so even, as neither geveth place
Rudelesse her maners and wemlesse her wayes
Nedelesse and thancklesse, not cawselesse I prayse

[III]

Now to the myndes of twelve it is — referd
Envye men bare thy vertue & hyhe wit
sought they free foote in suttle wyles to have snared
false witnesses forthwith were then prepard
with hatefull harte the solemene judge doth sett
Thus men may see, whose lyf the Lord will have
Is not yet dead, though three days laid in grave

. 373 .
The Sonne hath twyse brought forthe - - - -
and cladd the earthe in lyvely lustinesse
once have the wyndes the treese dispoyled cleene
and now agayne begynnys their crewelnesse
synce I have hydd vnder my brest the harme [5]
that never shall recover healthfullnesse
the wynters hurt recovers with the warme
the pearched greene restored is with shade
what warmthe alas may serve for to disarme

my sayles do fall and I advaunce right nought [10]
as anchorde fast, my sprytes do all resort
to stand at gaze, and suck in more and more
the deadlye harme which she doth take in sporte
So yf I seeke how I do fynde my sore [15]
and yf I flye, I carrye with me still
the venomde shafte, whiche doth his force restore
by hast of flyght and I may playne my fill
APPENDIX II

Poems in the *Nugae Antiquae*, edited by Henry Harington, which may have been printed from leaves now missing in the Arundel Manuscript.

**Group 1.**

Seventeen poems in the 1769 volume of the *NA*, pp. 183-99, discussed on pp. 22-23 of the Introduction.

**SONNETS.**

**BY**

JOHN HARINGTON, ESQ.,

and SOME OTHERS, 1547.

**SONNET I.**

I.

As oft as I beholde and see
The sov'raigne bewtie that me bownd;
The neare my compforte is to me,
Alas! the fresher is my wound.

II.

As flambe dothe quenche by rage of fyre,
And runninge streames consume by rayne;
So doth the sight that I desyre
Appease my greif and deadly payne.

III.

Lyke as the flye that seeth the flame,
And thincks to play her in the fyre;
That fownd her woe, and sought her game,
Whose greif did growe by her desyre.

IV.

When first I saw those cristall streames
Whose bewtie made this mortal wound,
I lytle thought, within those beames,
So sweete a venome to have fownde.

V.

Wherein is hidd the crewell bitt
Whose sharppe repulse none can resist.
And eke the spurr that straynes eache witt
To ronne the race against his list.

VI.

But wilfull will did prick me forthe,
Blynde Cupide did me whippe and guyde;
Force made me take my greif in worthe,
My fruitlesse hope my harme did hyde.

VII.

I fall, and see myne owne decaye,
As he, that beares flambe in his brest,
Forgeats, for payne, to cast away
The thing that breadeth his unrest.

VIII.

And, as the spyder drawes her lyne,
With labour lost I frame my sute;
The fault is hers, the losse is myne,
Of yll sowne seed suche is the frute.

SONNET II.

I.

WHEN youth had ledd me half the race
That Cupids scourdge did make me ronne,
I looked backe to mete the place,
From whence my weary course begonne.

II.

And then I saw how my desire
By guyding ill had lett my way,
Whose eyes, too greedie of their hyre,
Had lost me manye a noble praye.

III.

For when in sight I spent the day,
And could not clooke my greif by game;
The boyling smoke did still bewray
The fervent rage of hidden flame.

IV.

And when salt teares did bayne my brest
Wheare Love his pleasaunte traynes had sowne;
The brewt therof the frewt opprest,
   Or that the bloomes weare sprung and blowne.

V.
And, wheare myne eyes did still pursue
   The flyeng chace that was their quest,
Their greedie lookes did ofte renew
   The hydden wound within my brest.

VI.
When everye looke theise cheekes might stayne
   From deadlye pale to flaminge redd;
By outward signes appeared playne
   The woe whearwith my heart was fedd.

VII.
But all to late Love learneth me
   To paynt all kinde of colours newe;
To blynde their eyes that ells should see
   My sparkled cheeks with Cupids hew.

VIII.
And now the covert brest I clayme,
   That worshipps Cupid secretlye,
And nourisheth his sacred flame,
   From whence no blasing sparks do flye.

SONNET III.

By JOHN HARINGTON, 1543, for a Ladie
muche in Love.

I.
O Happie dames! that may embrace
   The frewte of your delight,
Help to bewayle the wofull case,
   And eke the heavie plight
Of me that wonted to rejoynce
   The fortune of my pleaunt choyce:
Good Ladies helpp to fill my mourning voyce.

II.
In a shipp fraught with remembaunce
   Of wordes and pleasures past,
He sayles that hath in governaunce
   My lyf whyle it will last:
With sckalding sighes for lack of gaile,
   Furthering his hope, that is, his saile,
Towarde me the sweete porte of his availe.

III.
Alas! how oft, in dreames, I see
   Those eyes that were my foode;
Whiche somtyme so rejoiced me,
   That yet they do me good:
Whearwith I wake with his retourne,
Whose absent flambe did make me bourne,
But when I fynde the lack, Lord! how I mourne.

IV.
When other lovers in armes acrosse
   Rejoyce their chief delight,
Drowned in teares to mourn my losse,
   I stand the bitter night
In my windowe, wheare I may se
Before the wyndes how the clowdes flye,
Lo! what a maryner Love hath made me.

V.
And in green waves, when the salt floodd
   Dothe ryse by rage of wynde;
A thousand fancyes in that moode
   Assayles my restlesse mynde.
Now feare I drenchith my sweete foe,
That with spoyle of my hert did goe,
And lefte me, but, alas! whye did he so?

VI.
And when the seas wexe calme agayne
   To chace from me anoye;
My doubtful hope dothe cause me playne,
   So dread cutts of my joye.
Thus ys my wealth myngled with woe,
And of each thought a doubt doth groe,
Now he comes, Will he come? Alas! no, no.
SONNET IV.

So crewell pryson how could betyde alas!
   As prowde Wyndsour, wheare I, in lust and joye,
With a Kings sonne, my childishe yeares did passe,
   In greater feast then Pryams sonnes of Troye.
Wheare eache sweete place retournes a taste full sowre,
   The lardge greene courts wheare we were wont to hove,
With eyes cast upp unto the maiden towre,
   And easye sighes, such as folke draw in love.
The stately sales, the ladies bright of hewe,
   The dawnces short, long tales of great delight;
With wordes and lookes that tygers could but rew,
   Wheare eache of us did pleade the others right.
The palme playe, wheare, dispoyled for the game,
   With dazled eyes, ofte we, by gleames of love,
Have myst the ball, and gote sight of our dame,
   To bayte her eyes which kepte the leades above.
The graveld grownd, with sleeves tyed on the helme,
   On fomyng horsse with swordes and frendlye harts;
With cheare as though the one should over-whelme,
   Wheare we have fought and chased oft withe dartes.
With silver dropps the maydes yet spred for rewthe,
   In actyve games of nymblenesse and strength;
Wheare we did strayne, trayned by swarmes of youth,
   Our tender lymbs that yet shot upp in lengthe.
The secreat groves whiche ofte we made resownde
   Of pleaasunt playnt, and of our Ladies prayes,
Recording softe, what grace eache one had fownd;
   What hope of speede, what dredd of long delayes;
The wyld forest, the clothed holts with greene,
   Wyth raynes avalde, and swifte ybreathed horsse,
With crye of hownds, and merrye blasts betweene,
   Wheare we did chace the fearefull hartt of force.
The voyd walls eke that harbourd us eache night,
   Whearwith, alas! revive within m y brest
The sweete accorde such sleapes as yet delight;
   The pleaasunt dreames, the quyet bedd of rest:
The secreat thoughts, imparted with suche trust,
   The wanton talke, the dyvers chaunge of play;
The frendshipp sworne, each promesse kept so just,
   Whearwith we past the wynter nights away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes my face,
   The teares berayne my cheekes of deadlye hewe;
The whiche, as sone as sobbing sighes, alas!
Upsapped have, thus I my playnt renewe.
O place of blysse, renewer of my woes!
Geve me accompt wheare is my noble feare?
Whome in thie walls thou didst eache night enclose
To other lief, but unto me moste deare?
Each wall, alas! that doth my sorow rewe,
Retournes therto a hollow sownd of playnt;
Thus I alone, wheare all my freedome grew,
In pryson pyne, with bondage and restraynt:
And, with remembraunce of the gretter greif,
To banyshe thence I fynd my chief relief.

SONNET V.

Pace non trono
[i.e., trouo]
I fynde no peace and all my warr is done,
I feare and hope, I bourne and freese lyke yse;
I flye above the wynde, yet cannot ryse;
And nought I have, yet all the worlde I season,
That looseth, nor lacketh, holdes me in pryson,
And holdes me not, yet can I escape no wyse,
Nor lets me leewe, nor die at my devyce,
And yet of death it giveth none occasion.
Without eye I see, and without tongue I playne;
I desyre to perishe, yet aske I health;
I love another, and yet I hate my self,
I feede in sorow and laughe in all my payne,
Lykewyse pleaseth me both death and lyf,
And my delight is cawser of my greif.

SONNET VI.

Fiamma dal ciel
Vengaunce must fall on thee, thow filthie whore
Of Babilon, thow breaker of Christs fold,
That from achorns, and from the water colde
Art riche become with making many poore.
Tho w treasons neste that in thie hart dost holde.
Of cankard malice and of myschief more,
Than pen can wryte, or may with tongue be tolde,
Slave to delights that chastitie hath solde;
For wyne and ease which settith all thie store
APPENDICES

Uppon whoredome and on none other lore.
In thye pallais of strompetts yonge and olde

Theare walk Plentie, and Belzabub thye Lorde;
Guydes thee and them and doth thy raigne upholde:

It is but late, as wryting will recorde,
That poore thow weart withonten land or goolde;

Yet now hath golde and pryde, by one accorde,
In wickednesse so spredd thie lyf abrode,

That it dothe stinke before the face of God.

SONNET VII

Fontana di Dolor

Spring of all woe, O den of curssed ire,
Scoole of errour, temple of heresy;
Thow Pope, I meane, head of hypocrasye,
Thou and thie churche, unsaciat of desyre,

Have all the world filld full of myserye;
Well of disceate, thow dungeon full of fyre,

That hydes all truthe to breed idolatrie.
Thow wicked wretche, Christe can not be a lyer,

Behold, therefore, thie judgment hastelye;
Thye first fownder was gentill povertie,

But there against is all thow dost requyre
Thow shamelesse beaste, wheare hast thow put thie trust,

In thie whoredome, or in thy riche attyre?
Loe! Constantyne, that is turned into dust,

Shall not retourne for to mayntayne thie lust;
But now his heires, that might not sett thee higher,

For thie greate pryde shall teare thye seate a sonder,
And scourdge thee so that all the world shall wonder.

SONNET VIII.

PLAYNE ye, myne eyes, accompanye my hart,

For, by your fault, lo, here is death at hand!
Ye brought hym first into this bitter band,
And of his harme as yett ye felt no part;

But now ye shall: Lo! here beginnes your smart

Wett shall you be, ye shall it not withstand
With weepingteares that shall make dymm your sight,
And mystie clowdes shall hang still in your light.

Blame but yourselves that kyndlyd have this brand,
With suche desyre to strayne that past your might;
But, since by you the hart hath caught his harme,
His flamed heat shall somtyme make you warme.

SONNET IX.
I SEE my playnt with open eares
Is heard, alas! and lawghing eyes;
I see that scorne beholdes my teares,
And all the harme happ can devyse.
I see my lyf awaye so weares,
That I myself myself despyse;
And moste of all whearewith I stryve
Is that I see my self alyve.

SONNET X.
The wandring gadling in the sommer tyde,
That fyndes the adder with his restlesse foote,
Sterts not, dismayde so soddenlye asyde,
As did jelousye, though there were no boote.
When that he saw me sytting by her syde
That of m y health is verye cropp and roote,
It pleased m e to have so faire a grace
To stinge the wighte that wold have had my place.

SONNET XI.
A face that sholde content m e wond’rous well,
Sholde not be faire but lovelye to beholde,
With gladsome cheere all greif for to expell,
With sobre lookes so wolde I that it sholde
Speake, withoute wordes, suche wordes as none can tell:
The tresse also sholde be of chrisped goolde,
With witt; and thus might chaunce I might betyde,
And knytt agayne the knott that sholde not slyde.

SONNET XII.
LUCKE, my faire fawlcon, and your fellows all,
How well pleasaunt it weare your libertie;
Ye not forsake me that faire might ye befall,
But they, that somtyme lyekt my companye,
Lyke lyce awaye from dead boddies crall,
Lo, what a profe in light adversitie!
APPENDICES

But ye, my birdes, I sweare by all your bells,
Ye be my frendes, and so be but few ellse.

SONNET XIII.
I AM not deade, althoughe I had a fall,
The sonne retournes that was hydd under clowde;
And, when fortune hath spilt owt all her gall,
I trust good luck shall be to me allowdd.
For I have sene a shipp into the haven fall,
When storme hathe broke both mast and also shrowde,
And eke the willow that stowpith with the wynde
Doth ryse agayne, and greater wood doth bynde.

SONNET XIV.
Venemous thornes that be both sharpp and keene,
Beare somtymes flowres faire and fresshe of hew;
And poyson ofte is put in medicyne,
And cawseth healthe, in man, for to renew:
The fyre, eke, that all consumeth cleene,
May helpp and hurt, and, yf that this be trew,
I trust somtyme my harm may be my health,
Synce everye woe is joyned with some wealth.

SONNET XV.
CAESAR, when that the traitour of Egipte
With th’onorabell head did him present,
Covering his gladnes, did represent
Plainte with his teares outward as it is wrytt.
And Hannibal, eke, when Fortune him shitt
Cleane from his raigne, and from all his intent,
Laught to his folke whom sorrow did torment,
His crewel dispight for to disgorge and quyt.
So chaunceth it ofte that everye passion
The mynde hydeth by colour contrarye,
With fayned uysage, nowe sad, nowe merrye;
Whearly if I laught anye tyme or season,
Yt is for because I have none other waye
To cloke my care but under sporte and playe
SONNET XVI.

JOHN HARINGTON to sweete ISABEL MARKHAM.

Marvaylous be thie matcheles gyftes of mynde,
And, for thie shape, Ewrithnia rightlie growen;
Reckles of prayse, a prayse rare in thie kynde,
Great in desert, small in desyre well knowen:
A mansion meete, where Chastitie doth dwell,
Rype in all good, of evell the seede unsowen;
Endued with thewse that do the rest excell,
Temp'raunce hath wonne and constancye doth holde;
Wisdome hath taughte that myldness mastreth might.
I am unskild the reste howe to unfolde.
Let envious eyes deeme that by exact sight
Of bewtie, hewe, and partes of pryce untolde;
But yet I reede thye looke with reverent care:
Eache wighte is wise that, warned, can beware.

SONNET XVII.

JOHN HARINGTON to his Mother, 1540.

There was a battaill fought of late,
Yet was the slaughter small;
The strife was, whether I shulde wrighte,
Or send nothing at all.
Of one syde were the Captaynes names
Short Tyme and Lytle Skill;
One fought alone agaynst them bothe,
Whose name was Great Good-will.
Short Tyme enforst me in a straite,
And bad me holde my hand;
Small Skill also withstooode desyre,
My wryting to withstand.
But Great Good-will, in shew though small,
To wright encourag'de me,
And to the battaile helde on still,
No common thinge to see.
Thus gan theise busye warrriors three
Betwene themselves to fight
As valiauntlye as though they had
Bene of much greater might.
Till Fortune, that unconstant dame,
Which rules soche things allwaye,
Did cause the weaker parte in fight
   To bear the greater swaye:
And then the victour caused me,
   However was my skill,
To wright these verses unto you,
   To shew my great good-will.

GROUP 2.


(1)

*The Hospitable Oake.*

I.

Erst in Arcadia’s londe much prais’d was found
   A lustie tree far rearing t’ward the skie,
Sacred to Jove, and placed on high grounde,
   Beneath whose shade did gladsome shepherds hie,
Met plenteous good, and oft were wont to shunne
Bleak winters drizzle, summers parching sunne.

II.

Outstretch’d in all the luxurie of ease,
   They pluck’d rich misletoe of virtue rare;
Their lippe was tempted by each kindlie breeze,
   That wav’d the branch to proffer acorns fair;
While out the hollowd root, with sweets inlaide,
   The murm’ring bee her daintie hoard betrayde.

III.

The fearless bird safe bosom’d here its neste,
   Its sturdie side did brave the nipping winde,
Where many a creeping ewe mought gladlie reste;
   Warme comforte here to all and ev’ry kinde;
Where hunge the leaf well sprint with honey dew,
   Whence dropt their cups, the gamboling fairie knew.

IV.

But ah! in luckless day what mischief ’gan
   ‘Midst fell debate, and madd’ning revelrie,
When tipsie Bacchus had bewitched Pan,
   For sober swains so thankless neer mought be;
Tho' passing strange—'twas bruited all arounde,
This goodlie tree did shadowe too much grounde.

V.
With much despight they aim its overthrow,
And sorrie jestes its wonted giftes deride,
How 'snaring birdlimes made of mistletoe;
Nor trust their flocks to shelter 'neath its side;
It drops chill venom on our ewes, they cry,
And subtle serpent at its root doth lie.

VI.
Eftsoons the axe doth rear its deadlie blowe,
Arounde doth echo bear each labouringe stroke;
Now to the grounde its loftie head doth bowe,
Then angry Jove aloud in thunder spoke,
On high Olympus next mine tree I'll place,
Heav'n's still unscann'd by sicth ungrateful race.

These Verses were written on the Lord Admiral SEYMOUR after his being beheaded. The great State and Magnificence of his Table and Hospitality justly intitled him to such a Compliment. The quaint Phraseology in the original Copy occasioned some Liberties to be taken with it, which the candid Reader is desired to excuse, as the present Form is but little different in Sentiment from the Original. The MSS. is dated 1564, some Years after his Death, but probably it was wrote on the Occasion of his Execution.

Thys Verse was made in 1567, on a moste stonie-hearted Mayden who did sorelie begyle the noble Knyghte, my true Friende, and who did much greive thereon, even to his Deathe: On which dire Myshappe she starvede her, and kepte hidden from every Eye till her owne Deathe fell oute some little Space of Tyme from the good Knyghtes lamentable End.

O maydens, prove more kynde,
Who starve their love may starvinge finde.

J. H. MSS. 1564.

I.
WHY didst thou raise such woeful wayle,
And waste in briny tears thyne days;
Cause shee, that wont to flout and rayl,
At last gave proof of woman's wares?
Shee did, in sooth, display the hearte
That mought have wroughte thee greater smarte.

II.

Why thank her then, not weep or mone,
    Let others guard their careless hearte;
And praise the day that thus made knowne
    The faithless hold on woman's art.
Their lips can gloze and gain suche roote,
That gentle youthe hathe hope of fruite.

III.

But, ere the blossom fair dothe rise,
    To shoot its sweetness o'er the taste,
Creepeth disdain in canker-wise,
    And chilling scorne the fruit dothe blaste.
There is no hope of all our toyld,
There is no fruite from such a soil.

IV.

Give o'er thy playnt, the danger's o'er,
    Shee might have poyson'd all thyne lyfe;
Such wayward mynde had bred thee more
    Of sorrowe, had shee prov'd a wyfe.
Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,
And bless thyself that so art freed.

V.

No youthe shall sue suche one to winne,
    Unmark'd by all the shying fair,
Save for her pride and scorn, such sinne
    As hearte of love can never bear:
Like leafless plant in blasted shade,
So liveth shee a barren mayde.

GROUP 3.

Four poems attributed to John Harington, said to be addressed to Isabel, or Isabella, Markham, NA, 1769, p. 129; 1775, pp. 256-59; discussed on pages 23-24 of the Introduction.

A SONNET made on ISABELLA MARKHAME, when I firste thought her fayer as she stood at the Princess's Windowe in goodlye Attyre, and talkede to dyvers in the Courte-Yard.
WHENCE comes my love, O hearte, disclose,
'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose;
From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely owne,
Ah me! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.

The blushynge cheek speakes modest mynde,
The lipps befitting wordes moste kynde;
The eye does tempte to love's desyre,
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all so faire, but speake my moane,
Syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake,
Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeke,
Yet not a hearte to save my paine,
O Venus, take thy giftes again;
Make not so faire to cause our moane,
Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.

LYKE as the rage of rayne
Fills ryvers with excesse;
And as the drowght agayne
Doth draw them lesse and lesse:
So I both fall and clyme
With no and yea somtyme.

As they ryse hye and hye,
So doth encrease my state;
As they fall drye and drye,
So doth my wealth abate:
As yea ys matcht with no,
My wealth ys myxt with wo.

As nothing can endure,
That lyves and lacks relief;
APPENDICES

So no state may stand sure,
    Where chaunge doth rayne as Chief:
Wherefore I must entend
    To bow, when others bend.

And, when they laugh, to smyle,
    And, when they weepe, to wayle;
And, when they crafte, begyle,
    And, when they fight, assayle:
And thynck there ys no chaunge
Can make them seeme to straunge.

Oh! moste vnhappie state,
    What wight may kepe such coorsse,
To love that he shuld hate,
    Or ells to doe moche worsse:
Theise be rewardes for suche
As lyve and love to moche.

JOHN HARYNGTON TO ISABELLA
    MARKHAM, 1549.

QUESTION.

ALAS! I love yow overwell,
    Myne owne sweete deere delyghte;
Yet, for respects, I feare to tell
    What moves my trobled spryghte:
What workes my woe, what breedes my smarte,
    What woundes myn harte and mynde,
Reason restrayns me to emparte
    Such perylls as I fynde.

ANSWER.

If present peryll reason fynde,
    And hope for helpe doe haste;
Unfolde the secretts of yowr mynde,
    Whyls hope of helpe may taste.
And I will ease yowr Payne and smarte,
    As yf yt weare myne owne;
Respects and perylls put aparte,
    And let the truthe be knowne.

QUESTION.

The words be sownde, the sownde ys sweete,
    The sweete yeeldes bounty free;

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Noe wyghte hathe worthe to yeelde meed meete
For grace of suche degree:
Now, sythe my playnte dothe pytie move,
Grawnt grace that I may taste
Suche ioys as angells feele above,
That lovingly may last.

ANSWER.
I yeeld with harte and wylling mynde
To doe all yow desyre;
Doubtinge noe deale suche faythe to fynde
As suche truste dothe requier:
Now yow have wealthe at yowr owne will,
And lawe at yowr owne luste,
To make or mar, to save or spill;
Then be a Conquerour iuste.

ANSWER.
Fyrste shall the sunne in darknes dwell,
The moone and starrs lacke lyghte,
Before in thoughte I doe rebell
Agaynst my lyves delyghte:
Tryed ys my truste, knowne ys my truthe,
Yn tyme, my sweete, provyde,
Whilste bewtie florishe in thine yowthe,
And brethe in mee abyde.

JO. HAR.

JOHN HARYNGTON to his Wyfe, 1564.

YF dutye, wyf, lead thee to deeme
That trade moste fytt I hold most deare,
Fyrst, God regard, next me esteeme,
Our chyldren then respect thow neare.

Our house bothe sweete and cleanly see,
Ordre our fare, thy maydes kepe short;
Thy mirth with mean well myxed be;
Thy courtesse partes in chaste wyse sorte

In sober weede the cleanly dresse;
When ioyes me rayse, thy cares downe cast;
When greifes me greepe, thie solace cease;
Who so me frynds, frynd them as fast.
In peace geve place, what so I saye;
A parte complayne, yf cawse thoue fynde;
Let lybrall lypps no trust bewray,
Nor ielous humour payne thy freyd.

If I thee wronge, thie greifes vnfolde;
Yf thoue me vex, thine errour grawnt;
To seeke straunge toyles be not to bold;
The stryfelesse bedd no jarres may haunt.

Small sleape and early prayer entend;
The idle lyf, as poyson, hate;
No credyte lyght nor moche speache spend;
In open place no cawse debate.

No thwarts, no frownes, no grudge, no stryf;
Eschew the badd, embrace the best;
To trothe of worde joyne honest lyf,
And in my bosome byld thye nest.

GROUP 4

Three poems elsewhere ascribed to Wyatt, but one is here attributed to
the Earl of Rochford, NA, 1775, pp. 250-55; discussed on pp. 24-25
of the Introduction.

VERSES by Sir Thomas Wyat.*

MARVELL no more, althoe
The songes I singe do mone;
For other lyfe then woe
I never proved none.

And in my hart also
Ys graven with lettres deepe,
A thousand sighes and moe,
A flood of teares to weepe.

How may a man in smart
Fynde matter to reioyce?
How may a mourning hart
Sett forth a pleasant voyce?

Play who that can that part,
Needs must in me appeere

*Father to him who was executed in the Reign of Queen Mary, for Rebellion; this
Sir Thomas has been mentioned with Respect, as a Poet, by Mr. Gray; but the Editor of
this Specimen begs the Reader to excuse inserting these Petit Pieces, which probably were
the First-fruits of his Muse.
How Fortune overthwarte
Doth cause my mourning cheere.

Perdie, theare is no man,
Yf he never sawe sight,
That perfectlye tell can
The nature of the light.

Alas! how shuld I than,
That never taste but sowe,
But do as I began
Contynuallye to lowre?

But yet, perchaunce, some chaunce
Maye chaunce to chaunge my tune;
And, when suche chaunce doth chaunce,
Then shall I thanck Fortune.

And, yf I have suche chaunce,
Perchaunce, ere it be longe,
For suche a pleasaunte chaunce,
To singe some pleasant songe.

By the Earl of ROCHEFORD.

In Manuscript, dated 1564.

I.

MY lewt, awake, performe the laste
Labour that thow and I shall waste,
And ende that I have nowe begunne:
For, when this songe is sunge and past,
My lewt, be still, for I have done.

II.

As to be heard wheare eare is none;
As lead to grave in marble stone;
My songe may pearce her hart assone:
Shuld we then sighe, or singe, or mone?
No, no, my lewte, for I have done.

III.

The rocks do not so cruellye
Repulssse the waves contynually
As she my sute and affection;
So that I ame past remedie,
  Wherby my lute and I have done.

IV.
Vengeance shall fall on thie disdayne,
That makest but game on earnest Payne.
  Thinck not alone vnder the sonne
Vnquyte to cause thie lovers playne,
  Althoughe my lute and I have done.

V.
Perchaunce they lye withered and olde,
The winter nightes that are so colde,
  Playning in vayne vnto the moone;
Thie wishes then dare not be tolde;
  Care then whoe liste, for I haue done.

VI.
And may chaunce the to repent
The tyme that thow hast lost and spent
  To cawse thie lovers sighe and swone;
Then shalt thow know bewtie but lent,
  And wishes and want as I have done.

VII.
Now cease, m y lewte, this is the last
Labour that thow and I shall waste,
  And endid is that we begunne:
Now is this songe both sunge and past,
  My lewte, be still, for I have done.

By Sir THOMAS WYAT.

I.
ONCE, as me thought, Fortune me kist,
  And bad me aske what I thought best;
And I shuld have it as me list,
  Thearwith to sett my hart at rest.

II.
I asked nought by my deere hart
  To have for evermore myne owne;
Then at an end weare all my smart,
  Then shuld I neede no more to mone.
III.
Yet, for all that, a stormye blaste
   Had over turnde this goodlye day;
And Fortune seemed, at the laste,
   That to her promesse she said naye.

IV.
But, lyke as one out of dispaire
   To suddaine hope revyved, I,
Now Fortune shewith her self so fayre
   That I content me wonderslye.

V.
My moste desyre my hand may reache,
   Mye will is allwaye at my hand;
Me neede not long for to beseeche
   Her that hath powre me to commaunde.

VI.
What earthlye thinge more can I crave?
   What wolde I wishe more at my will?
No thinge on earthe more wolde I have
   Save that I have to have it still.

VII.
For Fortune hath kept her promesse
   In graunting me my moste desyre;
Of mye suffraunce I have redresse,
   And I content me with mye hyre.

Group 5.
Metrical paraphrases of seven Psalms by Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, of which the first four given below were first printed in *NA*, 1775, pp. 57-69, and the other three in *NA*, 1779, i, 293-96 (here taken from the 1792 reprint); discussed on p. 25 of the Introduction.

PSALMES,
Translated by the
COUNTESS
OF
PEMBROKE.
APPENDICES

PSALME LI.

I.

O LORDE, whose grace no lymitts comprehend;
   Sweet Lorde, whose mearcyes stand from measure free,
To me that grace, to me that mearcy send;
   And wype (O Lorde) my sinnes from sinfull me;
   O clense (o washe) my sowle iniquity:
Clense still my spotts, still wash away my staynings,
Till staynes and spotts, in me, leaue no remaynings.

II.

For I, alas, acknowleging, do knowe
   My fillthy fault, my faulty fillthynes
To my soules eye vncessantly doth showej
   Which done, to thee, to thee I doe confes,
   Lust Iudg, trew witnesj that for righteowsnes
Thy doome may passe, against my guilt awarded;
Thy evydence for trewth may be regarded.

III.

My mother, loe, when I beganne to bee,
   Conceaving me, with me did sinne conceave;
And, as with lyvinge hett she cherisht me,
   Corruption did lyke cherishing receave:
   But, loe, thy loue to purest good dooth cleave;
And inward treuth, which, hardly ells discerned,
My trewant sowle in thy hid schoole hath learned.

IV.

Then (as thy selfe to leapers hast assigned)
   With hysope, Lorde, with hysope purge me soe,
And that shall clense the leapry of my mynde:
   Make over me thy mearcy streams to flow:
   So shall my whitenes scorne the whytest snow:
To eare and harte send sownds & thowghts of gladnes,
That bruised bones ma y leave away theyr sadnes.

V.

Thy ill-pleased eye from my misdeeds avert;
   Cancell the regesters my sinnes contayne;
Create in me a cleane, pure, spottles hart;
   Inspire a spiritt whear loue of right may raigne,
And cast me not from thee; take not agayne
Thy breathing grace; againe thy comfort send me,  
And lett the guard of thy free Spirit atten me.

VI.  
So I to them a guiding hand wilbee,  
Whose faulty feete haue wandred from thy way,  
And, turnd from sinne, will make returne to thee,  
Whome, turnd from thee, sinne erst had turnd astray.  
O God, God of my helth, O doe away  
My bloody cryme; so shall my tounge bee raysed  
To prayse thy trewth, enough cannot bee prayed.

VII.  
Vnlocke my lipps, shutt vp with sinfull shame;  
Then shall my mowth (O Lorde) thy honor singe,  
For bleeding fewell for thy altars flame,  
To gaine thy grace, what boots it me to bringe?  
Burnt-offeringes are to thee no pleasant thinge:  
The sacryfice, that God will houlde respected,  
Is th’hart-broken soule, the sperit dejected.

VIII.  
Lastly (O Lorde) how so I stand, or fall,  
Leaue not thy loved Syon to embrace;  
But with thy favor build vp Salems wall,  
And still in peace maintayne that peaceful place:  
Then shallt thou turne a well-accepted face  
To sacred fyers, with offerd guifts perfumed,  
Till even whole calves on altars bee consumed.

PSAL. CIV.  

I.  
MAKE, Oh my soule, the subiect of my songe  
Th’Eternall Lorde; O Lorde, O God of myght,  
To thee, to thee all Royall pomps belong;  
Clothed art thou in state and glory bright:  
For what is ells this eye-delyghting lyght,  
But vnto thee a garment wide and longe?  
The vawted heauen, but a curteyne right,  
A canapy thou ouer thee hast hounge?

II.  
The rafters, that his parlors rooffe sustayne,  
In cheveron he on christall waters byndes;
Hee on the winde, hee on the clowde doth raygne,
Ryding on clowdes, & walkinge on the wyndes;
Whose wynged blastes his word as redy fyndes
To poste for him, as Angells of his trayne;
And, to effect the purposes hee myndes,
Hee makes no lesse the flamy fyer fayne.

III.
By him the earth a stedfast base doth beare,
And stedfast so, as tyme, nor force, can shake;
Which once round waters garmentlyke did weare,
And hills in seas did lowly lodging take;
But seas from hills a swift descent did make,
When swelling hills by thee their children wear;
Thy thunders rore did cause their conduits quake,
Hasting their hast with spurr of hasty feare.

IV.
So waters fled, so mountaynes high did ryse;
So humble vallys deeply did descend,
All to the place thou didst for them devyse;
Where boundinge seas with vnremoued end,
Thou baddst they should no more themselues extend
To hide this earth, which now vnhidden liues:
Yet, from the mountaynes rocky syde, didst send
Springes-whispring murmurs, riuers-roring cryes.

V.
Of these the beasts, which on the playnes doe feed,
All drinke their fill, with these their thirst allay
The asses wyld; and all that wildly breed
By these in their selfe-chosen stations stay:
The free-borne fowles, that in the region play
Of yealding ayer, wasted with wynged speede,
To artlyke notes of Natures tuned lay,
Make earles bushes giue attentyue heede.

VI.
Thow, thow, of heavns the windoes dost vnlose,
Dewing the mountaynes with thy bowynys rayne;
Earth great with young her longing doth not lose;
The hopefull plowman hopeth not in vayne:
The rarer herbe man for himselfe hath chose;
The vulgar grass wherof the beast is fayne;
All thinges, in breefe, that life in life mantayne,
From earths owld bowells fresh and younger grows.

VII.

Then wyne, the counterpoyson vnto care;
Then oyle, whose ioye vnpleats the foulded brow;
Then bread, owr best, I say not dayntiest fare,
Prop yet of harts, which ells wold weakly bow,
Then, Lorde, thy loued people budd & blow;
Whose Princes thow (thy cedars) dost not spare
A fuller draught of thy cupp to allow,
That highly raysed aboue the rest they are.

VIII.

Yet, highly raysed, they doe not proudly skorne
To giue small birdes an humble entertayne,
Whose brittle neasts are in their branches borne,
Whiles in the firrs the storckes a lodging gayne:
So highest hills, rockes, loving goates sustayne,
And haue their heads with climbing traces wore,
That safe in rockes the cunnies may remayne;
To yealde them caues, their rocky ribbs are torne.

IX.

Thow makest the moone (the Empress) of the nyght
Holde constant course, with most inconstant face;
Thow makest the sunne (the carret man of light)
Well know the start & stopp of dayly race:
When hee doth sett, and nyght his beames deface,
To rove abrod wood-bvrgesses delight,
(Lyons I meane) who, roaringe all that space,
Seeme then, of thee, to craue their food by right.

X.

When hee returns, they all from feild retyre,
And laye them downe in caue (their home) to rest;
They rest; man workes, to winne a workmans hyre,
And workes, till sonne hath wrought his way to rest.
Eternall Lorde! who greatest art, and best;
How I, amazed, thy mighty works admire!
Wisedome, in thee, hath every worke possest,
Whereto, in me, no wisedome can aspire.
XI.
Beholde the earth, how thear thy bountys glow;
Looke on the sea, extended hugely wyde;
What watry troopes there swimme, creepe, craule, and goe,
Of great, of small, on this, that, euery side.
Thear the sayle-wynged shipps on waves doe glide;
Sea monsters there their plays and pastymes shoe;
And all at once, in seasonable tyde,
Their hungry eyes on thee their feeder throe.

XII.
Thow giust, they take, thy hand it selfe displays,
They filled full with plenties of thy hand;
All darkned ly, depryved of thy rayes;
Thow takst theyr breath, not one can longer stand:
They dye, they turne to former dust & sand,
Till thy life-geving Sperit doth mustring rayse
New companyes to reenforce eache band,
Which, still supplyed, neuer whole decayes.

XIII.
So may it, Oh! so may it ever goe;
Iehouahs workes his glorious gladnes bee;
Who towching mountaynes, mountaynes smoking groe;
Who eying earth, earth quaks with quivering knee.
As for my selfe, my seely selfe in mee,
Whilst life shall last, in songe his works to shoe
I framed haue a resolute decree
Thankfull to bee, till beinge I foregoe.

XIV.
Oh that my song might good acceptance finde!
How should my hart in great Iehouah ioye!
Oh that some plague this irreligious kynde,
Ingrate to God, would from the worlde destroy!
Meane whilst, my soule, vncessantly employ,
To high Iehouahs prayse, thy mowth and mynd;
Nay all, sith all his benefits enioye,
Prayse him, whome boundes of tyme nor age can bynde!
I.

Nygh seated whear the Tyger was,
That watereth Babells thankfull playne,
Wich then our teares, in pearled roes,
Did helpe to water with their raine:
The thought of Syon bred such woes,
That, thowgh owr harpes wee did retayne,
Yet, vseless & vntowched thear,
On willowes only hanged they wear.

II.

Now, whillst owr harps wear hanged soe,
The men, whose captyves then wee lay,
Did on our greefs insulting grow,
And, more to greive vs, then did say:
You, that of musick make such shoe,
Come, singe vs now a Syon lay.
O no! we haue nor voyce, nor hand,
For such a song, in such a land.

III.

Thowgh farr I bee, sweet Syon hill,
In forraigne soyle exilde from thee,
Yet lett my hand forget her skill,
If euer thow forgotten bee:
Yea, lett my tounge, fast glewed still
Vnto my roofe, lye mvte in mee,
If thy neglect in me doe springe,
Or ought I doe, but Salem sing.

IV.

But thow, O Lorde, wilt not forgett
To quitt the paines of Edomes race,
Who caueslesly, yet hottly, sett
Thy holly citty to deface;
Did thus the bloody victors whett,
What tyme they entred first the place:
‘Downe, downe with it at any hand;
Make all flatt, playne let nothing stand.’

V.

And, Babilon, wich didst vs wast,
Thy selfe shallt one day wasted bee,
And happy hee, who what thow hast
To others donne shall doe to thee:
Lyke miseries shall make thee tast,
Lyke woefull objects make thee see;
Yea, blessed who thy litle ones
Shall take and dash against the stones.

PSALME LXIX

I.
Troublous seas doe mee surrownde;
Saue, O Lord, my sinking soule,
Sinking wheare it feeles no grounde,
In this gulfe, this whirling hole;
Wayghting ayde with earnest eying,
Calling God with booties crying:
Dymme and drye in mee are fownde
Eyes to see, and throate to sounde.

II.
Wrongly sett to worke mee woe,
Haters haue I more then haires;
Force, in my afflicting foe,
Bettring still in me ympaires,
Thus to pay, and last constrayned,
What I never owght or gayned:
Yet, saide I, Thou, God, doste knowe
How my faultes and follyes growe.

III.
Myghtie Lorde, lett not my case
Blanke the reste that trust in thee;
Nor lett Iacobs God deface
All thy freinds, in blushe of mee.
Thine it is, 'tis thine owne quarrell
Delghts mee thus in shames aparrell;
Mote nor spott, nor lesse disgrace,
But for thee, could tainte my face.

IV.
To my freindes a stranger quite,
Quite an alien am I growne;
In my very brethrens sight
Most vncaered, most vnknowne.
With thy Temples zeale out-eaten,
With thy slanders scourges beaten,
Whilst the shott of pearcinge spite,
Bent at thee, on mee doe light.

V.
If I weepe, and weeping fast;
    If in sackcloth sadd I mourne,
In my teeth that first they cast,
    All to ieste the laste they turne.
Now the streetes with publique prating,
Pouring forth their inward hating;
Private now, at banquets plast,
Singing songes of wyny taste.

VI.
As for mee, to thee I pray,
    Lorde, in tyme for grace assigned:
Gracious God, my kindest staye,
    In my ayde be truly kynde;
Keepe mee fast, vsunke and myred,
Saufe from flow in foes retired;
Calme theise waves, theise waters lay,
Leaue not mee this whirlpooles play.

VII.
In that goodnes of thy grace,
    Lorde, make answere to my mony;
Eye my ill, and rue my case,
    In those mearcies tolde by none;
Lett not, by thy absence, languishe
Thy trewe servant, drownd in anguishe;
Harke and heare; come, come apace;
Free my soule from foemans chace.

VIII.
Unto thee what needs be told
    My reproche, my blott, my blame?
Sith both this thow didst behold,
    And canst all my haters name:
Whilst afflicted, whilst harte-broken,
Waighting still some freindships token;
Still I looke that some man woulde
Looke, but founde all comforte colde.
IX.

Comforte nay (not seene before)
   Needinge meate, they gaue me gall,
Vineger they filde me store,
   When for drinke my thirst did call.
O then snare them in their pleasure,
Make them trapt even in their treasure;
Gladly sad, and richly poore;
Sightes most, yet mightles moore.

X.

Soune vpon them fury rayne,
   Light thy indignation downe;
Turne to wast and desert plaine
   Howse and pallace, fielde and towne.
Lett not one bee lefte abidinge,
Where such rancor had residinge;
Whom thow painest more they paine;
Hurte by thee to them is stayne.

XI.

Causing synn no synn to grow,
   Add such ciphers to their s [sic]
Never lett them righter goo,
   Never to thy iustice come;
But from out thy booke bee crossed,
Wherin good men been engrossed;
Whilst my God mee poore and loe
High shall mounte from need & woe.

XII.

Then, by me, his name with praise
   Gladsome prayers shall adorne;
For that more Iehouah wayes,
   Then the beast with hoofe and horne.
With what ioye, how gladly greved,
Shall their hartes bee then releived,
When Iehouah taks such wayes
Bounde to lose, and falne to raise?

XIII.

Laude him, then, O heavenly skyes,
   Earth with thine, and seas with yowrs;
For by him shall Syon rise:
He shall buylde vp Salems towers;
There his servants, and their race,
Shall, in fee, possess their place;
Their his name who lawd and prize
Stable staye shall eternzize.

PSALM CXII.

I.
O, In how blessed state hee standeth,
Who lo Jehoua feareth;
That in the things the Lord commandeth,
His most delight appeareth.

II.
The branches from that body springing,
On the earth shall freshly florish;
Their pedigree, from good men bringing,
The Lord with bliss will nourish.

III.
The happy howse wherein he dwelleth,
Well stored shall persever;
The treasures iustly yott hee telleth, [i.e., got]
Shall bide his owne for ever.

IV.
For hee, when woe them ouerclowdeth,
The darkned hart enlightneth;
His mildness them, and mercy shrowdeth,
His iustice for them sighteth.

V.
Hee is both good, and goodness loveth,
Most liberall and lending;
All businesses wherein he moueth,
With sownd advise attending.

VI.
Hee firmly propt for euer falling,
His name exempt from dying;
Can heare ill news, without appalling,
His heart on God relying.

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VII.
His hart, I say, wich strongly stayd,
Is free from feare preserved,
Till on his foes, he view displayd,
The plagues by them deserued.

VIII.
Hee gives where needs, nay, rather straweth,
His justice neuer ending;
To honors hand, him higher draweth,
With gladd applawse astendind. [i.e., ascending]

IX.
Oh! good I meane, for wicked wretches,
Shall seeing fume, and fuming,
Consume to nought their fruteless fetches,
To nought with them consuming.

PSALM CXVII.
Praise him that ay,
remains the same,
All tongues display,
Jehovahs fame.
Sing all that share,
this earthly ball;
His mercies are,
exposed to all.
Like to the word
Out he doth give;
Rolld in record,
dothenyme outlive.

PSALM CXX.
All happines shall thee betide,
That dost Jehoua feare;
And walking in the paths abide,
By him fixt trodden were,
The labours of thine hands,
Desired fruit shall beare;
And where thy dwelling stande,
All bliss, all plenty there.
II.
Thy wife a vine, a fruitfull vine,
   Shall in thy parlor spring;
Thy table compass children thyne,
   As olive plants in ring,
      On thee, I say, on thee,
That fear'st the heavnly king,
   Such happiness shall bee;
Hee shall from Sion bring.

III.
Yea, while to thee, thy breth shall hold,
   Though running longest race;
Thow Salem euer shalt behold,
   In welth and wished case:
      And childreends children view,
While Jacobs dwelling place,
   No plagues of warr pursew,
But giftes of peace shall grace.