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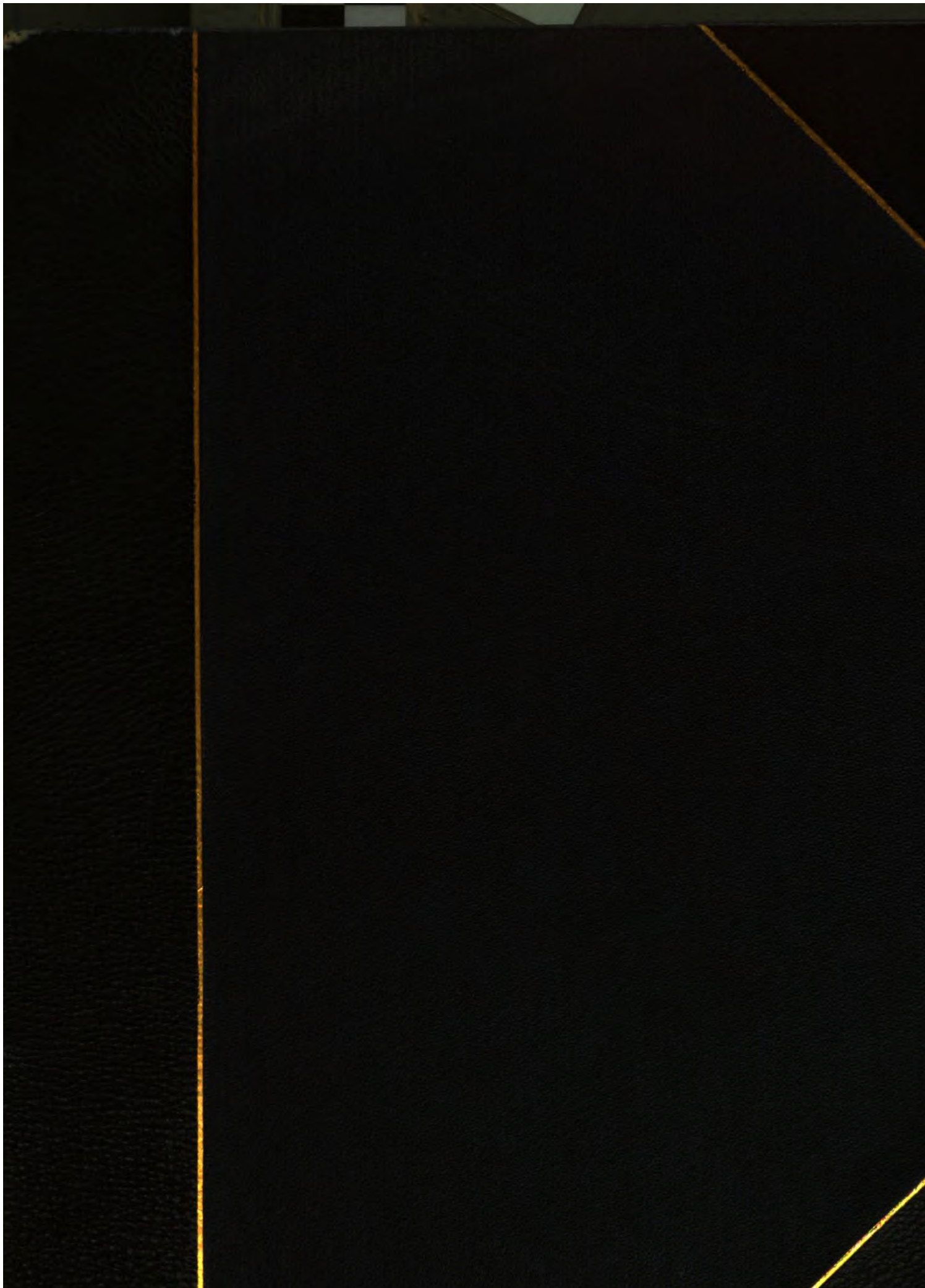
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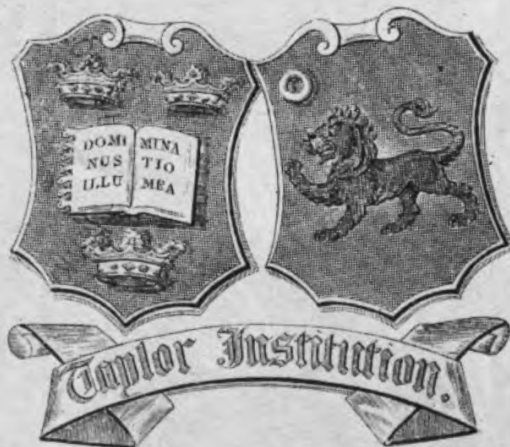


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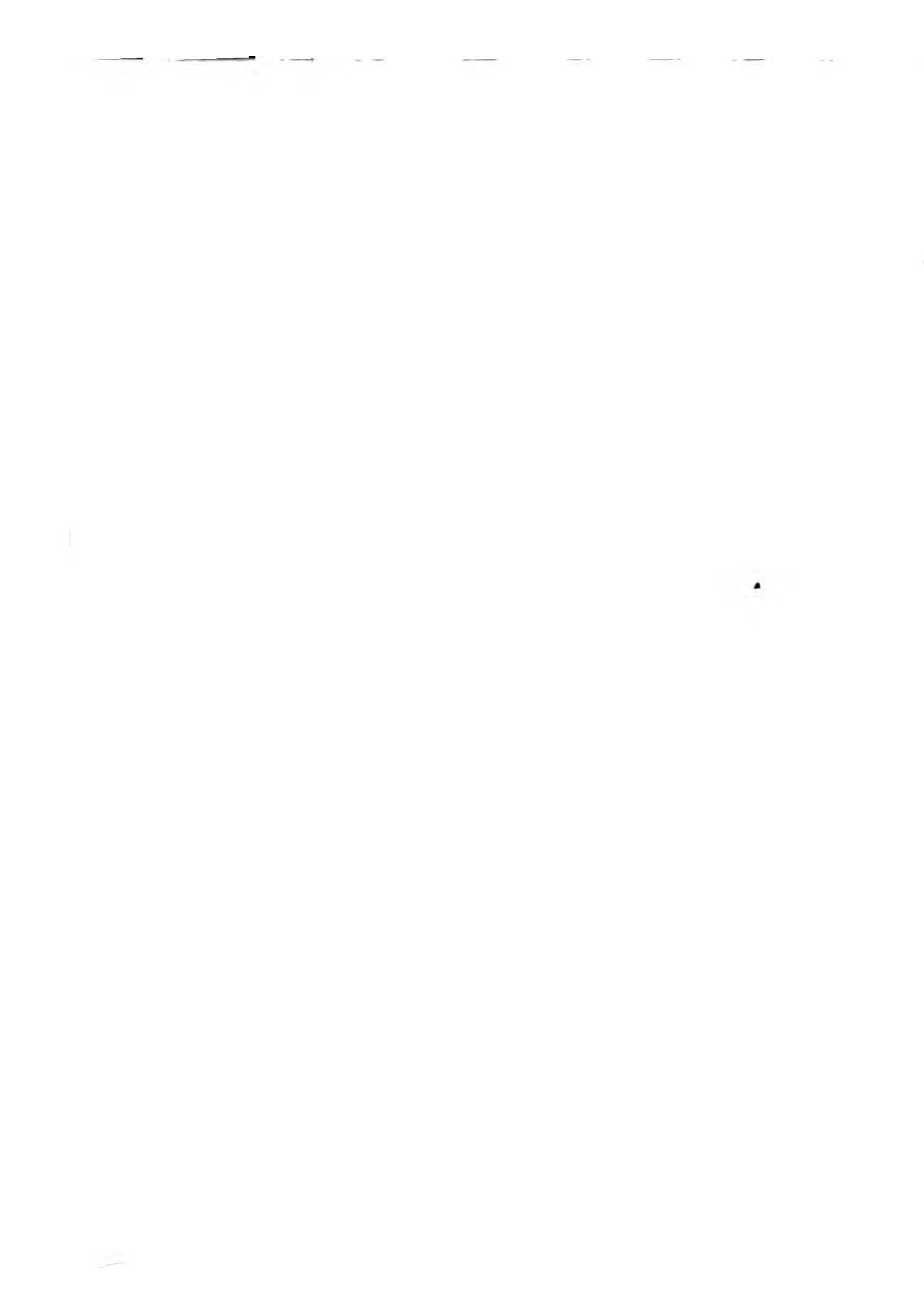
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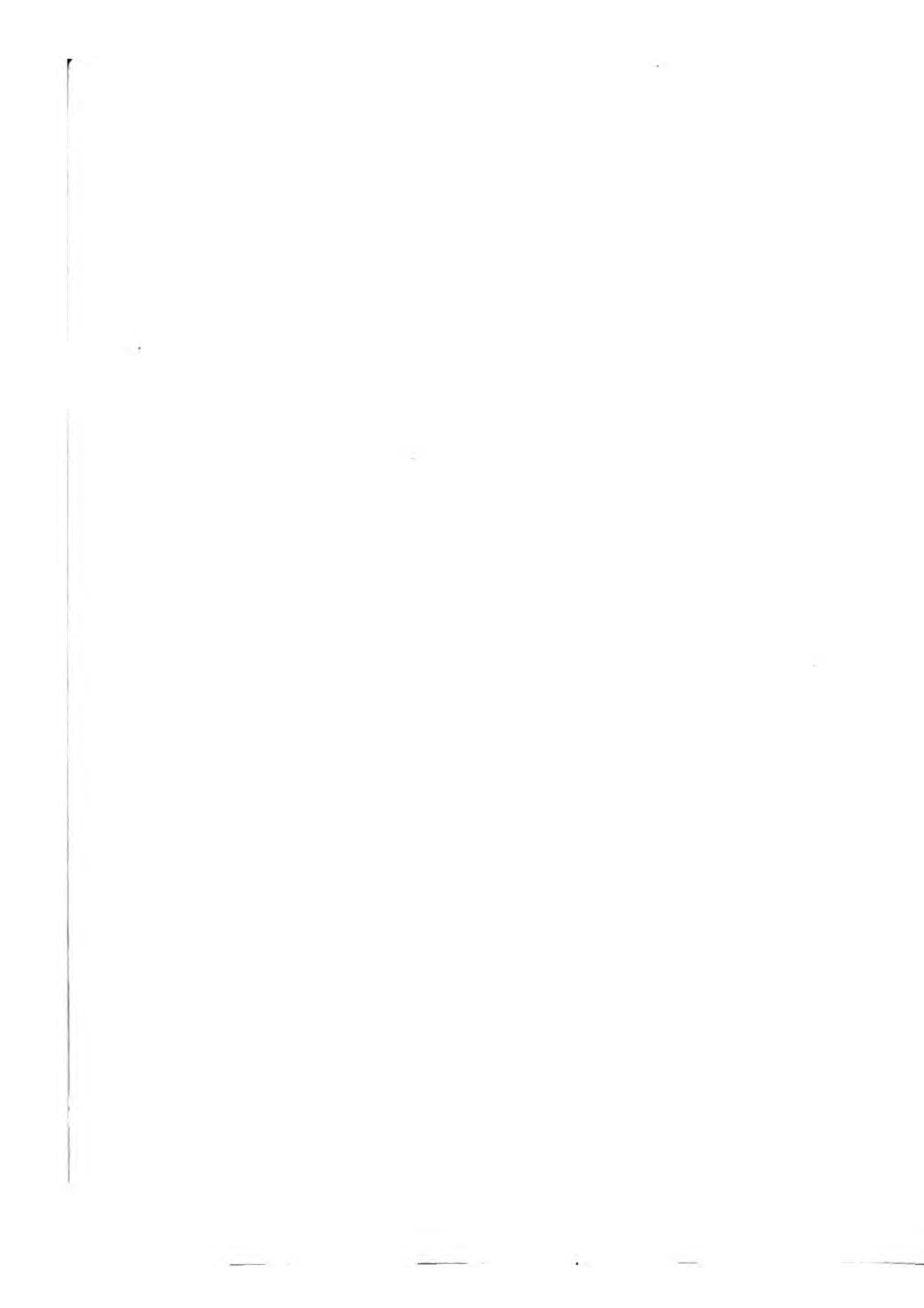
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English Reprints.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire.

1. Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verfe.

1575.

2. The Steele Glas.

[Commenced April 1575. Finished April 1576.]
April 1576.

3. The Complaynt of Philomene.

[Commenced Apr. 1562. Continued in Apr. 1575. Finished 3 Apr. 1576.]
April 1576.

PRECEDED BY

GEORGE WHETSTONE'S

A Remembrance of the well imployed Life, and
godly end of George Gascoigne Esquire, &c.

[*Ent. Stat. Hall.* 11 Nov. 1577.]

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,

Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.

LARGE PAPER EDITION.

LONDON :

5, QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Ent. Stat. Hall.]

1 October, 1869.

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15. 6. 20



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CHRONICLE

(to be taken in connection with Whetstone's *Remembraunce*, at pp. 15-30)

of
some of the principal events
in the
LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES
of
GEORGE GASCOIGNE Esquire,
Courtier, Soldier, Poet.

* Probable or approximate dates.

- 1509, Apr. 22. Henry VIII begins to reign.
- 1535-37. * GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son and heir of Sir J. Gascoigne, p. 18. The date or place of his birth is not known. If it might be safely assumed that he was somewhat over 20 years of age when he entered Gray's Inn in 1555, that would confirm the otherwise unsupported statement, that he was only 40 years when he died.
Gascoigne himself tells Queen Elizabeth [see 1576] that he had 'Suche Englishe as I stale in westmerland.' From which it is inferred he was either born or bred in that county.
1547. Jan. 29. Edward VI ascends the throne.
He goes to Cambridge. 'Such lattyn as I forgatt at Cambridge,' [see 1576]
Pray for the nources of our noble Realme
I meane the worthy Vniuersities,
(And Cantabridge, shal haue the dignitie,
Whereof I was vnworthy member once) p. 77.
1553. July 6. Mary succeeds to the throne.
Harl. M.S. 1912, is a nominal index of the Registers of all 'Admittances,' 'Ancients,' and 'Barresters' in the Society of Gray's Inn, down to 1671; together with a digest of such orders of the society which were looked upon as precedents. In the 16th century, four gentlemen of the name of Gascoigne were admitted into the society. John in 1536 [admitted to ye degree of Ancient, 24 May 1552; fol. 195], George in 1555, Edward in 1584, and John in 1590; fol. 33. None of these occur in the list of 'Barresters.'
1555. George Gascoigne admitted to Grays Inn. 43 admitted in the same year. *Harl. M.S. 1912, fol. 33.*
1557. May 24. Among the names of 'Ancients' called on 24 May, 1557, is that of 'Gascoigne,' *Idem, fol. 204.*
1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.
'The lost time of my youth mispent,' p. 42. 'Disinherited,' p. 17.
1562. Apr. Gascoigne begins 'to deuise' *The Complaint of Philomene* 'riding by the high way betwene Chelmsford and London, and being ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *De profundis* which is placed amongst my other Poesies, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfinished.' pp. 86, 119.
In *The introduction to the Psalme of De profundis* which
- Youth.
- At Cambridge
- A member of Gray's Inn.

with the Psalm itself, is included in Gascoigne's *Flowers*, are the following lines.

The Skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say :

Why doe not I my wery muses frame
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,
To write some verse in honour of his name?)

Among the precedential orders relating to 'Ancients,' at the end of *Hart. M.S.* 1912, is the following.

1555 Mr. Barkinge, Mr. Brand, Geo. Gascoigne, Tho
1561 Michelborne, and William Clopton beinge called
1565 Ancients as of ye former Call paid their respectiue
1567 fines for their Vacacions past to compleate ye num-
1624 ber of nine Vacacions of ye said former call, fol. 238.

1565.

Gascoigne pays the above fines. In his *Flowers*, are *Gascoignes Memories*, written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes. And being required by fiue sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthy to bee remembred before he entered into their fellowshipe, hee compiled these fiue suudrie sortes of metre vppon fiue sundrye theames, which they deliuered vnto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarsh who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna inuat.* The next was at request of Antony Kinwelmarsh, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis sufficit.* John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia.* Alexander Neule deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito. si sat bene*, wherevpon he compiled these seuen Sonets in sequence, therein bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*: and therewith his *Vix bene.* Richard Courtope (the last of the fiue) gaue him this theame *Durum aneum et miserabile auum.* And thus an ende of these fiue Theames, admounting to the number of. CCLVIII. verses, deuised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Iourney, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye, in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gascoigne's memories. *Postes*, 1575.

1575. Apr. 26.

Date of his dedication of 'The Glasse of Government. A tragicall Comedie,' first printed in 1576. 'A piece in a dramatic form, the body of which is in prose, although it has four choruses and an epilogue in rhyme, besides two didactic poems in the third act.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet. iii. 7.*

1566.

Two plays are represented at Gray's Inn in this year.

(1) *The Supposes*—translated by Gascoigne from Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*, Venice, 1525—the earliest 'existing specimen of a play in English prose acted, either in public or private.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet. iii. 6.*

(2) *Jocasta*—adapted from the *Phenissæ* of Euripides—the second dramatic performance in our language in blank verse, and the first known attempt to introduce a Greek play upon the English stage.' *Collier, Idem. p. 8.* Gascoigne contributes Acts ii, iii, v.; F. Kinwelmarsh, Acts i. and iv.; and C., afterwards Sir C., Yelverton, the Epilogue. Each Act was preceded by a dumb show. The Autograph copy of this play is in the *Guilford MS.*

In this year also was published *The French Littleton.*

Nevly set forth by C. Holiband [*i.e.* Desainliens], teaching in Paules Church yarde, by the signe of the Lucrece London, 1566." At the beginning is what is apparently Gascoigne's first published verse,

George Gascoigne Squire in commendation of this booke.

The pearle of price, whica englishmen haue sought
So farre abrode, and cost them there so dere
Is now founde out, within our contrey here
And better cheape, amongst vs may be bought
I meane the frenche: that pearle of pleasant speeche
Which some sought far, and bought it with their liues
With sickenese some, yea some with bolts and gyues
But all with payne, this peerlesse pearle did seeche.
Now *Hollyband* (A frendly frenche in deede)
Hath tane such payne, for euerie english ease
That here at home, we may this language learne:
And for the price, he craueth no more neede
But thankful harts, to whome his perles msy please
Oh thank him then, that so much thank doth earne
Tam Marti quam Mercurio

Marries.

Goes a journey into the West of England.

Gascoigne's Woodmanship Written to the L. Grey of Wilton vpon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting (amongst many other good qualities) in chusing of his winter deare, and killing the same with his bowe, did furnishe master Gascoigne with a croisebowe *cum Pertinencijs* and vouchsafed to vse his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his wodmen. Now master Gascoigne shooting very often, could neuer hitte any deare, yea and often times he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene them. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse it in verse. [This poem was published in 1572.]

Is published Gascoigne's first book, *A Hundreth sundrie Floures bound up in one small Poesie*: respecting which he afterwards says. "It is verie neare two yeares past, since (I being in Hollande in seruice vvith the vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of these Posies were imprinted. . . . I neuer receyued of Printer, or of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes of these Posies. True it is that I vvas not vnwillinge the same shoulde be imprinted:" for which he assigns four reasons. *1st Pref. to 'Posies,' 1575.*

In the dedication to Lord Grey of Wilton, of a poem entitled *The fruites of Warre*, 'begon at Delfe in *Hollande*'; Gascoigne says, 'I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that you haue founde therein iust cause to to laugh at my follies forepassed. This first edition was therefore prepared and anonymously published by its author; not surreptitiously by the printer as sometimes supposed.

O. G. Gilchrist] in *Cens. Lit. i.* 110—112. Ed. 1805, has gleaned from his works, the following account of Gascoigne's trip abroad.

He afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose

Principal occupation not known

1572.

of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 19th of March, 1572, at Gravesend; the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge; but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland) Yorke and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

While this negotiation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague: the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "The Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprized soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

1575. Feb.

He published '*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire*, Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Author,' [1st Dedication dated 'last day of Januarie' 1574-5; 2nd Dedication dated Jan. 2.] It consists of 3 prefaces; and 4 parts, FLOWERS, HERBS, WEEDS, and the NOTES OF INSTRUCTION. In the second preface, he thus explains the three principal divisions. "I haue here presented you

with three sundrie sorts of Posies: *Floures, Herbes* and *Weedes*. . . . I terme some Floures, bycause being indeed inuented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my iudgement) some rare inuention and Methode before not commonly vsed. And therefore (beeing more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them Floures. The seconde (being indeede moral discourses and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named Hearbes. The third (being Weedes, might seeme to some iudgements neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee cast awaie. But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so you may finde in this none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled." He thus concludes the third. *To the Reader*. "I pray thee to smell vnto these Posies, as *Floures to comfort, Herbes to cure, and Weedes to be auoyded*. So haue I ment them, and so I beseech thee Reader to accept them."

1575. April. Gascoigne begins *The Steele Glas*: and continues a little further *The Complaint of Philomene*, pp. 86, 119.

1575. *The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting* is published 'The Translator [George Turberville] to the Reader' is dated 16 June 1575. After which comes a poem of 58 lines *George Gascoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie*. This work is generally attached to Turberville's *The Booke of Faulconrie or Hawking*.

In her summer progress, the Queen makes her famous visit to Kenilworth.

1575. July 9-27. Leicester commissioned Gascoigne to devise masks &c. for her entertainment. These were printed the next year under the title of *The Princelye pleasures, at the Courte at Kenilworth*; and with R. Laneham or Langham's published *Letter* of date of 20 Aug. 1575: constitute the best accounts of that splendid reception.

Sept. 11. The Queen continuing her progress, arrives at Woodstock, and is greeted with Gascoigne's *The tale of Hemetes*.

1576. Jan. 1. He presents, as a New Year's gift, to Queen Elizabeth, and apparently in his own handwriting the manuscript of *The tale of Hemetes the hermyte pronounced before the Queenes Maiesty att Woodstocke*. This is now in the British Museum. *MS. Reg. 18. A. xlviiii, p. 27*. The frontispage is a finished drawing representing the presentation of his work. Then comes, in English verse, the Dedication, 1 p: after which is an English address 'to the Queenes most excellent Majestye; 8 pp. Then follows the tale in four languages. English, 9 pp; Latin, 15 pp; Italian 15 pp; French 13 pp; concluding the whole with Epilogismus, 1 p.

In his address at *fol. 6* of the book, he says, 'But yet suche Itallyan as I haue learned in London, and such lattyn as I forgatt att Cambridge, such frenche as I borrowed in Holland, and such Englyshe as I stale in westmerland, even such and no better (my worthy soueraigne haue I poured forth before you,' &c.

1576. Apr. 3. He finishes *The Complaint of Philomene*. p. 119. Apparently in the same month, he finishes *The Steele Glas*, the dedication of which is dated Apr. 15.

1576. Apr. 12. In an Epistle dated 'From my lodging, where I march amongst the Muses for lacke of exercise in martiall employes, the 12 of April, 1576 to *A Discourse of a new Passage to Cataia*. Written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, *Quid non?*' Gascoigne gives the following account of his publication of this Letter to Sir John Gilbert, dated 'the last of June, 1566,' and therein incidentally reveals his relationship to Sir Martin Frobisher:

You must herewith vnderstand (good Reader) that the author hauinge a worshipfull Knight to his brother, who abashed at this enterprise (aswell for that he hiunselfe had

none issue, nor other heier whome he ment to bestow his lands vpon, but onely this Authour, and that this voyage the seemed strang and had not beene commonly spoken before, as also because it seemed vnpossible vnto the common capacities) did seeme partly to mislike his resolutions, and to disuade him from the same: there-upon he wrote this Treatise vnto his saide Brother, both to excuse and cleare himselfe from the note of rashnesse, and also to set downe such Authorities, reasons, and expericences, as had chiefly encouraged him vnto the same, as may appeare by the letter next following, the which I haue here inserted for that purpose. And this was done about vii. yeares now past, sithence which time the originall copies of the same haue lien by the authour as one rather dreading to hazarde the Iudgement of curious perusers then greedie of glorie by hasty publication.

Now it happened that my selfe being one (amongst manie) beholding to the said *S. Humfrey Gilbert* for sundrie curtesies, did come to visit him in Winter last passed at his house in *Limehouse*, and beeing verie bolde to demaunde of him howe he spente his time in this loytering vacation from martiall stratagemes, he curteously tooke me vp into his Studie, and there shewed me sundrie profitable and verie commendable exercises, which he had perfected painefully with his owne penne: And amongst the rest this present *Discourse*. The which as well because it was not long, as also because I vnderstode that *M. Fourboiser* (a kinsman of mine) did pretend to trauaile in the same *Discouerie*, I craued at the said *S. Humfrees* handes for two or three dayes to reade and to peruse. And hee verie friendly granted my request, but stil seming to doubt that therby the same might, contrarie to his former determination be Imprinted.

And to be plaine, when I had at good leasure perused it, and therewithall conferred his allegations by the *Tables of Ortelius*, and by sundrie other *Cosmographicall Mappes* and *Charts*, I seemed in my simple iudgement not onely to like it singularly, but also thought it very meete (as the present occasion serueth) to giue it out in publike. Whereupon I haue (as you see) caused my friendes great trauaile, and mine owne greater presumption to be registred in print. [For which act, he offers five excuses.]

In a dedication to the Francis, second Earl of Bedford [b. 1528—d. 1585], dated, 'From my lodging where I finished this trauayle in weake plight for health as your good L. well knoweth, this second day of *Maye* 1576,' Gascoigne writes,

(Not manye monethes since) tossing and retossing in my small Lybarie, amongst some bookes which had not often felte my fyngers endes in. xv yeares before, I chaunced to light vpon a small volume skarce comely couered, and wel worse handled. For to tell a truth vnto your honour, it was written in an old kynd of Characters, and so torne as it neyther had the beginning perspicious, nor the end perfect. So that I cannot certaynly say who shuld be the Author of the same. And there-vpon haue translated and collected into some ordre these sundry parcells of the same The whiche . . . I haue thought meete to entytile *The Droome of Doomes daye*. [The work is divided into three parts, *The view of worldly Vanities*, *The shame of sinne*, *The Needels eye*.] Vnto these three parts thus collected and ordred I haue thought

good to adde an old letter which teacheth *Remedies against the bitterness of Death.*"

[The unknown Latin work thus Englished by Gascoigne, was *De miseria humanae conditionis* of Lothario Conti, Pope Innocent III. [b. 1160—d. 16 July, 1216], which appeared in print so early as 1470, and was frequently reprinted.]

"While this worke was in the presse, it pleased God to visit the translatur thereof with sicknesse. So that being vnable himselve to attend the dayly proofes, he apoynted a seruant of his to ouersee the same." *Printer to the Reader.*

1576. Aug. 22. He publishes *A delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkards.*

1577. Jan. 1. He presents the Queen with another poem, which is now in the British Museum *Reg. MS. 18 A. lxi. p. 275.* '*The Grief of Ioy.* Certayne Elegies: wherein the doubtful delights of mannes lyfe are displaid.' It is on 38 folios, 4to: each full page having three stanzas of 7 lines each. The royal titles and name are throughout written in gold. From the following portion of the dedication, it would appear that at this date he was in some way in the Queen's service.

"Towching the *Methode and Inuention*, euen as Petrark in his woorkes *De remedys vtriusque fortunæ*, dothe recowmpt the vncerteine Ioyes of men in seuerall dialogues, so haue I in these *Elegies* distributed the same into sundrie songes and haue hetherto perfected but foure of the first, the which I humbly commend vnto your noble sensure and gracious correction. And therewithall I proffer in like manner that if your Maiestie shall lyke the woorke, and deeme yt worthy of publication I will then shrinke for no paynes vntill I haue (in suche songes) touched all the common places of mans perylous pleasures.

But without the confirmation of your fauorable acceptanns (your Maiestie well knoweth) I will neuer presume to publishe any thing hereafter, and that being well considered (compared also withe the vnspeakeable comfort which I haue conceiued in your Maiesties vnderdeserued fauor) may sufficientlie witnes without further triall, that doubtful greeues and greuous doubttes, do often accompany oure greatest ioyes.

Howsoeuer it be, I right humbly beseeche youre heighnes to accept this Niffe for a new yeares gyfte. . . . Whome God preserue thes first of January, 1577, and euer. Amen."

After this come The Preface; then the *l'enuoie*; then the four Songs. (1) *The greeues or discommodities of lustie youth*; (2) *The vanities of Bewtie*; (3) *The faults of force and Strength*; (4) *The vanities of Actiuityes*; which terminates with 'Left vnperfect for feare of Horsmen.'

77. Oct. 7. George Gascoigne dies at Stamford, see Whetstone's *Remembraunce.*

O. Gilchrist, in *Cens. Lit. ii.* 238, states, 'In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walthamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650.'

Mr. Gilchrist also informed Dr. Bliss "I have searched the registers of the six parishes for his interment without success. The result is this: Geo. Whetstones had wealthy relations, possessors of the manor of Walcot (four miles

? In the Queen's service.

Death.

distant from Stamford), which parisheth to Bernack, where the family of Whetstones usually buried and where a monument of the Elizabethan style of architecture still remains: and I conjecture that Geo. Gascoigne dying at Stamford was carried to Bernack by his friend Geo. Whetstones, . . . and interred there in the family vault. I have endeavoured to ascertain this, but no old register of the parish of Bernack is to be found"—*Ath. Oxon. ii.* 437. Ed. 1813.

The following criticisms were bestowed by contemporaries on our Author.

1. WILLIAM WEBBE, in *A Discourse of English Poetrie*, writes.

Master George Gaskoyne a wytty Gentleman, and the very cheefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albeit is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gyfts of wytt, and naturall promptnes appeare in him abundantly. *Ed.* 1815, p. 34.

2. GEORGE PUTTENHAM, in *The Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589, notices 'Gascon for a good meeter and for a plentifull vayne.' *Book i. p.* 51.


3. THOMAS NASH in a prefatory address 'To the Gentlemen Students' in R. Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589, writes,

Who euer my priuate opinion condemns as faultie, Master *Gascoigne* is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired too since his departure; whereto hee did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully uid *Græca cum Latini*



THE STEELE GLAS, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

 ONE of the principal poets in the first half of Elizabeth's reign; one of our earliest dramatists; the first English satirist; and the first English critic in poesy: Gascoigne takes rank among the minor poets of England. An Esquire by birth, but an Esquire in good hap in life, he was also an Esquire in poetry.

No complete edition of his works has ever been published. Indeed copies of any of them, whether original or reprinted, are not of frequent occurrence. Still less are his character and career known. There exist considerable materials in the numerous personal allusions in his works, in his praiseworthy habit of frequently dating them, and in contemporary writers; towards a worthy account of himself and his associates: which, from their very early date in the Queen's reign, and their connection with the then incipient stage of our Drama; could not fail to be new and interesting to English students. Meanwhile, to most readers, the name of George Gascoigne or of any of his productions, are alike unknown.

In our attempt to make the present series of works representative of English Literature, we now present three idiosyncratic specimens of Gascoigne's powers, as a poetical critic, as a satirist, and as an elegist. To these we have prefixed—accurately reprinted, it is to be hoped, this time—Whetstone's *Remembrance* of his life and death: a book once thought to have perished, and of which but a single copy now exists:—that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A consideration of these four works in connection with his time, will doubtless create a favourable opinion both of the genius and character of George Gascoigne.

The earliest portion of the publications here reprinted, is the commencement of *The Complaint of Philomene*, begun in April 1562, on a journey on horseback from Chelmsford to London : wherein

as I rode by London waye,

Cloakleffe, vnclad.

he was 'ouertaken with a fodaine dash of Raine,' and well soufed in this showre.

he changed the subject of his thought, and wrote the Psalm *De Profundis*, preserved in his *Flowers*.

The *Notes of instruction &c.*, must have been written between 1572—the date of his poem to Lord Grey of Wilton, entitled 'Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572,' to which he alludes therein—and 1575, when he first published them in his *Poesies*.

His old poem lay by him till April 1575, when, having just seen through the press, the corrected edition of his *Poesies*, he begins *The Steele Glas* 'with the Nightingales notes' : and makes further progress in the Elegy.

Then comes absence from home during the summer, in connection with great literary occupation. He is away at Kenilworth devising *The Princely pleasures* : and afterwards at Woodstock preparing *The tale of Hemetes the hermit*. Then in the following winter, he goes on a visit to the unfortunate Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 'at his house in *Limehouse*,' and is in consequence led into the study of the North-west passage and 'the *Tables of Ortelius* and fundrie other *Cosmographicall Mappes* and *Charts*.' So the two poems progress together at intervals, and at last are simultaneously finished in April 1576.

The author calls *The Complaint*, 'April showers' : Both the Satire and the Elegy may be said to be Spring songs. There resounds all through them the singing of birds. This discovers itself as much in the general imagery as in such passages as this.

In sweet April, the Messenger to May,

When hoonie drops, do melt in golden showres,

When euery byrde, records his louers lay,

And westerne windes, do foster forth our floures,
 Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
 To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
 And as I floode, I heard hir make great moane,
 Waymenting much p. 87.

In *The Steele Glas* however, Gascoigne has a serious purpose. As Whetstone reports.

(laboring ftill, by paines, to purchase praise)

I wrought a Glasse, wherein eche man may see :
 Within his minde ; what canckred vices be. p. 19.

It was a first experiment in English satire ; and though it does not fang like Dryden's *Abfalom and Achitophel* : it is a vigorous effort in favcur of truth, right, and justice. Its central thought and fancy are thus expressed :

That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,
 Which thought that fleele, both trusty was and true,
 And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
 But shewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
 In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
 The christal glas, which glimsfeth braue and bright,
 And shewes the thing, much better than it is,
 Beguyld with foyles, of fundry subtil fights,
 So that they feeme, and couet not to be. p. 54.

I haue presumde, my Lord for to present
 With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,
 And came to me, by wil and testament
 Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.
Lucylius, this worthy man was namde,
 Who at his death, bequeathd the christal glasse,
 To such as loue, to seme but not to be,
 And vnto those, that loue to see themfelues,
 How foule or fayre, foeuer that they are,
 He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,
 Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
 Bycaufe it shewes, all things in their degree.
 And since myfelfe (now pride of youth is past)
 Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,
 Since I desire, to see my felfe in deed,
 Not what I would, but what I am or should,
 Therefore I like this trustie glasse of Steele. pp. 55, 56.

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A REMEMBRANCE OF THE WEL EMPLOYED LIFE &c.

(a) *Issues in the Author's life time.*

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1577. London. *Editio princeps*: see title on opposite page. Edmond Malone has inserted the following note in the only extant copy, formerly his but now in the Bodleian. 'This piece is of such rarity, that it was for near a century not supposed to exist. No other copy is known. Bishop Tanner had one; but it has been long lost.' W. C. Hazlitt, in *Handbook*, p. 650, Ed. 1867, states 'The history of this book, of which it seems that only one copy has ever been seen, is rather curious. It had been Bishop Tanner's, and was formerly with his books at Oxford, but had been missed for many years, when it occurred at the sale of Mr. Voigt's [of the Custom House] books in 1806, and was bought by Malone for £42 ros. 6d. With his library it returned to its old resting place.'

(b) *Issues since the Author's death.*

II. *With other works.*

2. 1810. London. *The Works of the English Poets*. Ed. by A. CHALMERS, 21 Vols. 8vo. F.S.A. *A Remembrance &c.*, occupies ii. 457-466.
3. 1815. Bristol. Whetstone's Metrical Life of Gascoigne. Only 10 copies printed: 5s. each.
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GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

CERTAYNE NOTES OF INSTRUCTION &c.

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(a) *Issues in the Author's life time.*

I. *As a separate publication.*

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(b) *Issues since the Author's death.*

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3. 1808. [Bp. PERCY's selection of] Poems in Blank Verse, (not Dramatique) prior to Milton's *Paradise Lost*. [Never published: the impression all but four copies having been burnt.] See *Collier, Bibl. Cat.* ii. 408.
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A REMEMBRAVNCE

of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of
George Gascoigne Esquire, who
deceased at Stalmford in Lin-
colne Shire the 7. of October.

1577.

The reporte of Geor. Whetstons
Gent. an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
end in this world.

Formæ nulla Fides.

IMPRINTED AT LON

don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Paules Churchyard and
are there to be solde.



*The wel imployed life, and godly end of
G. Gascoigne, Esq.*

AND is there none, wil help to tel my tale !
 who (ah) in helth, a thousand plaints haue shone?
 feeles all men joy? can no man skil of bale?
 o yes I see, a comfort in my mone.
 Help me good *George*, my life and death to touch
 some man for thee, may one day doo asmuch.

Thou seeft my death, and long my life didft knowe,
 my life : nay death, to liue I now begin :
 But some wil fay. *Durus est hic sermo*,
 Tis hard indeed, for such as feed on fin.
 Yet trust me friends (though flesh doth hardly bow)
 I am resolu'd, I neuer liu'd til now.

And on what cause, in order shall enfue,
 My worldly life (is first) must play his parte :
 Whose tale attend, for once the same is true,
 Yea *Whetston* thou, hast knowen my hidden hart
 And therefore I coniure thee to defend :
 (when I am dead) my life and godly end.

First of my life, which some (amis) did knowe,
 I leue mine armes, my acts shall blafe the fame
 Yet on a thorne, a Grape wil neuer growe,
 no more a Churle, dooth breed a childe of fame.
 but (for my birth) my birth right was not great
 my father did, his forward sonne defeat.

He was
 Sir Iohn
 G. sonne
 and Heire
 Disinherit-
 ed.

This froward deed, could scarce my hart difmay,
 Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke:
 And wel I wot *Domini est terra*,
 Besides my wit can guide me from a wrack.
 Thus finding cause, to foster hye desire:
 I clapt on cost (a help) for to aspire.

But foolish man dect in my Pecoocks plumes,
 my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit:
 Yea, brainfick I, was, drunk with fancies fumes,
 But, *Nemo sine crimine uiuit*.
 For he that findes, himself from vices free
 I giue him leue, to throwe a flone at me.

It helps my praise, that I my fault recite,
 The lost sheep found, the feast was made for ioy:
 Euil sets out good, as far as black dooth white.
 The pure delight, is drayned from anoy.
 But (that in cheef, which writers should respect)
 trueth is the garde, that keepeth men vncheſt.

And for a trueth begilde with self conceit,
 I thought yat men would throwe rewards on me
 But as a fish, feld bites with out a baight,
 So none vnforst, men needs will hear or see.
 and begging futes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:
 the mounting minde, had rather sterue in need.

Wel leaue I hear, of thriftles wil to write,
 wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:
 The sweet of war, fung by the carpet knight,
 In poste haste then shipt me in Ventures Barge.
 These lusty lims, *Saunce vfe* (quod, I) will rust:
 That pitie were, for I to them must trust.

Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch,
 (though rumours lewd, impayred my desert) He serued
 in Hol-
 land.
 I boldly vaunt, the blast of Fame is such,
 As prooues I had, a froward sours hart.
 My slender gaine a further witnes is :
 For woorthiest men, the spoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence, Prisoner
 in Hol.
 Cacht by fly hap, in prifon vile was popt :
 Yeahad not woordes, fought for my liues defence, He had
 the Latin,
 Italian,
 French,
 and Dutch
 languages.
 For all my hands, my breth had there been stopt
 But I in fine, did so perfwade my foe :
 as (scot free) I, was homewards fet to goe.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit,
 Yet awckward chance, lackt force, to beard my hope
 In peace (quod I) ile trust unto my wit,
 the windowes of my muse, then straight I ope His
 bookes
 publ.
 And first I showe, the trauail of such time :
 as I in youth, imployd in loouing rime.

Some fraight way faid (their tungs with enuy fret),
 those wanton layes, inductions were to vice :
 Such did me wrong, for (*quod nocet, docet*) Poyses.
 our neyghbours harms, are Items to the wife.
 And fure these toyes, do showe for your behoof :
 The woes of looue, and not the wayes to loue.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
 I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies : Glasse of
 gouer-
 ment.
 The lewd I checkt, in Glas of gouerment,
 And (laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praife)
 I wrought a Glasse, wherin eche man may see : Steele
 Glasse
 Within his minde, what canckred vices be.

The druncken foule, transformed to a beast, Diet for
drunkers
 my diet helps, a man, again to make :
 But (that which should, be praïsd abooue the rest)
 My Doomes day Drum, from sin dooth you awake
 For honest sport, which dooth refresh the wit : Drum of
doomsday
 I haue for you, a book of hunting writ. Hunting.

These few books, are dayly in your eyes, He hat
books to
publish.
 Parhaps of woorth, my fame aliue to keep :
 Yet other woorks, (I think) of more emprife,
 Coucht close as yet, within my cofers sleep.
 yea til I dy, none shall the fame reuele :
 So men wil fay, that *Gaskoign* wrote of *Zeale*.

O *Enuy* vile, foule fall thee wretched fot, Enuy.
 Thou mortall foe, vnto the forward minde :
 I curfe thee wretch, the onely cause godwot,
 That my good wil, no more account did finde.
 And not content, thy self to doo me scar :
 Thou nipst my hart, with *Spight*, *Suspect* and *Care*.

And first of *Spight* foule *Enuies* poyfoned pye,
 To *Midas* eares, this As hath *Lyntius*, eyes : Spight.
 With painted shewes, he heaues him self on hie,
 Ful oft this Dolte, in learned authours pries,
 But as the Drone, the hony hiue, dooth rob :
 with woorthy books, so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a pratling tung.
 When (God he knowes) he knows not what he faïes
 And lest the wife should finde his wit but yung,
 He woorks all means, their woorks for to dispraife.
 To smooth his speech, ye beast this patch doth crop
 He showes the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye woofe then this, he dealeth in offence,
 (Ten good turnes, he with silence striketh dead) ;
 A slender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
 This wretched *Spight* in euery place dooth spread.
 And with his breth, the *Viper* dooth infect :
 The hearers heads, and harts with false suspect.

Now of *Suspect* : the propertie to showe, Suspect.
 He hides his dought, yet stil mistrusteth more :
 The man suspect, is so debard to knowe,
 The cause and cure of this his ranckling sore.
 And so in vain, hee good account dooth seek,
 Who by this *Feende*, is brought into mislike.

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart,
 These priuy foes, to tread me vnder foot :
 My true intent, with forged faults did thwart :
 so that I found, for me it was no boot.
 to work as Bees, from weeds, which hony dranes,
 When Spiders turnd, my flowers vnto banes.

When my plain woords, by fooles misconfired were
 by whose fond tales reward hild his hands back
 To quite my woorth, a cause to fettle care :
 within my brest, who wel deseru'd, did lack.
 for who can brook, to see a painted crowe :
 Singing a loft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to starue among his books, Care.
 and see pied Doultles, vppon a booty feed ?
 What honest minde, can liue by fau'ring looks,
 and see the lewd, to rech a freendly deed ?
 What hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile :
 when carpet fwads, deuour ye Soldiers spoile ?

I am the wretch, whom Fortune flirted foe,
 These men, were brib'd, ere I had breath to speak :
 Muse then no whit, with this huge overthrowe,
 though crushing care, my gilty hart doth break
 But you wil say, that in delight doo dwell :
 my outward showe, no inward grief did tel.

I graunt it true ; but hark vnto the rest,
 The Swan in songs, dooth knolle ner passing bel :
 The Nightingale, with thornes against her brest
 when she might mourn, her sweetest layes doth yel
 The valiant man, so playes a pleafant parte :
 When mothes of mone, doo gnaw vppon his hart.

For prooffe, my self, with care not so a feard,
 But as hurt Deere waile, (through their wounds alone)
 When stoutly they doo stand among yat heard.
 So that I saw, but few hark to my mone.
 made choise to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint :
 in sight of men, who nothing seemd to faint.

But as oft vse, dooth weare an iron cote,
 as misling drops, hard flints in time doth pearse
 By peece meales, care so wrought me vnder foot
 but more then straunge is that I now rehearse,
 Three months I liued, and did digest no food :
 when none by arte my sicknes vnderstood.

No Physi-
 cion could
 find out
 his greefe.

What helpeth then? to death I needs must pine,
 yet as the horse, the vse of warre which knowes :
 If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
 but til he dye, poste with his Rider goes.
 Euen so my hart, whilst lungs may lend me breath :
 Bares vp my limmes, who liuing go like death.

But what availes, *Achilles* hart, to haue,
King *Creffus* welth, the fway of all the world :
The Prince, the Peere, fo to the wretched flaue,
when death affaults, from earthly holdes are whorld.
Yea oft he strikes ere one can stir his eye :
Then good you liue, as you would dayly dye.

You see the plight, I wretched now am in,
I looke much like a threshed ear of corne :
I holde a forme, within a wrimped skin,
but from my bones, the fat and flesh is worne
See, see the man, late plesures Minion :
pinde to the bones, with care and wretched mone

See gallants see, a picture worth the fight,
(as you are now, my self was heertofores)
My body late, stufte full of manly might,
As bare as *Iob*, is brought to Death his doore.
My hand of late, which fought to win me fame :
Stifte clung with colde, wants forse to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body full of flesh,
Vnable are, to stay my bones vpright :
My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wish,
In broken woords, can scarce my minde recite.
My head late stufte, with wit and learned skil :
may now conceiue, but not conuay my wil.

What fay you freends, this sudain chaunge to see ?
You rue my greefe, you doo like flesh and blood :
But mone your sinnes, and neuer morne for me,
And to be plain, I would you vnderstood.
My hart dooth swim, in seas of more delight :
Then your who seems, to rue my wretched plight.

What is this world? a net to snare the soule,
 A mas of finne, a defart of deceit :
 A moments ioy, an age of wretched dole,
 A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome baight.
 Vnto the minde, a cankerworm of care :
 Vnsure, vniust, in rendring man his share.

A place where pride, oreruns the honest minde,
 Wheer richmen ioynes, to rob the shiftles wretch :
 where bribing mists, the iudges eyes doo blinde,
 Where *Parasites*, the fattest crummes doo catch.
 Where good deferts (which challenge like reward)
 Are ouer blowen, with blasts of light regard.

And what is man? Duft, Slime, a puf of winde,
 Conceiu'd in sin, plaste in the woorld with greef,
 Brought vp with care, til care hath caught his minde,
 And then (til death, vouchsafe him some releef)
 Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end :
 To gather goods, for other men to spend.

O foolish man, that art in office plaste,
 Think whence thou cam'st, and whether ye shalt goe :
 The huge hie Okes, small windes have ouer cast,
 when slender reeds, in roughest wethers growe.
 Euen so pale death, oft spares the wretched wight :
 And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You lusty youths, that nurish hie desire,
 Abuse your plumes, which makes you look so big :
 The Colliers cut, the Courtiars Steed wil tire,
 Euen so the Clark, the Parsones graue dooth dig.
 Whose hap is yet, heer longer life to win :
 Dooth heap (God wot) but forowe vnto finne.

And to be short, all fortes of men take heede,
the thunder boltes, the loftye Towers teare :
The lightning flash, consumes the house of reed,
yea more in time, all earthly things will weare.
Saue only man, who as his earthly liuing is :
Shall liue in wo, orels in endles blis.

More would I fay, if life would lend me space,
but all in vain : death waites of no mans will :
The tired Iade, dooth trip at euery pace,
when pampered horse, will prounce against the hil.
So helthfull men, at long discourfes sporte:
When few woords, the sick, would fain reporte.

The best is this, my will is quickly made,
my welth is small, the more my conscience ease :
This short accompt (which makes me ill apaid)
my louing wife and sonne, will hardly please.
But in this cafe, so please them as I may :
These folowing woords, my testament do wray.

My soule I first, bequeath Almighty God,
and though my finnes are greuous in his sight : The
effect of
his wil.
I firmly trust, to scape his fry rod,
when as my faith his deer Sonne shall recite.
Whose precious blood (to quench his Fathers ire)
Is sole the cause, that faues me from hel fire.

My Body now which once I decked braue
(from whence it cam) vnto the earth I giue :
I wish no pomp, the fame for to ingraue,
once buried corn, dooth rot before it liue.
And flesh and blood in this self forte is tryed :
Thus buriall cost, is (with out proffit) pride.

I humbly giue, my gracious foueraign Queene
 (by seruice bound) my true and loyall hart :
 And trueth to fay, a fight but rarely feene,
 as Iron greues from th'adamant to parte.
 Her highnes so, hath reacht the Grace alone :
 To gain all harts, yet giues her hart to none.

My louing wife, whose face I fain would see,
 my loue I giue, with all the welth I haue :
 But fence my goods (God knoweth) but slender bee
 most gracious Queene, for Christ his sake I craue
 (not for any seruice that I haue doon)
 you will vouchsafe, to aid her and my Sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my blessing take in parte.
 and therewithall I giue thee this in charge :
 First serue thou God, then vse bothe wit and arte,
 thy Fathers det, of seruice to discharge.
 which (forste by death) her Maiestie he owes :
 beyond defarts, who still rewardes bestowes.

I freely now all fortes of Men forgiue
 Their wrongs to me, and wish them to amend :
 And as good men, in charitie should liue,
 I craue my faults may no mans minde offend.
 Lo heer is all, I haue for to bequest :
 And this is all, I of the world request.

Now farwell Wife, my Sonne, and Freends farwel.
 Farwell O world, the baight of all abuse :
 Death where is thy sting? O Deuil where is thy hel?
 I little forse, the forses you can vse ;
 Yea to your teeth, I doo you both defye :
Vt essem Christo, cupio dissolui.

In this good mood, an end woorthy the showe,
 Bereft of speech, his hands to God he heau'd :
 And sweetly thus, good *Gaskoigne* went a *Dio*,
 Yea with such ease, as no man there perceiu'd,
 By strugling signe, or struiuing for his breth :
 That he abode, the paines and pangs of Death.

Exhortatio.

His *Sean* is playd, you folowe on the act,
 Life is but death, til flesh, and blood be slain: Good men
 God graunt his woords, within your harts be pact
 As good men doo, holde earthly pleafures vain.
 The good for ther needs, *Vtuntur mundo* :
 And vse good deeds, *Vt fruantur Deo*.

Contemne the chaunge, (vse nay abuse) not God,
 Through holy shoves, this wordly muck to scratch :
 To deale with men and Saints is very od. Ipocrites
 Hypocrisie, a man may ouer catch.
 But Hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth see :
 Who by thy thoughts (not thy woords) wil iudge thee.

Thou iesting foole, which mak'ft at sin a face,
 Beware that God, in earnest plague thee not : Careles
liuers.
 For where as he, is coldest in his grace,
 Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.
 Tempt not to far, the lothest man to fight :
 When he is forste, the lustiest blowes dooth smight.

You Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,
 you by your loffe, do match with them in blame: *Courtiers.*
 The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not staine,
 The blinde for slouth, may hardly check the lame.
 I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit: *Merchants.*
 wil Lawyers payze, I feare with ouer waight.

You Lawyers now who earthly Iudges are, *Lawyers.*
 you shalbe judg'd, and therefore iudge aright:
 you count *Ignorantia Juris* no bar,
 Then ignorance, your sinnes wil not acquite.
 Read, read God's law, with which yours should agre:
 That you may iudge, as you would iudged bee.

You Prelats now, whose woords are perfect good,
 Make shoue in woorks, yat you your woords infue:
 A Diamond, holdes his vertue fet in wood, *Prelats.*
 but yet in Golde, it hath a fresher hue,
 Euen so Gods woord, tolde by the Deuil is pure:
 Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office so thou haue,
 to whose behoofe, this breef discourse is tolde: *Readers*
 Prepare thy self, echē houre for the graue, *ingenerall.*
 the market eats aswel yong sheep as olde.
 Euen so, the Childe, who feares the smarting rod:
 The Father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this wordly life shall leaue,
 thus sure thou art, but know'ft not when to dye:
 Then good thou liue, least death doo the deceiue,
 as through good life, thou maist his force defye.
 For trust me man, no better match can make:
 Then leaue vn Timer, for certain things to take.

Viuat post funera Virtus.

*An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the
death, of M. G. Gaskoygne.*

For Gaskoynes death, leaue of to mone, or morne
You are deceiued, aliue the man is stil :
Aliue? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,
In that, that he, his fleshly lyfe did kil.

For by such death, tvvo lyues he gaines for one,
His Soule in heauen dooth liue in endles ioye
His vvoorthy vvoorks, such fame in earth haue sovnne,
As fact nor vvrack, his name can there destroy.

But you vvill say, by death he only gaines.
And hovv his life, vvould many stand in stead :
O dain not Freend (to counterchaunge his paynes)
If novv in heauen, he haue his earnest meade.
For once in earth, his toyle vvas passing great :
And vve deuourd the fvveet of all his fvveat.

FINIS.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.

❧

❧



¶ Certayne notes of Instruction.

concerning the making of verse or

ryme in English, vwritten at the request

of Master *Edouardo Donati*.

S *Ignor Edouardo*, since promise is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendship) do burden me with a promise that I shoulde lende you instructions towards the making of English verse or ryme, I will assaye to discharge the same, though not so perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therewithall I pray you consider that *Quot homines, tot Sententiæ*, especially in Poetrie, wherein (neuerthelesse) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your request aduenture to set downe my simple skill in such simple manner as I haue vsed, referring the same hereafter to the correction of the *Laureate*. And you shall haue it in these few poynts followyng.

THe first and most necessarie poynt that euer I founde meete to be considered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it upon some fine inuention. For it is not inough to roll in pleafant woordes, nor yet to thunder in *Rym, Ram, Ruff*, by letter (quoth my master *Chaucer*) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, vnlesse the Inuention haue in it also *aliquid salis*. By this *aliquid salis*, I meane some good and fine deuise, shewing the quicke capacitie of a writer: and where I say some *good and fine inuention*, I meane that I would haue it both fine and good. For many inuentions are so superfine, that they are *Vix good*. And againe many Inuentions are good, and yet not finely handled. And for a general forwarning: what Theame soeuer you do take in hande, if you do handle it but *tanquam in oratione*

perpetua, and neuer studie for some depth of deuise in ye Inuention, and some figures also in the handlyng thereof: it will appeare to the skilfull Reader but a tale of a tubbe. To deliuer vnto you generall examples it were almoste vnpossible, sithence the occasions of Inuentions are (as it were) infinite: neuerthelesse take in worth mine opinion, and perceyue my furder meanyng in these few poynts. If I should vndertake to wryte in prayse of a gentlewoman, I would neither praise hir cristal eye, nor hir cherrie lippe, etc. For these things are *trita et obuia*. But I would either finde some supernaturall cause wherby my penne might walke in the superlatiue degree, or els I would vndertake to aunswere for any imperfection that shee hath, and therevpon rayse the prayse of hir commendation. Likewise if I should disclose my pretence in loue, I would eyther make a strange discourse of some intollerable passion, or finde occasion to pleade by the example of some historie, or discouer my disquiet in shadowes *per Allegoriam*, or vse the couertest meane that I could to anoyde the vncomely customes of common writers. Thus much I aduenture to deliuer vnto you (my freend) vpon the rule of Inuention, which of all other rules is most to be marked, and hardest to be prescribed in certayne and infallible rules, neuerthelesse to conclude therein, I would haue you stand most vpon the excellencie of your Inuention, and sticke not to studie deepely for some fine deuise. For that beyng founde, pleasant woordes will follow well inough and fast inough.

2. Your Inuention being once deuised, take heede that neither pleasure of rime, nor varietie of deuise, do carie you from it: for as to vse obscure and darke phrascs in a pleasant Sonet, is nothing delectable, so to entermingle merie iests in a serious matter is an *Indecorum*.

3. I will next aduise you that you hold the iust measure wherwith you begin your verse, I will not denie but this may seeme a preposterous ordre: but

bycause I couet rather to satiffie you particularly, than to vndertake a generall tradition, I wil not fomuch stand vpon the manner as the matter of my precepts. I fay then, remember to holde the same meafure wherwith you begin, whether it be in a verfe of fixe fyl- lables, eight, ten, twelue, etc. and though this precept might feeme ridiculous vnto you, fince euery yong fcholler can conceiue that he ought to continue in the fame meafure wherwith he beginneth, yet do I fee and read many mens Poems now adayes, whiche begin- ning with the meafure of xij. in the firft line, and xiiij. in the fecond (which is the common kinde of verfe) they wil yet (by that time they haue paffed ouer a few verfes) fal into xiiij. and fourtene, *et fic de fimilibus*, the which is either forgetfulnes or carelefnes.

4. And in your verfes remembre to place euery worde in his natural *Emphasis* or found, that is to fay in fuch wife, and with fuch length or fhortneffe, eleua- tion or depression of fillables, as it is commonly pro- nounced or vfed : to exprefse the fame we have three maner of accents, *grauis, lenis, et circumflexa*, the whiche I would english thus, the long accent, the fhort accent, and that whiche is indifferent: the graue / accent is marked by this caracte, / the light ac- cent is noted thus, \ and the circumflexe or in- different is thus signified ~ : the graue accent is drawn out or eleuate, and maketh that fillable long wherevpon it is placed : the light accent is depressed or fnatched vp, and maketh that fillable short vpon the which it lighteth : the circumflexe accent is in- different, fometimes fhort, fometimes long, fometimes de- pressed and fometimes eleuate. For example of th' em- phasis or natural found of words, this word *Treafure*, hath the graue accent vpon the firft fillable, whereas if it fhoulde be written in this forte, *Treafure*, nowe were the fecond fillable long, and that were cleane contrarie to the common vfe wherwith it is pronounced. For furder explanation hereof, note you that commonly now a dayes in english rimes (for I dare not cal them English

verfes) we vse none other order but a foote of two fillables, wherof the first is depressed or made short, and the second is eleuate or made long : and that sound or scanning continueth throughout the verse. We have vsed in times past other kindes of Meeters : as for example this following :




No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,

Vnlesse he beleue, that all is but vayne.

Also our father *Chaucer* hath vsed the same libertie in fēete and measures that the Latinists do vse : and who so euer do peruse and well consider his workes, he shall finde that although his lines are not alwayes of one selfe same number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath vnderstanding, the longest verse and that which hath most Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correspondent vnto that whiche hath fewest fillables in it : and like wise that whiche hath in it fewest syllables, shalbe founde yet to consist of woordes that haue suche naturall sounde, as may seeme equall in length to a verse which hath many moe fillables of lighter accentes. And surely I can lament that wee are fallen into suche a playne and simple manner of wryting, that there is none other foote vsed but one : wherby our Poemes may iustly be called Rithmes, and cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verse. But since it is so, let vs take the forde as we finde it, and lette me set downe vnto you suche rules and precepts that euen in this playne foote of two syllables you wreste no worde from his natural and vsuall sounde, I do not meane hereby that you may vse none other wordes but of twoo fillables, for therein you may vse discretion according to occasion of matter : but my meaning is, that all the wordes in your verse be so placed as the first fillable may sound short or be depressed, the second long or eleuate, the third shorte, the fourth long, the fifth shorte, etc. For example of my meaning in this

point marke these two verses :


I vnderstand your meanying by your eye.
 \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ /
Your meaning I vnderstand by your eye.

In these two verses there seemeth no difference at all, since the one hath the very selfe same woordes that the other hath, and yet the latter verse is neyther true nor pleafant, and the first verse may passe the musters. The fault of the latter verse is that this worde *vnderstand* is therein so placed as the graue accent falleth upon *der*, and thereby maketh *der*, in this word vnderstand to be eleuated : which is contrarie to the naturall or vsual pronounciation : for we say

\ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ /
vnderstand, and not *vnderstand*.

5. Here by the way I thinke it not amisse to forewarne you that you thrust as few woordes of many fillables into your verse as may be : and herevnto I might alledge many reasons : first the most auncient English woordes are of one fillable, so that the more monasyllables that you vse, the truer Englishman you shall seeme, and the lesse you shall smell of the Inke-horne. Also woordes of many syllables do cloye a verse and make it vnpleasant, whereas woordes of one syllable will more easily fall to be shorte or long as occasion requireth, or wilbe adapted to become circumflexe or of an indifferent sounde.

6 I would exhorte you also to beware of rime without reason : my meaning is hereby that your rime leade you not from your firste Inuention, for many wryters when they haue layed the platforme of their inuention, are yet drawn sometimes (by ryme) to forget it or at least to alter it, as when they cannot readily finde out a worde whiche maye rime to the first (and yet continue their determinate Inuention) they do then eyther botche it vp with a worde that will ryme (howe small reason foeuer it carie with it) or els they alter

their first worde and so percase decline or trouble their former Inuention: But do you alwayes hold your first determined Inuention, and do rather searche the bottome of your braynes for apte words, than chaunge good reason for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is also a plaine yong schollers lesson) worke thus, when you haue set downe your first verse, take the last worde thereof and coumpt ouer all the wordes of the selfe same sounde by order of the Alphabet: As for example, the laste woorde of your firste line is *care*, to ryme therewith you haue *bare, clare, dare, fare, gare, hare, and share, mare, snare, rare, flare, and ware, &c.* Of all these take that which best may serue your purpose, carying reason with rime: and if none of them will serue so, then alter the laste worde of your former verse, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Inuention.

8 You may vse the same Figures or Tropes in verse which are vsed in prose, and in my iudgement they serue more aptly, and haue greater grace in verse than they haue in prose: but yet therein remembre this old adage, *Ne quid nimis*, as many wryters which do know the vse of any other figure than that whiche is expressed in repeticion of fundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modestly vsed) lendeth good grace to a verse: but they do so hunte a letter to death, that they make it *Crambé*, and *Crambe bis positum mors est*: therefore *Ne quid nimis*.

9 Also asmuche as may be, eschew straunge words, or *obsoleta et inusitata*, vnlesse the Theame do giue iust occasion: marie in some places a straunge worde doth drawe attentiuereading, but yet I woulde haue you therein to vse discretion.

10 And asmuch as you may, frame your stile to *perspicuity* and to be sensible: for the haughty obscure verse doth not much delight, and the verse that is to easie is like a tale of a rosted horse: but let your Poeme be such as may both delight and draw attentiuereading, and therewithal may deliuer such matter as be worth the marking.

11. You shall do very well to vse your verfe after th[e] englishe phrafe, and not after the manner of other languages: The Latinists do commonly fet the adiectiue after the Substantiue: As for example *Femina pulchra, ædes altæ, &c.* but if we should say in English a woman fayre, a house high, etc. it would haue but small grace: for we say a good man, and not a man good, etc. And yet I will not altogether forbidde it you, for in some places, it may be borne, but not so hardly as some vse it which wryte thus:

*Now let vs go to Temple ours,
I will go visit mother myne &c.*

Surely I smile at the simplicitie of such deuifers which might aswell haue sayde it in playne Englishe phrafe, and yet haue better pleased all eares, than they satiffie their owne fancies by suche *superfinesse*. Therefore euen as I haue aduised you to place all wordes in their naturall or most common and vsuall pronounciation, so would I wishe you to frame all sentences in their mother phrafe and proper *Idioma*, and yet sometimes (as I haue sayd before) the contrarie may be borne, but that is rather where rime enforceth, or per *licentiam Poëticam*, than it is otherwise lawfull or commendable.

12. This poetical licence is a shrewde fellow, and couereth many faults in a verfe, it maketh wordes longer, shorter, of mo fillables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falser, and to conclude it turkeneth all things at pleasure, for example, *ydone* for *done*, *adwne* for *downe*, *orecome* for *ouercome*, *tane* for *taken*, *power* for *powre*, *heauen* for *heavn*, *thewes* for good partes or good qualities, and a numbre of other whiche were but tedious and needeleffe to rehearse, since your owne iudgement and readyng will soone make you espie such aduauntages.

13. There are also certayne paufes or restes in a verfe whiche may be called *Cæsures*, whereof I would be lothe to stande long, since it is at discretion of the wryter, and they haue bene first deuised (as should

leeme) by the Musicians : but yet thus much I will aduenture to wryte, that in mine opinion in a verse of eight fillables, the pause will stand best in the middest, in a verse of tenne it will best be placed at the ende of the first foure fillables : in a verse of twelue, in the midst, in verses of twelue in the firste and fouretene in the seconde, wee place the pause commonly in the midst of the first, and at the ende of the first eight fillables in the second. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters discretion, and forceth not where the pause be vntill the ende of the line.

14. And here bycause I haue named Rithme royall, I will tell you also mine opinion aswell of that as of the names which other rymes haue commonly borne heretofore. Rythme royall is a verse of tenne fillables, and seuen such verses make a staffe, whereof the first and thirde lines do aunswer (acroffe) in like terminations and rime, the second, fourth, and fifth, do likewise answere eche other in terminations, and the two last do combine and shut vp the Sentence : this hath bene called Rithme royall, and surely it is a royall kinde of verse, seruing best for graue discourses. There is also another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are fundrie fortes : for a man may write ballade in a staffe of fixe lines, euery line conteyning eighte or fixe fillables, whereof the firste and third, second and fourth do rime acrosse, and the fifth and sixth do rime together in conclusion. You may write also your ballad of tenne fillables rimyng as before is declared, but these two were wont to be most commonly vsed in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) deriued of this worde in Italian *Ballare*, whiche signifieth to daunce. And in deed those kinds of rimes serue beste for daunces or light matters. Then haue you also a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one self same foote or repeticion, and was thereof (in my iudgement) called a rondelet. This may consist of such measure as best liketh the wryter, then haue you Sonnets, some thinke that all Poemes (being short) may be called

Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutiue worde deriued of *Sonare*, but yet I can beste allowe to call those Sonnets whiche are of foure tene lynes, euery line conteyning tenne syllables. The firste twelue do ryme in staues of foure lines by crosse meetre, and the last two ryming together do conclude the whole. There are Dyzaynes, and Syxaines which are of ten lines, and of fixe lines, commonly vsed by the French, which some Engles. writers do also terme by the name of Sonetter. Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called Vifh layes, deriued (as I haue redde) of this worde *Verd* whiche betokeneth Greene, and *Laye* which betokeneth a Song, as if you would say greene Songes: but I muste tell you by the way, that I neuer redde any verse which I saw by aucthoritie called *Verlay*, but one, and that was a long discourse in verses of tenne fillables, whereof the foure first did ryme acrosse, and the fifth did aunswere to the firste and thirde, breaking off there, and so going on to another termination. Of this I could shewe example of imitation in mine own verses written to ye right honorable ye Lord *Grey of Wilton* upon my iourney into *Holland*, etc.* There are also certaine Poemes deuised of tenne syllables, whereof the first aunswereth in termination with the fourth, and the second and thirde answere eche other: these are more vsed by other nations than by vs, neyther can I tell readily what name to giue them. And the commonest sort of verse which we vse now adayes (*viz.* the long verse of twelue and fourtene fillables) I know not certainly howe to name it, vnlesse I should say that it doth consist of Poulters measure, which giueth. xii. for one dozen and xiiij. for another. But let this suffice (if it be not to much) for the fundrie sortes of verses which we vse now adayes.

15 In all these sortes of verses when soeuer you vndertake to write, auoyde prolixitie and tediousnesse, and euer as neare as you can, do finish the sentence and meaning at the end of euery staffe where you

* Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572, in his *Herbes*, 1575.

wright staues, and at the end of euery two lines where you write by cooples or poulters meafure : for I fee many writers which draw their fentences in length, and make an ende at latter Lammas : for commonly before they end, the Reader hath forgotten where he begon. But do you (if you wil follow my aduife) efchue prolixitie and knit vp your fentences as compendioufly as you may, fince breuitie (fo that it be not drowned in obfcuritie) is moft commendable.

16 I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, called ryding rime, and that is fuche as our Mayfter and Father *Chaucer* vfed in his Canterburie tales, and in diuers other delectable and light enterprifes : but though it come to my remembrance fomewhat out of order, it fhall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will nowe tell you a conceipt whiche I had before forgotten to wryte : you may fee (by the way) that I holde a prepofterous order in my traditions, but as I fayde before I wryte moued by good wil, and not to fhewe my skill. Then to returne too my matter, as this riding rime ferueth moft aptly to wryte a merie tale, fo Rythme royall is fitteft for a grauedifcourfe. Ballades are beft of matters of loue, and rondlettes moft apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common prouerbe : Sonets ferue afwell in matters of loue as of difcourfe : Dizaymes and Sixames for fhorte Fantazies : Verlayes for an effectual propofition, although by the name you might otherwife iudge of Verlayes, and the long verfe of twelue and fouretene fillables, although it be now adayes vfed in all Theames, yet in my iudgement it would ferue beft for Pfalmes and Himpnes.

I woulde ftande longer in thefe traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignoraunce, but as I fayde before. I know that I write to my freende, and affying my felfe therevpon, I make an ende.

FINIS.

THE STEELE GLAS.
A Satyre compiled by George
Gafoigne Esquire.

Together with
The Complaine of *Phylomene.*
An Elegie deuifed by
the same Author.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



Printed for Richard Smith.

To the right honorable his singular good Lord the Lord Gray of VVil-

ton Knight of the most honorable order of the Gar-

ter, George Gascoigne Esquire wisheth long life

with encrease of honour, according to

his great worthinesse.



Ight honorable, noble, and my singular good Lorde: if mine abilitie were any way correspondent too the iust desires of my hart, I should yet thinke al the same vnable to deserue the least parte of your goodnesse: in that you haue alwayes deygnd with chearefull looke to regarde me, with affabylitie to heare me, with exceeding curtesy to vse me, with graue aduice to directe mee, with apparant loue to care for me, and with assured assistance to protect me. All which when I do remember, yet it stirreth in me an exceeding zeale to deserue it: and that zeale begetteth bashefull dreade too performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet those dolours reuiued the very same affection, whiche firste moued in mee the desire to honour and esteeme you. For whiles I bewayle mine own vnworthynesse, and therewithal do fet before mine eyes the lost time of my youth mispent, I seeme to see a farre of (for my comfort) the high and triumphant vertue called *Mignanimitie*, accompanied with industrious diligence. The first doth encourage my faynting harte, and the seconde doth

beginne (already) to employ my vnderstanding, for (ahlas my goode Lorde) were not the cordial of these two pretious Spiceries, the corrosyue of care woulde quickly confounde me.

I haue misgouerned my youth, I confesse it : what shall I do then ? shall I yelde to myfery as a iust plague apointed for my portion ? Magnanimitie saith no, and Industrye feemeth to be of the very same opinion.

I am derided, suspected, accused, and condemned : yea more than that, I am rygorously reiected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore dispayre ? shall I yeelde vnto iellosie ? or drowne my dayes in idleneffe, bycause their beginning was bathed in wantonneffe ? Surely (my Lord) the Magnanimitie of a noble minde will not suffer me, and the delightfullnesse of dilygence doth vtterly forbydde me.

Shal I grudge to be reprovued for that which I haue done in deede, when the sting of Emulation spared not to touche the worthy *Scipio* with most vntrue surmyfes ? Yea *Themistocles* when he had deliuered al Greece from the huge host of *Xerxes*, was yet by his vnkinde citizens of Athens expulsed from his owne, and constrained to seeke fauour in the sight of his late professed enemie. But the Magnanimitie of their mindes was such, as neither could aduersytye ouercome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men coulde kindle in their brestes any least sparke of desire, to seeke any vnhonorable reuenge.

I haue loytred (my lorde) I confesse, I haue lien streaking me (like a lubber) when the sunne did shine, and now I striue al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the Maymoone of my youth, and yet now I stand prinking me in the glasse, when the crows foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what ?

Aristotle spent his youth very ryotoufly, and *Plato* (by your leaue) in twenty of his youthful yeares, was no lesse addicted to delight in amorous verse, than hee was after in his age painful to write good precepts of

moral Phylofophy. VVhat shoulde I speake of Cato, who was olde before he learned lattine letters, and yet became one of the greateft Oratours of his time? These examples are fufficient to proue that by indurie and diligence any perfection may be attained, and by true Magnanimitie all aduerfities are eafye to be endured. And to that ende (my verie good lorde) I do here prefume thus rudely to rehearfe them. For as I can be content to confesse the lightnesse wherewith I haue bene (in times past) worthie to be burdened, fo would I be gladde, if nowe when I am otherwife bent, my better endeuors might be accepted. But (alas my lorde) I am not onely enforced flil to carie on my shoulders the croffe of my carelefnesse, but therewithall I am alfo put to the plunge, too prouide newe weapons wherewith I maye defende all heauy frownes, deepe fufpects, and dangerous detractions. And I finde my felfe fo feeble, and fo vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordialles before rehearfed) I should either caft downe mine armoure and hide myfelfe like a recreant, or elfe (of a malicious flubborneffe) should bufie my braines with fome Stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduerfaries.

But neither wil Magnanimitie fuffer me to become vnhoneft, nor yet can Indurie fee me finke in idlenesse.

For I haue learned in facred fcriptures to heape coles vpon the heade of mineemie, by honeft dealing: and our fauiour himfelfe hath encoraged me, faying that I fhall lacke neither workes nor feruice, although it were noone dayes before I came into the Market place.

These things I fay (my fingular good lorde) do renewe in my troubled minde the fame affection which firft moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your fauorable eyes will vouchfafe to beholde me as I am, and neuer be fo curious as to enquire what I haue bene.

And in ful hope therof, I haue prefumed to present your honour with this Satyre written without rime, but I trust not without reason. And what foeuer it bee, I do humbly dedicate it vnto your honorable name, beseeching the same too accept it with as gracious regarde, as you haue in times past bene accustomed too beholde my trauailes. And (my good Lorde) though the skorneful do mocke me for a time, yet in the ende I hope to giue them al a rybbe of roste for their paynes. And when the vertuous shall perceiue indeede how I am occupied, then shall detraction be no lesse ashamed to haue falsely accused me, than light credence shal haue cause to repent his rashe conceypt: and Grautie the iudge shal not be abashed to cancel the sentence vniustly pronounced in my condemnation. In meane while I remaine amongst my bookes here at my poore house in VValkamstowe, where I praye daylie for speedy aduaancement, and continuall prosperitie of your good Lordship. VVritten the fiftenth of April. 1576.

(. .)

*By your honours most bownden and well assured
George Gascoigne.*

N. R. in commendation
of the Author, and his
 workes.

I N rowfing verfes of *Mauors* bloudie raigne,
 The famous *Greke*, and *Miro* did excel.
 Graue *Senec* did, furmounte for Tragike vaine,
 Quicke *Epigrams*, *Catullus* wrote as wel.
Archilochus, did for *Iambickes* pafte,
 For commicke verfe, ftill *Plautus* peereleffe was

In *Elegies*, and wanton loue writ laies,
 Sance peere were *Nafso*, and *Tibullus* deemde :
 In Satyres fharpe (as men of mickle praife)
Lucilius, and *Horace* were efteemde.
 Thus diuers men, with diuers vaines did write,
 But *Gafcoigne* doth, in euery vaine indite.

And what perfourmaunce hee thereof doth make,
 I lift not vaunte, his workes for me fhall fay ;
 In praifing him *Timantes* trade I take,
 VVho (when he fhould, the woful cheare difplaie,
 Duke *Agamemnon* had when he did waile,
 His daughters death with teares of fmal auaille :

Not skild to counterfhape his morneful grace,
 That men might deeme, what art coulde not fupplie)
 Deuifde with painted vaile, to fhrowde his face.
 Like forte my pen fhall *Gafcoignes* praife difcrie,
 VVhich wanting grace, his graces to rehearfe,
 Doth fhrowde and cloude them thus in filent verfe.

'Walter Rawely of the middle

Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glasse.

SVVete were the fauce, would please ech kind of tast,
 The life likewise, were pure that neuer swerued,
 For spyteful tonges, in cankred stomackes plaste,
 Deeme worst of things, which best (percase) deserued :
 But what for that ? this medicine may suffyfe,
 To scorne the rest, and seke to please the wife.

Though fundry mindes, in fundry forte do deeme,
 Yet worthiest wights, yelde prayse for euery payne,
 But enuious braynes, do nought (or light) esteme,
 Such stately steppes, as they cannot attaine.
 For who so reapes, renowne aboue the rest,
 VVith heapes of hate, shal surely be opprest.

VVherefore to write, my censure of this booke,
 This Glasse of Steele, vnpartially doth shewe,
 Abufes all, to such as in it looke,
 From prince to poore, from high estate to lowe,
 As for the verse, who lifts like trade to trye,
 I feare me much, shal hardly reache so high.

Nicholas Bowyer in commen- *dation of this worke.*

FRom layes of Loue, to Satyres fadde and fage,
 Our Poet turnes, the trauaile of his time,
 And as he pleasde, the vaine of youthful age,
 VVith pleafant penne, employde in louing ryme :
 So now he seekes, the grauest to delight,
 VVith workes of worth, much better than they showe.

¹ Mr. J. P. Collier, in *Arch.* xxxiv. that the above heading shows him to
 138, states that this is the earliest have been at least resident in the
 known verse of Sir W. Raleigh's, and Middle Temple in 1570.

This Glasse of Steele, (if it be markt aright)
 Discries the faults, as wel of high as lowe.
 And *Philomelaes* fourefolde iust complaynte,
 In fugred sounde, doth shrowde a solempne fence,
 Gainst those whome lust, or murder doth attaynte.
 Lo this we see, is *Gascoignes* good pretence,
 To please al forts, with his praiseworthy skill.
 Then yelde him thanks in signe of like good wil.

The Author to the Reader.

TO vaunt, were vaine : and flattrie were a faulte.
 But truth to tell, there is a fort of fame,
 The which I seeke, by science to assault,
 And so to leaue, remembrance of my name.
 The walles thereof are wondrous hard to clyme :

And much to high, for ladders made of ryme.
 Then since I see, that rimes can feldome reache,
 Vnto the toppe, of such a stately Towre,
 By reasons force, I meane to make some breache,
 VVhich yet may helpe, my feeble fainting powre,
 That so at last, my Muse might enter in,
 And reason rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such battring tyre, this pamphlet here bewraies,
 In rymelesse verse, which thundreth mighty threates,
 And where it findes, that vice the wal decayes,
 Euen there (amaine) with sharpe rebukes it beates.
 The worke (thinke I) deserues an honest name,
 If not? I fayle, to win this forte of fame.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

THE STEELE

GLAS.



He Nightingale, (whose happy noble
hart,
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force
affright,
Whose chereful voice, doth comfort
faddest wights,
When she hir self, hath little cause to
sing.

Whom louers loue, bicause she plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes esteemed much,
And grauest yeares, haue not disdained hir notes :
(Only that king proud *Tereus* by his name
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleasant tong,
To couer so, his owne foule filthy fault)
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To sing a song, in spight of their despight,
Which worke my woe, withouten cause or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,
By slaundrous steppes, and stayres of tickle talke,
To clyme the throne, wherein my selfe should fitte.
O Phylomene, then helpe me now to chaunt :
And if dead beastes, or liuing byrdes haue ghosts,
Which can conceiue the cause of carefull mone,
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrodde,

Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,
 In barrayne verfe, to tell a frutefull tale,
 A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes
 Of learned men, and graue Philofophers.

And you my Lord, (whose happe hath heretofore
 Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,
 And yet haue deignde, with fauor to forget
 The faults of youth, which pafte my hafte pen :
 And therewithall, haue graciously vouchsafte,
 To yeld the reft, much more than they defervde)
 Vouchsafe (lo now) to reade and to perufe,
 This rimles verfe, which flowes from troubled mind.
 Synce that the line, of that falfe caytife king,
 (Which rauifhed fayre *Phylomene* for luft,
 And then cut out, hir trustie tong for hate)
 Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.
 They liue, they liue, (alas the worfe my lucke)
 Whose greedy luft, vnbridled from their brest,
 Hath raunged long about the world fo wyde,
 To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,
 And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)
 Whose harmeleffe hart, perceivde not their deceit.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderftand,
 The myfteries, of all that I do meane,
 I am not he whom flanderous tongues haue tolde,
 (Falfe tongues in dede, and craftie fubtile braines)
 To be the man, which ment a common fpoyle
 Of louing dames, whose eares wold heare my words
 Or truft the tales deuifed by my pen.
 In' am a man, as fome do thinke I am,
 (Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,
 Or at the leaft, a right *Hermaphrodite* :
 And who defires, at large to knowe my name,
 My birth, my line, and euery circumftance,
 Lo reade it here, *Playne dealyng* was my Syre,
 And he begat me by *Simplycitie*,

Not ig-
 norant
 fymplcity
 but a
 thought
 free from
 deceite.

A paire of twinnes at one selfe burden borne,
 My sistr' and I, into this world were fent,
 My Systers name, was pleasant *Poesys*,
 And I my selfe had *Satyra* to name,
 Whose happe was such, that in the prime of
 youth,
 A lusty ladde, a stately man to fee,
 Brought vp in place, where pleasures did abound,
 (I dare not say, in court for both myne eares)
 Beganne to woo my sifter, not for wealth,
 But for hir face was louely to beholde,
 And therewithall, hir speeche was pleasant stil.
 This Nobles name, was called *vayne Delight*,
 And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe
 Of guylefull wights: *Falfe jemblant* was the
 first,
 The second man was, *Flearing flattery*,
 (Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)
 Then followed them, *Detraction* and *Deccite*.
Sym Swash did beare a buckler for the first,
Falfe witnesse was the seconde stemly page,
 And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,
 This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,
 And woed my sifter, for she elder was,
 And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)
 Hir pleasant speech surpassed mine somuch,
 That *vayne Delight*, to hir adrest his sute.
 Short tale to make, she gaue a free consent,
 And forth she goeth, to be his wedded make,
 Entyst percase, with gloffe of gorgeous shewe,
 (Or else perhappes, perfuaded by his peeres,
 That constant loue had herbord in his brest,
Such errors growe where suche false Prophets preach.

Satyricall-
Poetrye
may right
ly be cal-
led the
daughter
of such
symplici-
tie.

VWhere
may be
commonly
found a
meeter
vvoer for
pleasant
poetry,
than vaine
Delight?
Such men
do many
tymes at-
tend
vpon
vaine de-
light.

Poetrie
married
to vaine
Delight.

How so it were, my Sifter likte him wel,
 And forth she goeth, in Court with him to dwel,
 Where when she had some yeeres yfoiorned,
 And saw the world, and marked eche mans minde,
 A deepe *Desire* hir louing hart enflamde,

To see me fit by hir in seemely wife,
 That companye might comfort hir sometimes,
 And found advice might ease hir wearie thoughtes :
 And forth with speede, (euen at hir first request)
 Doth *vaine Delight*, his hasty course direct,
 To seeke me out his sayles are fully bent,
 And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,
 Whereas she lay, that mourned dayes and nights
 To see hir selfe, so matchte and so deceivde,
 And when the wretch, (I cannot terme him bet)
 Had me on seas ful farre from friendly help,
 A sparke of lust, did kindle in his brest,
 And bad him harke, to songs of *Satyra*.
 I felly foule (which thought no body harme)
 Gan cleere my throte, and straue to sing my
 best,
 Which pleasde him so, and so enflamde his hart,
 That he forgot my sister *Poesys*,
 And rauisht me, to please his wanton minde.
 Not so content, when this foule fact was done,
 (Yfraught with feare, least that I should disclose
 His incest : and his doting darke desire)
 He causde straight wayes, the formost of his
 crew
 VVith his compeare, to trie me with their
 tongues :
 And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne
 My simple mynde, from tracke of trustie truth,
 Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,
 Came Slander then, accusing me, and fayde,
 That I entist *Delyght*, to loue and luste.
 Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought none il.
 And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
 They clapt me fast, in cage of *Myserie*,
 And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
 Vntil this theefe, this traytor *vaine Delight*,
 Cut out my tong, with *Rayfor* of *Restraynte*,
 Least I should wraye, this bloody deede of his.

Satyricall
 Poetry is
 somtimes
 rauished
 by vayne
 Delight.

False sem-
 blant and
 flatterie
 can sel-
 dome be-
 guile sati-
 rical Poe-
 trie.

The re-
 vvard of
 busy med-
 ling is
 Miserie.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a weary life,
 Not as I feemd, a man sometimes of might,
 But womanlike, whose teares must venge hir
 harms.

note novv
 and compare
 this allego-
 ry to the
 story of
 Progne and
 Philomele.

And yet, euen as the mighty gods did daine
 For *Philomele*, that thoughe hir tong were cutte,
 Yet should she sing a pleasant note sometimes :
 So haue they deignd, by their deuine decrees,
 That with the stumps of my reproued tong,
 I may sometimes, *Reprouers* deedes reproue,
 And sing a verfe, to make them see themfelues.

Then thus I sing, this felly song by night,
 Like *Phylomene*, since that the shining Sunne
 Is how eclipst, which wont to lend me light.

And thus I sing, in corner closely cowcht
 Like *Philomene*, since that the stately cowrts,
 Are now no place, for such poore byrds as I.

And thus I sing, with pricke against my brest,
 Like *Philomene*, since that the priuy worme,
 Which makes me see my reckles youth mispent,
 May well suffise, to keepe me waking still.

And thus I sing, when pleasant spring begins,
 Like *Philomene*, since euery ianglyng byrd,
 Which squeaketh loude, shall neuer triumph so,
 As though my muze were mute and durst not sing.

And thus I sing, with harmeless true intent,
 Like *Philomene*, when as percase (meane while)
 The Cuckowe suckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
 And lickes the sweet, which might haue fed me first.

And thus I meane, in mournfull wise to sing,
 A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)
 A trustie tune, from auncient clyffes conueyed,
 A playne song note, which cannot warble well.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world, Here the
substance
of the
theame
beginneth
 Wherein I see, howe euery kind of man
 Can flatter still, and yet deceiues himselfe.
 I seeme to muse, from whence such error springs,
 Such grosse conceits, such mistes of darke mistake,
 Such *Surcuydry*, such weening ouer well,
 And yet in dede, such dealings too too badde.
 And as I stretch my weary wittes, to weighe
 The cause thereof, and whence it should procede,
 My battred braynes, (which now be shrewdly brusde,
 With cannon shot, of much misgouernment)
 Can spye no cause, but onely one conceite,
 Which makes me thinke, the world goeth stil awry.

I see and sigh, (bycause it makes me sadde)
 That peuishe pryde, doth al the world possesse,
 And euery wight, will haue a looking glasse
 To see himselfe, yet so he seeth him not :
 Yea shal I say? a glasse of common glasse,
 Which glistreth bright, and shewes a seemely shew,
 Is not enough, the days are past and gon,
 That Berral glasse, with foyles of louely brown,
 Might serue to shew, a seemely fauord face.
 That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,
 Which thought that steele, both trusty was and true,
 And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
 But shewde al things, euen as they were in dede.
 In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
 The christal glas, which glimfeth braue and bright,
 And shewes the thing, much better than it is,
 Beguylde with foyles, of fundry subtil fights,
 So that they seeme, and couet not to be.

This is the cause (beleue me now my Lorde)
 That Realmes do rewe, from high prosperity,

That kings decline, from princely gouernment,
 That Lords do lacke, their auncestors good wil,
 That knights confume, their patrimonie still,
 That gentlemen, do make the merchant rise,
 That plowmen begge, and craftesmen cannot thriue,
 That clergie quayles, and hath smal reuerence,
 That laymen liue, by mouing mischiefe stil,
 That courtiers thriue, at latter Lammas day,
 That officers, can scarce enrich their heyres,
 That Souldiours sterue, or prech at Tiborne croffe,
 That lawyers buye, and purchase deadly hate,
 That merchants clyme, and fal againe as fast,
 That roysters brag, aboue their betters rome,
 That ficophants, are counted iolly guests,
 That *Lais* leades a Ladies life alofte,
 And *Lucrece* lurkes, with sobre bashful grace.

This is the caufe (or else my Muze mistakes)
 That things are thought, which neuer yet were wrought,
 And castels buylt, aboue in lofty skies,
 Which neuer yet, had good foundation.
 And that the fame may seme no feined dreame,
 But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
 I haue presumde, my Lord for to present
 With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,
 And came to me, by wil and testament
 Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.

Lucylius, this worthy man was namde,
 Who at his death, bequeathd the cristal glasse,
 To such as loue, to seme but not to be,
 And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,
 How foule or fayre, foeuer that they are,
 He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,
 Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
 Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.
 And since myselfe (now pride of youth is past)

A famous
 old satyri-
 cal Poete.

Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,
 Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,
 Not what I would, but what I am or should,
 Therefore I like this trustie glasse of Steele.

Wherein I see, a frolike fauor frounst
 With foule abuse, of lawlesse lust in youth :
 Wherein I see, a *Sampsons* grim regarde
 Disgraced yet with *Alexanders* bearde :
 Wherein I see, a corps of comely shape
 (And such as might besee me the courte full wel)

The auc-
 thor him-
 selfe.

Alexander
 magnus
 had but a
 smal
 beard.

Is cast at heele, by courting al to foone :

He vvch
 vvil re-
 buke mens
 faults, shal
 do vvell
 not to for-
 get hys
 ovvne im-
 perfections.

Wherein I see, a quicke capacitye,

Berayde with blots of light Inconstancie :

An age suspect, by cause of youtnes misdeedes.

A poets brayne, possesse with layes of loue :

A *Cæsars* minde, and yet a *Codruses* might,

A Souldiours hart, suppress with feareful doomes :

A Philosopher, foolishly fordone.

And to be playne, I see my selfe so playne,

And yet so much vnlike that most I seemde,

As were it not, that Reason ruleth me,

I should in rage, this face of mine deface,

And cast this corps, downe headlong in dispaire,

By cause it is, so farre vnlike it selfe.

And therewithal, to comfort me againe,

I see a world, of worthy gouernment,

A common welth, with policy so rulde,

As neither lawes are sold, nor iustice bought,

Nor riches fought, vnlesse it be by right.

No crueltie, nor tyrannie can raigne,

No right reuenge, doth rayse rebellion,

No spoyle are tane, although the sword preuaile,

No ryot spends, the coyne of common welth,

No rulers hoard, the countries treasure vp,

No man growes riche, by subtilty nor sleight :

Common
 vveth

All people dreade, the magistrates decree,
 And al men feare, the scourge of mighty Ioue.
 Lo this (my lord) may wel deferue the name,
 Of fuch a lande, as milke and hony flowes.
 And this I fee, within my glasse of Steel,
 Set forth euen fo, by *Solon* (worthy wight)
 Who taught king *Cræfus*, what it is to feme,
 And what to be, by prooffe of happie end.
 The like *Lycurgus*, *Lacedemon* king,
 Did fet to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,
 And left the same, a mirour to behold,
 To euery prince, of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing christal glasse
 Doth make vs thinke, that realmes and townes are rych
 VVhere fauor fways, the sentence of the law, Common
 VVhere al is fishe, that cometh to the net, vvoe.
 VVhere mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,
 VVhere iniuries, do foster secret grudge,
 VVhere bloody sword, maks euery booty prize,
 VVhere banquetting, is compted comly cost,
 VVhere officers grow rich by princes pens,
 VVhere purchase commes, by couyn and deceit,
 And no man dreads, but he that cannot shift,
 Nor none ferue God, but only tongtide men.

Againe I fee, within my glasse of Steele,
 But foure estates, to serue eche country Soyle,
 'The King, the Knight, the Pefant, and the Priest.
 The King should care for al the subiectes still,
 The Knight should fight, for to defende the fame,
 The Peasant he, should labor for their ease,
 And Priests shuld pray, for them and for themselues.

But out alas, such mists do bleare our eyes,
 And christal glosse, doth glister so therwith,
 That Kings conceiue, their care is wonderous Kings.
 great.

When as they beat, their busie restles braynes,
 To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant fights, 1
 To fede their fil, of daintie delicates, 2
 To glad their harts, with sight of pleasant sports, 3
 To fil their eares, with sound of instruments, 4
 To breake with bit, the hot coragious horfe, 5
 To deck their haules, with sumptuous cloth of gold, 6
 To cloth themselues, with filkes of straunge deuise, 7
 To searck the rocks, for pearles and pretious stones, 8
 To delue the ground, for mines of glistering gold : 9
 And neuer care, to maynteine peace and rest,
 To yeld reliefe, where needy lacke appears,
 To stop one eare, vntil the poore man speake,
 To seme to sleepe, when Iustice still doth wake,
 To gard their lands, from sodaine sword and fier,
 To feare the cries of gittles suckling babes,
 Whose ghosts may cal, for vengeance on their bloud,
 And stirre the wrath, of mightie thundring Ioue.

I speake not this, by any english king,
 Nor by our Queene, whose high foresight prouids,
 That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,
 Whiles we inioy the golden fleece of peace.
 But there to turne my tale, from whence it came,
 In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,
 (Who sawe themselues, in glasse of trusty Steele)
 Contented were, with pompes of little pryce,
 And fet their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did florish most,
 That no man might triumph in stately wise,
 But such as had, with blowes of bloody blade
 Fiue thousand foes in foughten field foredone.
 Now he that likes, to loke in Christal glasse,
 May see proud pompes, in high triumphant wise,
 Where neuer blowe, was delt withemie.

Veleri
 max. lib. 2.
 cap. 3.

When *Sergius*, deuised first the meane

To pen vp fishe, within the swelling floud,
 And so content his mouth with daintie fare,
 Then followed fast, excesse on Princes bordes,
 And euery dish, was chargde with new conceits,
 To please the taste, of vncontented mindes.
 But had he seene, the streine of straunge deuise,
 Which *Epicures*, do now adayes inuent,
 To yeld good smacke, vnto their daintie tongues :
 Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is filde
 With secreet cause, of sickenefse (oft) vnseene,
 Whiles lust desires, much more than nature craues,
 Then would he say, that al the Romane cost
 Was common trash, compard to fundrie Sauce
 Which princes vse, to pamper Appetite.

O Christal Glasse, thou fettest things to shew,
 Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
 Al eyes behold, with eagre deepe desire,
 The Faulcon flye, the grehounde runne his course,
 The bayted Bul, and Beare at stately flake,
 These Enterluds, these newe Italian sportes,
 And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man :
 But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke,
 And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
 The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel.
 Fewe loke to lawe, but al men gaze on lust.

A fwete consent, of Musicks sacred found,
 Doth rayse our mindes, (as rapt) al vp on high,
 But sweeter foundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,
 Are out of tune, and iarre in euery stoppe.

To tosse and turne, the sturdie trampling stede,
 To bridle him, and make him meete to ferue,
 Deserues (no doubt) great commendation.
 But such as haue, their stables ful yfraught,
 VVith pampred Iades, ought therwithal to wey,
 VVhat great excesse, vpon them may be spent,
 How many pore, (which nede nor brake nor bit)

Might therewith al, in godly wise be fedde, Deut. 18.
And kings ought not, fo many horse to haue.

The sumptuous house, declares the princes state, 6
But vaine excesse, bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbast hose, our treble double ruffles, 7
Our futes of Silke, our comely garded capes,
Our knit filke stockes, and spanish lether shoes,
(Yea veluet serues, oftentimes to trample in)
Our plumes, our spangs, and al our queint aray,
Are pricking spurres, prouoking filthy pride,
And snares (vnseen) which leade a man to hel.

How liue the Mores, which spurne at gliftring perle, 8
And scorne the costs, which we do holde fo deare?
How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
Of peerlesse truth, amongst them published,
(VWhich we enioy, and neuer wey the worth.)
They would not then, the same (like vs) despise,
VWhich (though they lacke) they liue in better wise
Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle fo deare.
But glittering gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
Til greedy mindes, gan search the very guts
Of earth and clay, to finde out fundrie moulds
(As redde and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and siluer, mettals of mischief)
Hath now enflamde, the noblest Princes harts
With foulest fire, of filthy Auarice,
And feldome seene, that kings can be content
To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left:
What causeth this, but greedy golde to get?
Euen gold, which is, the very cause of warres,
The neast of strife, and nourice of debate,
The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

(Squires

But is this strange? when Lords when Knightes and
(Which ought defende, the state of common welth)
Are not afrayd to couet like a King?

O blinde desire : oh high aspiring harts.
 The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight, *Knights.*
 The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke,
 The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
 And none content, with that which is his own.
 Yet none of these, can see in Christal glasse
 (VVhich glistereth bright, and beares their gasing eyes)
 How euery life, beares with him his diseafe.
 But in my glasse, which is of trustie steele,
 I can perceiue, how kingdomes breede but care,
 How Lordship liues, with lots of lesse delight,
 (Though cappe and knee, do seeme a reuerence,
 And courtlike life, is thought an other heauen)
 Than common people finde in euery coast.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
 A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherlesse,
 VVith pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,
 (Yca now and then, a capon and a chicke)
 VVil breake vp house, and dwel in market townes,
 A loytring life, and like an *Epicure.*

But who (meane while) defends the common welth ?
 VVho rules the flocke, when sheperds so are fled ?
 VVho staves the staff, which shuld vphold the state ?
 Forsoth good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
 Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,
 And rules the rost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
 You were not borne, al onely for your felues :
 Your countrie claymes, some part of al your paines.
 There should you liue, and therein should you toyle,
 To hold vp right, and banish cruel wrong,
 To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
 To punish vice, and vertue to aduaunce,
 To see God seruide, and *Belzebub* supprest.
 You should not trust, lieftenaunts in your rome,
 And let them sway, the sceptor of your charge,
 VVhiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is don,
 Nor yet can yeld, accompt if you were callde.

The stately lord, which woonted was to kepe
 A court at home, is now come vp to courte,
 And leaues the country for a common prey,
 To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit :
 (Al which his prefence might haue pacified,
 Or else haue made offenders smel the smoke.)
 And now the youth which might haue serued him,
 In comely wife, with countrey clothes yclad,
 And yet therby bin able to preferre
 Vnto the prince, and there to feke aduance :
 Is faine to fell, his landes for courtly cloutes,
 Or else sits still, and liueth like a loute,
 (Yet of these two, the last fault is the lesse :)
 And so those imps which might in time haue sprong
 Alofte (good lord) and seruede to shielde the state,
 Are either nipt, with such vntimely frosts,
 Or else growe crookt, bycause they be not proynd.

These be the Knights, which shold defend the land,
 And these be they, which leaue the land at large.
 Yet here percase, it wilbe thought I roue
 And runne astray, besides the kings high way,
 Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
 (And such as shew, most perfect in my glasse)
 Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
 Whose skil in armes, and long experience
 Should still vphold the pillers of the worlde.
 Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
 May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, lorde, Knight,
 Yea gentlemen, and euery gentle borne. (Squire,

But if you wil, constraine me for to speake
 What fouldiours are, or what they ought to be
 (And I my selfe, of that profesion)
 I see a crew, which glister in my glasse, Souldiours,
 The brauest bande, that euer yet was fene :
 Behold behold, where *Pompey* commes before,
 VWhere *Manlius*, and *Marius* infue,

Æmilius, and *Curius* I see,
Palamedes, and *Fabius maximus*,
 And eke their mate, *Epaminondas* loe,
Protesflaus and *Phocyan* are not farre,
Pericles stands, in rancke amongst the rest,
Aristomenes, may not be forgot,
 Vnlesse the list, of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these souldiours can I spie
 Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasse.

I see not one therein, which seekes to heape
 A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes, Couetous
Soldiours
 And so beguiles, the prince in time of nede,
 When muster day, and foughten fielde are odde.
Since Pompey did, enrich the common heaps,
And Paulus he, (Æmilius furnamed)
Returnde to Rome, no richer than he went,
Although he had, so many lands subdued,
And brought such treasure, to the common chests,
That fourscore yeres, the state was (after) free
From greuous taske, and imposition.
Yea since againe, good Marcus Curius,
Thought jacriledge, himselfe for to aduance,
And see his souldiours, pore or liue in lacke.

I see not one, within this glasse of mine, Soldiours
more
braue then
valiaunt.
 Whose fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,
 As though he were, all onely to be markt,
 When simple snakes, which go not halfe so gay,
 Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field :
 And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,
 Is daunted downe, with dastard dreadfulnessse.
 And yet in towne, he ietted euery streete,
 As though the god of warres (euen *Mars* himself)
 Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,
 Though much more like, the coward *Constantine*.
 I see none such, (my Lorde) I see none such,

*Since Phocion, which was in deede a Mars
 And one which did, much more than he wold vaunt,
 Contented was to be but homely clad.
 And Marius, (whose constant hart could bide
 The very vaines, of his forwearied legges
 To be both cut, and carued from his corps)
 Could neuer yet, contented be to spend,
 One idle groate, in clothing nor in cates.*

I fee not one, (my Lord) I fee not one
 Which stands somuch, vpon his paynted
 sheath
 (Bycause he hath, perchance at *Bolleyn* bene
 And loytered, since then in idlenesse)
 That he accompts, no Soldiour but himselfe,
 Nor one that can, despise the learned brayne,
 VVhich ioyneth reading with experience.
*Since Palamedes, and Vliffes both,
 VVhere much esteemed for their pollicies
 Although they were not thought long trained men.
 Epamynondas, eke was much esteemde
 VVhose Eloquence, was such in all respects,
 As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.
 And Fabius, surnamed Maximus,
 Could ioyne such learning, with experience,
 As made his name, more famous than the rest.*

Soldiours
 vvho (for
 their ovvn
 long con-
 tinuance
 in seruice)
 do seeme
 to despise
 all other
 of latter
 time, and
 especially
 such as are
 learned.

These bloody beasts, apeare not in my glasse,
 VVhich cannot rule, their sword in furious rage,
 Nor haue respecte, to age nor yet to kinde :
 But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand.
 VVhose greedy harts so hungrie are to spoyle,
 That few regard, the very wrath of God,
 VVhich greeued is, at cries of gitleffe blood.
*Pericles was, a famous man of warre,
 And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,
 VVherof he was the general in charge.
 Yet at his death he rather did reioyce*

Soldiours
 ouer cruel
 vvithout
 any re-
 gard.

In clemencie, than bloudy victorie.
Be still (quoth he) you graue Athenians,
VVho whispered, and tolde his valiant facts)
You haue forgot, my greateſt glorie got.
For yet (by me, nor mine occaſion)
VVas neuer ſene, a mourning garment worne.
O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.
 Beleue me (Lord) a fouldiour cannot haue
 Too great regarde, whereon his knife ſhould cut.

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
 And ſhewe their ſcarres to euery commer by,
 Dare once be ſeene, within my glaſſe of Steele,
 For ſo the faults, of *Thraſo* and his trayne,
 (Whom *Terence* told, to be but bragging brutes)
 Might ſone appeare, to euery ſkilful eye.
Bolde Manlius, could cloſe and wel conuey
Ful thirtie wounds, (and three) vpon his head,
Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.

Braggers
 and ſuch
 as boalt
 of their
 vvounds.

What ſhould I ſpeake, of drunken Soldiours?
 Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy luſt?
 Of whom that one, can fit and bybbe his fil,
 Conſume his coyne, (which might good corage yeld,
 To ſuch as march, and moue at his commaunde)
 And makes himſelfe, a worthy mocking ſtocke
 Which might deſerue, (by ſobre life) great laude.
 That other dotes, and driueth forth his dayes
 In vaine delight, and foule concupiſcence,
 When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
 Yea therwithal, he puts his owne fonde heade
 Vnder the belt, of ſuch as ſhould him ſerue,
 And ſo becoms, example of much euil,
 Which ſhould haue ſervde, as lanterne of good life
 And is controlde, whereas he ſhould commaund.
Auguſtus Cæſar, he which might haue made
 Both feaſts and banquets brauely as the beſt,
 Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
 And ſeldome dranke his wine vnwatered.

Drunken
 and leche-
 rous ſol-
 diours.

Aristomenes, dayned to defende
 His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
 And rather chofe, to die in their defence,
 Then filthy men, should foyle their chafitie.
 This was a wight, wel worthy fame and prayfe.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,
 Behold my glaffe, and you fhall fee therein,
 Proud *Craffus* bagges, confumde by couetife,
 Great *Alexander*, drounde in drunkenneffe,
Cæfar and *Pompey*, split with priuy grudge,
Brennus beguild, with lightneffe of beliefe,
Cleómenes, by ryot not regarded,
Vefpafian, difdayned for deceit,
Demetrius, light fet by for his luft,
 Whereby at laft, he dyed in prifon pent.

Hereto percafe, fome one man will alledge,
 That Princes pence, are purfed vp fo clofe,
 And faires do fall fo feldome in a yeare,
 That when they come, prouifion muft be made
 To fende the froft, in hardeft winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glaffe of mine,
Iuftinian, that proude vngrateful prince,
 Which made to begge, bold *Belifarius*
 His trustie man, which had fo stoutly fought
 In his defence, with evry enemy.
 And *Scypio*, condemnes the Romaine rule,
 Which fuffred him (that had fo truely ferued)
 To leade pore life, at his (*Lynternum*) ferme,
 VVhich did deferue, fuch worthy recompence.
 Yea herewithal, moft Souldiours of our time,
 Beleeue for truth, that proude *Iuftinian*
 Did neuer die, without good flore of heyres.
 And *Romanes* race, cannot be rooted out,
 Such yffewe fprings, of fuch vnplefant buds,

Vngrateful
 Princes.

But fhall I fay? this leffon learne of me,

VWhen drums are dumb, and found not dub a dub, VWhat e-
uery sol-
diour
should be
in time of
peace.
 Then be thou eke, as mewet as a mayde
 (I preach this fermon but to fouldiours)
 And learne to liue, within thy bravries bounds.
 Let not the Mercer, pul thee by the fleeue
 For futes of filke, when cloth may ferue thy turne,
 Let not thy scores, come robbe thy needy purfe,
 Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,
 VWhich wil be glad, thy companie to haue,
 If manhoode may, with manners well agree.

Art thou a feruing man? then ferue againe,
 And flint to fleale as common fouldiours do.

Art thou a craftsman? take thee to thine arte,
 And cast off slouth, which loytreth in the Campes.

Art thou a plowman pressed for a shift?
 Then learne to clout, thine old cast cobled shoes,
 And rather bide, at home with barly bread,
 Than learne to spoyle, as thou hast seene some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)
 Who lust, by warres to gather lawful welth,
 And so to get, a right renoumed name,
 Must cast aside, al common trades of warre,
 And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long.
 Bycause he bare, such compasse in my glasse.
 High time were then, to turne my very pen,
 Vnto the Peasant comming next in place.
 And here to write, the summe of my conceit,
 I do not meane, alonely husbandmen,
 Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and sowe,
 Which swinke and sweate, whiles we do sleepe and
 And ferch the guts of earth, for greedy gain, [snort

But he that labors any kind of way,
 To gather gaines, and to enrich himfelfe,
 By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests,
 And al the rest, that liue in common welth,
 (So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)
 Him can I compt, a Peasant in his place.
 All officers, all aduocates at lawe,
 Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
 Must be content, to take a Peasants rome.

Peasant.

Strange
Peasants.

A strange deuise, and fure my Lord wil laugh,
 To see it so, desgested in degrees.
 But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
 And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,
 Most officers, commaund that shuld be cravde)
 He that can share, from euery pention payde
 A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounce,
 He that can plucke, fir *Bennet* by the fleue,
 And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,
 He that can winke, at any foule abuse,
 As long as gaines, come trouling in therwith,
 Shal such come see themfelues in this my glasse?
 Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do?
 Yea let them come: but shal I tell you one thing?
 How ere their gownes, be gathered in the backe,
 With organe pipes, of old king *Henries* clampe,
 How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,
 How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,
 How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
 I compt them worfe, than harmeles homely hindes,
 Which toyle in dede, to ferue our common vse.

Officers.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
 And yet their one eye, sharpe as *Linceus* sight,
 That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,
 That other pries and peekes in euery place.
 Come naked neede? and chance to do amisse?
 He shal be fure, to drinke vpon the whippe.
 But priuie gaine, (that bribing busie wretch)

Can finde the meanes, to creepe and cowch fo low,
 As officers, can neuer see him flyde,
 Nor heare the trampling of his stealing steppes.
 He comes (I thinke,) vpon the blinde side stil.

These things (my Lord) my glasse now sets to shew,
 Whereas long since, all officers were seene
 To be men made, out of another mould.

Epamynond, of whome I spake before
 (Which was long time, an officer in *Thebes*)
 And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
 VVould neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.
 And thus he spake, to such as fought his helpe :

If it be good, (quoth he) that you desire,
 Then wil I do, it for the vertues sake :
 If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte. There
to fevv
such of-
ficers.
 If so it be, for this my common weale,
 Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both
 To see it done, withouten furder words.

But if it be, vnprofitable thing,
 And might empaire, offende, or yeld any
 Vnto the state, which I pretende to stay,
 Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth
 Shal neuer tempt, my free consent thereto.

How many now, wil treade *Zeleucus* steps?
 Or who can byde, *Cambyfes* cruel dome?
 Cruel? nay iust, (yea softe and peace good fir)
 For Iustice sleepes, and Troth is iested out.

O that al kings, would (*Alexander* like)
 Hold euermore, one finger streight stretcht out,
 To thrust in eyes, of all their master theeues. False
iudges.

But *Brutus* died, without posteritie,
 And *Marcus Crassus* had none issue male,
Cicero slipt, vnfene out of this world,
 With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas, Aduocats.
 And were content, to vse their eloquence,

In maintenance, of matters that were good.
Demosthenes, in *Athens* vñde his arte,
 (Not for to heape, himselfe great hourds of gold,
 But) stīl to stay, the towne from deepe deceite
 Of *Philips* wyles, which had besieged it.
 Where shal we reade, that any of these foure
 Did euer pleade, as carelesse of the trial?
 Or who can say, they builded sumpteously?
 Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?
 They were (I trowe) of noble houfes borne,
 And yet content, to vse their best deuoire,
 In furduring, eche honest harmeleffe cause.
 They did not rowte (like rude vnringed swine,)
 To roote nobilitie from heritage.
 They stooode content, with gaine of glorious fame,
 (Bycause they had, respect to equitie)
 To leade a life, like true Philofophers.
 Of all the bristle bearded Aduocates
 That euer lovde their fees aboue the cause,
 I cannot see, (scarce one) that is so bolde
 To shewe his face, and fayned Phisnomie
 In this my glasse: but if he do (my Lorde)
 He shewes himselfe, to be by very kinde
 A man which meanes, at euery time and tide,
 To do smal right, but sure to take no wrong.

And master Merchant, he whose trauaile ought Merchants.
 Commodiously, to doe his cuntry good,
 And by his toyle, the same for to enriche,
 Can finde the meane, to make *Monopolyes*
 Of euery ware, that is accompted strange.
 And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine desires
 Vntil the court, haue courtiers cast at heele,
Quia non habent vestes Nuptiales.

O painted fooles, whose harebrainde heads must haue
 More clothes attones, than might become a king:
 For whom the rocks, in forain Realmes must spin,
 For whom they carde, for whom they weaue their webbes

For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,
 (I speake not this by english courtiers
 Since english wool, was euer thought most worth)
 For whom al seas, are tossed to and fro,
 For whom these purples come from *Perfia*,
 The crimosine, and liuely red from *Inde* :
 For whom soft filks, do fayle from *Sericane*,
 And all queint costs, do come from fardest coasts :
 Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour, August. 9
 Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
 Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,
 His daughters and, his niepces euerychone,
 To spin and worke the clothes that he shuld weare,
 And neuer carde, for filks or sumptuous cost,
 For cloth of gold, or tinsel figurie,
 For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.
 He fet the shippes, of merchantmen on worke,
 VVith bringing home, oyle, graine, and savrie salt
 And such like wares, as serued common vse.

Yea for my life, those merchants were not woont
 To lend their wares, at reasonable rate,
 (To gaine no more, but *Cento por cento*,)
 To teach yong men, the trade to sel browne paper,
 Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too sometmes,
 To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
 To binde such babes, in father Derbies bands,
 To stay their steps, by statute Staples staffe,
 To rule yong roysters, with *Recognifance*,
 To read *Arithmeticke* once euery day,
 In VVoodstreat, Bredstreat, and in Pultery
 (VVhere such schoolmaisters keepe their countinghouse)
 To fede on bones, when flesh and fell is gon,
 To keepe their byrds, ful close in caytiues cage,
 (Who being brought, to libertie at large,
 Might sing perchaunce, abroad, when sunne doth shine
 Of their mishaps, and how their fethers fel)
 Vntill the canker may their corpse consume.

These knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde,
 Bycause they shewe not in my glasse of steele.
 But holla : here, I see a wondrous sight,
 I see a swarme, of Saints within my glasse :
 Beholde, behold, I see a swarme in deede
 Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wise,
 Not deckt in robes, nor garnished with gold,
 But some vnshod, yea some ful thinly clothde,
 And yet they seme, so heauenly for to see,
 As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,
 Their face of Rubies, Saphires, and Iacincts,
 Their comly beards, and heare, of filuer wiers.
 And to be short, they seeme Angelycall.
 What should they be, (my Lord) what should they be ?

O gracious God, I see now what they be.
 These be my priests, which pray for evry state,
 These be my priests, deuorced from the world, Priest.
 And wedded yet, to heauen and holynesse,
 Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche.
 Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,
 VVhich enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
 Which loth all lust, disdayning drunkenesse,
 Which cannot faine, which hate hypocrisie.
 Which neuer fawe, Sir *Simonies* deceits.
 Which preach of peace, which carpe contentions,
 Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,
 Which thunder threts, of gods most greuouse wrath,
 And yet do teach, that mercie is in flore.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,
 Descended from, *Melchisedec* by line
 Cofens to Paule, to Peter, Iames, and Iohn,
 These be my priests, the seasning of the earth
 VVhich wil not leefe, their Savrinesse, I trowe.

Not one of these (for twentie hundreth groats)

VVil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine.

Not one of these, wil reade the holy write
Which doth forbid, all greedy vfurie,
And yet receiue, a shilling for a pounce.

Not one of these, wil preach of patience,
And yet be found, as angry as a waspe,

Not one of these, can be content to sit
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehoufes all day,
But spends his time, deuoutly at his booke.

Not one of these, will rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted, with extortion.

Not one of these, will paint out worldly pride,
And he himselfe, as gallaunt as he dare.

Not one of these, rebuketh auarice,
And yet procureth, proude pluralities.

Not one of these, reproueth vanitie
(Whiles he himselfe, with hauke vpon his fist
And houndes at heele,) doth quite forget his text.

Not one of these, corrects contentions,
For trifling things: and yet will fue for tythes.

Not one of these (not one of these my Lord)
Wil be ashamed, to do euen as he teacheth.

My priests haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their lyplabour.

My priests can fast, and vse al abstinence,
From vice and sinne, and yet refuse no meats.

My priests can giue, in charitable wise,
And loue also, to do good almes dedes,
Although they trust, not in their owne deserts.

My priestes can place, all penaunce in the hart,
VWithout regard, of outward ceremonies.

My priests can keepe, their temples vndefyled,
And yet defie, all Superstition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my priests?
Although they were, the last that shewed themselues,
I faide at first, their office was to pray,
And since the time, is such euen now a dayes,
As hath great nede, of prayers truely prayde,
Come forth my priests, and I wil bydde your beades
I wil perfume, (although I be no priest)
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to god himselfe, The poets
That he vouchsafe, (euen for his Christes sake) Beades.
To giue his word, free passage here on earth,
And that his church (which now is Militant)
May soone be fene, triumphant ouer all,
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,
VWhich walloweth stil, in Sinks of filthy sinne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,
Emperours, Monarks, Duks, and all estates, For
VWhich sway the sworde, of royal gouernment, Princes.
(Of whom our Queene, which liues without compare
Must be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,
Else I deferue, to lese both beades, and bones)
That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,
To maintaine truth, and therwith stil to wey
That here they reigne, not onely for themselues,
And that they be but slaues to common welth,
Since al their toyles, and all their broken sleeps
Shal scant suffize, to hold it stil vpright.

Tell some (in *Spaine*) how close they kepe their clofets,
How felde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,
While as (mene while) their sunburnt futours sterue
And pine before, their proceffe be preferrde.
Then pray (my priests) that god wil giue his grace,
To such a prince, his fault in time to mende.

Tel some (in *France*) how much they loue to dance,

VVhile futours daunce, attendaunce at the dore.
Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.

Tel some (in *Portugale*,) how colde they be,
In fetting forth, of right religion :
Which more esteeme, the present pleasures here,
Then stablishing, of God his holy worde.
And pray (my Priests) least god such princes spit,
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.

Tel some (*Italian*) princes, how they winke
At stinking stewes, and say they are (forfooth)
A remedy, to quench foule filthy luste :
When as (in dede they be the sinke of finne.
And pray (my priests) that God wil not impute
Such wilful facts, vnto such princes charge,
When he himselfe, commaundeth euery man
To do none ill, that good may grow therby.

And pray likewise, for all that rulers be
By kings commaundes, as their lieftenants here, For al nobilitie and counselors.
Al magistrates, al counsellours, and all
That sit in office or Authoritie.
Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither loue nor mede
Do sway their minds, from furduring of right,
That they be not, too faintish nor too fowre,
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,
That stil they stoppe, one eare to heare him speake,
Which is accused, absent as he is :
That euermore, they mark what moode doth moue
The mouth which makes, the information,
That faults forpasse (so that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,
When as they see, repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne astray.
That malice make, no mansion in their minds,
Nor enuy frete, to see how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory sure,
If deeds mainteine, their auncestors degree.

Eke pray (my Priests) for them and for your felues, ^{For the}
 For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeanes, deanes, and Priests ^{clergie.}
 And al that preach, or otherwise professe
 Gods holy word, and take the cure of soules.
 Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,
 Make walke vp right, in your vocation.
 And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,
 'To lende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therwithal, that some, (I see them I
 VVheras they fling, in *Flaunders* all afarre,
 For why my glasse, wil shew them as they be)
 Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,
 So libertie, may launch about at large.

And some again (I see them wel enough
 And note their names, in *Liegelande* where they lurke)
 Vnder pretence, of holy humble harts
 Would plucke adowne, al princely *Dyademe*.
 Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you neere.

Shrinke not to say, that some do (Romainelike)
 Esteeme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.
 And therefore pray (my priests) left pride preuaile.

Pray that the soules, of fundrie damned gofts,
 Do not come in, and bring good euidence
 Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
 Of some whose welth, made them neglect their charge
 Til secret finnes (vntoucht) infecte their flocks
 And bredde a scab, which brought the shep to bane.

Some other ranne, before the greedy wolfe,
 And left the folde, vnfended from the fox
 Which durst not barke, nor bawle for both they eares.
 Then pray (my priests) that such no more do so.

Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,
 I meane the worthy Vniuersities,

(And *Cantabridge*, shal haue the dignitie,
 Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)
 That they bring vp their babes in decent wife :
 That *Philosophy*, smel no secret smoke,
 Which *Magike* makes, in wicked mysteries :
 That *Logike* leape, not ouer euery stile,
 Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,
 With curious *Quids*, to maintain argument.
 That *Sophistrie*, do not deceiue it selfe,
 That *Cosmography* keepe his compasse wel,
 And such as be, *Historiographers*,
 Trust not to much, in euery tatlying tong,
 Nor blynded be, by partialitie.
 That *Phisicke*, thriue not ouer fast by murder :
 That *Numbring* men, in all their euens and odds
 Do not forget, that only *Vnitie*
 Vnmeasurable, infinite, and one.
 That *Geometrie*, measure not so long,
 Til all their measures out of measure be :
 That *Musike* with, his heauenly harmonie,
 Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,
 Nor fet mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,
 Til heauenly *Hierarchies* be quite forgot :
 That *Rhetorick*, learne not to ouerreache :
 That *Poetrie*, presume not for to preache,
 And bite mens faults, with *Satyres* corosiuues,
 Yet pamper vp hir owne with pulteffes :
 Or that she dote not vppon *Erato*,
 Which should inuoke the good *Caliope* :
 That *Astrologie*, looke not ouer high,
 And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit :
 That *Grammer* grudge not at our english tong,
 Bycause it stands by *Monosyllaba*,
 And cannot be declined as others are.
 Pray thus (my priests for vniuersities.
 And if I haue forgotten any Arte,
 Which hath bene taught, or exercised there,
 Pray you to god, the good be not abusde,
 With glorious shewe, of ouerloding skill.

For all
learned.

Now these be past, (my priests) yet shal you pray
 For common people, eche in his degree, ^{For the}
 That God vouchsafe to graunt them al his grace. ^{Cominaltie}
 Where should I now beginne to bidde my beades?
 Or who shal first be put in common place?
 My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,
 I cannot see who best deserues the roome,
 Stand forth good *Peerce*, thou plowman by thy name,
 Yet so the Sayler faith I do him wrong:
 That one contends, his paines are without peare,
 That other faith, that none be like to his,
 In dede they labour both exceedingly.
 But since I see no shipman that can liue
 Without the plough, and yet I many see
 (Which liue by lande) that neuer sawe the seas:
 Therefore I say, stand forth *Peerce* plowman first,
 Thou winst the roome, by verie worthinesse.

Behold him (priests) and though he stink of sweat
 Disdain him not: for shal I tel you what? ^{The}
 Such clime to heauen, before the shauen crownes. ^{plowman.}
 But how? forfooth, with true humilytie.
 Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,
 Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,
 Nor that they fet, debate betwene their lords,
 By earing vp the balks, that part their bounds:
 Nor for because, they can both crowche and creep
 (The guilefulst men, that euer God yet made)
 VWhen as they meane, most mischiefe and deceite,
 Nor that they can, crie out on landelordes lowde,
 And say they racke, their rents an ace to high,
 VWhen they themselues, do sel their landlords lambe
 For greater price, than ewe was wont be worth.
 I see you *Peerce*, my glasse was lately scowrde.
 But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,
 Both King and Knight, and priests in cloyster pent:
 Therefore I say, that fooner some of them
 Shal scale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,
 Than cornfed beasts, whose bellie is their God,

Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priests) pray you to God for *Peerce*,
 As *Peerce* can pinch, it out for him and you.
 And if you haue a *Paternoſter* ſpare
 Then ſhal you pray, for Saylers (God them fend
 More mind of him, when as they come to lande,
 For towarde ſhipwracke, many men can pray)
 That they once learne, to ſpeake without a lye,
 And meane good faith, without blaſpheming othes :
 That they forget, to ſteale from euery freight,
 And for to forge, falſe cockets, free to paſſe,
 That manners make, them giue their betters place,
 And vſe good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priests begin to frowne,
 And ſay, that thus they ſhal be ouerchargde,
 To pray for al, which ſeme to do amiſſe :
 And one I heare, more ſaucie than the reſt,
 VVhich asketh me, when ſhal our prayers end ?
 I tel thee (priest) when ſhoomakers make ſhoes,
 That are wel ſowed, with neuer a ſtich amiſſe,
 Aud vſe no craſte, in vttring of the ſame :
 VVhen Taylours ſteale, no ſtuffe from gentlemen,
 VVhen Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreeede,
 And both ſo dreſſe their hydes, that we go dry.
 when Cutlers leaue, to ſel olde ruſtie blades,
 And hide no crackes, with foder nor deceit :
 when tinkers make, no more holes than they founde,
 when thatchers thinke, their wages worth their worke,
 when colliers put, no duſt into their ſacks,
 when maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,
 when Dauie Diker diggs, and dallies not,
 when ſmithes ſhoo horſes, as they would be ſhod,
 when millers, toll not with a golden thumbes,
 when bakers make, not barme beare price of wheat,
 when brewers put, no bagage in their beere,
 when butchers blowe, not ouer al their fleſhe,
 when horſecorſers, beguile no friends with Iades,

when weauers weight, is found in hufwiues web.
 (But why dwel I, fo long among these lowts?)

VWhen mercers make, more bones to fwere and lye,
 VWhen vintners mix, no water with their wine,
 VWhen printers paffe, none errours in their bookes,
 VWhen hatters vse, to bye none olde cast robes,
 VWhen goldsmithes get, no gains by sodred crownes,
 When vpholsters, fel fethers without dust,
 When pewterers, infect no Tin with leade,
 When drapers draw, no gaines by giuing day,
 When perchmentiers, put in no ferret Silke,
 When Surgeons heale, al wounds without delay.
 (Tush these are toys, but yet my glas sheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themselues,
 VWhen Takers, take no brybes, nor vse no brags,
 When customers, conceale no covine vsde,
 VWhen Seachers see, al corners in a shippe,
 (And spie no pens by any sight they see)
 VWhen shriues do serue, al proceffe as they ought,
 VWhen baylifes strain, none other thing but strays,
 VWhen auditours, their counters cannot change,
 VWhen proude surueyours, take no parting pens,
 VWhen Siluer sticks not on the Tellers fingers,
 And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,
 When al these folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.

(Againe (my priests) a little by your leaue)
 VWhen Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,
 But are espied, for *Ecchoes*, as they are,
 When roysters ruffle not aboue their rule,
 Nor colour crafte, by fwearing precious coles:
 When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,
 A peece of breade, and therwithal a bobbe
 VWhen *Lays* liues; not like a ladies peare,
 Nor vseth art, in dying of hir heare.
 When al these things, are ordred as they ought,
 Aud see themselues, within my glasse of steele,
 Euen then (my priests) may you make holyday,

And pray no more but ordinaire prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)
Pray stil for me, and for my Glasse of steele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycause we shew, all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that (since my hap is such
To see men so) I may perceiue myselfe.
O worthy words, to ende my worthlesse verse,
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



EPILOGVS.



Las (my lord) my haft was al to hote,
I fhut my glaffe, before you gafde
your fill,
And at a glimfe, my feely felfe haue
fpied,
A ftranger trowpe, than any yet
were fene :
Beholde (my lorde) what monfters
muster here,

With Angels face, and harmefull helifh harts,
With fmyling lookes, and depe deceitful thoughts,
With tender skinnes, and ftony cruel mindes,
With ftealing fteppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they neuer ftande content,
With God, with kinde, with any helpe of Arte,
But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare, with fundry subtill fleights,
But paint and flicke, til fayreft face be foule,
But bumbaft, bolster, frifle, and perfume :
They marre with muske, the balme which nature made,
And dig for death, in dellicateft difhes.
The yonger forte, come pyping on apace,
In whiffles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they bryded.
The elder forte. go flatly ftalking on,
And on their backs, they beare both land and fee,
Castles and Towres, reuenewes and receits,
Lordships, and manours, fines, yea fermes and al.
What fhould thefe be ? (fpeake you my louely lord)
They be not men : for why ? they haue no beards.
They be no boyes, which weare fuch fide long gowns.
They be no Gods, for al their gallant gloffe.
They be no diuels, (I trow) which feme fo faintifh.
What be they ? women ? masking in mens weedes ?

With dutchkin dublets, and with Ierkins iaggde?
 With Spanish spangs, and ruffes fet out of France,
 With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt?
 They be so fure euen *VVo* to *Men* in dede.
 Nay then (my lorde) let shut the glasse apace,
 High time it were, for my pore Muse to winke,
 Since al the hands, al paper pen, and inke,
 Which euer yet, this wretched world possfest,
 Cannot describe, this Sex in colours dewe,
 No no (my Lorde) we gafed haue inough,
 (And I too much, God pardon me therfore)
 Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre :
 And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.
 But if my Glasse, do like my louely lorde,
VVe wil espie, some funny Sommers day,
 To loke againe, and see some femely fights.
 Meane while, my Muse, right humbly doth besech,
 That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verse,
 Vntil my braines, may better fluffe deuise.

FINIS :

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.





The complaynt
of Philomene.

An Elegye Compyled by
George Gascoigne
Esquire.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



IMPRINTED AT

London by Henrie Binne-
man for Richarde

Smith.

Anno Domini 1576.

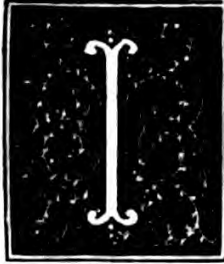
To the right honorable, my
singuler good Lord, the *L. Gray* of
Wilton, Knight of the most noble
order of the Garter.



Yght noble, when I had determined with myself to write the *Satire* before recited (called the *Steele Glasse*) and had in myne *Exordium* (by allegorie) compared my case to that of fayre *Phylomene*, abused by the bloody king hir brother by lawe: I called to minde that twelue or thirtene yeares past, I had begonne an *Elegye* or sorrowfull song, called the *Complainte of Phylomene*, the which I began too deuise riding by the high way betwene Chelmifford and London, and being ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is placed amongst my other *Poesies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfinished: and so it hath continued euer since vntil this present moneth of April. 1575. when I begonne my *Steele Glasse*. And bycause I haue in mine *Exordium* to the *Steele Glasse*, begonne with the Nightingales notes: therefore I haue not thought amisse now to finish and pece vp the faide *Complaint* of *Phylomene*, obseruing neuerthelesse the same determinate inuention which I had propounded and begonne (as is faide) twelue yeares nowe past. The which I presume with the rest to present vnto your honor, nothing doubting but the same wil accept my good entente therin. And I further besече that your lordship wil voutsafe in reading therof, to gesse (by change of style) where the renewing of the verse may bee most apparantly thought to begin. I wil no further trouble your honor with these rude lines, but besech of the almightie long to preferue you to his pleasure. From my pore house in VValkamstowe the sixtenth of April 1575.

Your *L. bounden and most assured*
George Gascoigne.

PHILOMENE.



IN sweet April, the messenger to
May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in
golden showres,
When euery byrde, records hir
louers lay,
And westerne windes, do foster forth
our floures,

Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
And as I stooode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much, and thus she tolde hir tale.

These thriftles birds (quoth she) which spend the day,
In needleffe notes, and chaunt withouten skil,
Are costly kept, and finely fedde alway
With daintie foode, whereof they feede their fil.
But I which spend, the darke and dreadful night,
In watch and ward, when those birds take their rest,
Forpine my selfe, that Louers might delight,
To heare the notes, which breake out of my breste.
I leade a life, to please the Louers minde,
(And though god wot, my foode be light of charge,
Yet feely soule, that can no fauour finde)
I begge my breade, and seke for feedes at large.
The Throstle she, which makes the wood to ring
With shryching lowde, that lothsome is to heare,
Is costly kept, in cage: (O wondrous thing)
The Mauis eke, whose notes are nothing cleare,
Now in good sooth (quoth she) sometimes I wepe
To see Tom Tyttimouse, so much set by.
The Finche, which singeth neuer a note but peepe,
Is fedde aswel, nay better farre than I.
The Lennet and the Larke, they singe alofte,
And coumpted are, as Lordes in high degree.
The Brandlet faith, for singing sweete and softe,
(In hir conceit) there is none such as she.

Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,
 And Goldfinches, do hope to get the gole :
 The tatling Awbe doth please some fancie wel,
 And some like best, the byrde as Black as cole.
 And yet could I, if so it were my minde,
 For harmony, set al these babes to schole,
 And sing such notes, as might in euery kinde
 Disgrace them quight, and make their corage coole
 But should I so? no no so wil I not.
 Let brutish beasts, heare such brute birds as those.
 (For like to like, the prouerbe saith I wot)
 And should I then, my cunning skil disclose?
 For such vnkinde, as let the cuckowe flye,
 To fucke mine eggs, whiles I sit in the thicke?
 And rather praise, the chattering of a pye,
 Than hir that sings, with brest against a pricke?
 Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes talke,
 The iangling Iay, for that becomes them wel.
 And in the silent night then let them walke,
 To heare the Owle, how she doth shryche and yel.
 And from henceforth, I wil no more constraine
 My pleasant voice, to sounde, at their request.
 But shrowd my selfe, in darke some night and raine,
 And learne to cowche, ful close vpon my neast.
 Yet if I chaunce, at any time (percase)
 To sing a note, or twaine for my disporte,
 It shalbe done, in some such secret place,
 That fewe or none, may thervnto reforte.
 These flatterers, (in loue) which falshood meane,
 Not once aproch, to heare my pleasant song.
 But such as true, and stedfast louers bene,
 Let them come neare, for else they do me wrong.
 And as I gesse, not many miles from hence,
 There stands a squire, with pangs of sorrow prest,
 For whom I dare, auowe (in his defence)
 He is as true, (in Loue) as is the best.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting al this night :
 And with that word, she gan to cleare hir throate.
 But such a liuely song (now by this light)

Yet neuer hearde I fuch another note.
 It was (thought me) fo pleafant and fo plaine,
Orphæus harpe, was neuer halfe fo fweete,
Tereu, Tereu, and thus ſhe gan to plaine,
 Moſt piteouſly, which made my hart to greeue,

Hir ſecond note, was *fy, fy, fy, fy, fy*,
 And that ſhe did, in pleafant wife repeate,
 With fweete reports, of heauenly harmonie,
 But yet it ſeemd, hir gripes of grieſe were greate.
 For when ſhe had, fo ſoong and taken breath,
 Then ſhould you heare, hir heauy hart fo throbbe,
 As though it had bene, ouercome with death,
 And yet alwayes, in euery ſigh and fobbe,

She ſhewed great ſkil, for tunes of vnifone,
 Hir *Iug, Iug, Iug*, (in grieſe) had fuch a grace.
 Then ſtinted ſhe, as if hir ſong were done.
 And ere that paſt, not ful a furlong ſpace,
 She gan againe, in melodie to melt,
 And many a note, ſhe warbled wondrous wel.
 Yet can I not (although my hart ſhould ſwelt)
 Remember al, which hir fweete tong did tel.

But one ſtrange note, I noted with the reſt
 And that ſaide thus: *Nemefis, Nemefis*,
 The which me thought, came boldly from hir breſt,
 As though ſhe blamde, (therby) ſome thing amiſſe.

Short tale to make, hir ſinging founded fo,
 And pleaſde mine eares, with fuch varietie,
 That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,
 Which I my ſelfe felt in my fantaſie)
 I ſtoode aſtoynde, and yet therwith content,
 Wiſhing in hart that (ſince I might aduant,
 Of al hir ſpeech to knowe the plaine entent,
 Which grace hirſelfe, or elſe the Gods did graunt)
 I might therwith, one furder fauor craue,
 To vnderſtand, what hir fwete notes might meane.
 And in that thought, (my whole deſire to haue)

I fell on sleepe, as I on staffe did leane.
 And in my slomber, had I such a sight,
 As yet to thinke thereon doth glad my minde.
 Me thought I sawe a derling of delight,
 A stately Nymph, a dame of heauenly kinde.
 Whose glittering gite, so glimfed in mine eyes,
 As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,
 Ne therewithal, my wits can wel deuise,
 To whom I might hir louely lookes compare.
 But trueth to tel, (for al hir smyling cheere)
 She cast sometimes, a grieuous frowning glance.
 As who would say : by this it may appeare,
 That *Iust reuenge*, is *Prest for euery chance*,
 In hir right hand, (which to and fro did shake)
 She bare a skourge, with many a knottie string,
 And in hir left, a snaffle Bit or brake,
 Beboft with gold, and many a gingling ring :
 She came apace, and stately did she stay,
 And whiles I seemd, amazed very much,
 The courteous dame, these words to me did say :
 Sir Squire (quoth she) since thy desire is such,
 To vnderstande, the notes of *Phylomene*,
 (For so she hight, whom thou calst Nightingale)
 And what the founde, of euery note might meane,
 Giue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.

The Gods are good, they heare the harty prayers,
 Of such as craue without a craftie wil,
 With fauour eke, they furdere such affaires,
 As tende to good, and meane to do none il.
 And since thy words, were grounded on desire,
 Wherby much good, and little harme can growe,
 They graunted haue, the thing thou didst require,
 And louingly, haue sent me here bylowe,
 To paraphrase, the piteous pleafant notes,
 Which *Phylomene*, doth darkely spend in spring,
 For he that wel, *Dan Nafoes* verses notes,
 Shall finde my words to be no fained thing.
 Giue eare (sir Squire quoth she) and I wil, tel
 Both what she was, and how hir fortunes fel.

The fable of Philomela.



IN *Athens* reignde somtimes,
A king of worthy fame,
VVho kept in courte a stately
traine,
Pandyon was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen,
No holly breade of happe,
(I meane such fruts as make men thinke
They fit in fortunes lappe).

Then had his golden giftes,
Lyen dead with him in toombe.
Ne but himfelfe had none endurde,
The daunger of his doome.

But smyling lucke, bewicht,
This peerelesse Prince to thinke,
That poyson cannot be conueyde
In draughts of pleasant drinke.

And kinde became fo kind,
That he two daughters had,
Of bewtie fuch and so wel giuen,
As made their father gladde.

*See : see : how highest harmes,
Do lurke in ripest Ioyes,
How couertly doth sorow shrowde,
In trymmest worldely toyes.*

THE COMPLAINT

These iewels of his ioy,
 Became his cause of care,
 And bewtie was the guileful bayte,
 VVhich caught their liues in Snare.

For *Tereus* Lord of *Thrace*,
 Bycause he came of kings,
 (So weddings made for worldly welth
 Do seme triumphant things)

VVas thought a worthy matche,
Pandyons heire to wedde :
 VVhose eldest daughter chofen was,
 To ferue this king in bedde.

That virgine *Progne* hight,
 And she by whom I meane,
 To tell this woful *Tragedie*,
 VVas called *Phylomene*.

¶ The wedding rytes performde,
 The feasting done and past,
 To *Thrace* with his new wedded spoufe
 He turneth at the last.

VVhere many dayes in mirth,
 And iolytie they spent,
 Both satiffied with deepe delight,
 And cloyde with al content.

¶ At last the dame desirde
 Hir sifter for to see,
 Such coles of kindly loue did seme
 VVithin hir breft to be.

She praies hir Lorde, of grace,
 He graunts to hir request,
 And hoist vp saile, to seke the coaste,
 VVhere *Phylomene* doth rest.

He past the foming seas,
 And findes the pleafant porte,
 Of *Athens* towne, which guided him
 To King *Pandyons* court.

There : (louingly receivde,
 And) welcomde by the king,
 He shewde the caufe, which thither then
 Did his ambaffade bring.

His father him embrast,
 His fifter kift his cheeke,
 In al the court his coming was
 Reioyft of euerie Greeke.

*O see the fweete deceit,
 Which blindeth worldly wits,
 How common peoples loue by lumpes,
 And fancie comes by fits.*

*The foe in friendly wife,
 Is many times embraste,
 And he which meanes moft faith and troth
 By grudging is disgrast.*

¶ Faire *Phylomene* came forth
 In comely garments cladde,
 As one whom newes of fifters helth
 Had moued to be gladde,

Or womans wil (perhappes)
 Enflamde hir haughtie harte,
 To get more grace by crummes of coft,
 And princke it out hir parte.

VVhom he no fooner fawe
 (I meane this *Thracian* prince)
 But streight therwith his fancies fume
 All reason did conuince.

THE COMPLAINT

And as the blazing bronde,
 Might kindle rotten reeds :
 Euen fo hir looke a secret flame,
 Within his bosome breedes.

He thinks al leysure long
 Til he (with hir) were gone,
 And hir he makes to moue the mirth,
 VVhich after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent
 And if he cravde too much,
 He then excusde him selfe, and saide
 That *Prognos* words were such.

His teares confirmed all
 Teares : like to sisters teares,
 As who shuld say by these fewe dropes
 Thy sisters grieffe appeares.

So finely could he faine,
 That wickednesse seemde wit,
 And by the lawde of his pretence,
 His lewdnesse was acquit.

Yea *Phylomene* fet forth
 The force of his request,
 And cravde (with sighes) hir fathers leaue
 To be hir sisters guest.

And hoong about his necke
 And collingly him kist,
 And for hir welth did feke the woe
 VVherof she little wist.

Meane while stoode *Tereus*,
 Beholding their affectes
 And made those pricks (for his desire
 A spurre in al respects.

And wist himselfe hir fire,
 VWhen she hir fire embraſt,
 For neither kith nor kin could then
 Haue made his meaning chaſt.

¶ The *Grecian* king had not
 The powre for to denay,
 His own deare child, and ſonne in lawe
 The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles,
 To thanke him on hir knee,
 Suppoſing that for good ſucceſſe,
 VWhich hardeſt hadde muſt be.

But (leaſt my tale ſeeme long)
 Their ſhipping is preparde :
 And to the ſhore this aged *Greeke*,
 Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)
 He vſde this parting ſpeech :
 Daughter (quoth he) you haue deſire
 Your ſiſters court to ſeech.

Your ſiſter ſeemes likewiſe,
 Your companie to craue,
 That craue you both, and *Tereus* here
 The ſelfe ſame thing would haue.

Ne coulde I more withſtande
 So many deepe deſires,
 But this (quoth he) remember al
 Your father you requires,

And thee (my ſonne of *Thrace*,)
 I conſtantly coniure,
 By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,
 And al that ſeemeth ſure,

THE COMPLAINT

That father like, thou fende
 My daughter deare from scathe,
 And (since I counte al leafure long)
 Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my *Phylomene*,
 (Quoth he) come foone againe,
 Thy sisters absence puts thy fyre,
 To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kist hir cheeke,
 And sent a second kisse
 For *Prognos* part, and (bathde with teares)
 His daughter doth he bliffe.

And tooke the *Thracyans* hand
 For token of his truth,
 VVho rather laught his teares to scorn,
 Than wept with him for ruth.

The fayles are fully spreddē,
 And winds did ferue at will,
 And forth this traitour king conueies
 His praie in prifon still.

Ne could the *Barbrous* bloud,
 Conceale his filthy fyre,
Hey: Victorie (quoth he) my shippe
 Is fraught with my desire.

VVherewith he fixt his eyes,
 Vppon hir fearefull face,
 And stil behelde hir gestures all,
 And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a fide,
 But like the cruel catte
 VVhich gloating casteth many a glance
 Vpon the felly ratte.

¶ VVhy hold I long discourfe?
 They now are come on lande,
 And forth of ship the feareful wenche
 He leadeth by the hande.

Vnto a felly throwde,
 A sheepecote clofely builte
 Amid the woodds, where many a lamb
 Their guiltlesse bloud had spilte,

There (like a lambe,) she floode,
 And askte with trimbling voice,
 VVhere *Progne* was, whose only fight
 Might make hir to reioyce.

VVherewith this caytife king
 His lust in lewdnesse lapt,
 And with his filthy fraude ful fast
 This simple mayde entrapt.

And forth he floong the raines,
 Vnbridling blinde desire,
 And ment of hir chaste minde to make
 A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)
 VVith force he hir supprest,
 And made hir yelde the wicked weede
 VVhose flowre he liked best.

*What could the virgine doe?
 She could not runne away,
 Whose forward feete, his harmfull hands
 With furious force did slay.*

*Ahlas what should she fight?
 Fewe women win by fight:
 Hir weapons were but weake (god knows)
 And he was much of might.*

*It booted not to crie,
 Since helpe was not at hande,
 And stil before hir feareful face,
 Hir cruel foe did slande.*

*And yet she (weeping cride)
 Vppon hir sisters name,
 Hir fathers, and hir brothers (oh)
 Whose facte did foyle hir fame.*

*And on the Gods she calde,
 For helpe in hir distresse,
 But al in vaine he wrought his wil
 Whose lust was not the lesse.*

¶ *The filthie fact once done,
 He gaue hir leaue to greete,
 And there she fat much like a birde
 New scape from falcons feete.*

*VVhose blood embrues hir selfe,
 And fitts in sorie plight,
 Ne dare she proine hir plumes again,
 But feares a second flight.*

*At last when hart came home,
 Discheveld as she fate,
 VVith hands vphelde, she tried hir tongue,
 To wreake hir woful state.*

*O Barbrous blood (quoth she)
 By Barbrous deeds disgrast,
 Coulede no kinde coale, nor pitties sparke,
 Within thy brest be plasse ?*

*Could not my fathers hests,
 Nor my most ruthful teares,
 My maydenhoode, nor thine own yoke,
 Affright thy minde with feares ?*

*Could not my sisters loue
Once quench thy filthy lust?
Thou foilst vs al, and eke thy selfe,
We griev'd, and thou vniust.*

*By thee I haue defilde
My dearest sisters bedde
By thee I compt the life but lost,
Which too too long I ledde.*

*By thee (thou Bigamus)
Our fathers grieffe must growe,
Who daughters twain, (and two too much)
Vppon thee did bestowe.*

*But since my faulte, thy faule,
My fathers iust offence,
My sisters wrong, with my reproche,
I cannot so dispence.*

*If any Gods be good
¶ right in heauen do raigne,
If right or wrong may make reuenge,
Thou shalt be paide againe.*

*And (wicked) do thy wurst,
Thou canst no more but kil:
And oh that death (before this gilte)
Had ouercome my will.*

*Then might my foule beneath,
Haue triumpht yet and faide,
That though I died discontent,
¶ liude and dide a mayde.*

¶ Herewith hir swelling sobbes,
Did tie hir tong from talke,
Whiles yet the *Thracian tyrant* (there)
To heare these words did walke.

And skornefully he cast
 At hir a frowning glaunce,
 VVhich made the mayde to striue for spech,
 And stertling from hir traunce,

¶ *I wil reuenge (quoth she)*
For here I shake off shame,
And wil (my selfe) bewray this faete
Therby to foile thy fame.

Amidde the thickest throngs
(If I haue leaue to go)
I will pronounce this bloudie deede,
And blotte thine honor fo.

If I in deserts dwel,
The woods, my words shal heare,
The holls, the hilles, the craggie rocks,
Shall witnesse with me beare.

I will so fil the ayre
With noyse of this thine aete,
That gods and men in heauen and earth
Shal note the naughtie faete.

¶ These words amazde the king,
 Conscience with choller straue,
 But rage so rackte his restles thought,
 That now he gan to raue.

And from his sheath a knife
 Ful despratly he drawes,
 VVherwith he cut the guiltlesse tong
 Out of hir tender iawes.

The tong that rubde his gall,
 The tong that tolde but truthe,
 The tong that movde him to be mad,
 And should haue moued ruth.

And from his hand with spight
This trustie tongue he cast,
VVhose roote, and it (to wreake this wrong)
Did wagge yet wondrous fast.

So stirres the serpents taile
VVhen it is cut in twaine,
And so it seemes that weakeft willes,
(By words) would ease their paine.

I blush to tell this tale,
But sure best books say this :
That yet the butcher did not blush
Hir bloody mouth to kisse.

And ofte hir bulke embrast,
And ofter quencht the fire,
VVhich kindled had the furnace first,
Within his foule desire.

Not herewithal content,
To *Progne* home he came,
VVho askt him streight of *Philomene* :
He (fayning grieffe of game,)

Burst out in bitter teares,
And sayde the dame was dead,
And falsly tolde, what wery life
Hir father (for hir) ledde.

The *Thracian* Queene cast off
Hir gold, and gorgeous weede,
And drest in dole, bewailde hir death
VVhom she thought dead in deede.

A sepulchre she builds
(But for a liuing corse,)
And praide the gods on sisters foule
To take a iust remorse :

THE COMPLAINT

And offred facrifice,
 To all the powers aboue.
 Ah traiterous *Thracian Tereus*,
 This was true force of loue.

¶ The heauens had whirld aboute
 Twelue yeeres in order due
 And twelue times euery flowre and plant,
 Their liueries did renew,

VVhiles *Philomene* full clofe
 In shepcote ftill was clapt,
 Enforst to bide by ftonie walles
 VVhich faft (in hold) hir hapt.

And as thofe walles forbadde
 Hir feete by flight to fcape,
 So was hir tong (by knife) reftreinde,
 For to reueale this rape

No remedie remaynde
 But onely womans witte,
 VVhich fodainly in queinteft chance,
 Can beft it felfe acquit.

And Miferie (amongft)
Tenne thousand mifchieues moe,
Learnes pollicie in praftifes,
As prooffe makes men to knowe.

VVith curious needle worke,
 A garment gan fhe make,
 Wherin fhe wrote what bale fhe bode,
 And al for bewties fake.

This garment gan fhe giue
 To trustie Seruants hande,
 VVho ftreight conueid it to the queen
 Of *Thracian Tirants* lande.

VWhen *Progne* red the writ,
 (A wondrous tale to tell)
 She kept it clofe : though malice made
 Hir venging hart to swell.

And did deferre the deede,
 Til time and place might ferue,
 But in hir minde a sharpe reuenge,
 She fully did referue.

*O filence feldome feene,
 That women counsell keepe,
 The caufe was this, she wakt hir wits
 And lulde hir tong on sleepe.*

I fpeake againft my fex,
 So haue I done before,
 But truth is truth, and muft be tolde
 Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yeres rytes renewed,
 VWhich *Bacchus* to belong,
 And in that night the queene prepares
 Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in *Bacchus* gite)
 VVith fworde hir felfe doth arme,
 VVith wreathes of vines about hir browes
 And many a needles charme.

And forth in furie flings,
 Hir handmaidens following faft,
 Vntil with haftie fleppes ſhe founde
 The ſhepecote at the laft.

There howling out aloud,
 As *Bacchus* priests do crie,
 She brake the dores, and found the place
 VVhere *Philomene* did lye.

THE COMPLAINT

And toke hir out by force,
 And drest hir *Bacchus* like,
 And hid hir face with boughes and leaues
 (For being knowen by like.)

And brought hir to hir house,
 But when the wretch it knewe,
 That now againe she was so neere
 To *Tereus* vntrue.

She trembled oft for dreade,
 And lookt like ashes pale.
 But *Progne* (now in priuie place)
 Set silence al to fale,

And tooke the garments off,
 Discouering first hir face,
 And sifter like did louingly
 Faire *Phylomene* embrace.

There she (by shame abasht)
 Held downe hir weeping eyes,
 As who should say: *Thy right (by me)*
Is reft in wrongful wife.

And down on the ground she falles,
 VVhich ground she kist hir fill,
 As witnesse that the filthie facte
 VVas done against hir wil.

And cast hir hands to heauen,
 In steede of tong to tell,
 VVhat violence the lecher vfde,
 And how hee did hir quell.

VVherewith the Queene brake off
 Hir piteous pearcing plainte,
 And fware with sworde (no teares) to venge
 The crafte of this constrainte.

Or if (quoth she) there bee
 Some other meane more fure,
 More stearne, more stoute, then naked sword
 Some mischiefe to procure,

I sweare by al the Gods,
 I shall the same embrace,
 To wreake this wrong with bloudie hande
 Vppon the king of *Thrace*.

Ne will I spare to spende
 My life in sisters cause,
 In sisters? ah what faide I wretch?
 My wrong shall lende me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,
 VVith al the princes pelfe,
 And in the midst of flaming fire,
 VVil caste the king him selfe.

I wil scrat out those eyes,
 That taught him first to lust,
 Or teare his tong from traitors throte,
 Oh that reuenge were iust.

Or let me carue with knife,
 The wicked Instrument,
 VVherewith he, thee, and me abusde
 (I am to mischiefe bent.)

Or sleeping let me seeke
 To fende the soule to hel,
 VVhose barbarous bones for filthy force,
 Did seeme to beare the bel.

¶ These words and more in rage
 Pronounced by this dame,
 Hir little sonne came leaping in
 VVhich *Œtis* had to name.

VVhose prefence, could not please
 For (vewing well his face,)
 Ah wretch (quoth she) how like he groweth
 Vnto his fathers grace.

And therewithal resolvde
 A rare reuenge in deede
 VVheron to thinke (withouten words)
 My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,
 And cheerefully did fmile,
 And hung about his mothers necke
 VVith easie weight therewhile,

And kist (as children vse)
 His angrie mothers cheeke,
 Her minde was movde to much remorse
 And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could she teares refrayne,
 But wept against hir will,
 Such tender rewth of innocence,
 Hir cruell moode did kill.

At last (fo furie wrought)
 VVithin hir brest she felt,
 That too much pitie made **hir minde**
 Too womanlike to melt,

And saw hir sifter fit,
 VVith heauy harte and cheere,
 And now on hir, and then on him,
 Full lowringly did leare,

Into these words she brust
 (Quoth she) why flatters he?
 And why againe (with tong cut out)
 So sadly fitteth thee?

He, mother, mother calles,
 She sifter cannot say,
 That one in earnest doth lament,
 That other whines in plaie.

Pandions line (quoth she)
 Remember stil your race,
 And neuer marke the subtil shewes
 Of any Soule in *Thrace*.

You should degenerate,
 If right reuenge you flake,
 More right reuenge can neuer bee,
 Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,
 Al mischiefe vnder skies,
 VVere pietie compard to that
 VVhich *Tereus* did deuife.

¶ She holds no longer hande,
 But (*Tygrelike*) she toke
 The little boy ful boiftroufly
 VVho now for terror quooke

And (crauing mothers helpe,)
 She (mother) toke a blade,
 And in hir sonnes smal tender hart
 An open wound she made.

The cruel dede dispatcht,
 Betwene the sifers twaine
 They tore in peces quarterly
 The corps which they had flaine.

Some part, they hoong on hooks,
 The rest they laide to fire,
 And on the table caufed it,
 Be fet before the fire.

And counterfaite a cause
 (As *Grecians* order then)
 That at fuch feasts; (but onely one)
 They might abide no men.

He knowing not their crafte,
 Sat downe alone to eate,
 And hungerly his owne warme bloud
 Deuoured then for meate.

His ouersight was fuch,
 That he for *Itis* fent,
 VVofe murdered members in his mawe,
 He priuily had pent.

No longer *Progne* then,
 Hir ioy of grieffe could hide,
 The thing thou feekst (ò wretch quoth she)
 VVithin thee doth abide.

VVherwith (he waxing wroth)
 And fearching for his fonne)
 Came forth at length, faire *Philomene*
 By whom the grieffe begonne,

And (clokt in *Bacchus* copes,
 VVherwith she then was cladde,)
 In fathers bofom caft the head
 Of *Itis* felly ladde :

Nor euer in hir life
 Had more defire to fpeake,
 Than now : wherby hir madding mood
 Might al hir malice wreake.

¶ The *Thracian* prince fert vp,
 VVhofe hart did boyle in brest,
 To feele the foode, and fee the fawce,
 VVhich he could not difgeft.

And armed (as he was)
He followed both the *Greekes*,
On whom (by smarte of sword, and flame)
A sharpe reuenge he fekes.

But when the heauenly benche,
These bloudie deedes did see,
And found that bloud stil couits bloud
And so none ende could be.

They then by their forfight
Thought meete to flinte the strife,
And so restrained the murdring king,
From sifter and from wife.

So that by their decree,
The yongest daughter fledde
Into the thicks, where couertly,
A cloister life she ledde.

And yet to ease hir woe,
She worthily can sing,
And as thou hearst, can please the eares
Of many men in spring.

The eldest dame and wife
A *Swallowe* was affignde,
And builds in smoky chimney toppes
And flies against the winde.

The king him selfe condemnde,
A *Lapwing* for to be,
VVho for his yong ones cries alwais,
Yet neuer can them see.

The lad a Pheafaunt cocke
For his degree hath gaine,
VVhose blouddie plumes declare the bloud
VVherwith his face was staine.

¶ But there to turne my tale,
 The which I came to tell,
 Theyongest dame toforrests fled,
 And there is dampnde to dwell.

An exposition of al such notes as the nightingale dot[h] commonly vse to sing.

And *Nightingale* now namde
 VWhich (*Philomela* hight)
 Delights for (feare of force againe)
 To sing alwayes by night.

But when the sunne to west,
 Doth bende his weerie course,
 Then *Phylomene* records the rewth,
 VWhich craueth iust remorse.

1 And for hir foremost note,
Tereu Tereu, doth sing,
 Complaining stil vpon the name
 Of that false *Thracian* king.

Much like the childe at schole
 VVith byrchen rodde fore beaten,
 If when he go to bed at night
 His maister chaunce to threaten,

In euery dreame he starts,
 And (ô good maister) cries,
 Euen so this byrde vpon that name,
 Hir foremost note replies.

Or as the red breast byrds,
 VVhome prettie Merlynes hold,
 Ful fast in foote, by winters night
 To fende themselues from colde :

Though afterwards the hauke,
 For pitie let them scape,
 Yet al that day, they fede in feare,
 And doubte a second rape.

And in the nexter night,
 Ful many times do crie,
 Remembring yet the ruthful plight
 VVherein they late did lye.

Euen so this felly byrde,
 Though now transformde in kinde,
 Yet euermore hir pangs forepast,
 She beareth stil in minde.

And in hir foremost note,
 She notes that cruel name,
 By whom she lost hir pleafant speech
 And foiled was in fame.

z ¶ Hir second note is *fye*,
 In Greeke and latine *phy*,
 In english *fy*, and euery tong
 That euer yet read I.

VVhich word declares difdaine,
 Or lothsome leying by
 Of any thing we tast, heare, touche,
 Smel, or beholde with eye.

In tast, phy sheweth some sowre,
 In hearing, some discorde,
 In touch, some foule or filthy toye,
 In smel, some sent abhorde.

In sight, some lothsome loke,
 And euery kind of waie,
 This byword phy betokneth bad,
 And things to cast away.

So that it seemes hir well,
Phy, phy, phy, phy, to sing,
 Since *phy* befytteth him so well
 In euery kind of thing.

Phy filthy lecher lewde,
 Phy false vnto thy wife,
 Phy coward phy, (on womankinde)
 To vse thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde,
 Eye fierce, and foule forworne,
 Phy monster made of murdring mould
 VVhose like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,
 Phy ouerthrowe of youth,
 Phy mirrour of mischeuoufnesse,
 Phy, tipe of al vntruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,
 Phy forging fyne excuse,
 Phy periury, fy blasphemy,
 Phy bed of al abuse.

These phyes, and many moe,
 Pore *Philomene* may meane,
 And in hir selfe she findes percase,
 Some *phy* that was vncleane.

For though his fowle offence,
 May not defended bee,
 Hir sifter yet, and she trangrest,
 Though not so deepe as he.

His doome came by deferte,
 Their dedes grewe by disdaine,
 But men must leaue reuenge to Gods,
 VVhat wrong foeuer raigne.

Then *Progne* phy for thee,
 VVhich kildst thine only child,
 Phy on the cruel crabbed heart
 VVhich was not movde with milde.

Phy phy, thou clofe conveydft
 A fecret il vnfene,
 Where (good to kepe in counceI clofe)
 Had putrifide thy fplene.

Phy on thy fifters facte,
 And phy hir felfe doth fmg,
 VVhose lack of tong nere toucht hir fo
 As when it could not fmg.

Phy on vs both faith fhe,
 The father onely faulted,
 And we (the father free therewhile)
 The felly fonne affalted.

3 ¶ The next note to hir phy
 Is *Iug, Iug, Iug*, I geffe,
 That might I leaue to latynifts,
 By learning to exprefle.

Some commentaries make
 About it much adoe:
 If it fhould onely *Iugum* meane
 Or *Fugulator* too.

Some thinke that *Iugum* is
 The *Iug*, fhe iugleth fo,
 But *Iugulator* is the word
 That doubleth al hir woe.

For when fhe thinkes thereon,
 She beares them both in minde,
 Him, breaker of his bonde in bed,
 Hir, killer of hir kinde.

As faft as furies force
 Hir thoughts on him to thinke,
 So faft hir confcience choks hir vp,
 And wo to wrong doth linke.

THE COMPLAINT

At last (by griefe constrainde)
 It boldly breaketh out,
 And makes the hollow woods to ring
 VVith *Eccho* round about.

4 ¶ Hir next most note (to note)
 I neede no helpe at al,
 For I my selfe the partie am
 On whom she then doth call.

She calles on *Nèmefis*
 And *Nèmefis* am I,
 The Goddesse of al iust reuenge,
 VVho let no blame go by.

This bridle boft with gold,
 I beare in my left hande,
 To holde men backe in rashest rage,
 Vntil the cause be scand.

And such as like that bitte
 And beare it willingly,
 May scape this scourge in my right hand
 Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,
 And scorne to beare my yoke,
 Oft times they buy the rost ful deare,
 It smelleth of the smoke.

This is the cause (sir Squire
 Quoth she) that *Phylomene*
 Doth cal so much vpon my name,
 She to my lawes doth leane :

She fees a iust reuenge.
 Of that which she hath done,
 Constrainde to vse the day for night,
 And makes the moone hir funne.

Ne can she now complaine,
 (Although she lost hir tong)
 For since that time, ne yet before,
 No byrde fo swetely soong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,
 To countervaile hir woe,
 I sat on bench in heauen my selfe
 VVhen it was graunted fo.

And though hir foe be fledde,
 But whither knows not she,
 And like hir selfe transformed eke
 A felly byrde to bee :

On him this sharpe reuenge
 The Gods and I did take,
 He neither can beholde his brats,
 Nor is belovde of make.

As soone as coles of kinde
 Haue warmed him to do
 The felly shift of dewties dole
 VVhich him belongeth to :

His hen straight way him hates,
 And flieth farre him fro,
 And close conueis hir eggs from him,
 As from hir mortal foe.

As sone as she hath hatcht,
 Hir little yong ones runne,
 For feare their dame should serue them este,
 As *Progne* had begonne.

And rounde about the fields
 The furious father flies,
 To feke his sonne, and filles the ayre
 VVith loude lamenting cries.

This lothfome life he leads
 By our almightie dome,
 And thus sings she, where company
 But very feldome come.

Now left my faithful tale
 For fable should be taken,
 And therevpon my curtesie,
 By thee might be forsaken :

Remember al my words,
 And beare them wel in minde,
 And make thereof a metaphore,
 So shalt thou quickly finde.

Both profite and pastime,
 In al that I thee tel :
 I knowe thy skil wil serue therto,
 And so (quoth she) farewell.

Wherewith (me thought) she flong so fast
 away,
 That scarce I could, hir seemely shaddowe see.
 At last : my staffe (which was mine onely stay)
 Did flippe, and I, must needs awaked be,
 Against my wil did I (God knowes) awake,
 For willingly I could my felse content,
 Seuē dayes to sleepe for *Philomel's* sake,
 So that my sleepe in such swete thoughts were spent.
 But you my Lord which reade this ragged verse,
 Forgiue the faults of my so sleepey muse,
 Let me the heast of *Nemesis* rehearse,

The au-
 thor conti-
 nevveth
 his dis-
 course and
 concludeth.

For sure I see, much sence therof ensues.
 I seeme to see (my Lord) that lechers lust,
 Procures the plague, and vengauce of the highest,
 I may not say, but God is good and iust,
 Although he scourge the furdest for the nighest :
 The fathers fault lights sometime on the sonne,
 Yea foure discents it beares the burden stil,
 Whereby it falles (when vaine delight is done)
 That dole steppes in and wieldes the world at wil.
 O whoredom, whoredome, hope for no good happe,
 The best is bad that lights on lechery
 And (al wel weyed) he fits in Fortunes lappe,
 Which feeles no sharper scourge than beggery.
 You princes peeres, you comely courting knights,
 Which vse al arte to marre the maidens mindes,
 Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,
 Which bewtie force, to loose what bountie bindes :
 Thinke on the scourge that *Nemesis* doth beare,
 Remember this, that God (although he winke)
 Doth see al finnes that euer secret were.
 (*Væ vobis*) then which still in sinne do sinke.
 Gods mercy lends you brydles for desire,
 Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,
 The flesh may spurre to euerlasting fire,
 But sure, that horse which tyreth like a roile,
 And lothes the grieve of his forgalded sides,
 Is better, much than is the harbrainde colte
 Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,
 But huntet for sinne in euery hil and holte.
 He which is single, let him spare to spil
 The flowre of force, which makes a famous man :
 Lest when he comes to matrimonies will,
 His fynest graine be burnt, and ful of branne.
 He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,
 Be wel content with that which may suffyse,
 And (were no God) yet feare of worldly strife
 Might make him lothe the bed where *Lays* lies :
 For though *Pandyons* daughter *Progne* shee,
 Were so transformde into a fethered foule,

Yet seemes she not withouten heires to be,
 Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can scoule,
 And beare in brest a right reuenging mode,
 Til time and place, may serue to worke their will.
 Yea surely some, the best of al the broode
 (If they had might) with furious force would kil.
 But force them not, whose force is not to force.
 And way their words as blasts of blustering winde,
 VVhich comes ful calme, when stormes are past by
 course :

Yet God aboue that can both lose and bynde,
 VVil not so soone appeased be therefore,
 He makes the male, of female to be hated,
 He makes the fire go fighting wondrous fore,
 Because the sonne of such is seldome rated.
 I meane the sonnes of such rash sinning fires,
 Are seldome sene to runne a ruly race.
 But plague (be like) by fathers foule desires
 Do gadde a broode, and lacke the guide of grace.
 Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,
 And howles and cries to see his children stray,
 Where he him selfe (and no man better) mought
 Haue taught his bratts to take a better way.
 Thus men (my Lord) be *Metamorphosed*,
 From seemely shape, to byrds, and ougly beastes :
 Yea brauest dames, (if they amisse once tredde)
 Finde bitter fauce, for al their pleasant feasts.
 They must in fine condemned be to dwell
 In thickest vnseene, in mewes for minyons made,
 Vntil at last, (if they can *bryde it wel*)
 They may *chop chalke*, and take some better trade.
 Beare with me (Lord) my lusting dayes are done,
 Fayre *Phylomene* forbad me fayre and flat
 To like such loue, as is with lust begonne.
 The lawful loue is best, and I like that.
 Then if you see, that (Lapwinglike) I chaunce,
 To leape againe, beyond my lawful reache,
 (I take hard taske) or but to giue a glaunce,
 At bewties blafe : for such a wilful breache,

Of promise made, my Lord shal do no wrong,
To say (*George*) thinke on *Philomeltes* song.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

AND thus my very good L. may see how cobblerlike
I haue clouted a new patch to an olde sole,
beginning this complainte of *Philomene*, in Aprill, 1562,
continuing it a little further in Aprill. 1575 and now
thus finished this thirde day of Aprill. 1576.

Al which mine April showers are humbly sent vnto
your good Lordship, for that I hope very shortly to see
the May flowers of your fauour, which I desire, more
than I can deferue. And yet rest

*Your Lordships bownden
and assured.*





J. & W. Rider, Printers. London.

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