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# FRONDES CADUCÆ.

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Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque  
Quæ nunc sunt— Hor.

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REPRINTED,  
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THE  
MIRROR

of MAN,

And manners of Men.

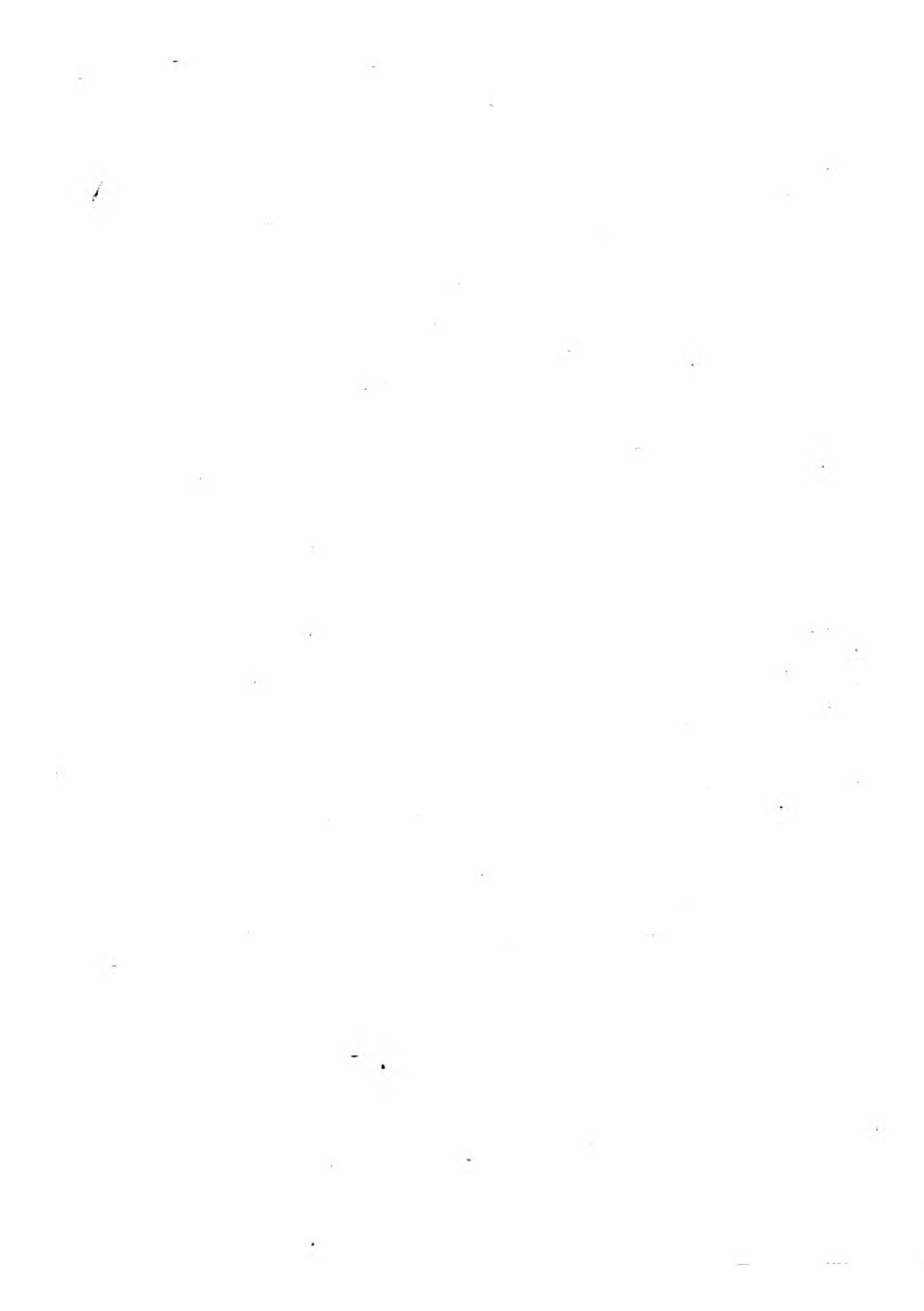
Written by THOMAS  
CHVRCHYARD  
*Gent.*



Imprinted at London, by  
Arnold Hatfield for  
*W. Holme.*

1594





T O T H E  
Right Honorable Sir Robert Cecill Knight, one of  
the Queens Maiesties priuie Councill, *Thomas Churchyard*  
wilheth continuall good fortune, with increase of grace,  
*and heauenly blessednes.*



HE boldnesse that men haue in their purpose or affection (right Honorable) thrusts them into many great enterprises, and none greater (that hurts and impeacheth credit) then set to sale (among a number of car-pars) new penned works, that some rather condemne then amend, by which meanes things well meant are mistaken, and the open world are become iudgers of the secret imagination of the writer. But my hope is greater in your Honor, who knowes that a willing present (dustifullly written) offered by humble-nesse of mind, merits more good will then mislike: for otherwise, all my inuentions might proue but lost labor, and returne againe to the writer with small thanks and little reputation, and to make many bookes and pamphlets (as already is done) and purchase few friends, is but a cold kind of desteny that fortune alots me, whereby I weary my muse, ouerlabor the spirits, and wast inuention: which is no maruell, when youth is declined, and age hath left emptie all the vitall powers, that with fresh matter were wont to reuiue memorie: so that of necessitie old studies must be fought, and aun-cient writings of mine must be ranfackt to peece vp new verses, because the flowing phra-se of speech is waxed dull and dry by the continuall vse of pen, and weerying of the wits, whose edge is taken away by ouermutch whetting. And in deed finding the old storehoufe better stuffed with plaine reafon, then the new conceited humor fur-nished with fine deuice, I haue called to mind a little booke almost fifty yeares ago made by me (in the very time when I penned *Shores* wiues tragedy) and haue taught that booke to speake out againe in playne tearmes, that was dumb by tractt of time, and lay by the walls as a worke halfe wormeaten, and scarce worthy the view, Cal-ling the same booke a mirror of man (though many mirrors excelleth this) that shews in short sentences mutch ould matter that our new age I hope shall long looke on, mutch more for the truth of the words, then the antiquitie of the verses: crauing of your Honor for the publishing of the same a fauorable censure and suppartation, ac-cording to the euen carriage and quick conceiuing iudgement of your ready and to-ward spirit, knowing that the new kind of clawing phra-se can not be welcom to worthy wits (because it fauors of flattery) nor fine polished words that seems always pleasing, may be embraced of the wise. The humor of my youth neuer made my fences sicke with the grofe conceit of corrupt adulation, nor I hope mine ould age shall neuer be vexed with the humors of vanitie, to infect and leade my pen past the compasse of an honest true writer. So through your goodnes graunt me the ordinary libertie of a free minded man, that dutifullly writeth mutch, (being borne for the benefit of others) I franckly vnder fauor, begin the running and rouing rime, that many may see their fa-ces in (though it be no steell glasse) which is named, *The mirror of Man*, a matter neither of mirth nor sorrow, not offensiu-e to any, but may well please a multitude, so knoweth God and my selfe, and so I trust your Honor will accept of in as good part, as it is pen-ned, and humbly presented.

*Your honors in all at commaundement,*

Thomas Churchyard.

## To the generall Readers.

*S*ome readers lookes, for newes from forrayne lands,  
A custome old, that no new world can leaue,  
Some buyes new bookes, that coms from writers hands,  
To see what works, the laboring wit can weaue.  
Some steps in hast, and leanes on Stationers stall,  
To aske what stuffe, hath passed Printers Presse,  
Some reades awhile, but nothing buyes at all,  
For in two lines, they giue a pretty gesse :  
What doth the booke, contayne such schollers thinke,  
To spend no pence, for paper, pen, and inke.

*I*wright no verse, to those that lists not looke  
What payne men take, in this deuice or that,  
A farme for those, is better than a booke :  
Farmes profit brings, yea sir but wot ye what,  
The purchace costs, mutch gold and money both,  
A booke lyes dead, and soone is floong aside,  
Yet often times, in bookes are found such troth,  
That to mans steps, they are a gracious guide.  
This mirror may, perchance leade some aright,  
(That blindfold are) to see the playn day light.

*R*eade in Gods name, but skorne not things well ment,  
No matter though, you buy it not in deed,  
It is paid for, and to good people sent,  
Of meere good will, that idle folks should reade,  
In way of sport, though it no mirth do make :  
It shews the spots, and blurs in stayned browe,  
And from foule face, would euery blemish take,  
If some therewith, will wash their faces throwe.  
Though in a glasse, there is no running spring,  
A Mirror may, shew man a stranger thing.

F I N I S.

# THE MIRROR

of M A N.

**O** Man remember, from hence thou shalt passe :  
Like as thy figure, once seene in a glasse,  
Doth vanish away, yea so shall thy breath,  
Bring earth vnto earth, when strike thee shall death.  
This world wise men call, a thoroughfare to thee,  
Follow thou it not, from vice do thou flee :  
Seeke after knowledge, the truth to aduance,  
Desire not to see, thy neighbors mischance.  
Be lowly of lookes, and loyall of hart,  
And true of thy word, in euery good part.  
Beware of three things, the fyrst is worlds shoe,  
The second false friends, the third is thy foe.  
Feare God and thy Prince, be loth to offend,  
Take nothing in hand, but thinke on the end.  
Be swift to do good, and slowe to do ill,  
And looke that thou keepe, thy conscience cleere still.  
The greater thou growest, the gentler do seeme  
And do not too much, thine owne selfe esteeme.  
The meeker men are, the more loue they win,  
Make no man thy foe, that hath thy friend bin.  
Giue honor to those, that rules and beares sway,  
Striue not with the strong, tis better to obay.  
Yeeld duty to all, the Scripture so faith,  
But chiefly loue thou, the household of Faith.  
Forget not the poore, their plaints pierce the skyes,  
And God looketh on, the teares of their eyes.  
Full sweet are those gifts, that getteth Gods grace :  
The goods of the world, thou hast but a space :  
A steward thou art, whilst ritches doth last,  
Little is thine owne, of all that thou hast.  
Yea much is thy charge, and small is thy ioy  
Of wordly wealth heere, that wafts like a toy.  
Account must be made, of each thing is spent,  
Then great heapes of gold, in baggs are but lent.  
Seeke not for profit, for care breakes the sleepe,  
What fortune shall send, full warely do keepe.

Some

## The mirror of Man.

Some earely do rife, yet late ere they thriue,  
The leffe that they haue, the more they do striue,  
Like fish in the flood, that gapes for a flye,  
And fwallows the hooke, and lets the bait lye.  
Full many do fnatch, and fare worfe therefore,  
When they haue ynough, then seeke they for more.  
Goods makes men greedie, and breeds so great thirst,  
They thinke that they may, drinke drosse till they birft.  
As whelps do lap milke, both early and late,  
(And prifnars in pound, craues almes at a grate,)  
So gluttons gape wide, for gold as twere bred,  
And neuer leaues crying, vntill they be fed.  
Suffice thy selfe man, with that thou canst haue,  
For beggers speed leaft, when most they do craue.  
Hap yeelds not to words, nor words gets good hap,  
To some that fayer nought, luck falls in their lap.  
Sing thou the meane part, for meafure is there,  
The tennor or bafe, Fa burthen do beare.  
The treble is lowd, yet graceth the fong,  
And all the queer likes, the lark and the long.  
Good mufick glads men, where all things acord,  
Because there we found, the feare of the Lord.  
That feare tunes the strings, that mufick doth make,  
And works wondrous things, for Gods glories sake,  
Keeps Princes in right, that wretches doth hate,  
Mayntayns his owne flock, and stayer vp their state :  
Makes Traytors aferd, who can not escape,  
Because for their faults, the gallows doth gape:  
That feare feares the fond, makes foolish more wise,  
Makes bad men most blind, and cleers good mens eyes.  
The bad cannot fee, for want of sharp fight  
The Lord nor his feare, nor nothing aright.  
The good sees all playn, and fo feares the more,  
For that ere he fall, Gods grace goes before  
And keeps him from foyle : a mercy God shoes  
(In greateft extreames) to none but to those  
He calls vnto grace, then is that feare great,  
That holds subiects vp, and kings in their feate.  
The feare of the rod, which makes children pule,  
The feare of the lawe, that looks to good rule:

The

## The mirror of Man.

The feare of the sword, that kills many wayes,  
Are not like this feare, that leyntens our dayes.  
Then let this feare be, a mirror most bright,  
A torch whose cleare beames, giues all the world light.  
If man behold this, his feet shall not slide,  
The lanterne of life, shall so be his guide,  
That he shall goe through, all danger and dreed,  
And tread vpon snakes, and serpents for need.  
Make Scorpions afrayd, and take out their sting,  
Kill adders and todes, and all venemous thing:  
Find out all false harts, that mischief would doo,  
Put falsed to shame, and punishment too.  
The feare of the Lord, looks through each defait,  
Makes sleight and craft blush, that long lyes in wait  
To worke some foule feate. Fy man what new kind  
Of trechery now, hath stayned thy mind.  
Thou wast of old time, as firme as a rock,  
Now brittle as glasse, thats gone with a knock.  
Thy troth was like gold, that will take no rust,  
Now few men do know, in whome they may trust.  
World is waxt wily, that erst was full playne,  
Fine heds would catch all, with cunning of brayne.  
A churle from the plow, can palter and shift,  
And when thou least thinks, he giues thee a lift.  
No bargain he makes, but wins by some reach,  
Thus kartars and cloyns, can courtiers now teach.  
Such tricks are now vsed, as world were bewitched,  
Yet lozels with lewdnesse, are little enritched.  
Wherefore thou playn-man, (if any such be,)  
Be wise if thou can, and warned by me.  
Goodnes gets credit, then vse well thy sense,  
Beat back all vices, with vertuous defence.  
Be doing of good, redeeme thy lost time,  
Make a faire pozie, whiles flowres are in prime.  
Whiles leysure doth serue, and lawd may be woon,  
Be laboring for prayse, a right race to run:  
And he that runs best, both heere and else where,  
Of euery gay flowre, a garland shall weare.  
Honor and glory, all good men shall find,  
Bad people like dust, doth wander with wind.

Good

## The mirror of Man.

Good men with garlands were wont to be graced,  
And with foule reproch, the bad were defaced:  
Then each one would striue, to win true renowne,  
Which kept them a foote, when others fell downe.  
And well was the man, might do a good turne,  
Which shews that in lamp, good oyle did still burne:  
His light neare goes out, that loues to do well,  
The rest neuer thinks, of heauen nor hell.  
Such epicures liue, as they should not dye,  
Who eare they beware, with *Diues* do lye.  
But build thou thy nest, where blessednes is,  
For those that feare God, are borne vnto blis.  
Slowth and idle wit, brings beggery vnwares,  
Do well and dread not, the weight of worlds cares.  
Wisdom is great wealth, sufferance winneth mitch,  
Who hopes to haue all, shall feldome be ritch.  
Seeke for good fortune, liue not by wishing,  
Cast nets in the sea, there is best fishing.  
Yeeld to the stronger, striue not with thy better,  
He neare means to pay, thats euery mans detter.  
Who sowes may well reape, some what hath some fauor,  
Nothing is gotten, without toyle and labor.  
Patience is pretious, and quenches debate,  
Pride fels good conditions, and purchafeth hate.  
Meeknes gets friendship, faire words all men liketh,  
Ill will is a weapon, that priuely striketh.  
Better is little, to liue in meafure,  
Then with mutch trouble, to haue great treafure.  
Content is a King, and makes the heart quiet,  
Who spares for to spend, doth keepe a found diet.  
Sharp words makes more woūds, then surgeons can heale,  
It harmes priuate gaine, and staynes common-weale.  
Malice blowes the fire, that burnes without wood,  
Brag makes great boast, but doth little good.  
Enuy is churlish, and lookes like ban dog,  
A snudge is furly, and grunts like a hog.  
Murmure works mischiefe, and hates all good order,  
Byzy the babler, breeds brawles in each border.  
Contempt is a caytiff, as curst as a kite,  
Disdayne like a bladder, is blowne vp with spite.

Slander

## The mirror of Man.

Slander doth bite fore, behind good mens backs,  
Then wit runs before, flings fier into flaxe.  
Enuy doth wonder, how wisedome arifeth,  
And what God prefers, the world still despifeth.  
The more men do couet, the lesse they attayne,  
The lesse some deferue, the more they do gayne.  
Hap lyes on hazard, as chance lyes in dice,  
All turns to goodnes, where vertue rules vice.  
Meddle not with matters, that passeth thy powre,  
But take in good part, the sweet and the fowre.  
Be surety for none, that office is bad,  
For birds out of hand, shall seldom be had.  
A bird vnder wing, flyes where he doth list,  
And minds not agayne, to come to the fist.  
The sinnews of life, hath lost their sweet bloud,  
When hoorders of gold, are gone from their good.  
Keep that thou hast woon, with sweat and fowre sorrow,  
And fill not their bags, that still beg and borrow.  
Settle thy senses, to beare euery losse,  
For all men on earth, must needs haue their crosse.  
The greatest that liues, are mooud at some chance,  
For fortune may frowne, on those she did aduance.  
Way worldly causes, with weights of wise poyes,  
All fortunes follyes, are held but meere toys.  
This day they feeme sweet, to morrow proue fowre,  
Are subiect to change, and turne in an houre.  
Chances coms seldome, if chances be good,  
Neuer crossed chance, makes any good blood.  
Then crossed they are, when they can not last,  
Nothing is constant, nor stands sure and fast.  
The best way for health, is walking at large,  
With some little wealth, to mayntayne the charge.  
And seeke for no more, than God shall well send,  
For ill gotten goods, full soone thou shalt spend.  
What sweat of browe brings, is holesome and sweet,  
What coms with fine sleight, for man is vnmeet.  
Playn dealing gets prayse, the world so began,  
Now couzning and craft, is crept into man.  
And all our new knacks, are cards finely shuffled,  
That coms from their hands, whose faces are muffled.

B

Play



## The mirror of Man.

Play thou the old guife, and fo game begin,  
As mutch for the ſport, as that thou mayſt win.  
No paſtime is free, from falſhood and craft,  
For falſhood I fee, will neuer be laſt.  
Deale not with dodging, for each one can palter,  
Not one from profit, his nature will alter.  
Let dice and cards goe, great craft therein lyes,  
With both thoſe old games, men blind Argoes eyes.  
Who playes but for pins, or poynts is beguild,  
For old men are now, deceiud by a child.  
Cofenage is common, it ſprings on new faſhions,  
Driues ſome ſad minds, in many fore paſſions.  
Part not from money, for when it is gone,  
Thy wealth leaues thy hart, as cold as a ſtone.  
Truſt not to faire words, for they are but nets,  
Or limetwigs of toong, that neuer payes detts.  
Hope not in promis, the world is but fickle,  
The maners of men, and time is too tickle.  
That craft hath poſſeſt, he holds as his owne,  
No climing the neaſt, when birds be all flowne.  
Bid each man prouide, himſelfe before hand,  
Hazard not thy life, thy goods nor thy land.  
Yet make not of muck, no more than is right,  
Although heauy purſe, doth make the hart light.  
The defire of gold, doth drowne men in luſt,  
Who in their great wealth, do put too mutch truſt.  
Vertue is more worth, yet leſſe it is ſought,  
And nothing to man, more honor hath brought.  
On vertue growes grace, that euer doth flouriſh,  
Then happy is he, that vertue can nouriſh.  
It liſts men aloft, in higheſt degree,  
And gets great fauor, of Princes you ſee.  
Promotion coms not, from the Eaſt nor the Weſt,  
But happens and fals, on thoſe God hath bleſt.  
He makes none to riſe, but ſuch as he likes,  
The choſen he keeps, the abiect he ſtrikes.  
The vertuous ſhall thriue, in ſpite of the pye,  
For all preferments, in Gods grace doth lye.  
Some thinks them ſelues wiſe, and ſo ouer ween,  
But God holds them back, whoſe heads are but green.

Man

## The mirror of Man.

Man may not presume, on hie to be stalled,  
He must tarry time, vntill he be called.  
He can not amend, his fortune by strength,  
But he in ballance, is wayed at length.  
And if he wax light, like coyne that is clipt,  
When vp he would rise, then downe is he tript.  
O man call to mind, how many stands vnder  
The wheele of good hap (vnto the worlds wonder)  
Whiles that a few mount, the clowds to the starres,  
In cities, in townes, in peace and in warres.  
Which argues in deed, mans might is but small,  
To help him one iot, to rise or to fall.  
For he that best knowes, what doth become man,  
Takes order for all, do you what ye can.  
Who safely will goe, or surely would stand,  
Dwels in some low place, and walks on playne land.  
These mountaynes are hie, and hard for to clime,  
Where tempests and stormes, blowes roughly sometime.  
Great trees haue weake bowes, that bends at each blast,  
Small graffs do grow long, and stands in stock fast.  
The poore sleeps in peace, and rise in great rest,  
And thinks at their meate, ynough is a feast.  
Brown bread vnto them, is sweeter God knowes,  
Then manchet to some, that goes in gay cloes.  
Hard hunger brings health, health needs no great phisick,  
Full paunches goes puffing, with cough cold and tizick.  
Much feeding breeds grieffe, fine bankets brings ficknes,  
Long fasting sharps wit, whets dulhead with quicknes.  
In *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, where diet is fine,  
There learning doth flowe, and knowledge doth shine.  
Who setteth forth bookes, but those that reade mitch,  
Feeds but on little, looks not to be ritch?  
Who serues best in field, but such as can fast,  
And bite a bare crust, till danger be past?  
Who runs with long breath, as light as a Doe,  
But such as for need, long empty can goe?  
Who tels a good tale, as orators doo,  
But such as spares meate, and keeps diet too?  
Who sayleth so farre, and brings home more gayne,  
Then those that eates bisket, and taketh great payne?

## The mirror of Man.

Who hath sharper wit, then those that are leane,  
And can not grow grofe, their food is so cleane.  
This is not fet downe, to teach with tearmes hye,  
The Dolphin to swim, or Faulkon to flye.  
An archer and writer, shoots many bolts wide,  
Some flies in the ayre, and some fals aside.  
But none hits the marke, past reach stands the white,  
And But is shot at, or fancyes we write.  
So now this fit ends, and breath I do take,  
In hope of this world, some verses to make.

*F I N I S.*

Heere follows a glance, and dash with a pen,  
On worlds great mischance, and maners of men.

**H**ardnesse is hed strong, and will not be hampred,  
Larges strait laced, and pride too mutch pampred.  
Spend all with sparing, is so well acquainted,  
That liberall free harts, in shrine may be fainted.  
Hold fast will giue nought, wealth seemeth needy,  
Well hed is stopped, full mouths are greedy.  
Leane flies are feeding, that long hath bin pined,  
None may be lookt to, till hunger haue dined.  
Conscience can catch all, and talke much of Iesu,  
Need help who listeth, ye find few that ease you.  
Wickednes prospers, and prowls still for profit,  
Pouertie is pinched, and speaks little of it.  
Big bellyes cōfumes much, grand paunch licks the platter,  
Great brags breeds babble, full purse pleads the matter.  
Fines runs fleecing, away our preferments,  
New patching and peeing, mars many old garments.  
Snatch cruft is faucy, to mouch vp the vittle,  
Dezarts is kept fasting, and good men gets little.  
Vayne glory goes gay, like flowres new sprouted,  
Flattry speaks so fayre, his words are mutch doubted.  
Abundance seems want, when God sends great plenty,  
Boldnes abounds, and goodnes is deinty.

True

## The manners of Men.

True honor lyes sick, (if bountie be dead)  
And gay golden world, is turned to lead.  
This hard brazen age, doth flourish too fast,  
Which is a great signe, much goodnes is past.  
Nay dry wodden world, that nothing can spare,  
Makes countrey men poore, and courtiers full bare.  
The spring will not run, to comfort fore eyne,  
The moone is in clips, the sunne doth not shine.  
The starres do seeme dim, by meane of a clowde,  
Ritch men growes haulty, and beggers wax prowde.  
If any warme thawe, did melt the cold snoe,  
(Or from sweet sommer, sharp winter would goe)  
Hard world would wax soft, and freez no more then,  
And God would sure send, some grace among men.  
A frozen world now, turns water into yce,  
Conuerts in short time, true vertue to vice.  
Playnnes goes barefoot, and treads on hard stoncs,  
Cunning plucks the skin, and flesh from the bones.  
Franknes is barred, and lockt from our fight,  
Pitty hids his head, and patience takes flight.  
Charitie growes cold, almes deeds hath no place,  
Mercy is not knowne, by fauor nor face.  
Mildnes is forgot, modestie growes wild,  
Good manners of life, is almost exild.  
Offence waxeth bold, and traytors withall,  
Hope of a pardon, makes many men fall.  
Trusting in friendship, makes some be trust vp,  
Or ride in a cart, to kis faint Giles cup.  
Pickthank can promis, but neuer performe,  
Thus in faire kirkell, creeps many a foule worme.  
With kissing of hands, and curchy full lowe,  
A tame trick is found, to take a wild krow.  
Cunning salutes you, to come by his wif,  
So with a small bayt, he takes a great fish.  
Pride stands on tiptoes, in hope to be seen,  
When wisdom well knows, how fooles ouerween.  
He thrusts most for place, and highly prefumes,  
That findeth least grace, in his fustian fumes.  
A stately conceit, makes stournes despised,  
Blind bayard beleuees, he goes all desguised.

Brag

## The manners of Men.

Brag boasts of wonders, time to entertayne,  
Words makes great thunders, that neuer brings rayne.  
Pride will not speake, till meeknes faunes on him,  
With ouer long looks, that stares mutch vpon him.  
That drowzy deuice, may feed a vayne humor,  
And in iugging world, may breed a great rumor.  
Yong wanton with wiles, wins mutch as he thinks,  
When stayed wit smiles, and world thereat winks.  
Clap on all the fayles, the ball will rebound,  
But when wether fayles, the Ship lyes on ground.  
Tides haue but their times, so ouer they pas,  
And worldlings do dreame, on things neuer was.  
Braury still beggeth, where fountaine doth run,  
Coms from Gods blessing, vnto the warme funne.  
A practice of late, the thriftles tryes now,  
Who goes from court gate, vnto the playne plow.  
Landlords lacks liuing (what pitty is that)  
They looke for a bee, and catch but a gnat.  
Great rents runs to ruffs, and hides him in haste,  
Yong heires comes after, and cryes out on wast.  
Leases and lordships, are drownnd in gold lace,  
Old auntient demaynes, consumes a great pace.  
The Sun puts away, that Father did get,  
So my yong mayster, drops quickly in det.  
Hauock runs on head, and looks not behind,  
And many wants bread, that beares a good mind.  
Muck makes men mizers, the richer they are,  
The lesse do they spend, and worse will they fare.  
Good turns are so strang, they can not be had,  
The best fort do find, their fortune but bad.  
Makeshift the micher, thinks not of amending,  
Craft rubs out a life, with borrowing and lending.  
With shuffling of cards, and trotting of bones,  
Both money and time, are lost all at once.  
Lofse chafeth the mind, and alters the cace,  
Breaketh good credit, and brings great disgrace.  
Who learns not to cog, must leaue off to play,  
For with fine foysting, men catch what they may.  
And looke what is lost, in wayne of the moone,  
Is like a fooles bolt, that shot is too soone.

Figboyes

## The manners of Men.

Figboyes with a windles, draws Deer to the bow,  
Marlings do dandle, their babes euen fo.  
Hellhounds waxe wyly, to bite eare they barke,  
Driues a drift drily, by cofenage in darke.  
So thoufands are fpoyled, before they fee day,  
When that with full bags, falfe theeues runs away.  
When playnnes is robd, by fine market beaters,  
Then harmeles people, complaynes of fine cheaters.  
Iefus what shifting, is feene in smooth dealing,  
Where biles do burft out, that long are a healing.  
Hatred firft fwelleth, and gathers a core,  
And therein dwelleth, a canker and fore.  
No medicin may help, a corzy in hart,  
And falue and fweet baulmes, heales all other smart.  
Variance with venome, infects a found brest,  
And diuelifh difcord, doth breed great vnrest.  
Bablers are bufie, to ftur vp debate,  
But had I wift brings, repentance too late.  
Backbiters do kill, more men with a word,  
Then fouldiers in field, deftroyes with their fword.  
Foule flander flyes farre, his wings are too large,  
Stoutnes fturs an oare, in euery mans barge.  
Ignorance skorneth, all learning and letters,  
Folly forethinks not, till feet be in fetters.  
Findfault with trim tricks, can taunt and can flout,  
Prefumption fpeakes boldly, and lookes like a lout.  
Rudeneffe runs rashly, through matters of weight,  
Foolles are ouerthrowne, caught in their owne fleight.  
Wifemen beholds this, and fo they giue aime,  
Whiles harebrains do fhoote, and lofeth their game.  
Rafhnes is hafy, and draws paff his ftrengh,  
And reacheth his arme, beyond his fleeues length.  
Experience is skornd, and laught at for age,  
Yonglings fo triumph, and ruffles in their rage.  
Old men haue no place, their credit decayes,  
When hoary haire coms, adue lufly dayes.  
Though haire do waxe white, as filuer in fight,  
Old wit is worth gold, when age hath his right.  
A Parret can prate, and gaggle like Gander,  
When youth fhould fhew wit, yong fenfes do wander.

So

## The manners of Men.

So that yong iudgement, is drownd ere it swim,  
Because fetled fight, coms near neere the brim.  
Then if in rough seas, youth sinks farre from shore,  
He taketh the cramp, and so swims no more.  
Many do discourse, and makes great reason,  
But few do obserue, time, rule, and season.  
Some bolts out by chance, a word that mutch wayes,  
When some thinks he knowes, not well what he fayes.  
Some rubs vp his haire, as great things in hed,  
Should make the world muse, what boldnes had fed.  
Some turns vp long locks, as therein all lyes,  
That resteth between, the earth and the skyes.  
Some takes vpon them, to know each mans thought,  
And toll what in hell, or heauen is wrought.  
In fine, all these foms, are foms little worth,  
That boasts of big bogs, and brings nothing forth.  
Mutch more may be markt, of those that can note,  
The course of this world, that still is a flote.  
How euer tide runs, or water doth flowe,  
(Or any wind wag, or weather doth blow)  
Not one can redres, these things so awry,  
The reach of those knacks, are mounted so hye.  
The abuse is so great, that none can amend,  
To write mutch thereof, is but to small end.  
To speake is lost speech, to chide or to brawll,  
Is now no good poynt, of wifdome at all.  
Wherefore till my Muse, makes sharp my dull wit,  
I thinke what I please, so filent I fit.

F I N I S.

*All the other bookes promised comes out shortly, wherein (to take my  
leauē of wrighting) the second part of the worthines of Wales shall  
be (by Gods grace) dedicated to the Queenes Maiestie.*

A sad and solemne FVNE-  
RALL, of the right Honorable  
sir *FRANCIS KNOWLES*  
knight, treasurer of the *Queenes*  
*Maiesties houshold*, one of her pri-  
uie counsell, and knight of  
the most honorable  
order of the  
Garter.

VVritten by Thomas  
Churchyard Esquier.



Imprinted at London, by  
*Ar. Hatfield, for William*  
*Holme.*

1 5 9 6.





To the right honorable my very good Lord, the  
Lord DELAWARE, Thomas Churchyard

*wisbeth much worldly honor and happines,  
with heauenly grace, and great  
desired felicitie.*



Y good Lord, I looked for better motions to write off, but mooued with worse causes than either I thought to treate on or see, followes, matter presently ministred, of heauines, sorrow, & mourning fit for my aged yeers to thinke on, but vnapt for your honorable eares to heare of: notwithstanding the strange euenths that time produceth (and all ages do offer) with the woonderfull workes of the Lord, my muse and pen is compelled to write that I wish not, and follow the course of hard destinies that often comes without welcome, and are to be obeyed because they bring no remedie with them. The liues of good men are gladsome to heare of, but the death of euery one in generall, is heauy to behold: first for the losse of friends, (for the affection we beare them,) & for the want of those we can not call againe (whatsoever neede requireth their presence) not beare eeuenly the losse of such as we are bounde to fauor when death takes them hence, and life denies them any longer continuance on earth: my good Lord your noble father who fauored me much, and my Lord Chamberlaine that loued me not a little, (whose troth and woorthines I am too meane to write of) sturs vp my spirits (that in a maner drowpeth to honor the names of those that were woorthies in our age, and shew in verse that men of

## The Epistle dedicatorie.

of value and laudation should be alwaies honored in the best fort we can deuise. Thus waying the suddē departures of diuers woorthie men (in their calling and vocation) some famous and learned Bishops, some renoumed Captaines and couragious Leaders, and some most honorable Personages, Gouvernours of our state, taken all away together in one yeere. I not onely lament soe great a losse, but in the number reherfed haue founde out one among the cheife an honorable Knight, I knew for many parts well abled in goodnes to be written of to the vttermost of my inuentions and skill, thinking my selfe fortunate to set forth the vntained life of so happie a Councillor: but my great loue to him, presumption and forwardnes to enrowle his name among a multitude, makes me passe the bonds of ordinary duty, and freely vtter the opinion conceiued of his vertues, which neither pen can amply pronounce, nor writer may easily set out: God grant the curious wits of the world stand as well pleased with my pains, as your L. I dout not is glad to heare your worthy father in law praised, then I account my labor well bestowed, and so take leaue, wishing your Lordship long life and blessednes, with double increase of vertue and honor.





A solemne funerall of the right

In the compasse of one yeere there died of the cleargy, of the wars, and honorable councillors, so many Bishops, Captaines, and Governours whose names follow heerafter.

Bishop of London  
*Dr Fletcher.*  
Bishop of Winchester.  
Bishop of Chichester  
*Dr Bycklie.*  
Bishop of Chester  
*Dr Byllyt.*  
*Dr Whittakers*  
Master of S. Johns in Cambridge.  
Captaines,  
*Sir Martyn Frobisher.*  
*Sir Roger Williams.*  
*Sir T. Morgan.*  
*Sir Fr. Drake.*  
*Sir I. Hawkins.*  
*Sir N. Clifford.*

**C**Old grue the yeere, dym waxt both clouds and Sun  
The somers pride, shronke vp with showers of rain  
The birds flue home, the sheepe to fold did run  
Men tooke the house, and beasts forfooke the plain  
Ech thing fled fast, from fearfull thunder crack  
Doems day was come, yong baebes and maydens thoght  
Gods threatning wrath, said all should go to wrack  
None should be fau'd, saue those that Christ hath boght  
When I stept vp, and peeping out apace  
Hard rufull newes, and many a heauy cace.



In one yeers course, died many men of marke  
Some of the Church, both learned wise and graue  
Whose books may not, be buryd in the darke  
Because their liues, a crowne of glory craue:  
Some MARS his sons, whose saruice witnes beares  
Their minds were great, and brought great things to pas  
For whose great want, wise world may shed some teares  
When need coms on, to trie good gold from glas  
Some sat to iudge, like Senats in their seat  
Now lyes full lowe, the losse of whom is great.

If



honorable fir FRANCIS KNOWLES, &c.

If one yeers wrack, makes all these sorrowes ries,  
 As one sore plaeg, makes thousands waile and weepe  
 Then must we all, stand pleasd with angry skies  
 And kis the earth, wherein our Fathers sleepe  
 Threc sorts of men, are quickly crept away  
 Like twinkling stars, that shoot from clouds in haest  
 Seemd fresh and faire, like flowrs loe heer to day  
 To morrow dead, woorth nocht like weeds lies waeft  
 Wisdom and woorth, that wold aspire and clyme  
 Are but a puffe, and bubble for a time.

The Earle of  
 Huntington.  
 The Lord  
 Delaware.  
 Honorable  
 Councillers,  
 Sir T. Henne-  
 age.  
 Sir I. Wolley.  
 Sir I. Pucke-  
 ring L. Keeper.  
 Sir Francis  
 Knowles.  
 The L. Cham-  
 berlaine.



But yet good knight, the lamp and torch of troeth  
 Sir FRANCIS KNOWLES, I can not so forget  
 Thogh corse to church, and soule to heauen goeth  
 And body needs, must pay the earth his det  
 Good will of men, shall wait vpon thy toem  
 And Fame hir selfe, thy funerall shall make  
 And register, thy name till day of doem  
 In booke of life, for thy great vertues sake  
 Thy friends shall mourne, not with long clokes of black  
 But with sad looks, of doell behinde thy back.

The



A folemne funerall of the right

The Prince and court, shall mys thee many wayes  
Thy honest life, shall lead vs all the dance  
Thy faithfull men, whose fortune thou didst rayes  
Shall daily bles, thy bones for their good chance  
Thy sons shall learn, the fathers steps to tread  
Thy kyn shall ioy, that they are of thy blood  
The learned fort, in Cronikels shall read  
Of thy great race, great things shall do them good  
Thy neighbors now, in court, in feild, and towne,  
VVith trumpet shrill, shall found thy true renowne.



The Lords and Knights, that at thy table fed  
And all good ghests, that thither did repaire  
Shall honor thee, and thine, thogh thou be dead  
Make of thy praise, an ecco in the aire  
Yea drom and fyfe, and all the marshall crue  
In warlyke gyes, shall wait vpon thy hers  
Fine wryters too, and lawreat poets nue  
On thy farewell, shall pen out many a vers  
And garlands gaie, shall vestall virgins fling  
On thy cold graue, whiles clampring bells do ring.

Chaest



honorable fir FRANCIS KNOWLES.

(mount

Chaeft life wins lawd, clean thoughts throw clouds doth  
True hart gains friends, and makes proud enimies blufh  
Plain dealing ftill, coms quickly to account  
In fhocking world, good minde abides the push  
VVho ftands vpright, feares neither foile nor fall  
VVho fears God well, and Princes lawe obaies  
Is happy heer, and hence moft bleft of all  
Liues like a faint, and gains immortall praies  
Thefe vertues rare, did blaze like ftar in thee  
VVith greater gifts, in beft and higheft degree.



The day of death, fhoes what the life hath byn  
As apples fweet, tels what the tree is woorth  
The laft adue, doth greateft credit wyn  
If it be good, and brings good matter foorth,  
The knitting vp, of all things prooueth beft,  
The date of man, in ballance fo is waid  
Life, death and all, on good report doth reft  
VVhere fafely from, all ftorms, good name is ftaid  
Poffeffe with grace, that place and ancker hold  
More woorth in price, than precious pearle or gold.  
Thus



A solemne funerall, &c.

Thus now I hope, in blessed Abrams brest  
(VVhere angels sing, sweet hymns and neuer cease  
Before Gods throne, sir FRANCIS KNOWLS doth rest  
From labors all, and liues in endles peace,  
And all the foules, that heer before I name  
Both great deuines, and captaines in this land  
And counsellors, of highest place and fame  
In presence now, of great I E H O V A stand  
My hope is such, and so will follow fast  
The steps to death, and path that they haue past.

F I N I S.



A pleasant Discourse of  
Court and Wars : with a  
replication to them both,  
and a commendation of  
all those that truly  
serue Prince and  
countrie.

*Written by Thomas Churchyard,  
and called his Cherrishing.*



Imprinted at London, by  
*Ar. Hatfield, for William  
Holme.*

1 5 9 6.





To the Honorable fir George Cary Knight, sonne  
 and heire to my Lord Chamberlaine, gouernour  
*of the Ile of Wight, and Knight Marshall of England,*  
 Tho. Churchyard wisheth great worldly  
*hap, encrease of honor, and*  
*beauenly bles-*  
*sednes.*



**I**N remembring many curtesies,  
 good turnes, rare fauor, and friend-  
 ship flowing from your Honorable  
 disposition in this ebbing age, I  
 vowed being found in seruiceable  
 maner to requite: but sicke, am for-  
 ced to write the opinions of many  
 Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen (captaines and cheefe-  
 taines of great charge) touching the court and the wars.  
 And for that I serued vnder them, I fet downe the words  
 I heard many of them speake of those two honorable  
 points, and discourfes. First at Lawndersey fir Thomas  
 Wyet, Wallop, Bellingam, & many more knights there.  
 Then at Bollain the Lord Poynings, fir Rafe Elderkar, fir  
 Iames Crofts, and other knights there. The Lord Gray  
 at Giens, fir Harry Palmer, fir Lewis Dyue, fir Richard  
 Bray, & many more there. At Hams the Lord Dudley,  
 and many gentlemen there. At Callis the Lord Haward,  
 fir William Drury, fir Anthony Ager, fir Thomas Corn-  
 wallys, and a number of knights and gentlemen there.  
 In Flaunders fir Anthony Sturley, captaine Matfon, Sy-  
 byll, Horffey, Ieynks, Plonket, Hynde, and many more  
 captaines there. At Metts in Lorraine captaine Farnam,  
 and in that towne the Lord Admirall that now is, I be-  
 ing without with fundry English Gentlemen there. In

## The Epistle dedicatorie.

France captaine Krayar, Sutton, Twytty, Blunt, Dryuar, and numbers of captaines there. In Scotland where I was taken prisoner, fir William Winter, fir William Woodhouse, and many knights and captaines there: the Lord Clynton our Admirall then. At Burty Cragge fir Iohn Luttrell. At Dondee captaine Marry Church, and fundry gentlemen there. In Haddington fir Iames Wilford, fir Arthur Manering, and many other knights and captaines there. In Lawtherfort, fir Hue Wyllowby, captaine Colby, captaine Hales, and many more there. In Ireland fir William Bellingam, fir Anthony Sellenger, fir Henry Sydney, fir Iames Crofts: all these then deputies, and many knights and captaines there, at their commaundment. In Anwerpe after these things my selfe the chiefe captaine there then. In Brabant, Zeland, and Holland vnder fir Thomas Morgan, fir Humfrey Gylbart, and fundry knights, there seruing a great season. In Scotland before vnder the Lord Gray at the siege of Leeth, where fir William Pellam, fir George Haward, fir Andrew Corbet, and a number of knights were, besides many captaines and gentlemen of good woorth. In Gyens when it was lost, a captaine my selfe, and taken prisoner vnder the old Lord Gray, fir Harry Palmar, master Cripps, and other captaines there. In Ireland againe vnder fir Harry Sydney, where fir Harry Harrington, fir Edward Moore, fir Nicholas Bagnall, and a great company of knights and captaines were, from whom I went to the noble Earle of Ormond. In Garnzey, with fir Thomas Leighton in good credit and charge a good while. In Anwarpe againe, when fir Iohn Norrice, fir Thomas Morgan, fir Edward Hobby, and a number of honorable personages brought ouer Moun-  
fior

### The Epistle dedicatorie.

fior thither. Thus making those seruices and many more a benefit to my knowledge, & gathering some od notes and sentences among thoe Honorable and marshall people, I bethought me thereof now in my last sicknes peradventure, and willing not to smother them vp in silence, haue published as followes in verse, what the opinion of many dead and alie hath been both of honorable Court and Warres: dedicating the whole iudgement thereof to your good consideration, bicause you are Knight Marshall of England, and knowes much of marshall caufes. After whose good liking I do commend the work to the whole world, humbly desiring you to reade with good will, iudge with milde discretion, and rather commend than condemne: not thereby crauing better credit than it may merit, nor lesse thanks than an honest writer looketh for: though not finely written yet faithfully meant in plainest termes, bicause cunning phrafes fauour of the schoole, where feldome I haue stolen any great learning, nor robbed good schollers of their bookes. If God freely gaue, I haue frankly bestowed it, neither a niggard of my verses, nor sparing of my words, but spending my muse and matter as plentifully as though I had good store thereof: take it in good part so the writer stands pleased, God so knoweth, who encrease you in honor and durable credit. From my chamber in Richmond, this new yeeres day. 1596.

*Yours in all at commandement,*

THOMAS CHVRCHYARD.

Churchyards cherrishing.

**T**En thousand spend their time in vaine,  
That haunteth either court or wars,  
In both of them some hopes to gaine,  
VVhen both God wot full few prefars:  
Then bluntly said, and truly told,  
Long courting maketh yoong men old.

Not rich, nor wise, till wit be bought,  
VVealth followes few that thither run,  
Some trudge to court to bring home thought,  
Or see abroad how shines the sun:  
But leaues Gods blessing far behinde,  
And liues vpon an aspiring minde.

The court is but a pleafant cage  
For birds to prune their feathers in,  
A ioy to youth, a paine to age,  
VVhere many lose, and few do win:  
A step of state, where honor stands  
To bring free harts in bondage bands.

A gladfome house of goodly gefts,  
That pay small seruice for their foode,  
A body full of hollow brefts,  
VVhere hatreds eggs brings foorth their broode,  
A place of pompe, and perill both,  
VVhere finenes ioines, with little troth.

Churchyards cherrifhing.

A heaunly image heere on earth  
That lookes like faint without a shrine,  
An outward signe, and shew of mirth,  
VVhere many smarts are cloked fine,  
A glasse of steele in some od case,  
VVhere each man may see his owne face.

A randevou, where millions meet  
In one kings raigne or other sure,  
A whetstone to a dulled spreet,  
That many sweet conceits procure,  
A pallace fraught with faire delite,  
That prooues but blacke, when it seemes white.

A drawing hope, that hath no end,  
In harts that labour still for fame,  
A strong crossebowe that will not bend,  
Till courtly archers wins the game,  
A plot where cunning digs vp pence,  
And yet a place of great expence.

Court is a maze of turnings strange,  
A laborinth, of working wits,  
A princely feate, subiect to change,  
VVhere Goddesse like, dame Pallas fits,  
A fountaine frozen hard as ice,  
VVhere cloked craft turnes oft the vice.

The

Churchyards cherrishing.

The well and spring that cooles the thirst,  
And quencheth each consuming heat,  
The cooling carde that harts doth birst,  
The worme that life and lim doth eat,  
The gladfome gazing mirror bright,  
That showes brode day, but brings darke night.

The field where fortune runs at bace,  
And showes foule play where she doth please,  
The parke, the forrest, and the chace,  
VWhere Dians Deere lodge safe at ease,  
The feasting house, where surfets breed,  
By tasting some things more than need.

The soile where Venus built hir bowre,  
And Cupid shootes his shafts too fast,  
The onely grace of earthly powre,  
That was or is, and so shall last:  
The meane to make meane men to mount,  
Yet court of no man makes account.

The path to hit prefarments right,  
But when or how, good hap must shoe.  
The torch that giues a flattring light,  
A blaze that quickly out will goe:  
The candle cleere of comforts all,  
Yet downe vntoucht, the snuffe will fall.

The

Churchyards cherrifhing.

The feeding hope of all good hap,  
Till want coms home with weeping eie,  
The smiling cloud where thunder clap  
Fals ratling from a pleafant skie,  
The calmy aire, that stormes doth hide,  
Till winde bewraies a bluftring tide.

The platform where all Poets thriue,  
Sae one whose voice is hoarse they fay,  
The ftage where time away we driue,  
As children in a pagent play,  
To please the lookers on fomtime,  
With words, with bookes, in profe or rime.

The mount where might and mercy dwels,  
The one may kill, the other faue,  
The fpring that maintains many wels,  
Where thirsty throtes do water craue,  
The nurfe that milke and pap may giue,  
To thofe that in great lack doth liue.

The ciuill fword of worldly fway,  
That cuts off many a canker cleane,  
The head that fecrets can bewray,  
And teach rash wits to keepe a meane  
The eie that fees both hie and loe,  
Much further than our feete can goe.

B

The



### Churchyards cherrishing.

The ground where plenty planted was,  
VVhen bounties bloffoms brought foorth frute,  
Then gold was but esteemd as glas  
The prince so freely gaue a fute:  
The onely spring and flowing spout,  
VVhere all good turnes came flowing out.

The royall house of all repaire,  
VVhere subiects swarme, and still do run  
As thick as flies flocks to the aire,  
In fommers day when shines the sun,  
The paradise of earthly show,  
VVhere many goodly frutes do grow.

The way to tould men on to spend,  
As profit straight should rise thereon,  
The ready rule to giue or lend,  
Play best be trust till all be gon:  
The place where promis is forgote,  
Or where faire words make fooles to dote.

The ankor hold we trust vnto,  
If cord and cable do not breake,  
The gallant ship that may vndo  
VVith charge: most men whose purse is weake:  
The quiet port when tide coms in,  
For all bare barks that harbor win.

The

Churchyards cherrishing.

The swelling sea where some do sinke,  
(That waues and farges swallow vp)  
The doubtfull banquet where some drinke  
Their bane out of a spiced cup:  
The stage where many a part is plaid,  
That makes some lookers on afraid.

The costly, sumptuous golden hall,  
That eats vp many a thatched hiue,  
The bulwarke and the brazen wall,  
Against whose state no force dare striue:  
The stay and prop to weakest things,  
And vnto man most comfort brings.

The flowre and blossom of each land,  
That yeelds sweet sent like mirr or balme,  
VWhich doth not on base fortune stand,  
But safe in either storme or calme.  
O God that guides each fortune now,  
Preferue our court and kingdom throw.

F I N I S.

## A reply to the reasons reherfed.

**C**ourt cannot pleas, ech one that still doth craue  
No more than feas, can make all failers ritch,  
Though few thereby, do gaine yet some may faue,  
And keepe a meane, if folly be not mitch,  
There foode is free, and all belongs to health,  
Fire, rest, and ease, and pleasures of the eie,  
Then for those ioies, who bids them spend their welth?  
Or follow game, or waste their goods thereby?  
If in one cloke, or sute a Lordship stands,  
Blame not the court, but blame vnthrifty hands.

Though shining robes, becoms a Courtier well,  
Meane men may weare, good garments of small price.  
If waste will needes, his patrimony sell,  
Or play away, his lands at cards and dice,  
Court is not cause, of that expence and charge,  
No more than plow, and carts makes Farmars poore.  
If gallants gay, cuts their owne clokes too large,  
That they like brooms, sweepe rushes from the doore,  
Short capes in Court, were fitter for a shoe,  
In such light weeds, of yore did Courtiers goe.

If men could fort, themselues in Court aright,  
The good may meete, as good as he therein,  
And stately Court, hates all lewd maners light,  
No coofning knack, can there no fauour win.  
Finenes and fraud, are often frownd at thear:  
Diffemblance shames, to show a double face,  
And though good wits, in Court can speake full fear,  
Rip iudgement soone, finds out a courtly grace,  
And will not be, ore reacht with shoe or signe  
Of wily heads, though they be ner so fine.

Court

## A reply to the reasons reherfed.

Court is a well, and fountaine full of fprings  
That runs to thofe, that watch their feafons due,  
Who to the cock, their empty bucket brings,  
When bounties ftreames, fpouts water fresh and new.  
All cannot thriue, that daily fell and by,  
Some merchant prooues, bankrout ere he be ware :  
All shafts will not, againft ill weather flie :  
They hit the marke, that cunning archers are :  
Court is not bound, to pleafure eury one :  
Court is a king, and fubiect vnto none.

If fauorits rife, dame Fortunes babes they bee  
Begot and bred, by fudden deftnies lot.  
Lads that good hap, hath dandled on hir knee,  
Tooke all their pap, out of the fweete creame pot :  
The reft are faire, yoong children borne to foone,  
Or out of time, as many yoonglings bee  
No Planets birds, nor darlings of the Moone,  
Nor fixed ftars, that ftands in highft degree,  
But retrograde, in fome afpefts but bafe  
Falne fro the clouds, from Iupiters good grace.

Though many names, to court thefe Poets giues,  
Whofe fained Art, are full of fables vaine,  
When they themfelues, by gifts of Princes liues  
And by the Court, their betters far do gaine,  
Court cares not for, their ftretched termes nor mufe,  
That in a moode, finds fault with this or that,  
Whofe hie conceits, doth but their pen abufe,  
Which on the spleen, may write they know not what :  
Court thinks great fcorne, to ftoup or feem fo weake,  
As answer make, to any word they fpeake.

F I N I S.

Churchyards cherrishing.

**T**He wars that marshall men do like,  
For countries cause was first begun,  
To shield and sword, to launce and pike,  
The lusty foldiers then would run,  
And glad was he in towne or field,  
Could force a forren foe to yeeld.

No walls nor rampire could hold out  
A lions hart in manly minde,  
Men did in courage grow so stout,  
They traueled far hot wars to finde,  
And when these men abrode did rome,  
They brought great skill and knowledge home.

Kings gaue them grace, and honor great,  
Fame sounded trumpet in their praise,  
VVorld placst them in the highest feate,  
So that like gods they raignd those daise:  
Yea honor, made of, and extold  
Aboue the woorth of pearle or gold.

By them great empires did encrease,  
Kingdoms were woon, and conquerd all,  
They held vp wars, they made the peace,  
They had the world at becke and call:  
The sword subdues, and makes them slaues,  
That stands vpon their greatest braues.

Long

Churchyards cherrishing.

Long in this course did soldiers live,  
Belov'd and fear'd as victors are,  
They felt no want, but had to give,  
The people took of them such care.  
Kings and their treasure every way  
Kept noble soldiers from decay.

But when that kings from bounty fell,  
And made but wars for their own gain,  
The wars were then, a second hell,  
Pleasure therein, was turn'd to pain:  
Profit was gone, honor lay lame,  
And soldiers fought no more for fame.

Yet countries cause moode men to fight,  
As hirelings worke for wages still,  
But take esteem, once from a knight,  
You lose his hart, and warme good will,  
Then after money doth he looke,  
And licks his fingers like a cooke.

When kings forget to give good turns  
For good deserts: then soldier shrinks,  
The lampe of love, but dimly burns,  
And God doth know, what soldier thinks:  
All one we live (both daies and weekes)  
By love as larks do live by leekes.

Wars

Churchyards cherrishing.

WVars now is worfe, than walking horfe,  
For like a hackney tied at rack,  
Old foldier fo (who wanteth force)  
Must learne to beare a pedlers pack,  
And trudge to some good market towne,  
So from a knight become a clowne.

As good ferue fowter in his fhop,  
As follow wars, that beggry brings,  
Nay play the childe, and driue the top  
Or fauor many fonder things,  
And thriue there by, seemes better far,  
That run a gadding to the war.

Wars wins the workman scarce his bread,  
A fig for fame, if that be all,  
WVars quickly gets a broken head,  
And gaines no better fruit at all,  
But when good blood is wafted out,  
Into the ioints, wars thrufts the gout.

Lame lims and legs, and mangled bones,  
WVars brings a man vnwares God wot,  
WVith priuy pangs, fad fighes and grones,  
Then come to court where nought is got,  
Saue fhauls and fhels when kernell sweete  
The hogs haue, trampling vnder feete.

### Churchyards cherrishing.

If fiue and forty fons I had,  
Not one to court nor wars should goe,  
Except that some of them were mad,  
So prooud both where I would or noe:  
But wars of all the arts that is,  
Stands most from hap or heauens blisse.

Wars is a woorme in consfence still,  
That gnawes the guts and hart in twaine,  
Who goes to wars must make his will,  
For feare he coms not home againe:  
But at his welcom home in deed,  
He gets but words, so starues at need.

Or at court gate must sit and watch,  
Like goodman Cockscorn keeping croes,  
Go supperles to bed like Patch,  
Or for his lodging gage his cloes:  
A warme reward, a whip, a whood  
Would do a filly foole more good.

Sell house and land, to follow drom,  
And so bring home an empty bag,  
Then like bare Tom of Bedlem com,  
VVith broken breech and many a rag:  
And see what pity world will take  
On thee for thy great seruice fake.

C

Keepe



Churchyards cherrishing.

Keepe that thou haft is counfell good,  
VVhat wars may win thinke that is loft,  
For prince do hazard life and blood,  
If enmies breath but on this coft:  
Shun other wars as from a fnake,  
VVhose ftting a mortall wound will make.

VVars is but cald the fcourge of God,  
A plague for man, and each things foe,  
A whisking wand, a cruell rod,  
That drawes out blood at eury bloe:  
A fearfull bug, a curfed feend,  
That driues good daies and yeers to eend.

If dyuels dance when drum doth found,  
And faints do weepe, where blood is fhed,  
If wars doth shake the heauy ground,  
VVhereon fifh, fowle, and beafts are bred:  
O wars packe hence, and run away,  
From me and all my friends this day.

For where thou goeft all plagues repaire,  
All mifcheeues march, all forrowes fwim,  
All filthy facts, infects the aire,  
All fin and vice is at the brim:  
All dearth and famin are aflote,  
And all or moft, haue God forgote.

Churchyards cherrishing.

Fie, fly from wars, as from a fire  
That all burns vp, or kils in hafte,  
Spoiles and robs all, leaues all in mire,  
Confumeth all, brings all to wafte:  
Yet when the wars rules all like king,  
VVars is himfelfe, a beggry thing.

But if proud wars, begin to brall,  
And quarrels picks, to wrong our right,  
Then clap on armes, corflets and all,  
To put a wrangling foe to flight:  
And make them run like rats away,  
That robs our cheefe houle eury day.

Loe knights, how plaine poore poets shifts,  
In fcambling world to fcowre the coaft,  
VVith rimes, and fends fuch new yeers gifts,  
From ficke mans couch to court in poaft:  
VVhere this may make a merry hed,  
To fmile before he goes to bed.

F I N I S.

## A reply to the reasons reherfed.

**W**Elth, pomp and pride, with malice of the mind  
Bred wars & broils, between two brethren furt,  
The one feard God, the other most vnkind,  
For his foule fact, in world was held accurft.  
Though wars began, throw pride and great offence,  
As rods are made, to fcouge leud vicious life,  
Yet fearfull wars, hath wrought great goodnes fence,  
And planted peace, where was but bloody strife:  
Wars makes men looke, to foule and body too,  
Which in no fort, proud peace can neuer doo.

Who fees but death, and danger feareth God,  
A greater feare, no man aliue may haue,  
As horfe fears whip, and fcholler fears the rod,  
So fword is feard, that quickly brings a graue.  
Wars makes men meeke, vertuous, valiant and wife,  
Hardy and bold, forward, faithfull and true,  
Goodnes imbrace, and villany despife,  
Killeth old vice, and forms a man anue:  
Quickneth the sprites, and kindleth courage ftill,  
That elfe growes cold, weake, refty, dull and ill.

Wars is no trade, for milksops, dawes and dolts,  
Meacocks of kinde, and cowards from their birth,  
A spur for old Iades, a snaffle for yoong colts,  
For lufly lads, the greateft ioy on earth,  
Breeds gallants vp, puts lions harts in men,  
Breathes blood and life, into a trembling breft,  
Makes hand draw fword, and fling away the pen,  
Mount a great horfe, and clap the launce in reft,  
And woonders do, as Samfon did in feeld,  
Whofe ftoutnes made, the proud Philiftines yeeld.

Wars

### A reply to the reasons reherfed.

Wars wifely made, Brings triumph to the towne,  
Sends victors out, to fetch great wealth from far,  
Keepes kings in feat, giues honor to the crowne,  
And no great fame is found where is no war.  
Set wars aside, bid men go spin and card,  
Distaffs are fine, when launce is flung away,  
Make no more knights, let cowards be prefard,  
Set lowts aworke, bid foldiers then go play:  
So pluck downe wars, and fet vp Robin Whood,  
Or Iohn a Stile, that near did countrey good.

Wars was a wand, for wantons that were wilde,  
It made them tame, and greater maruels wrought,  
But where you see, that wars are clean exilde,  
Stout people faint, and kingdom coms to naught:  
Venus and lust, are great together still,  
Right taketh wrong, and reason rules no whit,  
Weake knees muft bow, strong head will haue his wil,  
And bayard blinde, in teeth doth take the bit:  
Thus want of wars, confounds a woorthy state,  
And breeds at home, both quarrels and debate.

Wars was and is, and shall be till worlds end,  
Till iudgement day, you shall haue little peace,  
You say it is, a scourge that God doth fend,  
A common plague for sin that shall not seace,  
Thinke so and make of wars your profit then,  
For foule at least. thus wars ye ought to loue,  
Bicaufe wars doth reforme the faults of men,  
And by sharpe means, it doth his pashence proue:  
If such effects, a bloody wars brings foorth,  
When wars doth com, do take it well in woorth.

F I N I S.

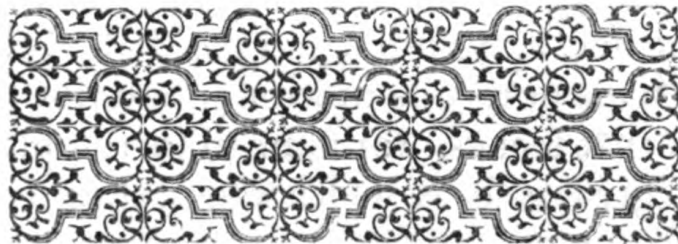
A COMMENDATION TO ALL  
THOSE, THAT EITHER BY INVEN-  
TION OF WIT, STVDY OF MINDE, TRAVEL  
of body, expences of purse, or hazard of life,  
seekes the aduancement of their  
Prince and countrey.

**T**He world throwout, breeds men of fundry kinds,  
Som of great spreet, great skil and deep engine,  
Som meane and base, and som of noble minds,  
Som grosse of wit, and som most rare and fine,  
As gifts of grace, and nature shapeth them forth,  
To show themselves, in actions men of worth.  
Som plant and graffe, and still manures the ground,  
Gains much thereby, as labrer liues by toile,  
Som loues to faile, about the world so round,  
To search what may, be seen in eury soile:  
Som trudge to wars, and far abroad they come,  
For knowledge sake, to serue their prince at home.  
Som haue delite, to build and purchase still,  
Thus all haue not, one motion, mind nor will.  
But such that seekes, for fame in forren place,  
Forfakes great ease, & welth where they were bred,  
Are speshall men, and do deserue more grace,  
Than all the rest, what euer may be sed.

Leaues

Leaues wife and friends, to try the tumbling fea,  
Makes open sale, of life and all they haue,  
Are men that may, both prince and countrey pleas,  
VVho shall of right, be honord to their graue.  
Then step in place, fir VVALTER RAWLEGH NOW,  
Show fourth thy face, among the woorthiest sort,  
Thy trauell long, thy charge and labor throw,  
Crowns thy great pains, with prais and good report.  
Bid enuy blush, for vertue hits the white,  
Malice may barke, but hath no powre to bite.  
VVorld babbles much, but wit doth all behold,  
The touchstone must, at length try out the gold.  
VVho reads his booke, and waies what he hath don,  
Shall found his fame, as far as shines the sun.

F I N I S.



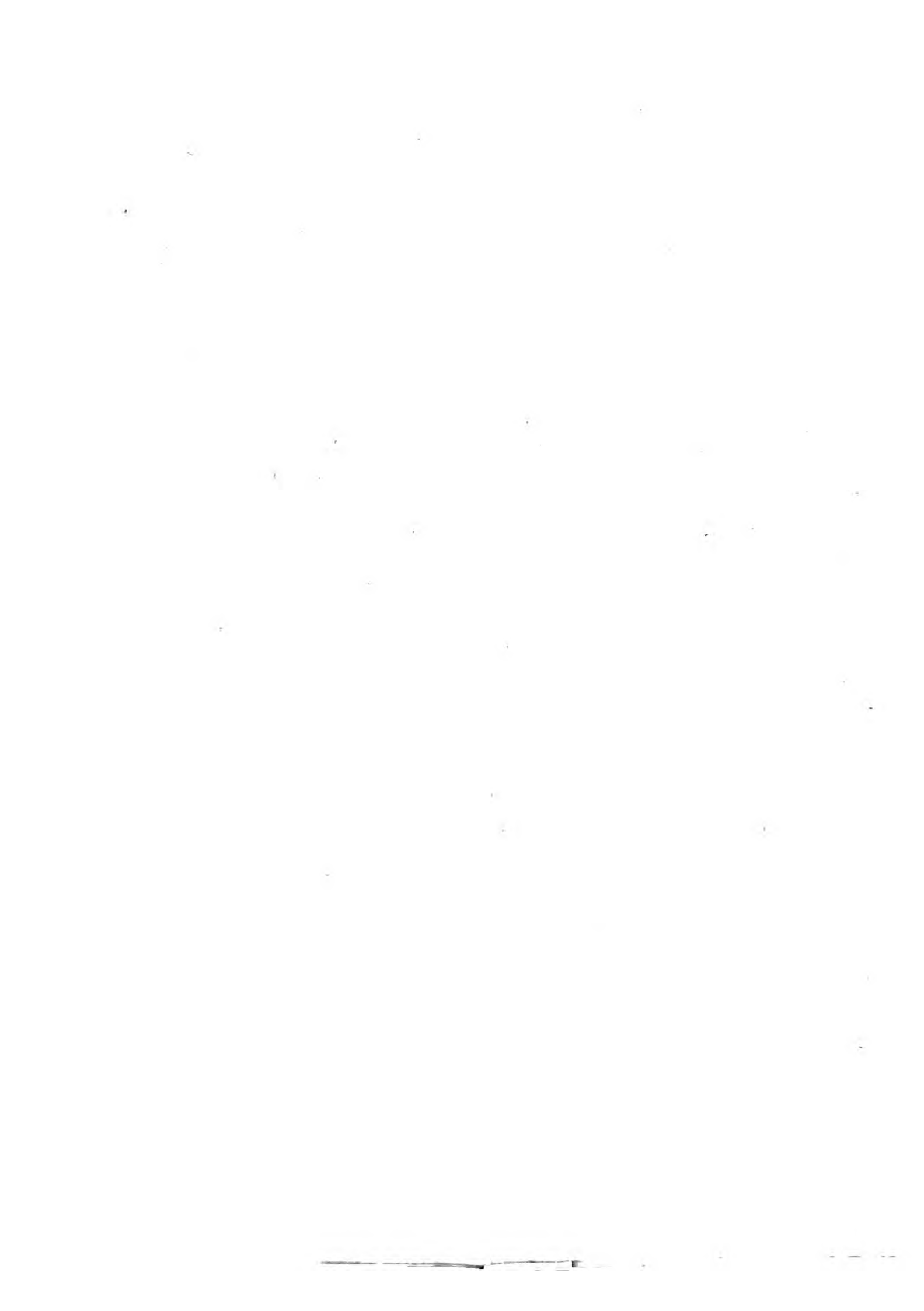


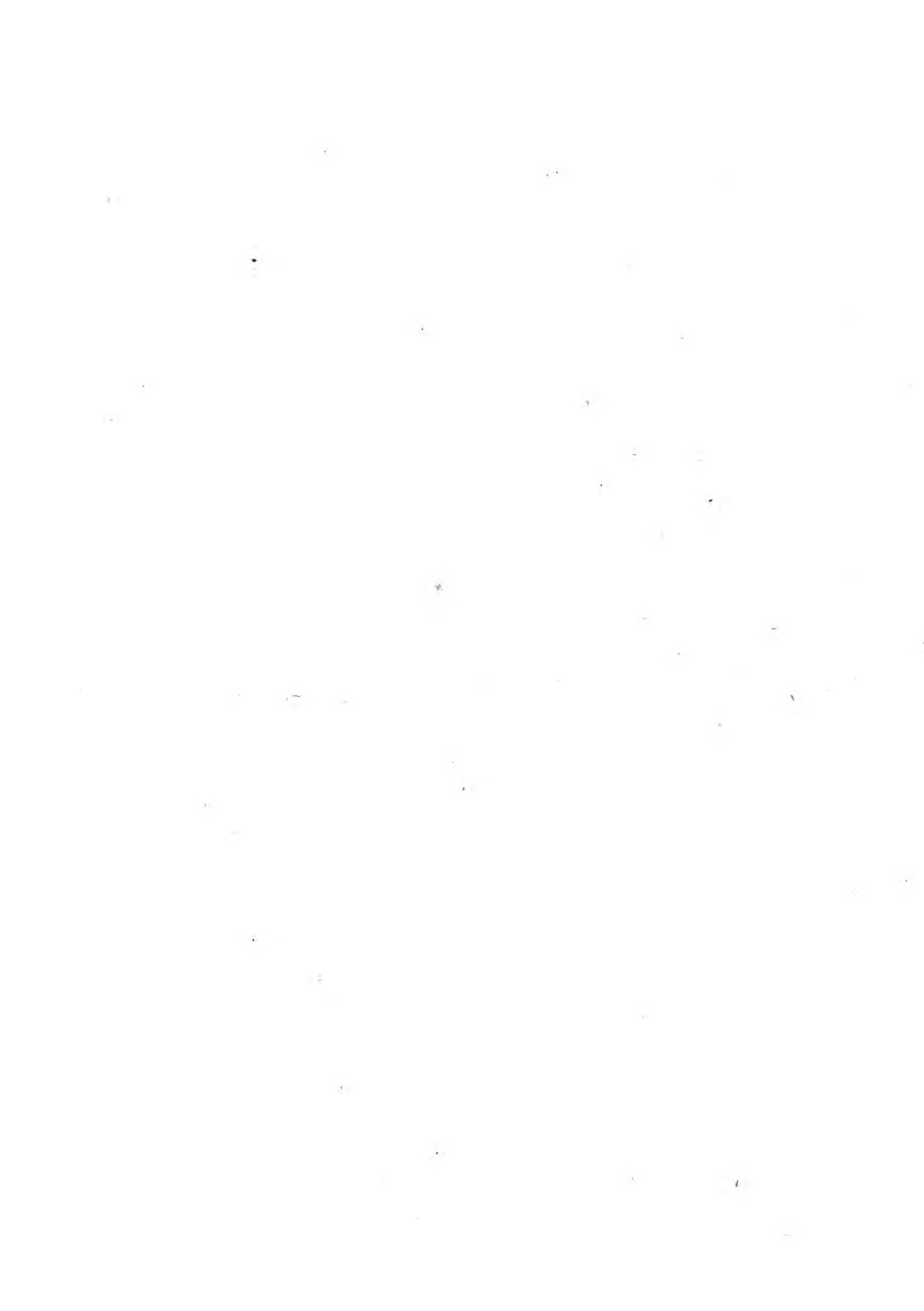
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