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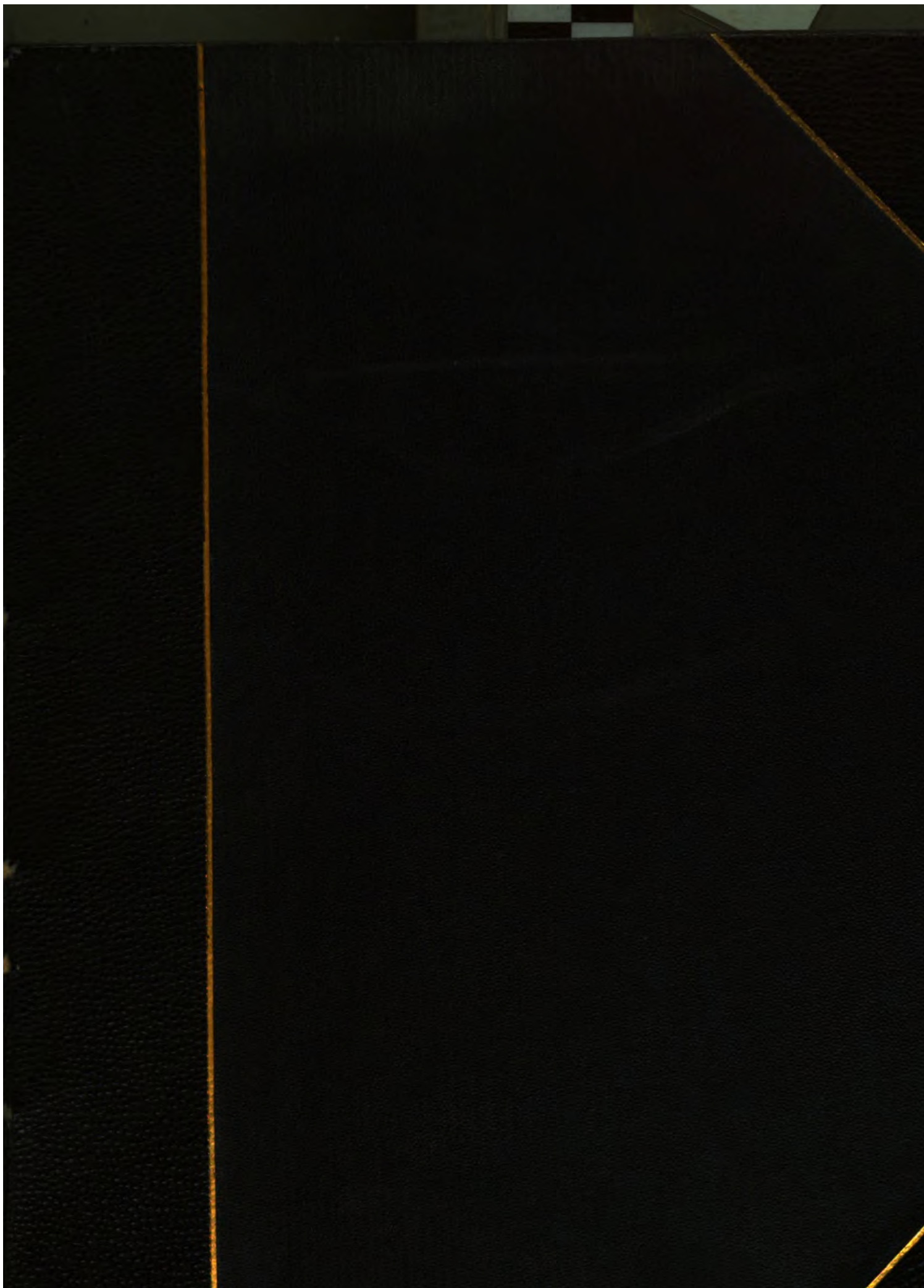
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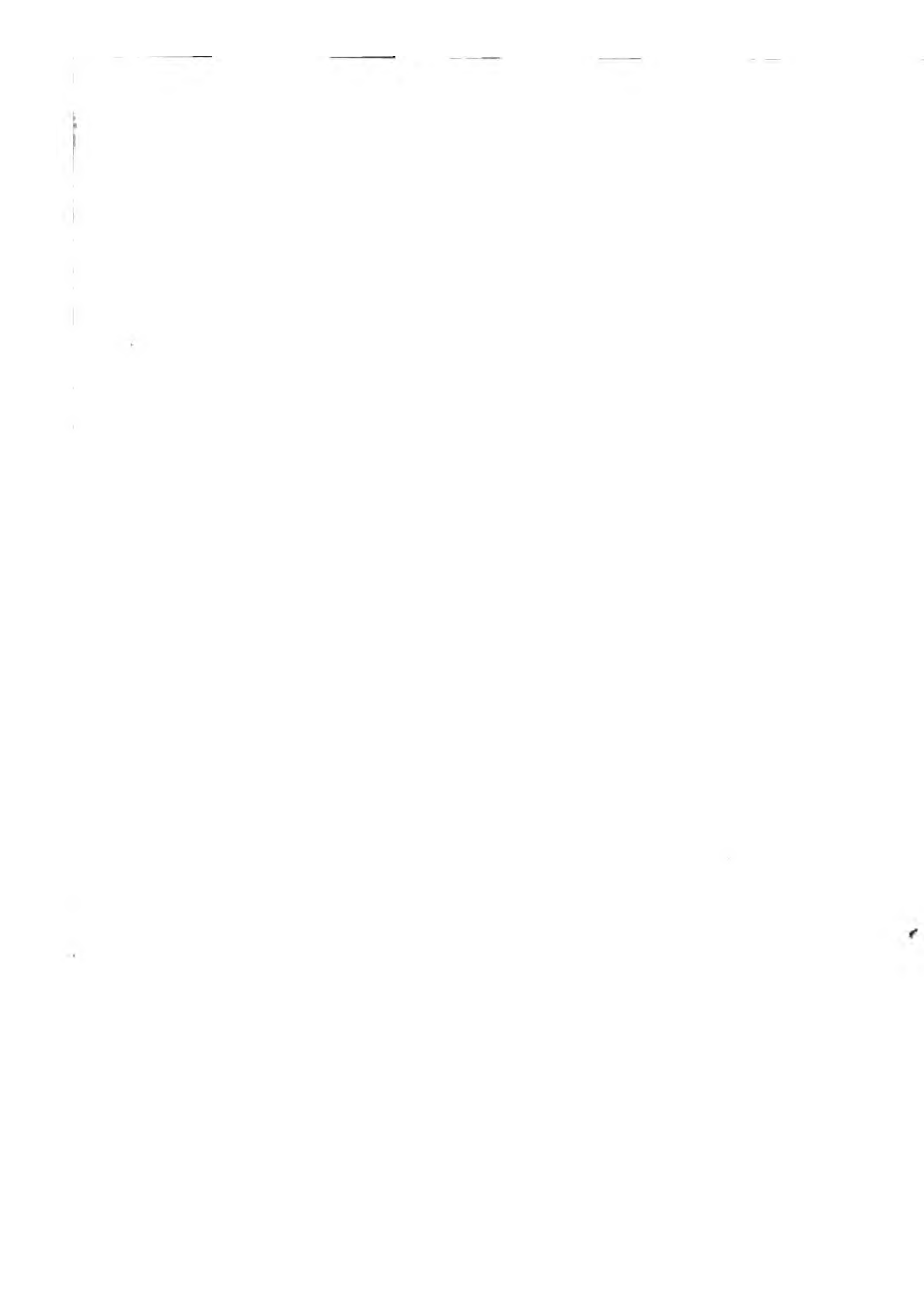


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English Reprints.

TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY.

Songes and Sonettes

BY

HENRY HOWARD, *Earl of SURREY.*

Sir THOMAS WYATT, *the Elder,*

NICHOLAS GRIMALD,

AND

Uncertain Authors.

FIRST EDITION OF 5TH JUNE; COLLATED WITH THE SECOND
EDITION OF 31ST JULY, 1557.

BY

EDWARD ARBER,

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

LONDON:

5 QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Ent. Stat. Hall.]

1 October, 1870.

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15. b. 27

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A PROLOGUE	iii
THE TABLE OF FIRST LINES	vi
CHRONOLOGICAL MEMORANDA, &c.	ix
INTRODUCTION	xv

I. TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY.

FIRST EDITION, 5 June, 1557.

Songs and Sonnets written by the right honourable Lord
HENRY HOWARD, late Earl of SURREY, and other **I**

1. The Printer to the Reader	2
2. Thirty-six poems by the Earl of SURREY	3-32
3. Ninety poems by Sir THOMAS WYATT	33-95
4. Forty poems by NICHOLAS GRIMALD	96-125
5. Ninety-five Poems by <i>Uncertain Authors</i> : among whom were certainly THOMAS CHURCHYARD, THOMAS LORD VAUX, EDWARD SOMERSET, JOHN HEYWOOD, and Sir FRANCIS BRYAN	61, 126-217

Of these 95 poems; the following Authors only have been as yet ascertained

(a) Two poems attributed to LORD VAUX	172-4
(b) A poem attributed to JOHN HEYWOOD	163
(c) A poem apparently written by EDWARD SOMERSET	164

6. Four other Poems by the Earl of SURREY	218-222
7. Six other Poems by Sir THOMAS WYATT	223-225
8. Colophon	226

II. TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY.

SECOND EDITION, 31 July, 1557.

Collated with First Edition: variations are shown in the footnotes.

9. Thirty-nine additional Poems by <i>Uncertain Authors</i> , first found in the Second Edition	227-271
LATER BIBLIOGRAPHY	272

Of the entire collection, the following were selected out of the poems of

The Earl of SURREY	40
Sir THOMAS WYATT	96
NICHOLAS GRIMALD	40
And of <i>Uncertain Authors</i>	134

Total number in the *Miscellany* 310

Of the 134 poems by *Uncertain Authors*: there are still 130, of which the authorship has yet to be ascertained.



A PROLOGUE.

THE immense quantity of English verse that was *written* between 1530-1600 is probably far beyond the conception of most readers of our literature. The *printed* Poetry—whether it appeared as the production of a single Poet or in the shape of Poetical Collections, (not to speak of the innumerable commendatory verses prefixed to prose works)—constitute the bulk of all the publications of that time; just as Religious literature does in the present day. But a slight recollection of those publications, will confirm the following testimony of William Webbe, in 1586.

Among the innumerable sortes of Englyshe Bookes, and infinite fardles of printed pamphlets, wherewith thys Countrey is pestered, all shoppes stuffed, and euery study furnished: the greatest part I thinke in any one kinde, are such as are either meere Poeticall, or which tende in some respecte (as either in matter or forme) to Poetry.—*Preface to A Discourse of English Poetrie.*

To this printed Poetry; must be added in our estimate, all the *manuscript* verse at present extant in all our various public and private collections. Lastly, we must allow somewhat, for the Poems—both printed and manuscript—that have perished beyond all possibility of recovery.

2. The Poets of that age, wrote for their own delectation and for that of their friends: and not for the general public. They generally had the greatest aversion to their works appearing in print. In *The Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589, attributed to George Puttenham, are the two notable complaints of this bashfulness.

“Now also of such among the Nobilitie or gentry as be very well seene in many laudable sciences, and especially in making or Poesie, it is so come to passe that they haue no courage to write and if they haue, yet are they loath to be a knowen of their skill. So as I know very many notable Gentlemen in the Court that haue written commendably and suppressed it agayne, or els suffred it to be publisht without their owne names to it: as if it were a discredit for a Gentleman, to seeme learned, and to shew him selfe amorous of any good Art.” *p. 37. Ed. 1869.*

“And in her Maiesties time that now is are sprong vp an other crew of Courtly makers Noble men and Gentlemen of her Maiesties owne seruantes, who haue written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest.” *p. 75. Ed. 1869.*

Numerous instances of this hesitation arising out of fear of criticism or of natural bashfulness, could be readily given. The result of this hesitation was, that a large number of poems never came to the press at all; at least in that age.

Coinciding with these numerous unprinted compositions; was a frequent practice of keeping Poetical Note-books by many who were not poets themselves. As the manuscript or scarce printed Poems passed from hand to hand, they were neatly copied into folio or quarto shaped books; such as we find in the Bodleian or the British Museum. All these copies, however, are not clear gain as to quantity. They sometimes contain additions to the printed texts; but as often simply present merely verbal variations. Thus, with

originals and copies together, it has come to pass that the Elizabethan verse extant in manuscript is in greater proportion in bulk to that which was then printed than is the case in the present day.

3. With regard to the totality of this verse : there is yet much to be done. Chiefly however it is to restore—in a just measure of fame—not a few of our *best English Poets* to their places in the National Literature. All our good Poets are not yet recognised.

When all these hidden and published poems have been brought to light, *verified*, and collated : we may hope to gauge the poetry, and to possess—in much larger bulk than is now thought to exist—the poems of Queen ELIZABETH ; EDWARD VERE, Earl of OXFORD ; THOMAS, Lord VAUX ; HENRY, Lord PAGET ; Sir EDWARD DYER ; Sir JOHN GRAUNGE ; THOMAS LODGE, M. D. ; EDWYN SANDYS, M. D. ; WILLIAM HUNNIS ; CLEMENT ROBINSON ; WILLIAM WILMOT ; FRANCIS and GEORGE DAVISON ; and who not ? Then may we hope to solve the whole host of Initials and Pseudonyms which are, but often vainly, supposed to attest the authorship of so many extant poetical pieces. Then may we aspire to wipe away *Ignoto* from verses, the composers of which were unknown to their own contemporaries.

4. Nor shall, in any case, the search go unrewarded. The Elizabethan age produced the most blithesome of our English Song. True Poetry is not cramped like Prose to the expression of the fact. It is not limited to the locality of its own age and civilization,

A Thing of Beauty, a Joy for ever,

it refreshes all after time : and the Searcher will find that the aggregate Minor Poets of Elizabeth's reign—varying infinitely in merit among themselves—do far surpass, both in the quantity and quality of their productions, all their English compeers that have written since.

5. Putting aside from our further consideration the *manuscript* poetry ; let us return to what was actually published. It seems very desirable that with the reproduction of works by single Poets, the celebrated Poetical Miscellanies should, as far as possible, be also repossessed by the public. Not a very numerous class : they are distinguished by great intrinsic charm and beauty of thought and expression ; by the excessive rarity and value of the very few copies of the early editions that have come down to us ; and by the costliness of the excessively limited editions, which English Scholars have published of them in the course of this century ; not for an universal enjoyment, for which they thought the world not refined enough, but for the preservation of the Texts from the accidents and ravages of Time.

6. How popular these Miscellanies were will be seen from the following List of editions : which is the more expressive, as these Collections would almost only circulate among the cultivated of that time

A PROLOGUE.

Early Editions of Poetical Miscellanies.

- | | 1st. | 2nd. | 3rd. | 4th. | 5th. | 6th. | 7th. | 8th. | 9th. |
|--|---------|-------------------------------|-------|-------|-------|---------|-------|-------|-------|
| SONGS AND SONNETS. By H. HOWARD Earl of SURREY and others. | 1557. | 1557. | 1559. | 1565. | 1567. | 1574. | 1585. | 1587. | |
| | 5 June. | 31 July. | | | | | | | |
| A MYRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES. [Ed. by W. BALDWIN, J. HIGGINS, T. BLENNER-HASSET.] | 1559. | 1563. | 1571. | 1574. | 1575. | 1578. | 1587. | 1610. | 1621? |
| THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES. [Collected by R. EDWARDES.] | 1576. | 1577. | 1578. | 1580. | 1585. | [1590.] | 1596. | 1600. | 1606. |
| A GORGIOUS GALLERY OF GALLANT INVENTIONS. Ed. by [O. ROYDON? and] T. PROCTOR.] | 1578. | <i>Only two copies known.</i> | | | | | | | |
| A HANDEFULL OF PLEASANT DELITES. By CLEMENT ROBINSON and divers other. | 1584. | <i>Only one copy known.</i> | | | | | | | |
| THE PHENIX NEST. Ed. by R. S. | 1593. | <i>Two copies known.</i> | | | | | | | |
| ENGLANDS HELICON. [Ed. by J. BODENHAM.] | 1600. | 1614. | | | | | | | |
| A POETICAL RAPSODY. Ed. by FRANCIS DAVISON. | 1602. | 1608. | 1611. | 1621. | | | | | |

7. To these, the following works, as being somewhat akin to them, may be added.

Collections of Poetical Quotations.

- ENGLANDS PARNASSUS. [Ed. by R. ALLOT?] 1600.
- BELVEDERE, or the Garden of the Muses. [Ed. by J. BODENHAM.] 1600. 1610.

Rare Works by single Poets.

- Sometimes including Prose, and occasionally poetical contributions by the Author's friends.
- B. GOOGE. *Eglogs Epitaphes and Sonettes.* 88 leaves. 1563. 1570. Three copies known.
- G. TURBERVILLE. *Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets with a Discourse of the Frendly Affections of Tymetes to Pyndara his Ladie.* 145 leaves. ? 1567. [1570.] Only one copy of 1567 edition known.
- N. B[RETTON.] *A small Handfull of Fragrant Flowers.* 8 leaves. 1575 Only one copy known.
- G. WHETSTONE. The Rocke of Regard, deuided into 4 parts. *The Castle of delight. The Garden of Vnchristinesse. The Arbour of Vertue. The Orchard of Repentence.* 132 leaves. 1576. Not more than three copies seem to exist.
- T. LODGE. *Phyllis honoured with Pastoral Sonnets, Elegies and amorons delights, &c.* 1593. Five copies known.

8. It would, at this moment, be a great presumption to aspire to the reproduction of even half of the above. Even that is quite impossible without the approval and generosity of the possessors of the unique or rare copies. What we may leave undone; let others finish. Meanwhile may it please the reader to accept, as an earnest, one of the first of these Collections in Importance as it is the first in point of Time—Tottel's *Miscellany*.

THE TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

It is quite a further study, altogether beyond the limits of the present edition, to distinguish which of the following poems are translations or imitations of Latin or Italian verse, and which may lay claim to originality and of a native English vein. In grouping the first Lines under each known Author: the first word of Poems that only appear in the *First Edition* is put in Small Capitals: those first added in the *Second Edition* are shown in Italic letter.

Known Authors.

HENRY HOWARD, *Earl of SURREY.*

1	Alas so all thinges nowe	p. 10
2	Although I had a check	. 21
3	As oft I as behold and se	. 24
4	Brittle Beautie, that nature	. 10
5	Dyuers thy death doe diuersly	28
6	Eche beast can chose hys fere	218
7	From Tuskane came my	. 9
8	Geue place ye louers, here	. 20
9	Good Ladies, ye that haue	. 19
10	I neuer sawe my Ladye laye	12
11	If care do cause men cry, why	220
12	In Ciprus, springes (whereas	9
13	In the rude age when	. 218
14	In winters iust returne, when	16
15	Layd in my quiet bed, in	. 30
16	Loue that liueth, and reigneth	8
17	Martiall, the thinges that do	27
18	My Ratclif, when thy	. 32
19	O happy dames, that may	. 15
20	O lothsome place where I	. 22
21	Of thy lyfe, Thomas, this	. 27
22	Set me wheras the sunne doth	11
23	So cruell prison how coulede	. 13
24	Such waiward waies hath loue,	6
25	Syns fortunes wrath enuieth	217
26	Thassirian king in peace, with	30
27	The fansy which that I haue	32
28	The golden gift that nature	12
29	The great Macedon, that out	28
30	The sonne hath wise brought	3
31	The soote season, that bud and	4
32	The stormes are past these	. 31
33	Though I regarded not	. 24
34	To dearly had I bought my	. 22
35	W. resteth here, that quick	29
36	When ragyng loue with	. 14
37	When sommer toke in hand	7
38	When Windsor walles	. 11
39	When youth had led me halfe	5
40	Wrapt in my carelesse cloke,	26

Sir THOMAS WYATT.

1	Accused though I be, without	55
2	A face that should content me	68
3	A lady gaue me a gift she had	223

4	A spendyng hand that alway	p. 90
5	Alas, Madame, for stealing	41
6	Al in thy loke my life doth	66
7	Avising the bright beames of	40
8	Because I still kept thee fro	38
9	Behold, Loue, thy power how	53
10	Cesar, when that the traytour	37
11	Desire (alas) my master, and	80
12	Disdaine me not without desert	58
13	Driuen by desire I did this dede	84
14	Eche man me telth, I change	37
15	Ever my hap is slack and	. 68
16	Farewell, Loue, and all thy	70
17	Farewell the hart of crueltie	. 44
18	For shamefast harm of great	22
19	For want of will, in wo I playne	59
20	From these hie hilles as when	46
21	Go burning sighes vnto the	. 73
22	He is not dead, that sometime	54
23	How oft haue I, my deare and	69
24	I find no peace, and all my	39
25	I see that chance hath chosen	81
26	If amorous fayth, or if an	. 70
27	If euer man might him auaunt	59
28	If thou wilt mighty be, flee	224
29	If waker care: if sodayn pale	36
30	In court to serue decked with	83
31	In doubtfull breast whiles	. 84
32	In fayth I wot not what to say	44
33	It burneth yet, alas, my hartes	79
34	It may be good like it who list	42
35	Loue, Fortune, and my minde	69
36	Lux, my faire fawlcen, and	68
37	Lyke as the birde, within the	225
38	Lyke vnto these vnmesurable	70
39	Madame, withouten many	. 41
40	Maruell no more altho	. 50
41	Myne olde dere enmy, my	. 46
42	Myne owne Iohn Poyns: sins	88
43	My galley charged with	. 39
44	My hart I gaue thee, not to do	71
45	My loue to skorne, my	. 55
46	My lute awake performe the	64
47	My mothers maides when they	85
48	Mystrustfull mindes be moued	78
49	Nature that gaue the Bee so	65
50	Of Carthage he that worthy	. 83
51	Of purpose, loue chose first to	80
52	Once as me thought. fortune	63

18	By fortune as I lay in bed, <i>p.</i>	137	72	Since thou my ring mayst <i>p.</i>	166
19	<i>Complaine we may: much is</i>	243	73	Sins Mars first moued warre	195
20	Cruell and vnkind whom	179	74	Sith that the way to welth is	155
21	Death and the kyng did as it	187	75	Some men would thinke of	61
22	<i>Do all your dedes by good</i>	245	76	<i>Stay gentle frend that</i>	248
23	<i>Do way your phisike I faint</i>	258	77	Suche grene to me as you	187
24	Eche thing I se hath time	168	78	Such waiward waies haue some	197
25	False may he be, and by the	199	79	Sythe singyng gladdeth oft	144
26	<i>Farewell thou frosen hart and</i>	268	80	<i>The bird that sometime built</i>	240
27	Flee from the prese and dwell	194	81	<i>The blinded boy that bends the</i>	252
28	For loue Appollo (his	197	82	The dolefull bell that still	196
29	For that a restles head must	166	83	The doubtfull man hath feuers	154
30	From worldly wo the mede of	210	84	The flickeryng fame that flieth	205
31	Full faire and white she is,	152	85	The golden apple that the	188
32	Girt in my giltlesse gowne as	198	86	The lenger lyfe, the more	132
33	<i>Holding my peace alas how</i>	260	87	The lyfe is long, that	129
34	If euer wofull man might moue	126	88	The plage is great, where	134
35	If it were so that God would	180	89	The restlesse rage of depe	137
36	If right be rackt, and	129	90	<i>The secret flame that made</i>	238
37	If that thy wicked wife had	212	91	The shynyng season here to	177
38	I heard when Fame with	201	92	The smoky sighes the bitter	175
39	I lent my loue to losse and	158	93	<i>The soules that lacked grace</i>	227
40	<i>In Bayes I boast whose braunch</i>	267	94	Thestilis is a sely man, when	165
41	<i>In court as I behelde, the</i>	266	95	Thestilis thou sely man, why	189
42	I ne can clofe in short and	203	96	<i>The Sunne when he had</i>	230
43	In fredome was my fantasie	182	97	The winter with his griesly	160
44	In Grece somtime there dwelt	131	98	<i>The wisest way, thy bote, in</i>	255
45	I read how Troylus serued in	192	99	The vertue of Vlysses wife	213
46	In sekvyng rest vnrest I finde	161	100	Tho Cowerd oft whom deinty	188
47	I see there is no sort	171	101	<i>Thou Cupide God of loue,</i>	242
48	<i>I sely Haru whose hope is past</i>	260	102	Though in the waxe a perfect	189
49	<i>I that Vlysses yeres haue</i>	241	103	To false report and flyng fame	210
50	It is no fire that geues no	152	104	To liue to dye, and dye to	175
51	<i>It was the day on which the</i>	230	105	To loue, alas, who would not	181
52	<i>I wold I found not as I fele</i>	254	106	To my mishap alas I fynde	184
53	<i>Lo dead he liues, that whilome</i>	228	107	To this my song geue care,	133
54	Lo here lieth G. vnder the	211	108	To trust the fayned face, to	215
55	Lo here the end of man the	141	109	To walke on doubtfull ground,	136
56	Lyke as the brake within the	187	110	<i>Vaine is the fletyng welth</i>	257
57	Lyke as the lark within the	132	111	Vnto the liuyng Lord for	142
58	Lyke as the rage of raine	190	112	Walkyng the pathe of pensieue	208
59	Lyke the Phenix a birde most	214	113	<i>What harder is then stone,</i>	228
60	My youthfull yeres are past	168	114	What thing is that which I	152
61	Nature that taught my silly	166	115	When Audley had runne out	167
62	<i>No ioy haue I, but liue in</i>	255	116	When dredful swelling seas,	159
63	<i>Not like a God came Iupiter</i>	240	117	<i>When Phebus had the serpent</i>	265
64	O euyll tonges, which clap at	135	118	Who craftly castes to stere his	157
65	<i>O lingring make Vlisses dere,</i>	229	119	Who iustly may reioyce in	128
66	O Petrarke hed and prince of	178	120	<i>Who list to lead a quiet life</i>	245
67	O temerous tauntres that	177	121	Who list to liue vpright, and	142
68	Phylida was a fayer mayde	138	122	Who loues to liue in peace,	205
69	Procryn that some tyme serued	213	123	<i>Whom fansy forced first to</i>	249
70	<i>Resigne you dames whom</i>	269	124	Why fearest thou thy outward	204
71	Shall I thus euer long, and be	154	125	<i>Who so that wisely weyes the</i>	256
			126	With petrarke to compare	178
			127	<i>Ye are to young to bryng me in</i>	267
			128	Yet once againe my muse I	203
			129	<i>Your borrowd meane to moue</i>	248
			130	<i>You that in play peruse my</i>	220

CHRONOLOGICAL MEMORANDA

CONNECTED WITH THIS MISCELLANY.



Concerning the six ascertained Writers—not to speak of those others whose names cannot even be guessed at—who, in part, composed these famous poems: there is much truth yet to be learned, as well as many fables to be forgotten.

Confusion respecting them began early. Even the title page is a misnomer: Lord Henry Howard, K.G., was not actually Earl of Surrey, as his father was; but was so called by courtesy. In the next generation, Puttenham confounds Sir Nicholas the 1st, with Thomas the 2nd Baron Vaux. Fifteen years onwards, Tom Nashe published his *Unfortunate Traveller* fabulous adventures on the Continent, by the Earl of Surrey; which were received as gospel by Drayton, and credited for a long time afterwards. And since Strype's time, Grimald, the chaplain, in 1556, of Thomas Thirleby, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ely, has been confounded with Grymbold, a chaplain of the Protestant Bishop Ridley. All existing statements respecting these six ascertained authors seem to require a severe testing; and many new facts respecting them would no doubt reward a further lengthened inquiry.

For our present purpose the few following notes, selected from many others, may suffice: and we would refer the reader to the Rev. Dr. Nott's bulky edition of the *Works of Surrey and Wyatt*, 1815-16, as a starting point for further research.

1485. Aug. 22. Henry VII. became king.

1503.—T. WYATT, son of Sir Henry Wyatt, was born at Allington Castle, Kent.

1509. April 22. Henry VIII. begins to reign.

1514.—1 FEB. After the battle of Flodden Field, king Henry VIII., being desirous of rewarding the services of Thomas Howard, 2nd Earl of Surrey, and of his son Thomas, created the former Duke of Norfolk, and the latter, 3rd Earl of Surrey, on 1 Feb. 1514: the Duke, before the grant, formally surrendering the Earldom to his son, for *his lifetime*.

This 3rd Earl of Surrey had five children. The names of three of them have been preserved. HENRY, the Poet.

Thomas, created by Queen Elizabeth, on 13 Jan. 1559, Viscount Howard of Bindon.

Mary, who was affianced to Henry Fitz-Roy, Duke of Richmond.

1515.—T. WYATT admitted to St. John College Cambridge; which had been founded in 1512.

1516.—Dr. Nott supposes HENRY HOWARD to have been born about this year. He quotes a household book of the family between 1513 and 18 Jan. 1524: which proves that our Poet must have passed his infancy in the summer time at Tendring Hall, Suffolk; and in the winter tide at Hunsdon, in Hertfordshire.

1518.—T. WYATT takes his B.A. at Cambridge.

Henry Fitz-Roy, a natural son of Henry VIII. by Elizabeth, widow of Lord Talboys, born about this time.

1519.—N. GRIMALD is supposed to have been born this year in Huntingdonshire. He has given us the story of his childhood in a beautiful Funeral Song upon the decease of Annes, his mother, see *p.* 115.

1523.—[Sir William Vaux, of Harrowden, adhered to King HENRY VI., and was slain at the battle of Tewkesbury.] Upon the accession of EDWARD IV., NICHOLAS VAUX, son and heir of Sir William, was despoiled of his estates in virtue of an act of attainder passed against his father; but in the 1st of HENRY VII., this attainder was totally reversed, and Nicholas, then Sir Nicholas, was restored to all the possessions of which he had then been deprived. Sir Nicholas was highly distinguished as a statesman and a warrior, and was much in favour with HENRY VII. and HENRY VIII.; by the latter he was summoned to parliament, as Baron VAUX, of Harrowden, the 27 of April, 1523, but did not long enjoy his honours, as he *d.* 24 May following. THOMAS, 2nd Lord VAUX, was only twelve years of age upon his father's death; he took his seat in parliament on attaining his majority, in the 22nd of HENRY VIII., and *d.* in 1562. *Burke's Peerage.* 1870.

1529.—T. CHURCHYARD is believed to have been born this year. He lived on till 1604. In this year WYATT married.

1524.—On the death of his father; Thomas, 3rd Earl of Surrey, becomes 3rd Duke of Norfolk; but his son Henry, the Poet, does *not* become 4th Earl of Surrey, but only has that title by courtesy. He appears to have passed his boyhood at Kenninghall.

1525.—18 JUNE. Henry Fitz-Roy is created Duke of Richmond, &c.

1527.—JAN. In the *Gent. Mag.* Sept. 1850, p. 237. Mr. J. Bruce quotes from a collection of family papers made by Richard Wyatt (who died Dec: 1753, æt. 80), then, in 1850, in the possession of the Rev. B. D. Hawkins, of Rivenhall in Essex. Among the MSS. in this volume, is a paper by a *grandson* (name not stated) of Sir Thomas WYATT, who gives the following on the authority of Edward, 3rd Earl of Bedford [succeeded to the title 1585; *d.* 1627].

"Sir John Russell [made 1st Baron Russell, 9 Mar. 1539; 1st Earl of Bedford 19 Jan. 1550; *d.* 1555], after lord privy seal, having his depeache of ambassage from Henry VIII. to the Pope, in his journey on the Thames encountered Sir Thomas WYATT, and after salutations, was demanded of him whither he went, and had answer 'To Italy, sent by the king.' 'And I,' said Sir Thomas, 'will, if you please, ask leave, get money, and go with you.' 'No man more welcome,' answered the ambassador. So this accordingly done, they passed in post together."

This is the principal authority for WYATT's visit to Italy.

1533.—5 JAN. Parliament sits; THOMAS Lord VAUX is summoned to it.

T. WYATT is sworn of the Privy Council, this year.

1534.—About this time Surrey and Fitzroy were living together at Windsor.

1535.—Fitzroy is affianced to Surrey's sister Mary, but the marriage is never consummated. He dies in the next year.

1536.—18 MAR. WYATT is knighted.

APRIL **1537**-JUNE **1538**). Wyatt's *first* embassy to the Emperor in Spain.

1533.—2 SEPT. There is a draft of Bonner's celebrated secret letter of this date from Blois, lodging grievous complaints against WYATT, in the *Petyt MSS. No. 47, fol. 9*, in the Inner Temple. This letter was unheeded till after T. Cromwell's execution, when WYATT was thrown into the Tower, and interrogated upon it.

1539.—Wyatt's *second* embassy to the Emperor in France and Flanders.

1540.—GRIMALD, educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, takes his B.A. 18 DEC. Thomas Thirleby created the first Bishop of Westminster.

1541.—*Hart. MS.* 78. Arts. 6 and 7, contains WYATT's most brilliant Defence of himself from Bonner's charges: written in the Tower. He is exonerated and received into the King's favour again.

1542.—Sir T. WYATT journeying to Falmouth in too great haste, to bring the Emperor's ambassador to London, dies at Sherbourne; and is buried on the 11 OCT. in the great Church there.

John Leland, the antiquary, publishes a Latin poem of six leaves, *Naniæ in mortem Thomæ Viati Equitis incomparabilis*, which he dedicates to the Earl of Surrey. This tract contains a striking portrait of Wyatt, having a head somewhat bald, a keen face, and a flowing beard: drawn on wood by Holbein. [At the Mote, near Maidstone, the Earl of Romney has charming portraits of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir Henry Wiatt in prison, with the cat that fed him there; his son, Sir T. Wiatt, the elder; and his son, Sir Thomas Wiatt, the younger; all historic characters (all most authentic): Lord Romney representing the families. N. & Q. 3rd, S. viii., 367.]

APRIL. Grimald is incorporated at Oxford.

MAY. Grimald is elected a probationer fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

1544.—P. Betham, in his translation of The Earl of Purlilias [Jacopo di Porcia] *Precepts of war*, refers to Surrey, in his Dedication to Lord C. Audley.

14 JULY. King Henry crosses to Calais on the 19th, the English army lays siege to Boulogne, and is joined by the king on 26 July. The town surrenders on 25 Sept., and the king returns to Dover on 1 Oct.

1546.—Grimald takes his M.A. at Oxford.

12 DEC. Th. D of Norfolk, and Henry Earle of Surrey his son and heire, vpon certain surmises of treason, were committed to the tower of London, the one by water, the other by land, that the one knew not of the others apprehension. *J. Stow. Chronicle*, p. 997. *Ed.* 1600.

1547.—13 JAN. The king then lying dangerously sick, the Earle of Surrey

was arraigned in the Guild hall of London, before the Lord Maior, the lord chancellor, and other lords and iudges being there in commission; some thinges hee flatly denied, weakening the credite of his accusers, by certaine circumstances, other hee excused with interpretations of his meanings to proue the same to be far other otherwise than was alleadged against him: the especiallest matter wherewith he was charged, was, for bearing certaine armes that were said belonged to the king and prince: the bearing whereof he iustified, that as he tooke it, he might beare them, as belonging to his ancestors, and withall affirmed that he had the opinion of the heraults therein, and so to his indictment he pleaded, not guilty. And for that he was no lord of the parliament, he was enforced to stand to the triall of a common inquest of his cuntry, which found him guiltie, and thereupon he had iudgement of death: and shortly after, to wit, on the 19 of JANUARY he was beheded on the tower hill. *Stowe, idem.*

1547. Jan. 29. Edward VI. ascends the throne.

1548.—AUGUST. Sir F. Bryan translates and publishes from the French, Anthony Aleegre's translation from the Spanish of Anthony Guevara's. *A dispraise of the life of a Courtier and a commendacion of the life of the labouryng man.* Bryan dedicates this scarce work to the Marquis of Northampton. A second edition edited by Rev. T. Tymme, appeared in 1575.

Sir F. BRYAN was the second of the three husbands of Joan, Countess of Ormond.

1549.—6 JAN. The Privy Council inform Lord Deputy Bellyngham that Sir F. BRYAN is to be Marshall of the Army in Ireland. [He was also Lord Justice]. Bryan appears to have died this year.

Ascham in his *Scholemaster*, 1570, thus alludes to him.

"If his stile be still euer rancke and lustie, as some men being neuer so old and spent by yeares, will still be full of youthfull conditions as was Syr F. Bryan, and euermore would haue bene," p. 112. Ed. 1870.

31 DEC. The printing WYATT'S translation of the *Seven Penitential Psalms* finished. Surrey's verses thereon, see p. 28, were first printed in this work.

1550.—1 APRIL. Thirleby, Bp. of Westminster, translated to Norwich. The Bishopric of Westminster is suppressed.

1553. Julg 6. Mary succeeds to the throne.

1554.—15 SEPT. Thirleby, Bp. of Norwich, is translated to Ely.

1555.—Tottel, who Ames states, "had his name spelt as different as possible," and who seems to have printed chiefly Law and Poetry; printed this year Stephen Hawes' *Graunde Amoure and la bel Pucell.*

1556.—R. Tottel prints Grimald's translation of Cicero's *De Officiis*. This is dedicated to the Bp. of Ely. This fact explodes the Grymbold theory.

1557.—1. 5 JUNE. London. 1 vol. 8vo. First edition of Tottel's *Miscellany*. See Title at p. 1, and Colophon at p. 226.

Malone's copy in the Bodleian is the only known copy. Mr. J. P. Collier re-discovered its importance, and printed a limited edition of 50 copies of this impression of it in 1867, in his *Seven English Poetical Miscellanies*. The principal peculiarities are the additional Poems by Surrey and Wyatt, added at the end, see pp. 217-225, incorporated in their proper places in later editions: its containing Thirty Poems by Nicholas Grimald, not found anywhere else; and the absence of a Table of First Lines.

21 JUNE. London. 1 vol. 8vo. Tottel on this day finished the *First Edition* of Surrey's translation of the Second and Four Books of the *Æneid*. These were the first *written* blank verse in English, although some by Grimald had preceded it in print in the *Miscellany*. This translation occupies 26½ similarly printed leaves, and was produced in 16 days, including Sundays: at the same speed, Tottel would have begun the first edition of this *Miscellany* in April.

2. 31 JULY. London. 1 vol. 8vo. Tottel finished the *Second* edition of the *Miscellany*; in which Thirty poems by Grimald are substituted by the Thirty-nine poems by Uncertain Authors, which will be found between 226-271. This Second edition is quite distinct as the variations show, and was produced in *at most* 57 days, including Sundays. The Editing of the entire Selection must have therefore been continuous from April to August.

The two known copies—one in Grenville Collection, British Musuem; and

the other in the Capel Coll., Trinity College, Combridge; vary in some *minutiae* from each other: but it is incredible that there should be two *distinct* editions finished by the same printer, on the same day. [*Mr. W. A. Wright has collated the first Impression of this Reprint, with the Capell copy. The variations from the Grenville copy, in spelling, are occasional in the bulk of the book, but very numerous in the 39 additional poems. Nothing but a comparison of the five or six earliest editions can solve this riddle. Meanwhile we can but believe that one or other of these copies has either a wrong title page or colophon.*]

1558.—23 APRIL. Tottel finished another edition of Grimald's translation of *De Officiis*. It is also dedicated to Bp. Thirleby.

16 JULY. John Poyntz dies, see pp. 85, 88.

5 NOV. Parliament began to sit. THOMAS LORD VAUX is summoned. *Dugdale's Summons*, p. 519. Ed. 1685.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.

1559.—23 JAN. Parliament began to sit. Neither of the Vaux's, father or son, are summoned. *Dug. Summons. idem.*

3. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *Third Edition of Tottel's Miscellany.* [An unique imperfect copy in the Grenville Collection.]

5 JULY. Thirleby, Bp. of Ely, deprived: d. 26 August 1570.

1562.—THOMAS LORD VAUX died in this year; see Burke's *Peerage*, 1870. Barnabe Googe mourns over GRIMALD'S death, in an epitaph certainly written before May 1562, and included in his *Eglogs*, &c. 1563.

D *An Epytaphe of the Death of Nicolas Grimaold.*

Beholde this fletyng world how al things fade
Howe euery thyng doth passe and weare awaye,
Eche state of lyfe, by common course and trade,
Abydes no tyme, but hath a passyng daye.
For looke as lyfe, that pleasaunt Dame hath brought,
The pleasaunt yeares, and dayes of lustynes,
So Death our Foe, consumeth all to nought,
Enuyng these, with Darte doth vs oppresse,
And that which is, the greatest gryfe of all,
The gredeye Grype, doth no estate respect,
But wher he comes, he makes them down to fall,
Ne staves heat, the hie sharpe wytted sect.
For yf that wyt or worthy Eloquens,
Or learning deape coulde moue him to forbear:
O *Grimaold* then, thou hadste not yet gon hence,
But heare hadest sene full many an aged yeare,
Ne had the Muses lost so fynce a Floure,
Nor had *Minerva* wept to leaue thee so:
If wisdome myght haue fled the fatal howre,
Thou haste not yet ben suffred for to go.
A thousande dolysh geese we myght haue sparde,
A thousand wytles heads death might haue found,
And taken them, for whom no man had carde,
And layde them lowe, in deepe obliuious grounde.
But Fortune fauours Fooles as old men saye,
And lets them lyue, and take[s] the vyse awaye

1563.—11 JAN. Parliament again sits. William, 3rd Lord Vaux, is summoned. *Dug. Summons, idem.*

1565.—4. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *Fourth Edition of this Miscellany.* It was printed by Tottel. [A copy is in the Bodleian.]

G. Turberville in his *Epitaphs*, p. 9, has the a "Verse in prayse of Lorde *Henry Howarde*, Earle of *Surrey*."

1567.—5. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *Fifth Edition of Miscellany.*

[A copy is at Althorp. *Hazlitt Bibl. Handbook*, p. 585. Ed. 1867.]

1570.—In the *Scholemaster*, Ascham attacking rhyme, allows "that my L. of *Surrey*, *M. Wiat* . . . haue gonne as far as to their great praise, as the copie they followed could carry them, p. 145. Ed. 1870.

1572.—*Harleian MS.* 1703, is a Note-book of Roman Catholic verse partly composed, partly copied by William Forrest. On the last page is written the following colophon:—Ffinis. 27 Octobris 1572 per me Guilelimum Forrestum.

This MS. establishes the authorship of two Poems in this *Miscellany*.

At fol. 100 is the heading, *A dyttie or sonet made by the lorde vaux in time of the noble quene Marye representinge the Image of deathe*, to the poem.

I loath that I dyd loue In youth that I thought sweete, see p. 173.

And at fol. 108, is *A description of a most noble Ladye, aduowed by John Heywoode, &c.*, to the poem.

Geue place ye ladies all be gone, see p. 163.

1574.—6. *Sixth Edition of this Miscellany*. The last printed by Tottel.

1575.—CHURCHYARD, in his *Churchyard Chippes* gives his own autobiography in *A tragical discourse of the Vnhappy mans life*.

1580.—CHURCHYARD in his Dedication of *Churchyard's Charge* as a New Year's gift to the then Earl of Surrey, makes the following allusion.

"Honoryng in harte the Erle of Surrie, your Lordshipps graundfather, and my master who was a noble warriour, an eloquent Oratour, and a second Petrarke, I coule doe no lesse but publishe to the worlde somewhat that shoulde shewe, I had lost no time in his seruice."

[1582] 1595.—Sir P. Sidney in *An Apologie for Poetry*, writes,

"I account the *Mirroure of Magistrates*, meekely furnished of beautiful parts: and in the Earle of Surries *Liricks*, many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble minde," p. 62. *Ed.* 1867.

1585.—7. *Seventh Edition of this Miscellany*. It was printed by T. Windet.

1586.—Geffray Whitney, in his *Choice of Emblems*, Leyden [*To the Reader* is dated 4 May] 1586, 4to: refers to Surrey in a poem, "To Edward Dier Esquier," at p. 196.

1587.—8. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *Eighth* [and last of the early impressions] Edition of this *Miscellany*. It was printed by R. Robinson. The work is then not reprinted for 130 years.

1589.—In *The Arte of English Poesie*, are the following important passages.

(1.) "In the latter end of the same kings [Henry VIII.] raigne sprong vp a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir *Thomas Wyat* th'elder and *Henry Earle of Surrey* were the two chieftanes, who hauing trauailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian Poesie as nouices newly crept out of the schooles of *Dante*, *Arioste* and *Petrarch*, they greatly polished our rude and homely maner of vulgar Poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may iustly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and stile. In the same time or not long after was the Lord *Nicholas Vaux*, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings . . ." p. 74. *Ed.* 1869.

(2.) "*Henry Earle of Surrey* and Sir *Thomas Wyat*, betwene whom I finde very litle difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that haue since employed their pennes vpon English Poesie, their conceits were loftie, their stiles stately, their conueyance cleanly, their termes proper, their meetre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister *Francis Petrarcha*. The Lord *Vaux* his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh vpon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he sheweth the counterfait action liuely and pleasantly . . ." p. 76.

(3.) "*I serue at ease, and gouerne all with woe*. This meeter of twelue sillables the French man calleth a verse *Alexandrine*, and is with our moderne rimers most vsuall: with the auncient makers it was not so. For before Sir *Thomas Wiats* time they were not vsed in our vulgar," p. 86.

(4.) "The same Earle of Surrey and Sir *Thomas Wyat* the first reformers and polishers of our vulgar Poesie much affecting the stile and measures of the Italian *Petrarcha*, vsed the foote *dactil* very often but not many in one verse . . ." p. 139.

(5.) [*Pragmatographia* or Counterfait action.]

"In this figure the Lord *Nicholas Vaux* a noble gentleman, and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning but hauing herein a maruelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the battayle and assault of *Cupide*, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in euery part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it can not be amended," p. 247.

When Cupid scaled first the fort, [see p. 177.]

[It is confidently believed that, though Puttenham is so precise he mistook Sir Nicholas Vaux, who only 27 days enjoyed the title of Lord Vaux in 1523;

for his son, Lord Thomas Vaux, who possessed the title for 39 years. Poems by *Lord Vaux the elder* were contributed to *The Paradysse of Dainty Devises*, 1576, &c. : but the Christian name is not quoted. All that this proves, is that they were written by the father or grandfather of William, the then 3rd Lord Vaux, who succeeded his father in? 1562-3, and *d.* 1595. It is, however, certain that the Lord Vaux who wrote in 'Queen Mary's time,' was Lord THOMAS: and as the poem, *I loathe, &c.*, quoted as his by Forrest, see 1572 above, immediately follows herein, *When Cupide scaled, &c.*, see pp. 172-174; the inference amounts to certainty that Puttenham mistook the Christian name; as it is altogether beyond credence that the poems of two Lords Vaux, the only ones that had ever been, should follow, in like style, one after the other, in the same early *Miscellany*.

The modern belief is further strengthened by the fact that Vaux is always mentioned after Wyatt and Surrey. Lord Nicholas Vaux dying in 1523 could not be, as Puttenham states above, "in the same time or not long after," as Wyatt was in that year 20, and Surrey about 8 years old.]

1591.—G. Bishop printed a Latin prose paraphrase by N. Grimoald of the Four Books of Virgil's *Georgics*: made at Christ Church, Oxford, in the second year of Ed. VI. [Grimald is also spelt Grimoald and Grimaold.]

1592.—Grimald has been credited, on the strength of the translator's initials N.G. to the *Epistle Ded.*; with having translated GEORGE SOHN'S treatise *Quod Papa Romanus sit antichristus, &c.*, of which work a translation was published at Cambridge this year as "A true description of the Antichrist;" but as Sohn's dedication is dated Heidelberg, 16 Aug. 1588, twenty-six years after Grimald's death, this must be incorrect.

1593.—Churchyard thus begins a list of his works in *Churchyard's Challenge*, "The bookes that I can call to memorie alreadie Printed: are these that followes.

First in King Edwards daies, a book named Daue Dicars dreame, which one Camell wrote against, whom I openly confuted *Shores wife* I penned at that season. Another booke in those daies called the *Mirror of Man*.

In Queen Maries raigne, a book called a *New-years gift* to all England, which book treated of rebellion.

And many things in the booke of songs and Sonets, printed then, were of my making. Since that time till this day I wrote all these works . . ."

1594.—Tom Nash in his novel of *The Unfortunate Traveller, or The Life of Jack Wilton*, represents Wilton, after witnessing the destruction of the Anabaptists at Munster, meeting the Earl of Surrey at Middleborough, and they journeying to Italy via Rotterdam, where they listen to Erasmus and More, whereupon More concludes to write his *Utopia* [which book was written in 1516, the year Surrey was born], come to Wittenburg, and thence to the Emperor's court, and thence to Florence, where they separate.

1598.—Nashe's farrago of fabulous adventures was apparently credited by Michael Drayton. In his *Englands Heroicall Epistles*; Drayton gives a suppositions Epistle from Surrey to Geraldine, based upon Nash's romance.

1604.—4 APRIL. T. CHURCHYARD having written over 60 works, and known in his old age as 'the old court poet,' died poor, and on this day was buried near the grave of Skelton, in the choir of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

1627.—Michael Drayton writing *Of Poets and Poesie*, among *Elegies*, at the end of *The Battaile of Agincourt, &c.*, thus refers to the present work.

When after those, foure ages very neare,
They with the Muses which conuersed, were
That Princely Surrey, early in the time
Of the Eight Henry, who was then the prime
Of Englands noble youth: with him there came
Wyat; with reuerence whom we still doe name
Amongst our Poets, Brian had a share,
With the two former, which accompted are
That times best makers, and the authors were
Of those small poems, which the title beare,
Of songs and sonnets, wherein of they hit
On many dainty passages of wit.

This passage is the authority for associating Sir Francis Bryan with the Uncertain Authors of this work.

INTRODUCTION.

IT would be interesting to know with whom originated the idea of this first Miscellany of English Verse. Who were its first editors? What was the principle of selection? Who were the *Uncertain Authors*?

This much we do know: that quite half of the Collection was posthumous. Wyatt had been dead fourteen, Surrey ten, Bryan eight years when it appeared: and if it includes poems by George Bullen, Earl of Rochford; twenty-one years had elapsed since his execution upon Tower Hill.

Of other of its contributors living; there were Lord Vaux, who was about 46, Grimald 39, Heywood 50, and Churchyard 37 years of age. If to any of these four, we might assign as a guess, first the existence of the work, in conjunction with the printer; then its chief editing and supervision through the press; it would be to Grimald.

We know that he was previously in business relations with the Printer of this work: for Tottel had printed in 1556, Grimald's translation of Cicero's *De Officiis*, dedicated by him, as his humble "Oratour," to Thirleby, Bishop of Ely: and on the 23 April 1558, Tottel finished a Second edition of the same work. It is probable, also, that it was to Grimald's position as Chaplain to that genial Bishop, that Tottel was able to put *Cum privilegio* on so buoyant a book, at a time when the martyrs' fires were luridly lighting up England. Furthermore, the only poems suppressed in the revision, are Grimald's own. It may, therefore, be fairly guessed that Grimald, if not the Originator, was the chief Editor of this Collection of Poetry upon a plan then new to English Literature.

2. Mr. Collier, to whose research the reader ultimately owes the present reprint, thus writes of this work:—

Everybody at all acquainted with the history of our literature, will be well aware of the value of all these productions, which may be looked upon as the earnest revival of a true taste for poetry, after a dreary century between the death of Chaucer and the birth of Surrey.

Tottel's 'Songes and Sonettes,' by Henry, Earl of Surrey, 'and other,' published on 5th June, 1557 (although hitherto not supposed to have made its first appearance until 31st July in that year) has usually been considered our oldest Poetical Miscellany, and perhaps, strictly speaking, such is the fact; but the earliest collected edition of Chaucer's Works in 1532 (printed by Thomas Godfray) was a Miscellany consisting, in the main, of productions by him, but including also pieces by Lidgate, Occleve, Gower, Scoggin, and anonymous writers in prose and verse. *Pref. to Seven Eng. Poet. Misc. 1867.*

3. In the two first editions; we possess the work both in its imperfect and its perfect conception. Their collation together assures us of the whole and exact text. The First edition, immediately after its publication, was subjected to a most thorough revision; in which the anonymity of the work increased. The name of Nicholas Grimald disappears and is subsequently represented by *N. G.*; and similar instances will be seen in the foot-notes. In like manner, Grimald's Funeral Song over his Mother (a companion poem to Cowper's *On the receipt of my Mother's Picture*); his New Year's verses to Catherine Day, Damascene Aud-

ley, and other lady friends ; his Elegies over the deaths of his bosom friend William Chambers and of his brother Nicholas ; all these *personal* poems are removed to make way for thirty-nine others by Uncertain Authors—undoubtedly a designation more of concealment than ignorance—of a more general, imaginative, and idealistic cast. So that while the First edition contains 271, and the Second 280 poems ; there are between the two, 310 in all.

4. Rank undoubtedly placed Surrey's name on the Title page ; but Sir T. Wyatt is the most important of all the Contributors, both as to priority in time, as to literary influence, and as to the number of poems contributed. The whole of these poems may be said to have been written within the thirty years, between 1527-1557. It is suggested that this work should be studied in close connection with the second and third Books of Puttenham's *Arte of Eng. Poesie*, 1589 ; to which it furnishes many examples.

5. This work has been singularly unfortunate in its printed impressions. The early Texts became more and more corrupt. Modern editors have often both repeated and added to these inaccuracies. Hence the importance of the *First* and *Second* editions. Mistakes have also been common as to the authorship of some of the poems. Yet there is Surrey's signature at *p.* 32 ; and Wyatt's at *p.* 95, to attest the foregoing poems as their own. Which is the more conclusive, inasmuch as the poem on *p.* 61, was eliminated in the revision, from Wyatt's contributions and transferred to Uncertain Authors. To prevent further error, the Author's name when known, has been placed in the Headline.

6. There was a freeness of fancy among the Contributors to our Early Poetical Miscellanies and similar works, which often provoked them, when some Complaint or other had been recognised as excellent, to endeavour to cap it with as good an Answer, and that frequently in like metre. It is highly probable that the various Answers in this *Miscellany* were all written, while the work was going through the press. They will all be found towards the *end* of the First edition ; and in the order of the Second, they were shifted, so as to follow the Verses of which they were the Responses. A later answer, that by *Shep. Tonie* to *Phylida was a fayer mayde*, on *p.* 138 ; is in *Englands Helicon*, 1600. Many of the *headings* of the poems also, may have been supplied by the Editor.

7. It must not be forgotten that these Poetical Miscellanies are but Selections. Their essential principle is, to separate the Verse from its antecedents and occasion, even to the using the Author's name simply as a label ; in order to present its intrinsic Excellence and Beauty to the close Attention and subtle Penetration of the Reader. We, at least, may be most thankful to their several Editors ; for their preservation to us, in them, of so many beautiful Poems, which we should not otherwise have known : and may not a little wonder, that such Literary Treasures should have for so long a time been hid from the world at large.

SONGES AND SONETTES,

written by the ryght honorable Lorde

Henry Haward late Earle of Sur-

rey, and other.

Apud Richardum Tottel.

1557.

Cum priuilegio.

*The Printer to the Reader.*¹



Hat to haue wel written in verſe, yea and in ſmall parcelles, deſerueth great praiſe, the workes² of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue ſufficiently. That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiſeworthely as ye reſt, the honorable ſtile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightineſſe of the depewitted ſir Thomas Wyat the elders verſe, with ſeueral graces in ſondry good Engliſhe writers, doe ſhow abundantly. It reſteth nowe (gentle reder) that thou thinke it not euill doon, to publiſh, to the honor of the Engliſhe tong, and for profit of the ſtudious of Engliſhe eloquence, thoſe workes which the vngentle horders vp of ſuch treaſure haue heretofore enuied thee. And for this point (good reder) thine own profit and pleaſure, in theſe preſently, and in moe hereafter, ſhal anſwere for my defence. If parhappes ſome miſlike the ſtate-lineſſe of ſtile remoued from the rude ſkill of common eares: I aſke help of the learned to defend their learned friendes, the authors of this work: And I exhort the vnlearned, by reding to learne to be more ſkilfull, and to purge that ſwinelike groſſeneſſe, that maketh the ſwete maierome not to ſmell to their delight.

¹ *To the reder.*

² *woorkers*

[POEMS BY HENRY HOWARD,
EARL OF SURREY.]

*Description of the restlesse state of a louer,
with fute to his ladie, to rue on his
dyng hart.*



He sonne hath twise brought furth his tender grene,
And¹ clad the earth in liuely lustinesse :
Ones haue the windes the trees despoiled clene,
And new² again begins their cruelnesse,
Since I haue hid vnder my brest the harm
That neuer shall recouer healthfulnesse.
The winters hurt recouers with the warm :
The parched grene restored is with the³ shade.
What warmth (alas) may serue for to difarm
The frosen hart that mine in flame hath made ?
What colde againe is able to restore
My fresh grene yeares, that wither thus and fade ?
Alas, I fe, nothing hath hurt so fore,
But time in time reduceth a returne :
In time my harm increaseth more and more,
And femes to haue my cure alwaies in sorne.
Strange kindes of death, in life that I doe trie,
At hand to melt, farre of in flame to burne.
And like as time list to my cure aply,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
All thing aliue, that seeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer, and excuse
It self from trauail of the dayes vnrest,
Saue I, alas, against all others vse,
That then stirre vp the tormentes of my brest,
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate.
And when the sonne hath eke the dark opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The trauailes of mine endles smart and payn,
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more couertly to playn,
And me withdraw from euery haunted place,

¹ Twise

² ones

³ om the.

Left by my chere my chance appere to playn :
 And in my minde I measure pace by pace,
 'To feke the place where I my self had lost,
 That day that I was tangled in the lace,
 In femyng slack that knitteth euer most :
 But neuer yet the trauaile of my thought
 Of better state coulde catche a cause to boſt.
 For if I found ſometime that I haue fought,
 Thoſe ſterres by whome I truſted of the porte,
 My fayles doe fall, and I aduance right nought,
 As ankerd faſt, my ſprettes¹ doe all reſorte
 To ſtande agazed, and ſinke in more and more
 The deadly harme which ſhe dothe take in ſport.
 Lo, if I feke, how I doe finde my fore :
 And yf I flee I carie with me ſtill
 The venomde ſhaft, which dothe his force reſtore
 By haſt of flight, and J may plaine my fill
 Vnto my ſelfe, vnleſſe this carefull ſong
 Printe in your harte ſome parcell of my tenc
 For I, alas, in ſilence all to long
 Of myne olde hurte yet fele the wounde but grene.
 Rue on my life: or els your cruell wronge
 Shall well appere, and by my death be ſene.

*Description of Spring, wherein eche thing
renewes, ſaue onelie the louer.*

THe ſoote ſeaſon, that bud and blome furth bringes,
 With grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale :
The nightingale with fethers new ſhe ſinges :
 The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale :
 Somer is come, for euery ſpray nowe ſpringes,
 The hart hath hong his olde hed on the pale :
 The buck in brake his winter cote he ſinges :
 The fiſhes flote² with newe repaired ſcale :
 The adder all her ſloughe awaye ſhe ſinges :
 The ſwift ſwalow purſueth the flies ſmale :
 The buſy bee her honye now ſhe minges :

¹ ſprites.

² flete.

Winter is worne that was the flowers bale :
 And thus I see among these pleasaunt thinges
 Eche care decayes, and yet my forow springes.

Description of the restlesse state of a louer.

WHen youth had led me halfe the race,
 That Cupides scourge me causde to runne,¹
 I loked back to mete the place,
 From whence my wery course begonne.

And then I sawe how my desire
 Misguiding me had led the way :
 Mine eyen to gredy of their hire,
 Had made me lose a better pray.

For when in fighes I spent the day,
 And could not cloke my grieffe with game,
 The boiling smoke did still bewray
 The perfaunt heate of secreete flame.

And when salt teares doe bayne my brest,
 Where loue his pleasaunt traines hath fowen
 Her bewty hath the fruites opprest,
 Ere that the buds were spronge and blowen.

And when myne eyen dyd styll pursue
 The flying chace that was their quest,²
 Their gredy lokes dyd oft renewe.
 The hidden wound within my brest.

When euery loke these chekes might staine,
 From deadly pale to glowing red :
 By outward signes appered plaine,
 The woe wherin my hart was fed.³

But all to late loue learneth me,
 To painte all kinde of colours new,
 To blinde their eyes that els shoulde see,
 My speckled chekes with Cupides hewe.

And nowe the couert brest I claime,
 That worshipt Cupide secretely :
 And norished his sacred flame,
 From whence no blasfing sparkes doe flye.

¹ That Cupides scourge had made me runne :

² The flying chace of their request

³ To her for help my hart was fled.

*Description of the fickle affections pangues
and sleightes of loue.*

SVche waiward waies hath loue, that most part in discord
Our willes do stand, whereby our hartes but feldom doe
accord,

Difceit is¹ his delight, and to begile, and mock [strok,
The simple hartes whom he doth strike with froward diuers

He makes the one² to rage with golden burning dart,
And doth alay with leaden colde agayn the other hart.

Whote glemes of burnyng fire, and easy sparkes of flame
In balance of vnegall weight he pondereth by aime.

From easy forde, where I might wade and passe ful wel,
He me withdrawes, and doth me driue into a depe dark hel,

And me withholdes where I am calde and offred place,
And willes me that my mortall foe I doe beseke of grace :

He lettes me to pursue a conquest welnere wonne,
To folow where my paines were lost ere that my fuite begonne.

So by this meanes I know how soone a hart may turne,
From warre to peace, from truce to strife, and so againe returne,

I know how to content my self in others lust,
Of litle stuffe vnto my self to weaue a webbe of trust :

And how to hide my harmes with soft difsembling chere,
When in my face the painted thoughtes would outwardly apere.

I know how that the blood forsakes the face for dred :
And how by shame it stains again the chekes with flaming red.

I know vnder the grene the serpent how he lurkes.
The hammer of the restles forge I wote eke how it wurkes.

I know and can by roate the tale that I would tel :
But oft the wordes came³ furth awrie of him that loueth wel.

I know in heat and colde the louer how he shakes :
In singing how he doth complain, in slepyng how he wakes :

To languish without ache, fickleffe for to consume :
A thousand things for to deuise resoluing all in fume.

And though he list to se his ladies grace ful fore,
Such pleasures as delight the⁴ eye doe not his health restore.

I know to feke the track of my desired foe,
And feare to finde that I do feke. But chiefly this I know,

¹ in² He causeth thone³ come⁴ his

That louers must transforme into the thing beloued,
 And liue (alas who would beleue?) with sprite from life removed,
 I know in hartie sighes, and laughers of the splene,
 At once to change my state, my wyll, and eke my coloure clene.
 I know how to deceaue my self with others help :
 And how the Lion chastised is by beating of the whelp.
 In standyng nere my fire I know how that I freze.
 Farre of I burne, in both I wast, and so my life I leze.
 I know how loue doth rage vpon a yelding mynde :
 How smal a net may take and meash a hart of gentle kinde :
 Or els with feldom fwete to season heapes of gall,
 Reuiued with a glimse of grace olde sorowes to let fall,
 The hidden traines I know, and secreet snares of loue :
 How soone a loke wil printe a thought, that neuer may remoue.
 The flipper state I know, the sodain turnes from wealth,
 The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and fure despeire of health.

*Complaint of a louer, that defied loue, and was
 by loue after the more tormented.*

When fommer toke in hand the winter to affail, [quail,
 With force of might, and vertue gret, his stormy blasts to
 And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene,
 And euery tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene :
 Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood dyd stur
 Me to withdraw my winter woe¹, that kept within the dore.
 Abrode, quod my desire : assay to fet thy fote, [rote.
 Where thou shalt finde the fauour sweete : for sprong is euery
 And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
 Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to fele a space.
 There shalt thou here and se all kindes of birdes ywrought,
 Well tune their voice with warble smal, as nature hath them
 tought.
 Thus pricked me my lust the fluggish house to leaue :
 And for my health I thought it best suche counsail to receaue.
 So on a morow furth, vnwist of any wight,
 I went to proue how well it would my heauy burden light.
 And when I felt the aire so pleafant round about,

Lorde, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out.

There might I fe how Ver had euery bloffom hent :
And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went.

And in their songes me thought they thanked nature much,
That by her lycence all that yere to loue their happe was such,

Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout:
With much reioyng to their Lord thus flew they all about.

Which when I gan resolue, and in my head conceaue,
What pleasant life, what heapes of ioy these litle birdes receue,
And fawe in what estate I wery man was brought,

By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at nought:

Lorde how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane.

I curfled loue, and him defied: I thought to turne the streame.

But whan I well behelde he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercie for my fault, that so transgrest his law.

Thou blinded god (quoth I) forgeue me this offense,
Vnwillingly¹ I went about to malice thy pretense.

Wherewith he gaue a beck, and thus me thought he swore,
Thy forow ought suffice to purge thy faulte, if it were more.

The vertue of which founde mine hart did so reuiue,
That I, me thought, was made as hole as any man aliue.

But here ye² may perceiue mine errour all and some,
For that I thought that so it was: yet was it still vndone:

And all that was no more but mine empresse³ mynde,
That fayne woulde haue some good relefe of Cupidewel affinde.

I turned home forthwith, and might perceiue it well,
That he agreued was right fore with me for my rebell.

My harmes haue euer since increafed more and more,
And I remaine, without his help, vndone for euer more.

A miror let me be vnto ye louers all:

Striue not with loue: for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

Complaint of a louer rebuked.

Loue that liueth, and reigneth in my thought,
That built his feat within my captiue brest,
Clad in the armes, wherin with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She, that me taught to loue, and suffer payne,

¹ Vnwisitngly

² I

³ expressed

My doutfull hope, and eke my hote defyre,
 With shamefast cloke to shadowe and refraine,
 Her smilyng grace conuerteth straight to yre.
 And cowarde Loue then to the hart apace
 Taketh his flight, whereas he lurkes, and plaines
 His purpose lost, and dare not shewe his face.
 For my lordes gilt thus faultlesse byde I paynes.
 Yet from my lorde shall not my foote remoue,
 Swete is his death, that takes his end by loue.

Complaint of the louer disdained

IN Ciprus, springes (whereas dame Venus dwelt)
 A well so hote, that whofo¹ tastes the fame,
 Were he of stone, as thawed yse should melt,
 And kindled fynde his brest with fired flame.
 Whose moyst poyson dissolued hath my hate.²
 This³ creeping fire my colde lims so opprest,⁴
 That in the hart that harborde freedome late,⁵
 Endlesse despeyre longe thraldome hath imprest.
 An other so colde in frozen yse is founde,⁶
 Whose chilling venom of repugnant kynde
 The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde :
 And with the spot of change infectes the minde :
 Whereof my dere hath tasted, to my paine.
 My seruice thus is growen into disdaine.⁷

Description and praise of his loue Geraldine.

From Tuskanie came my Ladies worthy race :
 Faire Florence was sometyme her auncient seate :
 The Western yle, whose pleasaunt shore dothe face
 Wilde Cambers clifs, did geue⁸ her liuely heate :
 Fostered she was with milke of Irishe brest :

1 A Well so hotte is, that who 2 hart 3 With 4 ar supprest,
 5 Feeleth the hart that harborde freedome smart,
 6 An other well of frosen yse is founde,
 7 Wherby my seruice growes into disdaine. 8 furst gaue

Her fire, an Erle : her dame, of princes blood.
 From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest¹,
 With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.²
 Honfdon did first present her to mine yien :
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight.
 Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine :
 And Windfor, alas, dothe chafe me from her fight.
 Her beauty of kind her vertues from aboue.
 Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue.

The frailtie and hurtfulnes of beautie.

BRittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,
 Wherof the gift is small, and short the season,
 Flowring to-day, to morowe apt to faile,
 Tickell treasure abhorred of reason,
 Daungerous to dele with, vaine, of none auaille,
 Costly in keping, past not worthe two peason,
 Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile,
 Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason,
 Jewel of ieopardie that perill dothe assaile,
 Falso and vntrue, enticed oft to treason,
 Enmy to youth : that most may I bewaile.
 Ah bitter swete infecting as the poyson :
 Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken,
 To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

A complaint by night of the louer not beloued.

ALas so all thinges nowe doe holde their peace.
 Heauen and earth disturbed in nothing :
 The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their song doe cease :
 The nightes chare the starres aboute dothe bring :
 Calme is the Sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse :
 So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great encrease
 Of my desires, whereat I wepe and fyng,

¹ did she rest,

² With a kinges child, who tasteth ghostly food.

In ioye and wo, as in a doutfull ease.
 For my fwete thoughtes fometyme doe pleasure bring:
 But by and by the cause of my diseafe
 Geues me a pang, that inwardly dothe sting,
 When that I thinke what grieffe it is againe,
 To liue and lacke the thing should ridde my paine.

*How eche thing faue the louer in spring
 reuiueth to pleasure.*

WHen Windfor walles susteyned my wearied arme,
 My hande my chin, to ease my restlesse hed:
 The pleasant plot¹ reuested green with warme,
 The blossomd bowes with lusty Ver yspred,
 The flowred meades, the wedded birdes so late
 Mines eyes discouer: and to my minde reforte
 The ioly woes, the hatelesse shorte debate,
 The rakehell lyfe that longes to loues disporte.
 Wherewith (alas) the heauy charge of care
 Heapt in my brest breakes forth against my will,
 In smoky sighes, that ouercast the ayer.
 My vapord eyes suche drery teares distill,
 The tender spring whiche quicken where they fall,
 And I halfebent to throwe me downe withall.

*Vow to loue faithfully howsoever he be
 rewarded.*

SEt me wheras the funne doth parche the grene,
 Or where his beames do not dissolue the yse:
 In temperate heate where he is felt and sene:
 In prefence prest of people madde or wife.
 Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree:
 In longest night, or in the shorrest daye:
 In clearest skye, or where clowdes thickest be:
 In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye.

¹ Set pleasant plots

Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
 In hyll, or dale, or in the fomyng flood :
 Thrall, or at large, aliuie where so I dwell :
 Sicke, or in health : in euyl fame, or good.
 Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
 Content my selfe, although my chaunce be nought.

*Complaint that his ladie after she knew of his
 loue kept her face alway hidden from him.*

Neuer sawe my Ladye laye apart
 Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
 Sith first she knew my grieffe was growen so great,
 Which other fanfies driueth from my hart
 That to my selfe I do the thought referue,
 The which vnwares did wounde my wofull brest :
 But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest,
 Yet, fins she knew¹ I did her loue and ferue
 Her golden tresses² cladde alway with blacke,
 Her smilyng lokes that³ hid thus euermore,
 And that restraines whiche I desire so fore.
 So dothe this cornet gouerne me⁴ alacke :
 In fomer, sunne : in winters breath, a⁵ frost :
 Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

Request to his loue to ioyne bountie with beautie.

He golden gift that nature did thee geue,
 To fasten frendes, and fede them at thy wyll,
 With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue,
 How thou art made to shew her greatest skill.
 Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknown,
 But liuely domes might gather at the first⁶
 Where beautye so her perfect feede hath fowen,
 Of other graces folow nedes there must.
 Now certesse Ladie⁷, fins all this is true,

¹ Sins that she knew ² tresse is ³ lokes to ⁴ corner gouerne my
⁵ of ⁶ furst ⁷ Now certesse Garret,

That from aboue thy gyfis are thus elect :
 Do not deface them than with fanfies newe,
 Nor change of mindes let not thy minde infect :
 But mercy him thy frende, that doth thee serue,
 Who seekes alway thine honour to preferue.

Prisoned in windfor, he recounteth his pleasure there passed.

SO cruell prifon how coulde betide, alas,
 As proude Windfor? where I in lust and ioye,
 With a kinges sonne, my childishe yeres did passe,
 In greater feast¹ than Priams fonnes of Troy :
 Where eche swete place returns a taste full sower,
 The large grene courtes, where we were wont to houe,
 With eyes cast vp into the maydens tower.
 And easie fighes, such as folke drawe in loue :
 The stately feates, the ladies bright of hewe :
 The daunces thorte, long tales of great delight :
 With wordes and lokes, that tygers coulde but rewe,
 Where eche of vs did pleade the others right :
 The palme play, where, dispoyled for the game,
 With dazed eies oft we by gleames of loue,
 Haue mist the ball, and got fight of our dame,
 To baite her eyes, whiche kept the leads aboue :
 The grauell grounde, with fleues tyed on the helme :
 On fomyng horse, with swordes and frendlye hartes :
 With cheare, as though one should another whelme :
 Where we haue fought, and chafed oft with dartes,
 With siluer droppes the meade yet spred for ruthe,
 In actiue games of nimblenes, and strength,
 Where we did straine, trayned with swarmes of youth,
 Our tender lymmes, that yet shot vp in length :
 The secrete groues, which oft we made refounde
 Of pleasaunt playnt, and of our ladies prayse,
 Recording ofte what grace eche one had founde,
 What hope of speede, what dreade of long delayes :

The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene :
 With rayns auailed, and swift ybreathed horse,
 With crye of houndes, and mery blastes betwene,
 Where we did chafe the fearfull harte of force,
 The wide vales eke, that harborde vs ech night,
 Wherwith (alas) reuiueth in my brest
 The swete accorde : such slepcs as yet delight,
 The pleafant dreames, the quiet bed of rest :
 The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust :
 The wanton talke, the diuers change of play :
 The frendship sworne, eche promise kept so iust :
 Wherwith we past the winter night¹ away.
 And, with this thought, the bloud forsakes the face,
 The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe :
 The whiche as sone as fobbyng fighes (alas)
 Vpsupped haue, thus I my plaint renewe :
 O place of blisse, renuer of my woes,
 Geue me accompt, where is my noble fere :
 Whom in thy walles thou doest eche night enclose,
 To other leefe, but vnto me most dere.
 Eccho (alas) that dothe my forow rewe,
 Returns therto a hollow founde of playnte.
 Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
 In prison pyne, with bondage and restrainte,
 And with remembrance of the greater greefe
 To banishe the lesse, I find my chief releefe.

*The louer comforteth himself with the
 worthinesse of his loue.*

WHen ragyng loue with extreme payne
 Most cruelly distrains my hart :
 When that my teares, as floudes of rayne,
 Beare witnes of my wofull smart :
 When fighes haue wasted so my breath,
 That I lye at the poynte of death :
 I call to minde the nauye greate,
 That the Greekes brought to Troye towne :

¹ nightes

And how the boysteous windes did beate
 Their shyps, and rente their sayles adowne,
 Till Agamemnons daughters bloode
 Appeafde the goddes, that them withstode.

And how that in those ten years warre,
 Full many a bloudye dede was done,
 And many a lord, that came full farre,
 There caught his bane (alas) to fone :
 And many a good knight ouerronne,
 Before the Grekes had Helene wonne.

Then thinke I thus : fithे fuche repayre,
 So longe time warre of valiant men,
 Was all to winne a ladye fayre :
 Shall I not learne to suffer then,
 And thinke my life well spent to be,
 Seruyng a worthier wight than she ?

Therefore I neuer will repent,
 But paynes contented stil endure.
 For like as when, rough winter spent,
 The pleafant spring straight draweth in vre :
 So after ragyng stormes of care
 Joyful at length may be my fare.

*Complaint of the absence of her louer
 being vpon the sea.*

Happy dames, that may embrace
 The frute of your delight,
 Help to bewaile the wofull cafe,
 And eke the heauy plight
 Of me, that wanted to reioyce
 The fortune of my pleafant choyce :
 Good Ladies, help to fill my moorning voyce.

In ship, freight with remembrance
 Of thoughts, and pleasures past,
 He failes that hath in gouernance
 My life, while it wil laft :
 With scalding fighes, for lack of gale,

Furdering his hope, that is his fail
 Toward me, the fwete port of his auail.
 Alas, how oft in dreames I fe
 Thofe eyes, that were my food,
 Which fomtime fo delited me,
 That yet they do me good.
 Wherwith I wake with his returne,
 Whose abfent flame did make me burne.
 But when I find the lacke, Lord how I mourne?
 When other louers in armes acroffe,
 Reioyce their chiefe delight :
 Drowned in teares to mourne my losse,
 I ftand the bitter night,
 In my window, where I may fee,
 Before the windes how the cloudes flee.
 Lo, what a mariner loue hath made me.
 And in grene waues when the falt flood
 Doth rife, by rage of winde :
 A thoufand fanfies in that mood
 Affayle my reftleffe mind.
 Alas, now drencheth my fwete fo,
 That with the fpoyle of my hart did go,
 And left me but (alas) why did he fo?
 And when the feas waxe calme againe,
 To chafe fro me annoye.
 My doutfull hope doth caufe me plaine :
 So dreade cuts of my ioie.
 Thus is my wealth mingled with wo,
 And of ech thought a dout doth growe,
 Now he comes, will he come? alas, no no.

*Complaint of a diyng louer refused vpon his
 ladies iniuft mistaking of his writyng.*

IN winters iuft returne, when Boreas gan his raigne,
 And euery tree vnclodhed fast, as nature taught them plaine :
 In mifty morning darke, as sheepe are then in holde,

I hyed me fast, it fat me on, my sheepe for to vnfolde.
 And as it is a thing, that louers haue by fittes,
 Vnder a palm I heard one crye, as he had lost hys wittes.
 Whose voice did ring so shrill, in vttering of his plaint,
 That I amazed was to hear, how loue could hym attaint.
 Ah wretched man (quod he) come death, and ridde thys wo:
 A iust reward, a happy end, if it may chaunce thee so.
 Thy pleasures past haue wrought thy wo, without redresse.
 If thou hadst neuer felt no ioy, thy smart had bene the lesse.
 And retchlesse of his life, he gan both fighe and grone,
 A ruffull thing me thought, it was, to hear him make such mone.
 Thou curfed pen (sayd he) wo worth the bird thee bare,
 The man, the knife, and all that made thee, wo beto their share.
 Wo worth the time, and place, where I so could endite.
 And wo be it yet once agayne, the pen that so can write.
 Vnhappy hand, it had ben happy time for me,
 If, when to write thou learned first, vnioynted hadst thou be.
 Thus curfed he himself, and euery other wight, [night.
 Saue her alone whom loue him bound to ferue both day and
 Which when I heard, and saw, how he himselfe fordid,
 Against the ground with bloody strokes, himselfe euen there to rid:
 Had ben my heart of flint, it must haue melted tho:
 For in my life I neuer saw a man so full of wo.
 With teares, for his redresse, I rashly to him ran,
 And in my armes I caught him fast, and thus I spake hym than.
 What wofull wight art thou, that in such heauy case
 Tormentes thy selfe with such despite, here in this desert place?
 Wherwith, as all agast, fulfilled wyth ire, and dred,
 He cast on me a staring loke, with colour pale, and ded.
 Nay, what art thou (quod he) that in this heauy plight,
 Doest finde me here, most wofull wretch, that life hath in de-
 I am (quoth I) but poore, and simple in degre: [spight:
 A shepardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be.
 With that he gaue a fighe, as though the skye should fall:
 And lowd (alas) he shryked oft, and Shepard, gan he call,
 Come, hie the fast at ones, and print it in thy hart:
 So thou shalt know, and I shall tell the, giltlesse how I smart.
 His backe against the tree, fore febled all with faint,
 With weary sprite hee stretcht him vp: and thus hee told his plaint.

Ones in my hart (quoth he) it chanced me to loue [proue.
 Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her cunning for to
 And fure I can not say, but many yeres were spent,
 With fuch good will fo recompens't, as both we were content.
 Wherto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
 The fonne should runne his courfe awry, ere we this faith forgo.
 Who ioied then, but I? who had this worldes bliffe?
 Who might compare a life to mine, that neuer thought on this?
 But dwelling in thys truth, amid my greatest ioy,
 Is me befallen a greater losse, than Priam had of Troy.
 She is reuerfed clene: and beareth me in hand, [band.
 That my desertes haue giuen her cause to break thys faithful
 And for my iust excuse auaieth no defense.
 Now knowest thou all: I can no more, but shepard, hye the hense:
 And giue him leaue to die, that may no lenger liue:
 Whose record lo I claime to haue, my death, I doe forgive.
 And eke when I am gone, be bolde to speake it plain:
 Thou hast seen dye the truest man, that euer loue did pain.
 Wherwith he turned him round, and gasping oft for breath,
 Into his armes a tree he raught, and fayd, welcome my death:
 Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer vnto me,
 Than should, without her loue to liue, an emperour to be.
 Thus, in this wofull state, he yelded vp the ghost:
 And little knoweth his lady, what a louer she hath lost.
 Whose death when I beheld, no maruail was it, right
 For pitie though my heart did blede, to see so piteous fight.
 My blood from heat to colde oft changed wonders fore:
 A thousand troubles there I found I neuer knew before.
 Twene dread, and dolour fo my sprites were brought in feare,
 That long it was ere I could call to minde, what I did there,
 But, as eche thing had¹ end, so had these paynes of mine:
 The furies past, and I my wits restord by length of time.
 Then, as I could deuise, to feke I thought it best,
 Where I might finde some worthy place, for such a corse to rest.
 And in my mind it came: from thence not farre away,
 Where Chreseids loue, king Priams sonne, ye worthy Troilus
 By him I made his tomb, in token he was trew: [lay.
 And, as to him belonged well, I couered it with bleew.
 Whose foule, by Angels power, departed not so sone,
 But to the heauens, lo it fled, for to receiue his dome.

¹ hath

*Complaint of the absence of her louer
being vpon the sea.*

GOOD Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile, [while
Step in your foote, come take a place, and moorne with me a
And such as by their lordes do fet but little price,
Let them sit still: it skillles them not what chance come on ye dice.
But ye whom loue hath bound by ordre of desire [quire :
To loue your lords, whose good desertes none other wold re-
Come ye yet ones again, and fet your foote by mine,
Whose wofull plight and forrowes great no tong may wel define.
My loue and lord, alas, in whom consistes my wealth,
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazarde of his health.
Whome I was wont tembrace with well contented minde
Is nowe amidde the foming floods at pleasure of the winde.
Where God well him preferue, and sone him home me fend.
Without which hope, my life (alas) wer shortly at an end.
Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me plaine,
With short returne he comes anon, yet ceasith not my payne.
The fearfull dreames I haue, oft times do greue me so :
That when I wake, I lye in doute, where they be true, or no.
Sometime the roring seas (me femes) do grow so hye :
That my dere Lord (ay me alas) me thinkes I se him die.
Another time the same doth tell me : he is cumme :
And playeng, where I shall him find with his faire little sonne,
So forth I go apace to se that leeffom sight.
And with a kisse, me think, I say: welcome my lord, my knight:
Welcome my fwete, alas, the stay of my welfare.
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me, and my care.
Then liuely doth he loke, and salueth me againe,
And faith: my dere, how is it now, that you haue all thys paine?
Wherwith the heauy cares: that heapt are in my brest.
Breake forth, and me dischargen clene of all my huge vnrest.
But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreame,
The anguishe of my former wo beginneth more extreme :
And me tormenteth so, that vnneath may I finde
Sum hidden place, wherein to flake the gnawing of my mind,*

[* Some lines apparently left out here.]

Thus euery way you fe, with abfence how I burn :
 And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good return.
 Saue whan I think, by fowre how fwete is felt the more :
 It doth abate fom of my paines, that I abode before.
 And then vnto my felf I fay : when we fhall meete.
 But litle while fhall feme this paine, the ioy fhall be fo fwete.
 Ye windes, I you coniure in chiefest of your rage,
 That ye my lord me fafely fende, my forowes to affwage :
 And that I may not long abide in this exceffe.
 Do your good will, to cure a wight, that liueth in diftreffe.

*A praise of his loue: wherin he reproueth
 them that compare their Ladies
 with his.*

Gue place ye louers, here before
 That spent your boftes and bragges in vaine :
 My Ladies beawtie paffeth more
 The beft of yours, I dare well fayen,
 Than doth the fonne, the candle light :
 Or brighteft day, the darkeft night.
 And thereto hath a trothe as iuft,
 As had Penelope the fayre.
 For what ſhe faith, ye may it truſt,
 As it by writing sealed were.
 And vertues hath ſhe many moe,
 Than I with pen haue ſkill to ſhowe.
 I could rehearſe, if that I wolde,
 The whole effect of natures plaint,
 When ſhe had loſt the perfit mold,
 The like to whom ſhe could not paint :
 With wringng handes howe ſhe dyd cry,
 And what ſhe ſaid, I know it, I.
 I knowe, ſhe ſwore with ragyng mynd :
 Her kingdom onely ſet apart,
 There was no loſſe, by loue of kind,¹
 That could haue gone ſo nere her hart.

¹ There was no loſſe, by lawe of kinde,

And this was chiefly all her payne :
She coulde not make the lyke agayne.

Sith nature thus gaue her the prayfe,
To be the chiefest worke she wrought :
In faith, me thinke, some better waies
On your behalfe might well be fought,
Then to compare (as ye haue done)
To matche the candle with the sonne.

To the Ladie that scorned her louer.

Although I had a check,
To geue the mate is hard.
For I haue found a neck,
To kepe my men in gard.
And you that hardy ar
To geue so great assay
Vnto a man of warre,
To driue his men away,
I rede you, take good hede,
And marke this foolish verse :
For I will so prouide,
That I will haue your ferse.
And when your ferse is had,
And all your warre is done :
Then shall your selfe be glad
To ende that you begon.
For yf by chance I winne
Your person in the feeld :
To late then come you in
Your selfe to me to yeld.
For I will vse my power,
As captain full of might,
And such I will deuour,
As vse to shew me spight.

And for because you gaue
Me checke in such degre,
This vantage loe I haue :
Now checke, and garde to the.

Defend it, if thou may :
Stand stiffe, in thine estate.
For fure I will assay,
If I can giue the mate.

*A warning to the louer how he is abused by
his loue.*

TO dearly had I bought my grene and youthfull yeres,
If in mine age I could not finde when craft for loue apperes
And feldom though I come in court among the rest :
Yet can I iudge in colours dim as depe as can the best.
Where grefe tormentes the man that suffreth secret smart,
To breke it forth vnto som frend it easeth well the hart.
So standes it now with me for my beloued frend.¹
This case is thine for whom I fele such torment of my minde.
And for thy sake I burne so in my secret brest
That till thou know my hole disseyse my hart can haue no rest.
I fe how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy desire, and folowes the by fittes.
Where thou hast loued so long with hart and all thy power.
I fe thee fed with fayned wordes, thy fredom to deuour.
I know, (though she say nay, and would it well withstand)
When in her grace thou held the most, she bare the but in hand.
I see her pleasant chere in chiefest of thy suite :
Whan thou art gone, I fe him come, that gathers vp the fruite.
And eke in thy respect I fe the base degre
Of him to whom she gaue the hart that promised was to the.
I fe (what would you more) flode neuer man so fure
On womans word, but wisedome would mistrust it to endure.

The forsaken louer describeth and forsaketh loue.

DLothsome place where I
Haue sene and herd my dere,
When in my hert her eye

¹ So standes it now with me for my well beloued frend.

Hath made her thought appere,
 By glimfing with fuch grace
 As fortune it ne would,
 That laften any fpace
 Betwene vs lenger fould.

As fortune did auance,
 To further my defire :
 Euen fo hath fortunes chance
 Thrownen all ammiddes the myre.
 And that I haue deferued
 With true and faithful hart,
 Is to his handes referued
 That neuer felt the fmart.

But happy is that man,
 That fcaped hath the grieffe
 That loue well teche him can
 By wanting his relieffe.
 A fcourge to quiet mindes
 It is, who taketh hede,
 A comon plage that bindes,
 A trauell without mede.

This gift it hath alfo,
 Who fo enioies it moft,
 A thoufand troubles¹ grow
 To vexe his weried ghof.
 And laft it may not long
 The trueft thing of all
 And fure the greateft wrong
 That is within this thrall.

But fins thou defert place
 Canft giue me no accompt
 Of my defired grace
 That I to haue was wont,
 Farewel thou haft me tought
 To thinke me not the furft,
 That loue hath fet aloft.
 And caften in the duft.

¹ troubles

The louer describes his restlesse state.

AS oft as I behold and fe
 The foueraigne bewtie that me bound :
 The nier my comfort is to me,
 Alas the fresher is my wound.

As flame doth quenche by rage of fire,
 And running stremes consume by raine :
 So doth the fight, that I desire,
 Appease my grief and deadely paine,
 First when I saw those cristall streames,
 Whose bewtie made my mortall wound :
 I little thought within her beames
 So swete a venom to haue found.

But wilfull will did prick me forth,
 And blind Cupide did whippe and guide :
 Force made me take my grieffe in worth :
 My fruitles hope my harme did hide.

As cruell waues full oft be found
 Against the rockes to rore and cry :
 So doth my hart full oft rebound
 Ageinst my brest full bitterly.

I fall, and fe mine own decay,
 As on that beares flame in hys brest,
 Forgets in paine to put away
 The thing that bredeth mine vnrest.

The louer excuseth himself of suspected change.

THough I regarded not
 The promise made by me,
 Or passed not to spot
 My faith and honeste :
 Yet were my fancie strange,
 And wilfull will to wite,
 If I fought now to change
 A falkon for a kite.

All men might well dispraise

My wit and enterprife,
If I esteemed a pefe
Aboue a perle in price :
Or iudged the oule in fight
The sparehauke to excell,
Which flieth but in the night.
As all men know right well :
Or if I fought to faile
Into the brittle port,
Where anker hold doth faile,
To fuch as doe refort,
And leaue the hauen fure,
Where blowes no bluftring winde,
Nor fickelneffe in vre
So farforth as I finde.

No, thinke me not fo light,
Nor of fo chorliff kinde,
Though it lay in my might
My bondage to vnbinde,
That I would leue the hinde
To hunt the ganders fo.
No no I haue no minde
To make exchanges fo :

Nor yet to change at all.
For think it may not be
That I fould feke to fall
From my felicite,
Defyrous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin :
How may all this be fo ?

The fire it can not freze:
For it is not his kinde,
Nor true loue cannot lefe
The conftance of the minde,
Yet as fone fhall the fire
Want heat to blaze and burn,
As I in fuch defire,
Haue once a thought to turne.

*A carelesse man, scorning and describing, the futtle
vsage of women towarde their louers.*

WRapt in my carelesse cloke, as I walke¹ to and fro :
I fe, how loue can shew, what force there reigneth in
his bow

And howl he shoteth eke, a hardy hart to wound :
And where he glanceth by agayne, that litle hurt is found.
For feldom is it fene, he woundeth hartes alike.
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to feke.
All this I fe, with more : and wonder thinketh me :
Howe he can strike the one so fore, and leaue the other fre.
I fe, that wounded wight, that suffreth all this wrong :
How he is fed with yeas, and naves, and liueth all to long.
In filence though I kepe such secretes to my self :
Ye do I fe, how she somtime doth yeld a loke by sleth :
As though it seemed, ywys I will not lose the fo.
When in her hart so swete a thought did neuer truely go.²
Then fay I thus : alas, that man is farre from blisse :
That doth receiue for his relief none other gayn, but this.
And she, that fedes him so, I fele, and finde it plain :
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer such can reign.
Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinkes, that he,
A weried man is fully bent such fanfies to let flie :
Then to retain him stil she wraeth new her grace, [brace.
And smileth lo, as though she would forthwith the man em-
But when the prooffe is made to try such lokes withall :
He findeth then the place all voyde, and fraighted full of gall.
Lord what abuse is this ? who can such women praise ?
That for their glory do deuise to vse such crafty wayes.
I, that among the rest do sit, and mark the row,
Fynde, that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty mo.
Whose tender yeres, alas, with wyles so well are spedde :
What will she do, when hory heares are powdred in her hedde ?

[In the Second Edition, the poem at p. 198, entitled *A dissembling louer*, is transposed here under the title of *An answer in the behalfe of a woman*, (to the above poem by Surrey,) *Of an vncertain aucthor*.

After which in the same edition, follow three of the poems, added by way of postscript to the First edition, see pp. 215-20, viz. :—

¹ walkt	<i>Syn fortunes wrath enuieth the welth,</i>	see p. 215.
² grow	<i>Eche beast can chose hys fere according to hys minde</i>	see p. 218.
	<i>If care do cause men cry, why do I not complaine.</i>	see p. 220.

The meanes to attain happy life.

MArtiall, the thinges that do attayn
 The happy life, be these, I finde.
 The richesse left, not got with pain :
 The frutefull ground : the quiet mynde :
 The egall frend, no grudge, no strife :
 No charge of rule, nor gouernance :
 Without diseafe the healthfull lyfe :
 The houshold of continuance :
 The meane diet, no delicate fare :
 Trew wifdom ioyned with simpleneffe :
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppresse :
 The faithful wife, without debate :
 Suche slepes, as may begyle the night :
 Contented with thine owne estate,
 Ne wifh for death, ne feare his might.

Praise of meane and constant estate.

OF thy lyfe, Thomas, this compasse well mark.
 Not aye with full fayles the hye seas to beat :
 Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes dark,
 On shalow shores thy keel in perill freat.
 Who so gladly halfeth the golden meane,
 Voyde of dangers aduifdly hath his home
 Not with lothfom muck, as a den vncleane :
 Nor palacelyke, wherat disdayn may glome.
 The lofty pyne the great winde often riues :
 With violenter swey falne turrets stepe :
 Lightnings assault the hye mountains, and cliues.
 A hart well stayd, in ouerthwartes depe,
 Hopeth amendes : in swete, doth feare the fowre.
 God, that fendeth, withdraweth winter sharp.
 Now ill, not aye thus : once Phebus to lowre
 With bow vnbennt shall cesse, and frame to harp.

His voyce. In ftraite eftate appere thou flout :
 And fo wifely, when lucky gale of winde
 All thy puft failes fhall fil, loke well about :
 Take in a ryft : haft is waft, profe doth finde.

*Praise of certain pſalmes of Dauid, trans-
 lated by fir T. W. the elder.*

THe great Macedon, that out of Perſie chafed
 Darius, of whoſe huge power all Aſie rong,
 In the rich ark dan Homers rimes he placed,
 Who fayned geſtes of heathen princes ſong.
 What holy graue? what worthy ſepulture
 To Wiattes Pſalmes ſhould Chriſtians then purchaſe?
 Where he doth paint the liuely faith, and pure,
 The ſtedfaſt hope, the ſwete returne to grace
 Of iuſt Dauid, by perſite penitence.
 Where rulers may ſe in a mirroure clere
 The bitter frute of falſe concupiſcence :
 How Iewry bought Vrias death full dere.
 In princes hartes gods ſcourage imprinted depe,
 Ought them awake, out of their ſinfull ſlepe.

Of the death of the ſame fir T. W.

DYuers thy death doe diuerſly bemone.
 Some, that in preſence of thy liuelyhed
 Lurked, whoſe breſtes enuy with hate had ſwolne,
 Yeld Ceafars teares vpon Pompeius hed.
 Some, that watched with the murderers knife,
 With egre thirſt to drink thy gitleſſe blood,
 Whoſe practiſe brake by happy ende of lyfe,
 Wepe¹ enuious teares to heare thy fame ſo good.
 But I, that knew what harbred in that hed :
 What vertues rare were temperd in that breſt :
 Honour the place, that ſuch a iewell bred,

¹ With

And kisse the ground, whereas thy corse doth rest,
 With vapord eyes : from whence such streames auayl,
 As Pyramus dyd on Thisbes brest bewail.

Of the same.

W. resteth here, that quick could neuer rest :
 Whose heauenly giftes encreased by disdayn,
 And vertue sank the deper in his brest.

Such profit he by enuy could obtain.

A hed, where wisdom misteries did frame :
 Whose hammers bet styll in that liuely brayn,
 As on a stithe : where that some work of fame
 Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gayn.

A visage, stern, and myld : where bothe did grow,
 Vice to contemne, in vertue to reioyce :
 Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so,
 To lyue vpright, and smile at fortunes choyce.

A hand, that taught, what might be sayd in ryme :
 That rest Chaucer the glory of his wit :
 A mark, the which (vnparfited, for time)
 Some may approche, but neuer none shall hit.

A tounge, that serued in forein realmes his king :
 Whose courteous talke to vertue did enflame.
 Eche noble hart : a worthy guide to bring
 Our English youth, by trauail, vnto fame.

An eye, whose iudgement none affect could blinde,
 Frenedes to allure, and foes to reconcile :
 Whose perfsing loke did represent a mynde
 With vertue fraught, repofed, voyd of gyle.

A hart, where drede was neuer so imprest,
 To hyde the thought, that might the trouth auance :
 In neyther fortune lost, nor yet represt,
 To swell in wealth, or yeld vnto mischance.

A valiant corps, where force, and beawty met :
 Happy, alas, to happy, but for foes :
 Liued, and ran the race, that nature fet :
 Of manhodes shape, where she the molde did lose.

But to the heauens that simple foule is fled :
 Which left with fuch, as couet Christ to know,
 Witnesse of faith, that neuer shall be ded :
 Sent for our helth, but not receiued fo.
 Thus, for our gilte, this iewel haue we lost :
 The earth his bones, the heauens possesse his goft.

[Here is incorporated in the Second edition, the last of the additional poems at p. 218. *In the rude age when knowledge was not rise.*]

*Of Sardinapalus¹ dishonorable life,
 and miserable death.*

T Hassirian king in peace, with foule desire,
 And filthy lustes, that staynd his regall hart
 In warre that should fet princely hartes on fire :
 Did yeld, vanquisht for want of marciall art.
 The dint of swordes from kisses semed strange :
 And harder, than his ladies fyde, his targe :
 From glutton feastes, to souldiars fare a change :
 His helmet, farre aboue a garlands charge.
 Who scace the name of manhode did retayn,
 Drenched in slouth, and womanish delight,
 Feble of sprite, impacient of pain :
 When he had lost his honor, and his right :
 Proud, time of wealth, in stormes appalled with drede,
 Murthered himself, to shew some manful dede.

*How no age is content with his own estate, and
 how the age of children is the happiest, if
 they had skill to vnderstand it.*

L Ayd in my quiet bed, in study as I were, [appere :
 I saw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes
 And euery thought did shew so liuely in myne eyes, [ryse.
 That now I fighed, and then I smilde, as cause of thought doth²
 I saw the lytle boy in thought, how oft that he

¹ *Sardanapalus*

² dyd

Did wish of god, to scape the rod, a tall yongman to be.
 The yongman eke that feles, his bones with paines opprest,
 How he would be a rich olde man, to lyue, and lye at rest.
 The rich oldman that fees his end draw on so fore,
 How he would be a boy agayn, to liue fomuch the more.
 Wherat full oft I smilde, to se, how all these three, [degree.
 From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change
 And musyng thus I thynk, the case is very strange,
 That man from welth, to lyue in wo, doth euer seke to change.
 Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I saw my wythered skyn, [thyn :
 How it doth show my dented chewes, the flesh was worne so
 And eke my tothelesse chaps, the gates of my rightway,
 That opes and shuts, as I do speake, doe thus vnto me say :
 Thy white and hoarish heares, the messengers of age,
 That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life doth asswage,
 Byds thee lay hand, and fele them hanging on thy chin :
 The whiche do write two ages past, the third now comming in.
 Hang vp therfore the bit of thy yong wanton tyme :
 And thou that therin beaten art, the happiest life define
 Whereat I sighed, and sayd, farewell, my wonted ioy :
 Trusse vp thy pack, and trudge from me to euery litle boy :
 And tell them thus from me, theyr tyme most happy is :
 If, to their time, they reason had to know the trueth of this.

Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me.

THe stormes are past these cloudes are ouerblowne,
 And humble chere great rygour hath repress :
 For the defaute is set a paine foreknowne,
 And pacience graft in a determed brest.
 And in the hart where heapes of griefes were growne,
 The swete reuenge hath planted mirth and rest,
 No company so pleasant as myne owne.
 Thraldom at large hath made his¹ prison fre,
 Danger well past remembered workes delight :
 Of lingring doutes such hope is sprong pardie,
 That nought I finde displeasaunt in my fight :

¹ this

But when my glasse presented vnto me.
 The curelesse wound that bledeth day and nyght,
 To think (alas) such hap should graunted be
 Vnto a wretch that hath no hart to fight,
 To spill that blood that hath so oft bene shed,
 For Britannes fake (alas) and now is ded.

Exhortacion to learne by others trouble.

MY Ratclif, when thy rechlesse¹ youth offendes :
 Receue thy scourge by others chastifement.
 For such callyng, when it workes none amendes :
 Then plages are sent without aduertifement.
 Yet Salomon sayd, the wronged shall recure :
 But Wiat said true, the skarre doth aye endure.

The fansie of a weried louer.

THe fanfy which that I haue serued long,
 That hath alway bene enemy to myne ease,
 Semed of late to rue vpon my wrong,
 And bad me flye the cause of my mifease.
 And I forthwith dyd prease out of the throng,
 That thought by flight my painfull hart to please
 Som other way : tyll I saw faith more strong :
 And to my self I sayd: alas, those dayes
 In vayn were spent, to runne the race so long.
 And with that thought, I met my guyde, that playn
 Out of the way wherin I wandred wrong,
 Brought me amiddes the hylles, in base Bullayn:
 Where I am now, as restlesse to remayn,
 Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

¹ retchlesse

[POEMS BY SIR THOMAS
WYATT, THE ELDER.]

*The louer for shamefastnesse hideth his desire
within his faithfull hart.*



He longe loue, that in my thought I harber,
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner.
She that me learns to loue, and to suffer,
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reuerence,
With his hardinesse takes displeasure.

Wherwith loue to the hartes forest he fleeth,
Leauyng his enterprife with paine and crye,
And there him hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do? when my maister feareth,
But in the field with him to liue and dye,
For good is the life, endyng faithfully.

*The louer waxeth wiser, and will not
die for affection.*



Et was I neuer of your loue agreued,
Nor neuer shall, while that my life doth last :
But of hatyng my self, that date is past
And teares continual fore haue¹ me weried.
I will not yet on² my graue be buried,
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed fast,
As cruel cause, that did my sprite fone hast.
From thunhappy boones by great fighes stirred.
Then if an hart of amorous fayth and will
Content your minde withouten doyng grief :

¹ hath

C

² in

Please it you so to this to do relief.
 It otherwise you seke for to fulfill
 Your wrath : you erre, and shal not as you wene.
 And you your felf the cause therof haue bene.

*The abused louer seeth his foly, and entendeth
 to trust no more.*

WAs neuer file yet half so well yfiled,
 To file a file for any smithes intent,
 As I was made a filyng instrument,
 To frame other, while that I was begiled.
 But reason, loe, bath at my foly smiled,
 And pardoned me, sins that I me repent
 Of my lost' yeres, and of my time mispent.
 For youth led me, and falthod me misguded.
 Yet, this trust I haue of great apparence :
 Sins that disceit is ay returnable,
 Of verye force it is agreable,
 That therwithall be done the recompence.
 Then gile begiled playnd should be neuer,
 And the reward is little trust for euer.

*The louer describeth his being striken with
 sight of his loue.*

He liuely sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
 Against the which there vaileth no defence,
 Haue perst my hart, and done it none offence,
 With quakyng pleasure, more then once or twife.
 Was neuer man could any thing deuise,
 Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
 To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence
 Dased am I, much like vnto the gife
 Of on striken with dint of lightenyng,
 Blind with the stroke, and erryng² here and there.

¹ last

² crying

So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,
 The payne of my fall paciently learnyng.¹
 For streight after the blafe (as is no wonder)
 Of deadly noyse heare I the fearfull thunder.

*The waueryng louer wylleth, and dreadeth,
 to moue his desire.*

SVch vain thought, as wonted to mislead me
 In desert hope by well assured mone,
 Makes me from company to liue alone,
 In folowyng her whom reason bids me fle.
 And after her my heart would faine be gone :
 But armed fighes my way do stop anone,
 Twixt hope and dread lockyng my libertie.
 So fleeth she by gentle crueltie.
 Yet as I gesse vnder disdainfull brow
 One beame of ruth is in her cloudy loke :
 Which comfortes the mind, that erst for fear shoke.
 That bolded straight the way then feke I how
 To vtter forth the smart I bide within :
 But such it is, I not how to begyn.

*The louer hauing dreamed enioying of his
 loue, complaineth that the dreame is
 not either longer or truer.*

VNstable dreame, accordyng to the place,
 Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true.
 By tasted swetenesse, make me not to rew
 The soden losse of thy false fained grace.
 By good respect in such a dangerous case
 Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,
 But madest my sprite to liue my care tencrease,
 My body in tempest her delight timbrace.
 The body dead, the sprite had his desire.

¹ bearing

Painelesse was thone, the other in delight.
 Why then alas did it not kepe it right,
 But thus return to leape in to the fire :
 And where it was at wishe, could not remayne ?
 Such mockes of dreames do turne to deadly payne.

*The louer vnhappy biddeth happy louers
 reioice in Maie, while he waileth that
 moneth to him most unlucky.*

YE that in loue finde luck and swete abundance,
 And lyue in lust of ioyfull iolitie,
 Aryse for shame, do way your sluggardy :
 Arise I say, do May some obseruance :
 Let me in bed lye, dreamyng of mischance.
 Let me remember my missehappes vnhappy,
 That me betide in May most commonly :
 As one whom loue list little to aduance.
 Stephan said true, that my natiuitie
 Mischanced was with the ruler of May.
 He gest (I proue) of that the veritie.
 In May my wealth, and eke my wittes, I say,
 Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie.
 Ioye : let me dreame of your felicitie.

The louer confesseth him in loue with Phillis.

IF waker care : if fodayn pale colour :
 If many fighes, with litle speach to plaine :
 Now ioye, now wo : if they my chere distayne :
 For hope of small, if much to fear therefore,
 To haste, or slack : my pace to lesse, or more :
 Be signe of loue : then do I loue agayne.
 If thou aske whom : sure sins I did refrayne
 Brunet, that fet my welth in such a rore,
 Thunfayned chere of Phillis hath the place,
 That Brunet had : she hath, and euer shall :
 She from my self now hath me in her grace :

She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all :
 My heart alone welworthy she doth stay,
 Without whose helpe skant do I liue a day.

*Of others fained sorrow, and the louers
 fained mirth.*

Efar, when that the traytour of Egypt
 With thonorable hed did him present,
 Coueryng his hartes gladnesse, did represent
 Plaint with his teares outward, as it is writ.
 Eke Hannibal, when fortune him outshyt
 Clene from his reigne, and from all his entent,
 Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,
 His cruel despite for to disgorge and quit.
 So chanceth me, that euery passion
 The minde hideth by colour contrary,
 With fayned vifage, now fad, now mery.
 Wherby, if that I laugh at my¹ feason :
 It is because I haue none other way
 To cloke my care, but vnder sport and play.

Of change in minde.

The man me telth, I change most my deuise :
 And, on my faith, me thinke it good reason
 To change purpose, like after the feason.
 For in ech case to kepe still one guise
 Is mete for them, that would be taken wise.
 And I am not of such maner condicion :
 But treated after a diuers fashion :
 And therupon my diuersnesse doth rise.
 But you, this diuersnesse that blamen most,
 Change you no more, but still after one rate
 Treat you me well : and kepe you in that state.
 And while with me doth dwell this weried gost,
 My word nor I shall not be variable,
 But alwaies one, your owne both firme and stable.

¹ any

*How the louer perisheth in his delight,
as the flie in the fire.*

Some fowles there be, that haue so perfit sight
Against the sunne their eies for to defend :
And some, because the light doth them offend,
Neuer appeare, but in the darke, or night.
Other reioyce, to se the fire so bryght,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend :
But find contrary of it, that they intend.
Alas, of that fort may I be, by right.
For to withstand her loke I am not able :
Yet can I not hide me in no dark place :
So foloweth me remembrance of that face :
That with my teary eyn, swolne, and vnstable,
My destiny to beholde her doth me lead :
And yet I knowe, I runne into the glead.

Against his tong that failed to vtter his futes.

Because I still kept thee fro lyes, and blame,
And to my power alwayes thee honoured,
Vnkind tongue, to yll hast thou me rendred,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In nede of succour most when that I am,
To aske reward : thou standst like one afraied,
Alway most cold : and if one word be sayd,
As in a dreame, vnperfit is the fame.
And ye salt teares, agaynst my wyll eche nyght,
That are wyth me, when I would be alone :
Then are ye gone, when I should make my mone.
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shrighet,
Then are ye slacke, when that ye should outstart.
And onely doth my loke declare my hart.

*Description of the contrarious passions
in a louer.*

Find no peace, and all my warre is done :
 I feare, and hope : I burne, and frese like yse :
 I flye aloft, yet can I not arise :
 And nought I haue, and all the worlde I seafon.
 That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in pryson,
 And holdes me not, yet can I scrape no wife :
 Nor lettes me lyue, nor dye, at my deuife,
 And yet of death it geueth me occasion.
 Without eye I se, without tong I playne :
 I wish to perysh, yet I aske for helth :
 I loue another, and thus¹ I hate my selfe.
 I fede me in sorow, and laugh in all my payne.
 Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life.
 And my delight is causer of this strife.

*The louer compareth his state to a shippe
in perilous storme tossed on the sea.*

MY galley charged with forgetfulnesse,
 Through sharpe seas, in winter nightes doth passe,
 Twene rocke, and rocke : and eke my fo (alas)
 That is my lord, stereth with cruelnesse :
 And euery houre, a thought in readinesse,
 As though that death were light, in such a case.
 An endlesse wynd doth teare the sayle apace
 Of forced sighes, and trusty fearfulnessse.
 A rayne of teares, a clowde of darke disdayne
 Haue done the weried coardes great hinderance,
 Wrethed with errour, and wyth ignorance.
 The starres be hidde, that leade me to this payne.
 Drownde is reason that should be my comfort :
 And I remayne, dispearyng of the port.

¹ *om.* thus

Of douteous loue.¹

Visying the bright beames of those fayre eyes,
 Where he abides that mine oft moistes and washeth:
 The weried mynd streight from the hart departeth,
 To rest within hys worldly Paradise,
 And bitter findes the swete, vnder this gyfe.
 What webbes there he hath wrought, well he preceaueth
 Whereby then with him self on loue he playneth,
 That spurs wyth fire, and brydleth eke with yfe.
 In such extremity thus is he brought :
 Frofen now cold, and now he standes in flame :
 Twixt wo, and welth : betwixt earnest, and game :
 With feldome glad, and many a diuers thought :
 In fore repentance of hys hardinesse.
 Of such a roote lo cometh frute frutelesse.

*The louer sheweth how he is forsaken
of such as he somtime enioyed.*

They flee from me, that somtime did me seke
 With naked fote stalkyng within my chamber.
 Once haue I seen them gentle, tame, and meke,
 That now are wild, and do not once remember
 That sometyme they haue put them selues in danger,
 To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
 Bufily sekyng in continuall change.
 Thanked be fortune, it hath bene otherwise
 Twenty tymes better : but once especiall,
 In thinne aray, after a pleasant gyfe,
 When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall,
 And she me caught in her armes long and small,
 And therwithall, so swetely did me kyffe,
 And softly sayd : deare heart, how like you this ?
 It was no dreame : for I lay broade awakynge.
 But all is turnde now through my gentlenessse.
 Into a bitter fashion of forsakyng :
 And I haue leaue to go of her goodnesse,

¹ *Of doubtful loue.*

And she also to vse newfanglenesse.
 But, fins that I vnkyndly so am serued :
 How like you this, what hath she now deserued ?

To a ladie to answere directly with yea or nay.

M Adame, withouten many wordes :
 Once I am sure, you will, or no.
 And if you will : then leaue your boorde :
 And vse your wit, and shew it so :
 For with a beck you shall me call.
 And if of one, that burns alway,
 Ye haue pity or ruth at all :
 Answer hym fayer with yea, or nay.
 If it be yea : I shall be faine.
 Yf it be nay : frendes, as before.
 You shall another man obtain :
 And I mine owne, and yours nomore.

*To his loue whom he had kissed
 against her will.*

A Las, Madame, for stealing of a kisse,
 Haue I so much your mynde therin offended ?
 Or haue I done so greuouly amisse :
 That by no meanes, it may not be amended ?
 Reuenge you then, the rediest way is this :
 Another kisse my life it shall haue ended.
 For, to my mouth the first my heart did suck :
 The next shall clene out of my brest it pluck.

*Of the Ielous man that loued the same
 woman and espied this other
 sitting with her.*

T He wandring gadling, in the fommer tyde,
 That findes the Adder with his rechlesse foote
 Startes not dismaid so sodeinly aside,

As iealous despite did, though there were no boote,
 When that he saw me sitting by her fyde,
 That of my health is very crop, and roote,
 It pleased me then to haue so fayre a grace,
 To flyng the hart, that would haue had my place.

To his loue from whom he hadd her gloues.

WHat nedes these threatnyng woordes, and wasted
 All this can not make me restore my pray, [wynd?
 To robbe your good ywis is not my minde :
 Nor caufelesse your faire hand did I display.
 Let loue be iudge : or els whom next we finde :
 That may both hear, what you and I can say.
 She reft my hart : and I a gloue from her :
 Let vs fe then if one be worth the other.

Of the fained frend.

RIght true it is, and sayd full yore ago :
 Take hede of him, that by the backe thee claweth.
 For, none is worse, then is a frendly fo.
 Thought he¹ feme good, all thing that thee deliteth,
 Yet know it well, that in the² bosome crepeth.
 For, many a man such fire oft times he kindleth :
 That with the blafe his berd him self he singeth.

The louer taught, mistrusteth allurementes.

IT may be good like it who list :
 But I do dout, who can me blame ?
 For oft assured, yet haue I mist :
 And now againe I fear the fame.
 The wordes, that from your mouth last came,
 Of sodayn change make me agast.
 For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
 Alas I tread an endlesse mase :

¹ thee

² thy

That feke taccord two contraries :
 And hope thus styll, and nothing hafe :
 Imprifoned in liberties,
 As one vnheard, and styll that cryes :
 Alwayes thirsty, and naught doth taste,
 For dreade to fall, I stand not fast.

Affured I dout I be not fure,
 Should I then trust vnto fuch suretie ?
 That oft haue put the proufe in vre,
 And neuer yet haue found it trustie ?
 Nay fyr in fayth, it were great folly.
 And yet my life thus do I wafte,
 For dreade to fall I stand not fast.

*The louer complayneth that his loue doth
 not pitie him.*

Refownde my voyce ye woodes, that heare me
 Both hilles and vales caufyng reflexion, [plaine :
 And riuers eke, record ye of my paine :
 Which haue oft forced ye by compassion,
 As iudges lo to heare my exclamacion.
 Amonge whom, fuch¹ (I finde) yet doth remaine.
 Where I it feke, alas, there is difdaine.

Oft ye riuers, to hear my wofull founde,
 Haue flopt your cours, and plainly to expresse,
 Many a teare by moifture of the grounde
 The earth hath wept to hear my heauineffe :
 Which caufelesse I endure without redresse.
 The hugy okes haue rored in the winde,
 Ech thing me thought complayning in their kinde.

Why then alas doth not she on me rew,
 Or is her hart so hard that no pitie
 May in it finke, my ioye for to renew ?
 O stony hart who hath thus framed thee
 So cruell ? that art cloked with beauty,
 That from thee may no grace to me procede,
 But as reward death for to be my mede.

¹ ruth

*The louer reioysfeth against fortune that
by hindering his fute had happily
made him forsake his folly.*

IN fayth I wot not what to say,
Thy chaunces ben so wonderous,
Thou fortune with thy diuers play
That makst the ioyfull dolourous,
And eke the same right ioyous.
Yet though thy chayne hath me enwrapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And sekest by change to do me payne :
Mens mindes yet mayst thou not fo order.
For honestie if it remayne,
Shall shine for all thy cloudy rayne.
In vayne thou sekest to haue me trapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
In hindryng me, me didst thou further,
And made a gap where was a style.
Cruell willes ben oft put vnder,
Wenyng to lower, then didst thou smile.
Lord, how thy selfe thou didst begyle,
That in thy cares wouldst me haue wrapt ?
But spite of thy¹ hap, hap hath well hapt.

A renouncing of hardly escaped loue.

FArewell the hart of crueltie.
Though that with payne my libertie
Deare haue I bought, and wofully
Finisht my fearfull tragedy.
Of force I must forsake such pleasure :
A good cause iust, sins I endure

om. thy

Therby my wo, whiche be ye fure,
Shall therwith go me to recure.

I fare as one escapt that fleeth
Glad he is gone, and yet styll feareth
Spied to be caught, and so dredeth
That he for nought his paine leseth.
In ioyfull payne reioyce my hart,
Thus to sustaine of ech a part.
Let not this song from thee astart.
Welcome among my pleafant smart.

*The louer to his bed, with describing
of his vnquiet state.*

THe restfull place, renewer of my smart :
The labours salue, encreafyng my forow :
The bodyes ease, and troubler of my heart :
Quieter of minde, myne vnquiet fo :
Forgetter of payne, remembrer of my wo :
The place of slepe, wherein I do but wake :
Besprent with teares, my bed, I thee forsake.

The frosty snowes may not redresse my heat :
Nor heat of funne abate my feruent cold.
I know nothing to ease my paynes so great.
Ech cure causeth encrease by twenty fold,
Renewyng cares vpon my sorowes old.
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make.
Besprent with teares my bedde for to forsake.

But all for nought : I finde no better ease
In bed, or out. This most causeth my paine :
Where I do feke how best that I may please,
My lost labour (alas) is all in vaine.
My heart once fet, I can not it refrayne.
No place from me my grief away can take.
Wherfore with teares, my bed, I thee forsake.

*Comparifon of loue to a ftream
falling from the Alpes.*

From thefe hie hilles as when a fpring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with ftill and futtle courfe,
Of this and that it gathers ay and fhall,
Till it haue iuft downflowed to ftream and force :
Then at the fote it rageth ouer all.
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a fource.
Rage is his raine, Refiftance vayleth none.
The firft efchue is remedy alone.

*Wiates complaint vpon Loue, to Reafon:
with Loues anfwer.*

MYne olde dere enemy, my froward maifter,
Afore that Quene, I caufde to be accited,
Which holdeth the diuine part of our nature,
That, like as golde, in fire he mought be tryed.
Charged with dolour, there I me prefented
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dredeth
A wrongfull death, and iuftice alway feketh.
And thus I fayd : once my left foote, Madame,
When I was yong, I fet within his reigne :
Wherby other than fierly burning flame
I neuer felt, but many a greuouſ pain.
Torment I fuffered, angre, and difdain :
That mine oppreffed pacienc was paſt,
And I mine owne life hated, at the laſt.
Thus hitherto haue I my time paſſed
In pain and ſmart. What wayes profitable :
How many pleaſant dayes haue me eſcaped,
In ſeruing this falſe lyer ſo deceauable ?
What wit haue wordes ſo preſt, and forceable,

That may conteyn my great mishappinesse,
 And iust complaintes of his vngentlenesse?
 So small hony, much aloes, and gall,
 In bitternesse, my blinde life hath ytasted.
 His false semblance, that turneth as a ball:
 With fair and amorous daunce, made me be traced,
 And, where I had my thought, and mynde araced,
 From earthly frailnesse; and from vayn pleasure,
 Me from my rest he toke, and fet in errour:

God made he me regard lesse, than I ought,
 And to my self to take right little hede:
 And for a woman haue I fet at nought
 All other thoughtes: in this onely to spede.
 And he was onely counfeler of this dede:
 Whettyng alwayes my youthly frayle desire
 On cruell whetston, tempered with fire.

But (Oh alas) where, had I euer wit?
 Or other gift, geuen to me of nature?
 That sooner shalbe changed my weried sprite:
 Then the obstinate wyll, that is my ruler.
 So robbeth he my fredom with displeasure,
 This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse:
 That bitter life hath turned in pleafant vse.

He hath me hasted, thorough diuers regions:
 Through defert wodes, and sharp hie mountaines:
 Through froward people, and through bitter passions:
 Through rocky seas, and ouer hilles and plaines:
 With wery trauell, and with laborous paynes:
 Alwayes in trouble and in tedioufnesse:
 All in errour, and dangerous distresse.

But nother he, nor she, my tother fo,
 For all my flight, dyd euer me forsake:
 That though my timely death hath been to flow
 That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:
 The heauenly goddes of pity doe it flake.
 And, note they this his cruell tyranny,
 That fedes him, with my care, and misery.

Since I was his, hower rested I neuer,
 Nor loke to do: and eke the waky nightes

The banished slepe may in no wise recouer.
 By guile, and force, ouer my thralled sprites,
 He is ruler: since which bel neuer strikes,
 That I heare not as founding to renue
 My plaintes. Himself, he knoweth, that I say true.

For, neuer wormes old rotten stocke haue eaten :
 As he my hart, where he is resident,
 And doth the fame with death dayly threaten.
 Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment :
 The fighes : the wordes, and eke the languishment :
 That noy both me, and perauenture other.
 Iudge thou : that knowest the one, and eke the tother.

Mine aduerfair, with such greuous reproofe,
 Thus he began. Heare Lady, thother part :
 That the plain troth, from which he draweth aloofe,
 This vnkinde man may shew, ere that I part.
 In his yong age, I toke him from that art,
 That selleth wordes, and makes a clatterying Knight :
 And of my wealth I gaue him the delight.

Now shames he not on me for to complain,
 That held him euermore in pleasant gain,
 From his desyre, that might haue been his payn.
 Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame :
 Which now, as wretchednes, he doth so blame :
 And towarde honor quickned I his wit :
 Where : as a daskard els he mought haue fit.

He knoweth, how grete Atride that made Troy freat,
 And Hanniball, to Rome so troubelous :
 Whom Homer honored, Achilles that great,
 And Thaffricane Scipion the famous :
 And many other, by much nurture¹ glorious :
 Whose fame, and honor did bring them aboue:²
 I did let fall in base dishonest loue.

And vnto him, though he vnworthy were :
 I chose the best of many a Milion :
 That, vnder sonne yet neuer was her pere,
 Of wisdom, womanhod, and of discrecion :
 And of my grace I gaue her such a facion

¹ honour

² Whose fame, and actes did lift them vp aboue :

And eke such way I taught her for to teache,
 That neuer base thought his hart so hye might reche,
 Euermore thus to content his maistresse,
 That was his onely frame of honesty,
 I stirred him still, toward gentleneffe:
 And causde him to regard fidelity.
 Pacience I taught him in aduerfity.
 Such vertues learned he in my great fchole:
 Wherof repenteth, now the ignorant foole.

These, were the same deceites, and bitter gall,
 That I haue vsed, the torment, and the anger:
 Sweter, then euer dyd to other fall,
 Of right good fede yll frute loe thus I gather.
 And so shall he, that the vnkinde dothe further.
 A Serpent nourish I vnder my wing:
 And now of nature, ginneth he to flyng.

And for to tell, at last, my great seruise.
 From thousand dishonesties haue I him drawn:
 That, by my meanes, him in no maner wyfe.
 Neuer vile pleasure once hath ouerthrowen.
 Where, in his dede, shame hath him alwaies gnawen:
 Doutyng report, that should come to her eare:
 Whom now he blames, her wonted he to feare.

What euer he hath of any honest custome:
 Of her, and me: that holdes he euerywhit,
 But, lo, yet neuer was there nightly fantome
 So farre in errour, as he is from his wit.
 To plain on vs, he striueth with the bit,
 Which may rule him, and do him ease, and pain:
 And in one hower, make all his grief his gayn.

But, one thing yet there is, aboue all other:
 I gaue him winges, wherwith he might vpflie
 To honor, and fame: and if he would to higher
 Than mortall thinges, aboue the flarry skie:
 Considering the pleasure, that an eye
 Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue:
 What should that be that lasteth still aboue?

And he the same himself hath sayd, ere this.
 But, now, forgotten is both that and I,

That gaue her him, his onely wealth and blisse.
 And, at this word, with dedly shreke and cry :
 Thou gaue her once : quod I, but by and by
 Thou toke her ayen from me : that wo worth the.
 Not I but price : more worth than thou (quod he)
 At last : eche other for himself, concluded :
 I, trembling still : but he, with small reuerence.
 Lo, thus, as we eche other haue accused :
 Dere Lady : now we waite thyne onely sentence.
 She smiling, at the whifted audience :
 It liketh me (quod she) to haue hard your question :
 But, lenger time doth ask a resolucion.

*The louers sorowfull state maketh him writ:
 sorowfull songes, but Souche his loue
 may change the same.*

M Aruell no more altho
 The songes, I sing do mone :
 For other lyfe then wo,
 I neuer proued none.
 And in my hart, also,
 Is grauen with letters depe
 A thousand fighes and mo :
 A flood of teares to wepe.
 How may a man in smart
 Finde matter to reioyce ?
 How may a moornyng hart
 Set forth a pleafant voice.
 Play who so can, that part :
 Nedes must in me appere :
 How fortune ouerthwart
 Doth cause my moorning chere.
 Perdy there is no man,
 If he saw neuer fight :
 That perfytly tell can
 The nature of the light.
 Alas : how should I than,

That neuer taste but sowre :
 But do, as I began
 Continually to lowre.
 But yet, perchance from chance
 May chance to change my tune :
 And, when (Souch) chance doth chance :
 Then shall I thank fortune ?
 And if I haue (Souch) chance :
 Perchance ere it be long :
 For (Souch) a pleafant chance,
 To fing some pleafant fong.

The louer complaineth himself forsaken.

WHere shall I haue, at myne owne wyll,
 Teares to complain? Where shall I fet
 Such fighes? that I may figh my fyll :
 And then agayne my plaintes repete.
 For, though my plaint shall haue none end :
 My teares cannot suffise my wo.
 To mone my harm, haue I no frend.
 For fortunes frend is mishaps fo.
 Comfort (God wot) els haue I none :
 But in the winde to waft my wordes,
 Nought moueth you my dedly mone :
 But stil you turne it into bordes.
 I speake not, now, to moue your hart,
 That you should rue vpon my payn :
 The sentence geuen may not reuert :
 I know, fuch labour were but vayn.
 But fince that I for you (my dere)
 Haue loft that thyng, that was my best :
 A right small losse it must appere,
 To lese these wordes, and all the rest.
 But, though they sparcle in the winde :
 Yet, shall they shew your falsed faith :
 Which is returned to his kynde :
 For lyke to like : the prouerb fayeth,

Fortune, and you did me auance.
 Me thought, I swam, and could not drowne :
 Happiest of all, but my mischance
 Did lift me vp, to throw me downe.
 And you, with her, of cruelnesse,
 Dyd fet your foote vpon my neck,
 Me, and my welfare to oppresse :
 Without offence, your hart to wreck,
 Where are your pleasant wordes? alas :
 Where is your faith? your stedfastnesse?
 There is no more : but all doth passe :
 And I am left all comfortlesse.
 But since so much it doth you greue,
 And also me my wretched life :
 Haue here my troth : Nought shall releue,
 But death alone my wretched strife.
 Therefore, farewell my life, my death,
 My gayn, my losse : my falue, my fore :
 Farewell also, with you my breath :
 For, I am gone for euermore.

*Of his loue that pricked her finger
 with a nedle.*

SHe fat, and sowed : that hath done me the wrong :
 Wherof I plain, and haue done many a day :
 And, whilst she herd my plaint, in piteous song :
 She wisht my hart the samplar, that it lay.
 The blinde maister, whom I haue serued so long :
 Grudgyng to heare, that he did heare her say :
 Made her owne weapon do her finger blede :
 To fele, if pricking wer so good in dede.

Of the same.

WHat man hath hard such cruelty before?
 That, when my plaint remembred her my wo,
 That caused it : she cruell more, and more,
 Wisshed eche stitche, as she did fit, and fow,

Had prickt my hart, for to encrease my fore.
 And, as I think, she thought, it had bene so.
 For as she thought, this is his hart in dede :
 She pricked hard : and made her self to blede.

*Request to Cupide, for reuenge of his
 vnkinde loue.*

BEhold, Loue, thy power how she despiseth :
 My greuous payn how litle she regardeth,
 The solemne oathe, wherof she takes no cure,
 Broken she hath : and yet, she bydeth fure,
 Right at her ease, and litle thee she dredeth.
 Weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed fitteth :
 To the disdainful, all her life she leadeth :
 To me spitefull, without iust cause, or measure.
 Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth,
 I am in hold, but if thee pitie meueth :
 Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh :
 And with some stroke reuenge the great displeasure
 Of thee, and him that forow doth endure,
 And as his Lord thee lowly here entreateth.

Complaint for true loue vnrequited.

WHat vailleth troth? or by it, to take payn?
 To striue by stedfastnesse, for to attayn
 How to be iust : and flee from doublenesse?
 Since all alyke, where ruleth craftinesse,
 Rewarded is both crafty false, and plain.
 Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and fayn.
 True meaning hart is had in hie disdain.
 Against deceyt, and cloked doublenesse,
 What vailleth troth, or parfit stedfastnesse.
 Deceaud is he, by false and crafty trayn,
 That meanes no gyle, and faithfull doth remayn
 Within the trap,¹ without help or redresse.
 But for to loue (lo) such a sterne maistresse,
 Where cruelty dwelles, alas it were in vain.

¹ trapt

*The louer that fled loue now folowes it
with his harme.*

Sometime I fled the fire, that me so brent,
By fea, by land, by water, and by wynde :
And now, the coales I folow, that be quent,
From Douer to Calais, with willing minde,
Lo, how desire is both furth sprong, and spent :
And he may see, that whilom was so blinde :
And all his labour, laughes he now to scorne,
Meashed in the breers, that erst was onely torne.

The louer hopeth of better chance.

HE is not dead, that somtime had a fall.
The Sonne returnes, that hid was vnder clowd.
And when Fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust, good luck to me shall be allowd.
For, I haue seen a ship in hauen fall,
After that storme hath broke both maste, and shroude.
The willow eke, that floupeth with the winde,
Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth binde.

*The louer compareth his hart to
the ouercharged gonne.*

THe furious goonne, in his most ragyng yre,
When that the boule is rammed in to fore :
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
Crackes in funder : and in the ayer doe rore
The sheuered peces. So doth my defyre,
Whose flame encreaseth ay from more to more.
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speake :
So inward force my hart doth all to breake.

*The louer suspected of change praieth that
it be not beleued against him.*

Accused though I be, without desert :
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true.
For neuer yet, since that you had my hert,
Intended I to false, or be vntrue.
Sooner I would of death sustayn the smart,
Than breake one word of that I promised you.
Accept therefore my seruice in good part.
None is alyue, that can yll tonges eschew.
Hold them as false : and let not vs depart
Our frendship olde, in hope of any new.
Put not thy trust in such as vse to fayn,
Except thou mynde to put thy frend to payn.

The louer abused renowns feth loue.

MY loue to skorne, my seruice to retayne,
Therin (me thought) you vsed crueltie.
Since with good will I lost my libertie,
Might neuer wo yet cause me to refrain,
But onely this, which is extremitie,
To geue me nought (alas) nor to agree,
That as I was, your man I might remain.
But synce that thus ye list to order me,
That would haue bene your seruant true, and fast :
Displease you not : my doting time is past.
And with my losse to leaue I must agree.
For as there is a certayn time to rage :
So is there time such madnes to awage.

The louer professeth himself constant.

Within my brest I neuer thought it gain,
 Of gentle mynde¹ the fredom for to lose.
 Nor in my hart fanck neuer such disdain,
 To be a forger, faultes for to disclose.
 Nor I can not endure the truth to glose,
 To set a glosse vpon an earnest pain.
 Nor I am not in nomber one of those,
 That list to blow retrete to euery train.

*The louer fendeth his complaintes and teares
to sue for grace.*

Passe forth my wonted cryes,
 Those cruell eares to pearce,
 Which in most hatefull wyse
 Doe styll my plaintes reuerse.
 Doe you, my teares, also
 So wet her barrein hart :
 That pitye there may grow,
 And crueltie depart.
 For though hard rockes among
 She femes to haue bene bred :
 And of the Tigre long
 Bene nourished, and fed.
 Yet shall that nature change,
 If pitie once win place.
 Whom as vnknown, and strange,
 She now away doth chafe.
 And as the water soft,
 Without forcyng or strength,
 Where that it falleth oft,
 Hard stones doth perse at length :
 So in her stony hart
 My plaintes at last shall graue,
 And, rygour fet apart,
 Winne grant of that I craue.

¹ mindes

Wherefore my plaintes, present
 Styll so to her my sute,
 As ye, through her assent,
 May bring to me some frute.
 And as she shall me proue,
 So bid her me regarde,
 And render loue for loue :
 Which is a iust reward.

*The louers case can not be hidden
 how euer he dissemble.*

Your lokes so often cast,
 Your eyes so frendly rolde,
 Your sight fixed so fast,
 Alwayes one to behold.
 Though hyde it fain ye would :
 It plainly doth declare,
 Who hath your hart in hold,
 And where good will ye bare.

Fayn would ye finde a cloke
 Your brennyng fire to hyde :
 Yet both the flame, and smoke
 Breakes out on euery fyde
 Yee can not loue so guide.
 That in to issue winne.¹
 Abrode nedes must it glide,
 That brens so hote within.

For cause your self do wink,
 Ye iudge all other blinde :
 And secreet it you think,
 Which euery man doth finde.
 In wast oft spend ye winde
 Your self in loue to quit :
 For agues of that kinde
 Will show, who hath the fit.

Your fighes yow fet from farre,
 And all to wry your wo :

¹ That it no issue winne.

Yet ar ye nere the narre,
 Men ar not blinded fo.
 Depely oft fwere ye no :
 But all those othes ar vaine.
 So well your eye doth showe,
 Who puttes your hert to paine.
 Thinke not therfore to hide,
 That still it felfe betrayes :
 Nor feke meanes to prouide
 To darke the sunny daies.
 Forget those wonted waies :
 Leaue of such frowning chere :
 There will be found no staves
 To stoppe a thing fo clere.

*The louer praieth not to be disdained,
 refused, mistrusted, nor forsaken.*

Disdaine me not without desert :
 Nor leaue me not so sodenly :
 Sins well ye wot, that in my hert
 I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why :
 Nor think me not to be vniust :
 Sins that by lotte of fantasy,
 This carefull knot neades knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be,
 That faine would spot my stedfastnesse :
 Beleue them not, sins that ye fe,
 The profe is not, as they expresse.

Forfake me not, till I deserue :
 Nor hate me not, tyll I offend.
 Destroy me not, tyll that I swerue.
 But sins ye know what I intend :

Disdaine me not that am your owne :
 Refuse me not that am so true :
 Mistrust me not till all be knowne :
 Forfake me not, ne' for no new.

*The louer lamenteth his estate
with fute for grace.*

FOr want of will, in wo I playne :
Vnder colour of sobernesse.
Renewyng with my fute my payne,
My wanhope with your stedfastnesse.
Awake therfore of gentlenesse.
Regard at length, I you require,
The¹ fweltyng paynes of my desire.
Betimes who geueth willingly,
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserue.
And I that sue vnfaynedly.
In frutelesse hope (alas) do sterue.
How great my cause is for to swerue :
And yet how stedfast is my fute :
Lo, here ye see, where is the frute ?
As hounde that hath his keper lost,
Seke I your prefence to obtayne :
In which my hart deliteth most,
And shall delight though I be slayne.
You may release my band of payne.
Lose then the care that makes me crye,
For want of helpe or els I dye.
I dye, though not incontinent,
By processe yet confumingly
As waste of fire, which doth relent.
If you as wilfull wyll denye.
Wherfore cease of such crueltie :
And take me wholly in your grace :
Which lacketh will to change his place.

The louer wai leth his changed ioyes.

IF euer man might him auaunt
Of fortunes frendly chere :
It was my felse I must it graunt,

¹ My

For I haue bought it dere.
 And derely haue I helde also
 The glory of her name :
 In yelding her fuch tribute, lo,
 As did fet forth her fame.

Sometyme I stode fo in her grace :
 That as I would require,
 Ech ioy I thought did me imbrace,
 That furdered my defire.
 And all those pleafures (lo) had I,
 That fanfy might fupport :
 And nothing she did me denye,
 That was to my comfort.

I had (what would you more perdee?)
 Ech grace that I did craue.
 Thus fortunes will was vnto me
 All thing that I would haue.
 But all to rathe alas the while,
 She built on fuch a ground :
 In little fpace, to great a guyle
 In her now haue I found.

For she hath turned fo her whele :
 That I vnhappy man
 May waile the time that I did fele
 Wherwith she fedde me than.
 For broken now are her beheftes :
 And pleafant lokes she gaue :
 And therefore now all my requestes,
 From perill can not faue.

Yet would I well it might appere
 To her my chiefe regard :
 Though my desertes haue ben to dere
 To merite fuch reward.
 Sith fortunes will is now fo bent
 To plage me thus pore man :
 I muft my felfe therwith content :
 And beare it as I can.

[The following is transferred in the Second edition to *Uncertain Authors*: coming in the revised arrangement, as noted on p. 257. It is therefore not by Sir Thomas Wyatt.]

*The louer lamenteth other to haue the frutes
of his seruice.*

Some men would thinke of right to haue
 For their true meaning some reward.
 But while that I do crye and craue:
 I fe that other be preferd.
 I gape for that I am debarde.
 I fare as doth the hounde at hatch:
 The worfe I spede, the lenger I watch.
 My wastefull will is tried by trust:
 My fond fanfie is mine abuse.
 For that I would refrayne my lust:
 For mine auayle I can not chuse,
 A will, and yet no power to vse.
 A will, no will by reason iust,
 Sins my will is at others lust.
 They eat the hony, I hold the hyue.
 I sowe the fede, they reape the corne.
 I waste, they winne, I draw, they driue.
 Theirs is the thanke, mine is the skorne.
 I feke, they spede, in waste mywindeis worne.
 I gape, they get, and gredely I fnatch:
 Till wurfe I spede, the lenger I watch.
 I fast, they fede: they drynke, I thurst.
 They laugh, I wayle: they ioye, I mourne.
 They gayne, I lose: I haue the worst.
 They whole, I sicke: they cold, I burne.
 They leape, I lye: they slepe, I tosse and turne,
 I would, they may: I craue, they haue at will.
 That helpeth them, lo, cruelty doth me kyll.

*To his loue that had geuen him answere
of refusell.*

He answere that ye made to me my deare,
When I did sue for my pore hartes redresse :
Hath so appalde my countenance and my chere :
That in this case, I am all comfortlesse :
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.

I haue no wrong, where I can clayme no right.
Nought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had.
Yet of my wo, I can not so be quite.
Namely, sins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in forow makes me fad.

Yet none can claime (I faie) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by desert, I dare well make auant,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that shall
Bear you more trowth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call againe that bitter word :
That toucht your frende so nere with panges of paine :
And faie my dere that it was fayd in bord.
Late, or tofone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherwith free will doth true desert retayne.

To his ladie cruel ouer her yelden louer.

Wch is the course, that natures kind hath wrought,
That snakes haue time to cast away their stynges.
Ainst chaine prisoners what nede defence be
The fierce lyon will hurt no yelden thinges : [sought :
Why shoulde such spite be nursed then in thy thought?¹
Sith all these powers are prest vnder thy winges :
And eke thou seeest, and reason thee hath taught :
What mischief malice many waies it bringes.
Consider eke, that spight auaieth naught,
Therefore this song thy fault to thee it singes :
Displease thee not, for faiyng thus (me thought.)

¹ Why should such spite be nursed then thy thought ?

Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springes,
For furies, that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

*The louer complaineth that deadlie sicknesse
can not helpe his affection.*

THe enmy of life, decayer of all kinde,
That with his cold wythers away the grene :
This other night, me in my bed did finde :
And offerd me to ryd my feuer clene.
And I did graunt : so did dispayre me blinde.
He drew his bow, with arrowes sharpe and kene :
And strake the place, where loue had hit before :
And draue the first dart deper more and more.

The louer reioiceth the enioying of his loue.

ONce as me thought, fortune me kist :
And bade me aske, what I thought best :
And I should haue it as me list,
Therewith to set my hart in rest.
I asked but my ladies hart
To haue for euermore myne owne :
Then at an end were all my smart :
Then should I nede no more to mone.
Yet for all that a stormy blast
Had ouerturnde this goodly day :
And fortune semed at the last,
That to her promise she said nay.
But like as one out of dispayre
To sodain hope reuiued I,
Now fortune sheweth her selfe so fayre,
That I content me wonderfly.
My most desire my hand may reach :
My will is alway at my hand.
Me nede not long for to besече
Her, that hath power me to commaunde.

What earthly thing more can I craue?
 What would I wishe more at my will?
 Nothing on earth more would I haue,
 Saue that I haue, to haue it styll.

For fortune hath kept her promesse,
 In grauntyng me my most desire.
 Of my foueraigne I haue redresse,
 And I content me with my hire.

The louer complayneth the vnkindnes of his loue.

MY lute awake performe the last
 Labour that thou and I shall waste:
 And end that I haue now begonne:
 And when this song is song and past:
 My lute be styll for I haue done.

As to be heard where eare is none:
 As lead to graue in marble stone:
 My song may pearfe her hart as sone.
 Should we then sigh? or singe, or mone?
 No, no, my lute for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly
 Repulfe the waues continually,
 As she my fute and affection:
 So that I am past remedy,
 Wherby my lute and I haue done.

Proude of the spoile that thou hast gotte
 Of simple hartes through loues shot:
 By whom vnkinde thou hast them wonne,
 Thinke not he hath his bow forgot,
 Although my lute and I haue done.

Vengeaunce shall fall on thy disdaine
 That makest but game on earnest payne.
 Thinke not alone vnder the funne
 Vnquit to cause thy louers plaine:
 Although my lute and I haue done.

May chance thee lie witherd and olde,
 In winter nightes that are so colde,
 Playning in vaine vnto the mone:
 Thy wishes then dare not be tolde.

Care then who list, for I haue done.
 And then may chance thee to repent
 The time that thou hast lost and spent
 To cause thy louers sigh and sworne.
 Then shalt thou know beauty¹ but lent,
 And wish and want as I haue done.
 Now cease my lute this is the last,
 Labour that thou and I shall waite,
 And ended is that we begonne.
 Now is this song both song and past,
 My lute be still for I haue done.

How by a kisse he found both his life and death.

Nature that gaue the Bee so feat a grace,
 To finde hony of so wondrous fashion :
 Hath taught the spider out of the same place
 To fetch poyson by strange alteration.
 Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
 With one kisse by secreete operation,
 Both these at once in those your lippes to finde,
 In change wherof, I leaue my hart behinde.

*The louer describeth his being taken
 with sight of his loue.*

Vnwarely so was neuer no man caught,
 With stedfast loke vpon a goodly face :
 As I of late : for sodainely me thought,
 My hart was torne out of his proper² place.
 Thorow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,
 Directly downe into³ my hart it ranne :
 In helpe wherof the blood therto did glide,
 And left my face both pale and wanne.
 Then was I like a man for wo amafed :
 Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire.

¹ beaute² om. proper.³ And downe directly to

For while that I vpon her beauty gafed :
The more I burnde in my desire.

Anone the bloud start in my face agayne,
Inflamde with heat, that it had at my hart.
And brought therwith through out in euery vaine,
A quakyng heat with pleafant fmart.

Then was I like the ftraw, when that the flame
Is driuen therin, by force, and rage of winde.
I can not tell, alas, what I fhall blame :
Nor what to feke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot : the griefe doth hold me fore
In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dreade :
That, but her helpe to health to me restore :
This reflleffe life I may not lead.

To his louer to loke vpon him.

AL in thy loke my life doth whole depende.
Thou hydest thy felf, and I must dye therfore.
But fims thou mayft fo eafily helpe they frend :
Why doeft thou ftick to falue that thou madeft fore ?
Why do I dye ? fims thou mayft me defend ?
And if I dye, thy life may laft no more.
For ech by other doth liue and haue reliefe,
I in thy loke, and thou moft in my griefe.

*The louer excufeth him of wordes wherewith
he was vniuftly charged.*

PErdy I fayd it not :
Nor neuer thought to do.
As well as I ye wot :
I haue no power therto,
And if I did, the lot,
That firft did me enchayne :
May neuer flake the knot,
But ftrayght it to my payne.
And if I did ech thing,
That may do harme or wo :

Continually may wring
 My hart where fo I go.
 Report may always ring
 Of shame on me for aye :
 If in my hart did spring
 The wordes that you do fay.

And if I did ech starre,
 That is in heauen aboue,
 May frowne on me to marre
 The hope I haue in loue.
 And if I did such warre,
 As they brought vnto Troye,
 Bring all my life as farre
 From all his lust and ioye.

And if I did fo fay :
 The beautie that me bounde,
 Encreafe from day to day
 More cruell to my wounde :
 With all the mone that may,
 To plaint may turne my song :
 My life may sone decay,
 Without redresse by wrong.

If I be cleare from thought,
 Why do you then complaine ?
 Then is this thing but fought.
 To turne my hart to payne,
 Then this that you haue wrought,
 You must it now redresse,
 Of right therfore you ought
 Such rigour to repress.

And as I haue deserued :
 So graunt me now my hire
 You know I neuer fwerued,
 You neuer founde me lyer.
 For Rachel haue I ferued,
 For Lea cared I neuer :
 And her I haue referued
 Within my hart for euer.

Of such as had forsaken him.

LVx, my faire fawlcō, and thy felowes all :
 How wel pleasant it were your libertie :
 Ye not forsake me, that faire mought you fall.
 But they that fometime liked my company :
 Like lice away from dead bodies they crall.
 Loe, what a proufe in light aduerfitie ?
 But ye my birdes, I sweare by all your belles,
 Ye be my frendes, and very few elles.

A description of such a one as he would loue.

AFace that should content me wonderous well,
 Should not be faire, but louely to beholde :
 Of liuely loke, all griefe for to repell :
 With right good grace, so would I that it should
 Speake without word, such wordes as none can tell.
 The tresse also should be of crisped gold.
 With wit, and these perchance I might be tryde,
 And knit againe with knot, that should not slide.

How vnpossible it is to finde quiet in his¹ loue.

EVer my hap is slack and flowe in commyng
 Desire encreasynge ay my hope vncertaine :
 That loue or wait it, alike doth me payne.²
 And Tygre like so swift it is in partyng.
 Alas the snow black shal it be and scalding,
 The sea waterles, and fishe vpon the mountaine :
 The Temis shal backe returne into his fountaine :
 And where he rose the sunne shall take his lodgyng.
 Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse.
 Or that loue or my lady rightwisely
 Leauē to conspire against me wrongfully.

¹ om. *his*² With doubtful loue that but increaseth pain

And if I haue after such bitterneffe,
Any thing swete, my mouth is out of taste:¹
That all my trust and trauell is but waste.

Of Loue, Fortune, and the louers minde.

Loue, Fortune, and my minde which do remember
Eke that is now, and that that once hath bene :
Torment my hart so fore that very often
I hate and enuy them beyonde all measure.
Loue sleeth my hart while Fortune is depriuer
Of all my comfort: the folishe minde than :
Burneth and playneth, as one that fildam²
Liueth in rest. Still in displeasure³
My pleafant daies they flete away and passe.
And dayly doth myne yll change to the worse.
While more than halfe is runne now of my course.
Alas not of stele, but of brittle glasse,
I fe that from my hand falleth my trust :
And all my thoughtes are daffhed into dust.

The louer prayeth his offred hart to be receiued.

How oft haue I, my deare and cruell fo :
With my great pain to get fom peace or truce,
Geuen you my hart? but you do not vse,
In so hie thinges, to cast your minde so low.
If any other loke for it, as you trow,
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuse.
And that thus I disdayne, that you refuse.
It was once mine, it can no more be so.
If you it chafe, that it in you can finde,
In this exile, no maner of comfort :
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde, refort,
He may wander from his naturall kinde.
So shall it be great hurt vnto vs twayne,
And yours the losse, and mine the deadly payne.

¹ One drop of swete, my mouth is out of taste :
² Burneth and plainth : as one that very sildam.
³ Liueth in rest. So styl in displeasure,

The louers life compared to the Alpes.

Lyke vnto these vnmefurable mountaines,
 So is my painefull life, the burden of yre.
 For hye be they, and hye is my desire.
 And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.
 Vnder craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,
 Hard thoughtes in me my wofull minde doth tyre,
 Small frute and many leaues their toppes do attire,
 With small effect great trust in me remaines.
 The boystous windes oft their hye boughes do blast :
 Hote fighes in me continually be shed.
 Wilde beastes in them, fierce loue in me is fed.
 Vnmoueable am I : and they stedfast.
 Of finging birdes they haue the tune and note :
 And I alwaies plaintes passing through my throte.

*Charging of his loue as vnpiteous and
louing other.*

If amorous fayth, or if an hart vnfained
 A fwete languor, a great louely desire :
 If honest will, kindled in gentle fire :
 If long errour in a blinde mafe chained,
 If in my visage ech thought distayned,
 Or if my sparkelyng voyce, lower, or hier,
 Which fear and shame, so wofully doth tyre :
 If pale colour, which loue alas hath stayned :
 If to haue another then my self more dere,
 If wailyng or fighyng continually,
 With sorowfull anger fedying bufily,
 If burnyng a farre of, and fresyng nere,
 Are cause that by loue my selfe I stroy :¹
 Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A renouncing of loue.

Farewell, Loue, and all thy lawes for euer.
 Thy bayted hokes shall tangle me no more.
 Senec, and Plato call me from thy lore :

¹ Are cause that I by loue my selfe destroy :

To partit wealth my wit for to endeuer.
 In blinde errour when I dyd parfeuer:
 Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so fore:
 Taught me in trifles that I fet no flore:
 But scape forth thence: since libertie is leuer.
 Therefore, farewell: go trouble yonger hartes:
 And in me claime no more auctoritie.
 With ydle youth go vse thy propartie:
 And thereon spend thy many brittle dartes.
 For, hytherto though I haue lost my tyme:
 Me lyst no lenger rotten bowes to clime.

The louer forsaketh his unkinde loue.

MY hart I gaue thee, not to do it pain:
 But, to preferue, lo it to thee was taken.
 I serued thee not that I should be forsaken:
 But, that I should receiue reward again,
 I was content thy seruant to remain:
 And, not to be repayd after¹ this fashion.
 Now, since in thee is there none nother reason:
 Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.
 Vnfaciat of my wo, and thy desyre,
 Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault:
 But, since it pleaseth thee to fain default:
 Farewell, I say, departing from the fire.
 For, he, that doth beleue bearyng in hand:
 Ploweth in the water: and soweth in the sand.

The louer describeth his restlesse state.

THe flaming sighes that boyle within my brest
 Sometime breake forth and they can well declare
 The hartes vnrest and how that it doth fare,
 The pain therof the grief and all the rest.
 The watred eye from whence the teares doe fall,
 Do fele some force or els they would be drye:
 The wasted flesh of colour ded can trye,

And fomthing¹ tell what fweteneffe is in gall.
 And he that luft to fee and to difarne,
 How care can force within a weried minde :
 Come he to me I am that place affinde.
 But for all this no force it doth no harme.
 The wound alas happe in fome other place :
 From whence no toole away the skar can race.
 But you that of fuch like haue had your part,
 Can beft be iudge wherfore² my frend fo deare :
 I thought it good my ftate fhould now appeare,
 To you and that there is no great defart.
 And wheras you in weighty matters great :
 Of fortune faw the fhadow that you know,
 For trifling thinges I now am ftriken fo
 That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat :
 I fit alone faue on the fecond day :
 My feuer comes with whom I fpend my time,
 In burning heat while that the lift affigne.
 And who hath helth and libertie alway :
 Let him thank god and let him not prouoke,
 To haue the like of this my painfull ftroke.

The louer lamentes the death of his loue.

THe pillar perifht is whereto I lent,
 The ftrongeft ftay of mine vnquiet minde :
 The like of it no man again can finde :
 From Eaft to Weft ftill feking though he went.
 To mine vnhappe for happe away hath rent,
 Of all my ioy the very bark and rynde :
 And I (alas) by chance am thus affinde,
 Daily to moorne till death do it relent.
 But fince that thus it is by defteny,
 What can I more but haue a wofull hart,
 My penne, in plaint, my voyce in carefull crye :
 My minde in wo, my body full of fmart.
 And I my felf, my felfe alwayes to hate,
 Till dreadfull death do eafe my dolefull ftate.

¹ sometime

² be iudge. Wherfore

The louer fendeth fighes to mone his fute.

GO burning fighes vnto the frofen hart,
 Go breake the yfe which pities painfull dart,
 Myght neuer perce and yf that mortall prayer,
 In heauen be herd, at lest yet I desire.
 That death or mercy end my wofull smart.
 Take with thee payn, wherof I haue my part,
 And eke the flame from which I cannot start,
 And leaue me then in rest, I you require :
 Go burning fighes fulfil that I desire.
 I must go worke I see by craft and art,
 For truth and faith in her is laid apart :
 Alas, I can not therfore affaile her,
 With pitefull complaint and scalding fier,
 That from my brest disceiuably doth start.

Complaint of the absence of his loue.

SO feble is the threde, that doth the burden stay,
 Of my poore life : in heauy plight, that falleth in decay :
 That, but it haue elfwhere some ayde or some succours :
 The running spindale of my fate anone shall end his course.
 For since thunhappy hower, that dyd me to depart,
 From my fwete weale : one onely hope hath slayed my life,
 apart :
 Which doth perfwade such wordes vnto my fored minde :
 Maintain thy self, O wofull wight, some better luck to finde.
 For though thou be deprived from thy desired sight :
 Who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy more delight ?
 Or, who can tell, thy losse if thou mayst once recouer ?
 Some pleasant hower thy wo may wrappe : and thee defend,
 and couer.
 Thus in this trust as yet it hath my life sustained :
 But now (alas) I see it faint : and I, by trust, am trayned.
 The tyme doth flete, and I se how the howers, do bend
 So fast : that I haue scant the space to mark my commyng end

Doth not bewray the colours hidde, which vnderneath it hafe:
 As doth thaccumbred sprite the thoughtfull throwes discover,
 Of feares delite, of feruent loue: that in our hartes we couer.
 Out by these eyes, it sheweth that euermore delight, [night.
 In plaint, and teares to feke redresse: and eke both day and
 These¹ kindes of pleasures most wherein men so reioyce,
 To me they do redubble still of stormy fighes the voyce.
 For, I am one of them, whom playnt doth well content:
 It fits me well: myne absent wealth me femes for to lament:
 And with my teares, taffay to charge myne eies twayn:
 Lyke as my hart aboute the brink is fraughted full of payn.
 And forbecause, therto, of² those fair eyes to treate
 Do me prouoke: I wyll returne, my plaint thus to repeate.
 For, there is nothing els, that toucheth me so within:³
 Where they rule all: and I-alone nought but the case, or skin.
 Wherefore, I shall returne to them, as well, or spring:
 From whom descendes my mortall wo, aboute all other thing.
 So shall myne eyes in pain accompany my hart:
 That were the guides, that did it lead of loue to fele the smart.
 The crisped golde, that doth furmout Apollos pride:
 The liuely streames of pleafant starres that vnder it doth glyde:
 Wherein the beames of loue doe styll encrease theyr heate:
 Which yet so farre touch me so nere, in colde to make me
 sweate.
 The wyfe and pleafant talk, so rare, orels alone:
 That gaue to me the curteis gift, that erst had neuer none:
 Be farre from me, alas: and euery other thyng
 I might forbear with better wyll: then this that dyd me bryng,
 With pleafant worde and chere, redresse of lingred pain:
 And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to trayn.
 Thus, am I forst to heare, and harken after newes.
 My comfort scant my large desire in doubtfull trust renewes.
 And yet with more delite to mone my wofull case:
 I must complain those handes, those armes: yat firmly do
 embrace
 Me from my self: and rule the sterne of my poore lyfe:
 The swete disdaines, the pleafant wrathes, and eke ye louely
 strife:
 That wonted well to tune in temper iust, and mete,

¹ Those² that³ For, there is nothing els, so toucheth me within:

The rage: that oft dyd make me erre, by furour vndiscrete.
 All this is hydde me fro,¹ with sharp, and ragged hylles:
 As others will, my long abode my depe dispaire fullfils.
 And if my hope fometime ryse vp, by some redresse:
 It stumbleth straite, for feble faint: my feare hath such exceffe.
 Such is the fort of hope: the lesse for more desyre:
 And yet I trust ere that I dye to see that I require:
 The restyng place of loue: where vertue dwelles and growes
 There I desire, my wery life, fometime, may take repose.
 My song: thou shalt attain to finde that pleasant place: [grace
 Where she doth lyue, by whom I liue: may chance, to haue this
 When she hath red, and sene the grief, wherin I serue: [serue
 Betwene her brestes she shall thee put: there, shall she thee re-
 Then, tell her, that I cumme: she shall me shortly see:
 And if for waighte the body fayle, the soule shall to her flee.

*The louer blameth his loue for renting
 of the letter he sent her.*

Suffised not (madame) that you did teare,
 My wofull hart, but thus also to rent:
 The weping paper that to you I sent.
 Wherof eche letter was written with a teare.
 Could not my present paines, alas suffise,
 Your gredy hart? and that my hart doth fele,
 Tormentes that prick more sharper then the stele,
 But new and new must to my lot arise.
 Use then my death. So shal your cruelty:
 Spite of your spite rid me from all my smart,
 And I no more such tormentes of the hart:
 Fele as I do. This shalt thou² gain thereby.

The louer curseth the tyme when he first fell in loue.

When first mine eyes did view, and marke,
 Thy faire beawtie to beholde:
 And when mine eares listned to hark:

¹ All this is hid fro me,

² This shall you

The pleafant wordes, that thou me tolde :
 I would as then, I had been free,
 From eares to heare, and eyes to fee.
 And when my lips gan firft to moue,
 Wherby my hart to thee was knowne :
 And when my tong did talk of loue,
 To thee that haft true loue down throwne :
 I would, my lips, and tong alfo :
 Had then bene dum, no deale to go.
 And when my handes haue handled ought,
 That thee hath kept in memorie :
 And when my fete haue gone, and fought
 To finde and geat thy' company :
 I would, eche hand a foote had bene,
 And I eche foote a hand had fene.
 And when in mynde I did confent
 To folow this my fanfies will :
 And when my hart did firft relent,
 To taft fuch bayt, my life to fpyll :
 I would, my hart had bene as thyne :
 Orels thy hart had bene, as mine.

The louer determineth to ferue faithfully.

§ Ynce loue wyll nedes, that I fhall loue :
 Of very force I muft agree.
 And fince no chance may it remoue :
 In welth and in aduerfitie,
 I fhall alway my felf apply
 To ferue and fuffer patiently.
 Though for good will I finde but hate :
 And cruelty my life to waft :
 And though that ftill a wretched ftate
 Should pine my dayes vnto the laft :
 Yet I profefse it willingly.
 To ferue, and fuffer patiently.
 For fince my hart is bound to ferue :
 And I not ruler of mine owne :

What so befall, tyll that I sterue.
 By prooffe full well it shall be knowne :
 That I shall still my selfe apply
 To serue, and suffer paciently.

Yea though my grief finde no redresse :
 But still increase before mine eyes :
 Though my reward be cruelnesse,
 With all the harme, happe can deuise :
 Yet I professe it willingly
 To serue, and suffer paciently.

Yea though fortune her pleafant face
 Should shew, to fet me vp a loft,
 And streight, my wealth for to deface,
 Should writhe away, as she doth oft :
 Yet would I styll my self apply
 To serue, and suffer paciently.

There is no grief, no smart, no wo :
 That yet I fele, or after shall :
 That from this mynde may make me go,
 And whatfoeuer me befall :
 I do professe it willingly
 To serue and suffer paciently.

The louer suspected blameth yll tonges.

MY trustfull mindes be moued
 To haue me in suspect.
 The troth it shalbe proued :
 Which time shall once detect.

Though falsshed go about
 Of crime me to accuse :
 At length I do not doute,
 But truth shall me excuse.

Such sawce, as they haue serued
 To me without defart :
 Euen as they haue diserued :
 Therof god fend them part.

The louer complaineth and his lady comforteth.

- Louer.** **I**T burneth yet, alas, my hartes desire. [hert?
Lady. What is the thing, that hath inflamde thy
Lo. A certain point, as feruent, as the fyre.
- La.** The heate shall cease, if that thou wilt conuert.
Lo. I cannot stoppe the feruent raging yre.
La. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?
Lo. Heare my request, alas, with weping chere.¹
La. With right good wyll, fay on : lo, I thee here.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content.
La. Thou sekest, perchance, of me, that I may not.
Lo. Would god, thou wouldst, as thou maist, well assent.
La. That I may not, thy grief is mine : God wot.
Lo. But I it fele, what so thy wordes haue ment.
La. Suspect me not, my wordes be not forgot.
Lo. Then fay, alas : shall I haue help ? or no.
La. I see no time to answer, yea, but no.
Lo. Say ye, dere hert : and stand no more in dout.
La. I may not grant a thing, that is so dere.
Lo. Lo, with delayes thou drieues me still about.
La. Thou wouldest my death : it plainly doth appere.
Lo. First, may my hart his bloode, and life blede out.
La. Then for my sake, alas, thy will forbere,
Lo. From day to day, thus wastes my life away.
La. Yet, for the best, suffer some small delay.
Lo. Now, good, fay yea : do once so good a dede.
La. If I sayd yea : what should therof ensue ?
Lo. An hart in pain of succour so should spede,
 Twixt yea, and nay, my doubt shall styll renew.
 My swete, fay yea : and do away this drede.
La. Thou wilt nedes so : be it so : but then be trew.
Lo. Nought would I els, nor other treafure none.
 Thus, hartes be wonne, by loue, request and mone.

¹ Heare my request, and rew weeping chere.

Why loue is blinde.

OF purpose, loue chose first for to be blinde :
 For, he with sight of that, that I beholde,
 Vanquisht had been, against all godly kinde.
 His bow your hand, and trusse should haue vnfolde.
 And he with me to serue had bene assinde.
 But, for he blinde, and recklesse would him holde ?
 And still, by chance, his dedly strokes bestowe :
 With such, as see, I serue, and suffer wo.

To his vnkind loue.

WHat rage is this? what furor? of what kinde?
 What power, what plage doth wery thus my
 Within my bones to rankle is assinde [minde :
 What poyson pleasant swete?
 Lo, see, myne eyes flow with continuall teares :
 The body still away slepelesse it weares :
 My foode nothing my fainting strength repayres,
 Nor doth my limmes sustain.
 In depe wide wound, the dedly stroke doth turne :
 To cureles skarre that neuer shall returne.
 Go to : triumph : reioyce thy goodly turne :
 Thy frend thou dost oppresse.
 Oppresse thou doest : and hast of him no cure :
 Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure.
 Fierce Tigre, fell, hard rock without recure :
 Cruell rebell to Loue,
 Once may thou loue, neuer beloued again :
 So loue thou styll, and not thy loue obtain :
 So wrathfull loue, with spites of iust disdain,
 May thret thy cruell hart.

The louer blameth his instant desyre.

DEsire (alas) my master, and my fo :
 So fore altred thy self how mayst thou see?
 Sometime thou sekest, that drieues me to and fro

Sometime, thou leadst, that leadeth thee, and me.
 What reason is to rule thy subiectes fo?
 By forced law, and mutabilitie.
 For where by thee I doutted to haue blame :
 Euen now by hate again I dout the fame.

The louer complayneth his estate.

See that chance hath chofen me
 Thus fecretely to liue in paine :
 And to an other geuen the fee
 Of all my losse to haue the gayn.
 By chance affinde thus do I ferue :
 And other haue, that I deferue.
 Vnto my self fometime alone
 I do lament my wofull cafe.
 But what auaieth me to mone ?
 Since troth, and pitie hath no place
 In them : to whom I fue and ferue :
 And other haue, that I deferue.
 To feke by meane to change this minde :
 Alas, I proue, it will not be.
 For in my hart I cannot finde
 Once to refrain, but still agree,
 As bounde by force, alway to ferue :
 And other haue, that I deferue.
 Such is the fortune, that I haue
 To loue them most, that loue me lest :
 And to my pain to feke, and craue
 The thing, that other haue posselt.
 So thus in vain alway I ferue.
 And other haue, that I deferue.
 And till I may apeafe the heate :
 If that my happe will happe so well :
 To waile my wo my hart shall freate :
 Whose penif pain my tong can tell.
 Yet thus vnhappy must I ferue :
 And other haue, that I deferue.

[Here follow in the Second edition, the six additional Poems by Sir Thomas Wyatt, inserted, by way of postscript, at the end of the First impression, see pp. 223-25, viz. :

*What word is that, that changeth not,
Venemous thornes that are so sharp and kene,
A Lady gaue me a gift she had not,
Speake thou and spede where will or power ought helpe
If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Lyke as the birde within the cage enclosed,]*

Against houlders of money.

FOr shamefast harm of great, and hatefull nede :
In depe despayre, as did a wretch go,
With ready corde, out of his life to spede :
His stumbling foote did finde an hoorde, lo,
Of golde, I say : where he preparde this dede :
And in eschange, he left the corde, tho.
He, that had hidde the golde, and founde it not :
Of that, he founde, he shapte his neck a knot.

Discripcion of a gonne.

Vlcanne begat me : Minerua me taught :
Nature, my mother : Craft nourisht me yere by yere :
Three bodyes are my foode : my strength is in naught
Angre, wrath, wast, and noyce are my children dere.
Gesse, frend, what I am : and how I am wraught :
Monster of sea, or of land, or of els where.
Know me, and vse me : and I may thee defend :
And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end.

Wiat being in prison, to Brian.

SYghes are my foode : my drink are my teares.
Clinkyng of fetters¹ would such Musick craue,
Stink, and close ayer away my life it weares.
Pore innocence is all the hope, I haue.
Rayn, winde, or wether iudge I by mine eares.
Malice assaultes, that righteoufnesse should haue.
Sure am I, Brian, this wound shall heale again :
But yet alas, the skarre shall still remayn.

¹ fetters

Of dissembling wordes.

THrough out the world if it wer fought,
 Faire wordes ynough a man shall finde :
 They be good chepe they cost right nought.
 Their substance is but onley winde :
 But well to fay and so to mene,
 That swete acord is feldom fene.

Of the meane and sure estate.

STond who so list vpon the slipper whele,
 Of hye astate and let me here reioyce,
 And vse my life in quietnesse eche dele,
 Vnknownen in court that hath the wanton toyes.
 In hidden place my time shall slowly passe
 And when my yeres be past withouten noyce
 Let me dye olde after the common trace
 For gripes of death doth he to hardly passe
 That knownen is to all : but to him selfe alas,
 He dyeth vnknownen, dafed with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life.

IN court to serue decked with freshe aray,
 Of fugged meates felyng the swete repast :
 The life in bankets, and fundry kindes of play,
 Amid the presse of lordly lokes to waste,
 Hath with it ioynde oft times such bitter taste.
 That who so ioyes such kinde of life to holde,
 In prison ioyes fettred with cheines of gold.

Of disapointed purpose by negligence.

OF Carthage he that worthy warriour
 Could ouercome, but could not vse his chaunce
 And I likewise of all my long endeuour

The sharpe conquest though fortune did aduance,
 Ne could I vse. The holde that is geuen ouer,
 I vnpossesse, so hangeth in balance
 Of warre, my peace, reward of all my paine,
 At Mountzon thus I restlesse rest in Spaine.

Of his returne from Spaine.

T Agus farewell that westward with thy stremes
 Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried,
 For I with spurre and faile go seke the temmes,
 Gaineward the sunne that sheweth her welthy pride,
 And to the towne that Brutus fought by dreames,
 Like bended mone that leanes her lusty side.
 My king, my countrey, I seke for whom I liue,
 O mighty Loue the windes for this me geue.

Of sodaine trustyng.

D Riuen by desire I did this dede
 To danger my self without cause why:
 To trust thuntrue not like to spede,
 To speake and promise faithfully:
 But now the proufe doth verifie,
 That who so trusteth ere he know.
 Doth hurt him selfe and please his foe.

*Of the mother that eat her childe
 at the siege of Ierusalem.*

I N doubtfull breast whiles motherly pity
 With furious famine standeth at debate,
 The mother sayth: O childe vnhappy
 Returne thy bloud where thou hadst milk of late
 Yeld me those lymmes that I made vnto thee,
 And enter there where thou were generate.
 For of one body agaynst all nature,
 To an other must I make sepulture.

*Of the meane and sure estate
written to Iohn Poins.*

MY mothers maides when they do sowe and spinne:
 They sing a song made of the feldishe¹ moufe:
 That forbicaufe her liuelod was but thinne,
 Would nedes go fe her townish sisters house,
 She thought, her selfe endured to greuous payne,
 The stormy blaistes her caue so fore did fowfe:
 That when the furrowes swimmmed with the rayne:
 She must lie colde, and wet in fory plight.
 And worse then that, bare meat there did remaine
 To comfort her, when she her house had dight:
 Sometime a barley corne: fometime a beane:
 For which she laboured hard both day and night,
 In haruest tyme, while she might go and gleane.
 And when her store was stroyed with the floode:
 Then weleaway for the vndone was cleane.
 Then was she faine to take in stede of fode,
 Slepe if she might, her honger to begyle.
 My sister (quod she) hath a liuyng good:
 And hence from me she dwelleth not a myle.
 In colde and storme, she lieth warme and dry,
 In bed of downe: the durt doth not defile
 Her tender fote, she labours not as I,
 Richely she fedes, and at the richemans cost:
 And for her meat she nedes not craue nor cry.
 By sea, by land, of delicates the most
 Her cater fekes, and spareth for no perill:
 She fedes on boyle meat, bake meat, and on rost:
 And hath, therefore no whit of charge nor trauell.
 And when she list the licour of the grape
 Doth glad her hart, till that her belly swell.
 And at this iourney makes she but a iape:
 So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth,
 With her sister her part so for to shape:
 That if she might there kepe her self in health:
 To liue a Lady while her life doth last.

¹ feldishe

And to the dore now is she come by stealth :
 And with her fote anone she scrapes full fast.
 Thother for fear, durst not well scarce appeere :
 Of euery noyse fo was the wretch agast.
 At last, she asked softly who was there.
 And in her language as well as she could,
 Pepe (quod the other) sifter I am here.
 Peace (quod the townemoufe) why speakest thou foloude :
 And by the hand she toke her fayre and well,
 Welcome (quod she) my sifter by the rode.
 She feasted her that ioye it was to tell
 The fare they hadde, they drank the wine fo clere :
 And as to purpose now and then it fell :
 She chered her, with how sifter what chere ?
 Amid this ioye be fell a fory chance :
 That (weleaway) the stranger bought full dere
 The fare she had. For as she lookt a scance :
 Vnder a stole she spied two stemyng eyes.
 In a rounde head, with sharpe eares : in Fraunce
 Was neuer moufe so ferde, for the vnwife
 Had not ysene such a beast before.
 Yet had nature taught her after her gife,
 To know her fo : and dread him euermore.
 The townemoufe fled : she knew whither to go :
 The other had no shift, but wonders fore
 Ferde of her life, at home she wisht her tho :
 And to the dore (alas) as she did skippe :
 The heauen it would, lo : and eke her chance was fo :
 At the threshold her fely fote did trippe :
 And ere she might recouer it agayne :
 The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe :
 And made her there against hir will remayne :
 That had forgot her power, surety and rest,
 For femyng welth, wherin she thought to raine.
 Alas (my Poyns) how men do feke the best,
 And finde the worst, by errour as they stray,
 And no maruell, when sight is fo opprest,
 And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
 Goeth guide and all in feking quiet life.

O wretched mindes, there is no golde that may
 Graunt that you feke, no warre, no peace, no strife.
 No, no, although thy head were hoopt with golde,
 Sergeant with mace, with hawbart, sword, nor knife,
 Can not repulse the care that folow should.
 Ech kinde of life hath with him his diseafe.
 Liue in delite,¹ euen as thy lust would :
 And thou shalt finde, when lust doth most thee please :
 It irketh straight, and by it selfe doth fade.
 A small thing is it, that may thy minde appease.
 None of you al there is, that is so madde,
 To feke for grapes on brambles, or on bryers :
 For none I trow that hath his witte so badde,
 To fet his haye for conies ouer riuers :
 Nor ye fet not a dragge net for an hare.
 And yet the thing, that most is your desire,
 You do misseke, with more trauell and care.
 Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted
 With hope or dreade, and fe thy will be bare
 From all affectes, whom vice hath euer spotted.
 Thy selfe content with that is thee assinde :
 And vse it well that is to thee alotted.
 Then seke no more out of thy selfe to finde
 The thing that thou hast sought so long before.
 For thou shalt feele it flickyng in thy minde,
 Madde if ye list to continue your fore.
 Let present passe, and gape on time to come :
 And depe your² selfe in trauell more and more.
 Henceforth (my Poins) this shalbe all and summe
 These wretched foles shall haue nought els of me :
 But, to the great God and to his dome,
 None other paine pray I for them to be :
 But when the rage doth leade them from the right :
 That lokyng backward, Vertue they may fe,
 Euen as she is, so goodly fayre and bright.
 And whilst they claspe their lustes in armes a crosse :
 Graunt them good Lord, as thou maist of thy might,
 To freate inward, for losyng such a losse.

¹ delits² thy

Of the courtiers life written to Iohn Poins.

MYne owne Iohn Poyns : fins ye delite to know
 The caufes why that homeward I me draw,
 And fle the preafe of courtes, where so they go :
 Rather then to liue thrall vnder the awe,
 Of lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke,
 To will and lust learnyng to fet a law :
 It is not, because¹ I fcorne or mocke
 The power of them : whom fortune here hath lent
 Charge ouer vs, of ryght to strike the stroke.
 But true it is that I haue alwayes ment
 Lefse to este me them, then the common fort
 Of outward thinges : that iudge in their entent,
 Without regard, what inward doth resort.
 I graunt, fometime of glory that the fire
 Doth touch my hart. Me list not to report
 Blame by honour, and honour to desire.
 But how may I this honour now attaine ?
 That can not dye the colour blacke a lyer.
 My Poyns, I can not frame my tune to fayne :
 To cloke the truth, for prayse without defert,
 Of them that list all nice² for to retaine.
 I can not honour them, that fet their part
 With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long :
 Nor holde my peace of them, although I smart.
 I can not crouch nor knele to such a wrong :
 To worship them like God on earth alone :
 That are as wolues these fely lambes among.
 I can not with my wordes complaine and mone,
 And suffer nought : nor smart without complaynt :
 Nor turne the worde that from my mouth is gone.
 I can not speake and loke like as a faynt :
 Vse wiles for wit, and make disceyt a pleasure :
 Call craft counsaile, for lucre still to paint.
 I can not wrest the law to fill the coffer :
 With innocent bloud to fede my felfe fatte :


¹ It is not that because² vice

And do most hurt : where that most helpe I offer.
 I am not he, that can alowe the state
 Of hye Ceasar, and damne Cato to dye :
 That with his death did scape out of the gate,
 From Ceasars handes, if Liuye doth not lye :
 And would not liue, where libertie was lost,
 So did his hart the common wealth apply.
 I am not he, such eloquence to boast :
 To make the crow in singyng, as the swanne :
 Nor call the lyon of coward beastes the most.
 That can not take a moufe, as the cat can.
 And he that dieth for hunger of the golde,
 Call him Alexander, and fay that Pan
 Passeth Appollo in musike manifold :
 Praife fyr Topas for a noble tale,
 And scorne the story that the knight tolde :
 Prayse him for counsell, that is dronke of ale :
 Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the fway :
 Frowne, when he frownes : and grone when he is pale :
 On others lust to hang both night and day.
 None of these poyntes would euer frame in me.
 My wit is nought, I can not learne the way.
 And much the lesse of thinges that greater be,
 That asken helpe of colours to deuise
 To ioyne the meane with ech extremitie :
 With nearest vertue ay to cloke the vice.
 *And as to purpose likewise it shall fall :
 To presse the vertue that it may not rife.
 As dronkenesse good fellowship to call :
 The frendly foe, with his faire double face,
 Say he is gentle and curties therewithall.
 Affirme that fauell hath a goodly grace,
 In eloquence : And cruelty to name
 Zeale of Iustice : And change in time and place.
 And he that suffreth offence withoutt blame :
 Call him pitifull, and him true and plaine,

[* This and the next line are repeated by a misprint in the first edition,
 in which they occur first at the bottom of one leaf, then at the top of
 the next one.]

That rayleth rechleffe vnto ech mans shame.
 Say he is rude, that can not lye and faine :
 The letcher a loue, and tyranny
 To be the right of a Prynces rayghne.
 I can not, I no, no, it will not be.
 This is the cause that I could neuer yet
 Hang on their sleues, that weygh (as thou mayst se)
 A chippe of chance more then a pounce of wit.
 This maketh me at home to hunt and hauke :
 And in fowle wether at my boke to sit :
 In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalke.
 No man doth marke where so I ride or go.
 In lusty leas at libertie I walke :
 And of these newes I fele nor weale nor wo :
 Saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my heele.
 No force for that, for it is ordered so :
 That I may leape both hedge and dike full wele,
 I am not now in Fraunce, to iudge the wine :
 With favry sauce those delicates to fele.
 Nor yet in Spaine where one must him incline,
 Rather then to be, outwardly to seme.
 I meddle not with wyttes that be so fine,
 Nor Flaunders chere lettes not my fyght to deme .
 Of blacke and white, nor takes my wittes away
 With beastlineffe : such do those beastes esteeme.
 Nor I am not, where truth is geuen in pray,
 For money, poyson, and treason : of some
 A common practyse, vsed nyght and day.
 But I am here in kent and christendome :
 Among the Muses, where I reade and ryme,
 Where if thou list myne owne Iohn Poyns to come :
 Thou shalt be iudge, how I do spende my time.

*How to vse the court and him selfe therin,
 written to syr Fraunces Bryan.*

 Spendyng hand that alway powreth out,
 Had nede to haue a bringer in as fast.
 And on the stone that styll doth turne about,

There groweth no moſſe. Theſe prouerbes yet do laſt :
 Reaſon hath ſet them in ſo ſure a place :
 That length of yeres their force can neuer waſte.
 When I remember this, and eke the caſe,
 Wherin thou ſtanſt : I thought forthwith to write
 (Brian) to thee ? who knowes how great a grace
 In wrytyng is to counſaile man the right.
 To thee therefore that trottes ſtill vp and downe :
 And neuer reſtes, but runnyng day and night,
 From realme to realme, from citye ſtrete, and towne
 Why doeſt thou weare thy body to the bones ?
 And mighteſt at home ſlepe in thy bedde of downe :
 And drinke good ale ſo nopy¹ for the nones :
 Fede thy ſelfe fatte, and heape vp pounce by pounce.
 Likeſt thou not this ? No. Why ? For ſwine ſo groines
 In ſtye, and chaw dung moulded on the ground.
 And driuell on pearles with head ſtyll in the manger,
 So of the harpe the aſſe doth heare the found.
 So ſackes of durt be filde. The neate courtier
 So ſerues for leſſe, then do theſe fatted ſwine.
 Though I ſeme leane and drye, withouten moyſture :
 Yet will I ſerue my prince, my lord and thine.
 And let them liue to fede the paunch that lyſt :
 So I may liue to fede both me and myne.
 By God well ſaid. But what and if thou wiſt
 How to bring in, as faſt as thou doeſt ſpend.
 That would I learne. And it ſhall not be miſt,
 To tell thee how. Nowe harke what I intende.
 Thou knoweſt well firſt, who ſo can ſeke to pleaſe,
 Shall purchaſe friends : where truth, ſhall but offend.
 Flee therefore truth, it is both welth and eaſe.
 For though that truth of euery man hath prayſe :
 Full neare that winde goeth truth in great miſeaſe.
 Vſe vertue, as it goeth now a dayes :
 In worde alone to make thy language ſwete :
 And of the dede, yet do not as thou ſaies.
 Els be thou ſure : thou ſhalt be farre vnmete
 To get thy bread, ech thing is now ſo ſkant.
 Seke ſtill thy profite vpon thy bare fete.

Lende in no wise : for feare that thou do want :
 Vnlesse it be, as to a calfe a chese :
 By which returne be sure to winne a cant¹
 Of halfe at least. It is not good to leese.
 Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote,
 From vnder the stall, withouten landes or feese,
 Hath lept into the shoppe : who knowes by rote
 This rule that I haue told thee here before.
 Sometime also riche age beginnes to dote,
 Se thou when there thy gaine may be the more.
 Stay him by the arme, where fo he walke or go :
 Be nere alway, and if he coughe to fore :
 What he hath spit treade out, and please him fo.
 A diligent knaue that pikes his masters purfe,
 May please him fo, that he withouten mo
 Executour is. And what is he the wurs ?
 But if so chance, thou get nought of the man :
 The wydow may for all thy charge deburs.²
 A riueid skinne, a stinkyng breath, what than ?
 A tothelesse mouth shall do thy lippes no harme.
 The golde is good, and though she curfe or banne :
 Yet where thee list, thou mayest lye good and warme.
 Let the olde mule bite vpon the bridle :
 Whilst there do lye a sweter in thine arme.
 In this also fe thou be not idle :
 Thy nece, thy cosyn, thy syster, or thy daughter,
 If she bee faire : if handsome be her middle :
 If thy better hath her loue befought her :
 Auauunce his cause, and he shall helpe thy nede.
 It is but loue, turne it to a laughter.³
 But ware I say, so gold thee helpe and spede :
 That in this case thou be not so vnwise,
 As Pandar was in such a like dede.
 For he the fole of conscience was so nice :
 That he no gaine would haue for all his payne.
 Be next thy selfe for frendshyp bears no price,
 Laughest thou at me, why ? do I speake in vaine ?
 No not at thee, but at thy thrifty iest.

¹ But if thou can be sure to winne a cant

² disburse

³ It is but loue, turne thou it to laughter.

Wouldest thou, I should for any losse or gayne,
 Change that for golde, that I haue tane for best
 Next godly thinges : to haue an honest name ?
 Should I leaue that ? then take me for a beast.
 Nay then farewell, and if thou care for shame :
 Content thee then with honest pouertie :
 With free tong, what thee mislikes, to blame.
 And for thy trouth sometime aduersitie.
 And therewithall this thing I shall thee giue,
 In this world now litle prosperitie :
 And coyne to kepe, as water in a sieve.

The song of Iopas vnfinished.

When Dido feasted first the wanderyng Troian Knight :
 Whom Iunos wrath with stormes did force in Libyk
 fands to light
 That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lastyng long,
 With crisped lockes on golden harpe, Iopas sang in song.
 That fame (quod he) that we the world do call and name :
 Of heauen and earth with all contents, it is the very frame.
 Or thus, of heauenly powers by more power kept in one
 Repungnant kindes, in mids of whom the earth hath place
 alone :
 Firme, round, of liuing thinges, the mother place and nurse :
 Without the which in egal weight, this heuen doth hold his
 course
 And it is callde by name, the first and mouyng heauen,
 The firmament is placed next, conteinyng other seuen,
 Of heauenly powers that fame is planted full and thicke :
 As shinyng lightes which we call stars, that therin cleue and
 sticke.
 With great swift fway, the first, and with his restlesse fours,
 Carieth it self, and al those eyght, in euen continuall cours.
 And of this world so round within that rollyng case,
 Two points there be that neuer moue, but firmly kepe their
 place

The tone we see alway, the tother standes obiect
 Against the same, deuidyng iust the grounde by line direct.
 Which by imaginacion, drawn from the one to thother
 Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other.
 And these be callde the Poles, discryde by starres not bright.
 Artike the one northward we see : Antartike thother hyght.
 The line, that we deuise from thone to thother so :
 As axel is, vpon the which the heuens about do go
 Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fire haue kinde.
 Therefore the substance of those same were harde for man to
 finde.

But they bene vncorrupt, simple and pure vnmixt :
 And so we say been all those starres, that in those same be
 fixt.

And eke those erryng feuens, in circle as they stray :
 So calld, because agaynst that first they haue repungnant way :
 And smaller bywayes to, skant sensible to man :
 To busy worke for my pore harpe : let sing them he, that can.
 The wydest saue the first, of all these mine aboute
 One hundred yere doth aske of space, for one degree to moue.
 Of which degrees we make, in the first moouyng heauen,
 Three hundred and threscore in partes iustly deuided euen.
 And yet there is another betwene those heuens two :
 Whose mouyng is so fly so slack : I name it not for now.
 The seuenth heauen or the shell, next to the starry sky,
 All those degrees that gathereth¹ vp, with aged pafe so fly :
 And doth performe the same, as elders count hath bene,
 In nine and twenty yeres complete, and daies almost sixtene :
 Doth cary in his bowt the starre of Saturne old :
 A threatner of all liuyng things, with drought and with his cold.
 The sixt whom this conteyns, doth flalke with yoonger pafe :
 And in twelue yere doth somewhat more then thothers viage was.
 And this in it doth bear the starre of Ioue benigne,
 Twene Saturns malice and vs men, frendly defendyng signe.
 The fift bears bloody Mars, that in three hundred daies,
 And twise eleuen with one full yere, hath finisht all those
 wayes.

A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers therto fixe,
 And in the same the dayes eie the funne, therin her flyckes.

¹ gatherth

The third, that gouernd is by that, that gouerns mee :
 And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes : as oft we see :
 In like space doth performe that course, that did the tother.
 So dothe the next vnto the same, that second is in order
 But it doth bear the starre, that calld is Mercury :
 That many a crafty secrete steppe doth treade, as Calcars try.
 That sky is last, and fixt next vs, those wayes hath gone,
 In feuen and twenty common dayes, and eke the third of one :
 And beareth with his sway, the diuers Moone about :
 Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now her
 light is out
 Thus haue they of their owne two mouynges al these feuen
 One, wherin they be caried still, ech in his feueral heuen.
 An other of them felues, where their bodyes be layed
 In bywayes, and in lesser rowndes, as I afore haue sayd.
 Saue of them all the funne doth stray left from the streight,
 The starry sky hath but one cours, that we haue calde the eight.
 And all these moouynges eight are ment from west to the east :
 Although they seme to clime aloft, I say from east to west.
 But that is but by force of the first mouyng sky :
 In twise twelue houres from east to west yat carieth them by
 and by.
 But marke we well also, these mouinges of these feuen,
 Be not about the axell tree of the first mouyng heuen.
 For they haue their two poles directly tone to the tother. &c.

T. VVYATE the elder.

SONGES WRITTEN BY NICOLAS GRIMALD.

[Of the forty poems by this Author, only ten were included in the Second and subsequent Editions : wherein their place was supplied by the thirty-nine fresh poems by *Uncertain Authors*, see *pp.* 227-271.]

[The five following poems only occur in the first edition.]

A true loue.

W hat sweet releef the showers to thirstie plants
we see: [loue is to mee.
What dere delite, the blooms to beez : my true
As fresh, and lusty vere foule winter doth
exceed: [the euenings weed:
As morning bright, with scarlet sky, doth passe
As melow peares aboute the crabsesteemed be:
So doth my loue furmount them all, whom yet
I hap to fe.

The oke shall oliues bear : the lamb, the lion fray :
The owle shall match the nightingale, in tuning of her lay :

Or I my loue let slip out of mine entiere hert :
So deep reposed in my brest is she, for her desert.

For many blessed giftes, O happy, happy land : [stand
Where Mars, and Pallas striue to make their glory most to
Yet, land, more is thy blisse : that, in this cruell age,
A Venus ymp, thou hast brought forth, so stedfast, and so fage.

Among the Muses nyne, a tenth yf Ioue would make :
And to the Graces three, a fourth : her would Apollo take.

Let some for honour hoont, and hourd the massy golde :
With her so I may liue, and dye, my weal cannot be tolde.

The louer to his dear, of his exceding loue.

PHebe twise took her horns, twise layd them by,
I, all the while, on thee could fet no yie.
Yet doo I liue : if life you may it call,
Which onely holds my heauy hert, as thrall.
Certesse for death doo I ful often pray,
To rid my wo, and pull these pangs away.
So plaines Prometh, his womb no time to faile:

And, ayelife left, had leefer, he might quaile.
 I erre, orels who this deuife first found,
 By that gripes name he cleped loue vnfound.
 In all the town, what streat haue I not feen?
 In all the town, yet hath not Carie been.
 Eyther thy fier restraines thy free outgate,
 O woman, worthy of farre better state :
 Or peeplepesterd London lykes thee nought,
 But pleasant ayr, in quiet countrie fought.
 Perchaunce, in olds our loue thou doest repeat,
 And in sure place woldst eury thing retreat.
 Forth shall I go, ne will I stay for none,
 Vntyll I may fomwhere finde thee alone.
 Therwhile, keep you of hands, and neck the heew :
 Let not your cheeks becom or black, or bleew.
 Go with welcouerd hed, for you in case
 Apollo spied, burn wold he on your face.
 Daphne, in groue, clad with bark of baytree :
 Ay mee, if such a tale should ryse of thee.
 Calisto found, in woods, Ioues force to fell :
 I pray you, let him not like you so well.
 Eigh, how much dreed : Here lurks of theeus a haunt :
 Whofo thou beest, preyfeeker prowld, auaunt,
 Acteon may teach thee Dictynnaes ire :
 Of trowth, this goddesse hath as fiers a fire.
 What doo I speak ? O chief part of my minde,
 Vnto your eares these woords no way doo finde.
 Wold god, when you read this, obserue I might
 Your voyce, and of your countinaunce haue sight,
 Then, for our loue, good hope were not to seek :
 I mought fay with myself, she will be meek.
 Doutlesse I coom, what euer town you keep,
 Or where you woon, in woods, or mountanes sleep :
 I coom, and if all pear not in my face,
 Myself will messenger be of my case.
 If to my prayer all deaf, you dare saye, no :
 Streight of my death agilted shall you go.
 Yet in mid death, this fame shall eate my hart :
 That Carie, thou wert cause of all the imart.

*The louer asketh pardon of his dere,
for fleeyng from her.*

Louers men warn the corps beloued to flee,
 From the blinde fire in case they would liue free.
 Ay mee, how oft haue I fled thee, my Day?
 I flee, but loue bides in my brest alway.
 Lo yet agayn, I graunt, I gan remoue:
 But both I could, and can say still, I loue.
 If woods I seek, cooms to my thought Adone:
 And well the woods do know my heauy mone.
 In gardens if I walk: Narcissus there
 I spy, and Hyacints with weepyng chere:
 If meads I tred, O what a fyre I feel?
 In flames of loue I burn from hed to heel.
 Here I behold dame Ceres ymp in flight:
 Here bee, methynk, black Plutoes fleeds in fight.
 Stronds if I look vpon, the Nymphs I mynde:
 And, in mid sea, oft feruent powrs I fynde.
 The hyer that I clyme, in mountanes wylde,
 The nearer mee approacheth Venus chylde.
 Towns yf I haunt: in short, shall I all say?
 There foondry fourms I view, none to my pay.
 Her fauour now I note, and now her yies:
 Her hed, amisse: her foot, her cheeks, her guyse.
 In fyne, where mater wants, defautes I fayn:
 Whom oter, fayr: I deem, she hath foom stayn.
 What boots it then to flee, fythe in nightyde,
 And daytyme to, my Day is at my side?
 A shade therefore mayst thou be calld, by ryght:
 But shadowes, derk, thou, Day, art euer bright.
 Nay rather, worldly name is not for thee:
 Sithe thou at once canst in twoo places bee,
 Forgiue me, goddesse, and becom my sheeld:
 Euen Venus to Anchise herself dyd yeeld.
 Lo, I confesse my flight: bee good therefore:

Ioue, oftentimes, hath pardond mee for more.
 Next day, my Day, to you I coom my way :
 And, yf you suffer mee, due payns wyll pay.

N. Vincent. *to* G. Blackwood,
agaynst wedding.

SYthe, Blackwood, you haue mynde to wed a wife :
 I pray you, tell, wherfore you like that life.
 What? that henceforth you may liue more in blisse?
 I am beguylde, but you take mark amiffe.
 Either your fere shall be defournd : (and can
 You blifful be, with flower of frying pan?)
 Orels, of face indifferent : (they fay,
 Face but indifferent will soon decay.)
 Or faire : who, then, for many men femes fine :
 Ne can you fay, she is all holly mine.
 And be she chaste (if noman chaunce to few)
 A fort of brats she bringes, and troubles new :
 Or frutelesse will so passe long yeres with thee,
 That scant one day shall voyd of brawlyng bee.
 Hereto heap vp vndaunted hed, stif hart,
 And all the rest : eche spouse can tell a part.
 Leaue then, this way, to hope for happy life :
 Rather be your bed sole, and free from strife.
 Of blessed state if any path be here :
 It lurketh not, where women wonne so nere.

G. Blackwood *to* N. Vincent,
with weddyng.

SYthe, Vincent, I haue minde to wed a wife :
 You bid me tell, wherfore I like that life.
 Foule will I not, faire I desire : content,
 If faire me fayle, with one indifferent.
 Fair, you alledge, a thousand will applic :

But, nere fo oft requirde, she will denie.
 Meane beautie doth soone fade : therof playn hee,
 Who nothing loues in woman, but her blee.
 Frute if she bring, of frute is ioyfull fight :
 If none, what then? our burden is but light.
 The rest, you ming, certesse, we graunt, be great,
 Stif hert, vndaunted hed cause foom to freat.
 But, in all thinges, inborne displeasures be :
 Yea pleasure we, full of displeasure, fe.
 And maruail you, I looke for good estate,
 Hereafter if a woman be my mate?
 Oh straight is vertues path, if sooth men fay
 And likewise, that I feek, straight is the way.

[The next two poems occur in the Second and subsequent editions.]

*The Muses.*¹

IMps of King Ioue, and queene Remembrance lo,
 The sisters nyne, the poets pleafant feres.
 Calliope doth stately style bestow,
 And worthy prayfes payntes of princely peres.
 Clio in solem songes, reneweth old² day,
 With present yeres conioynng age bypast.
 Delitefull talke loues Comicall Thaley :
 In fresh green youth, who doth like laurell last.
 With voyces Tragicall fowndes Melpomen,
 And, as with cheyns, thallured earr shee bindes.
 Her stringes when Terpsichor dothe touche, euen then
 Shee toucheth hartes, and raigneth in mens mindes.
 Fine Erato, whose look a liuely chere
 Presents, in dauncyng keeps a comely grace.
 With femely gesture doth Polymnie stere :
 Whose wordes holle routes of renkes³ doo rule in place,
 Vranie, her globes to view all bent,
 The ninefolde heauen obserues with fixed face.
 The blastes Euterpe tunes of instrument,
 With solace sweet hence heauie dumps to chase.

¹Of the ix. Muses.

²all

³rankes

Lord Phebus in the mids (whose heauenly sprite
 These ladies doth enspire) embraceth all.
 The graces in the Mufes weed, delite
 To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

Mufonius the Philosophers faiyng.

IN workyng well, if trauell you sustaine :
 Into the winde shall lightly passe the payne :
 But of the deed the glory shall remaine,
 And cause your name with worthy wightes to raigne.
 In workyng wrong, if pleasure you attaine :
 The pleasure soon shall vade, and uoide, as vaine :
 But of the deed, throughout the life, the shame
 Endures, defacyng you with fowl defame :
 And flil torments the minde, bothe night and daye :
 Scant length of time the spot can wash awaye.
 Flee then ylfwading pleasures baits vntreew :
 And noble vertues fayr renown purseew.

[The following fourteen poems only occur in the First edition.]

*Marcus Catoes comparison of mans
 life with yron.*

WHo wold beleeeue mans life like yron to bee,
 But proof had been, great Cato, made by thee ?
 For if, long time, one put this yron in vre,
 Folowing ech day his woork, with byfye cure :
 With dayly vse, hee may the metall wear,
 And bothe the strength, and hardnesse eke impaire.
 Again, in case his yron hee cast aside,
 And carelesse long let it vntoucht abide :
 Sythe, cankered rust inuades the mettall fore,
 And her fowl teeth there fastneth more and more.
 So man, in case his corps hee tyre, and faint
 With labor long : his strength it shall attaint.
 But if in sluggard slothe the fame doth lye :

That manly might will fall away, and dye :
 That bodies strength, that force of wit remooue :
 Hee shall, for man, a weaklyng woman prooue.
 Wherfore, my childe, holde twene these twaine the waye :
 Nother with to much toyl thy lym decaye,
 In idle ease nor giue to vices place :
 In bothe who measure keeps, hee hath good grace.

Cleobulus the Lydians riddle.

One is my fire : my soons, twise six they bee :
 Of daughters ech of them begets, you see,
 Thrise ten : wherof one sort be fayr of face,
 The oother doth vnseemly black disgrace.
 Nor this holl rout is thrall vnto deathdaye,
 Nor worn with wastful time, but liue alwaye :
 And yet the same alwaies (straunge case) do dye.
 The fire, the daughters, and the soons diftry.
 In case you can so hard a knot vnknit :
 You shall I count an Edipus in wit.

Concerning Virgils Eneids.

By heauens hye gift, in case reuiued were
 Lyfip, Apelles, and Homer the great :
 The most renowmd, and ech of them fance pere,
 In grauyng, paintyng, and the Poets feat :
 Yet could they not, for all their vein diuine,
 In marble, table, paper more, or lesse,
 With cheezil, pencil, or with poyntel fyne,
 So graue, so paynt, or so by style expresse
 (Though they beheld of euery age, and land
 The fayrest books, in euery tounge contriued,
 To frame a fourm, and to direct their hand)
 Of noble prince the liuely shape descriued :
 As, in the famous woork, that Eneids hight,
 The naamkouth Virgil hath fet forth in sight.

Of mirth.

A Heauy hart, with wo encreafeth euery fmart :
 A mirthfull minde in time of need, defendeth forowes dart.
 The fprite of quicneffe feems, by drery fadneffe flayn :
 By mirth, a man to liuely plight, reuiued is agayn.
 Dolour dryeth vp the bones : the fad fhall fone be fick :
 Mirth can preferue the kyndly helth, mirth makes the body quick.
 Depe dumps do nought, but dull, not meet for man but beaft.
 A mery hert fage Solomon countes his continuall feaft.
 Sad foll, before thy time, brings thee vnto deaths dore :
 That fond condicions haue bereft, late daye can not reftore.
 As, when the couered heauen, fhoves forth a lowryng face,
 Fayr Titan, with his leam of light, returns a goodly grace :
 So, when our burdened brest is whelmd with clowdy thought,
 A pleafant calm throughout the corps, by chereful hart is
 Enioye we then our ioyes, and in the lorde reioyce : [brought
 Faith makyng faft eternallioye, of ioyes while wee haue choyce.

To L. I. S.

G Haris the fourth, Pieris the tenth, the fecond Cypris, Iane,
 One to affembles thre adioynd : whom Phebus fere, Diane,
 Among the Nymphs Oreades, might wel vouchfafe to place :
 But you as great a goddeffe ferue, the quenes moft noble grace :
 Allhayle, and while, like Terpfichor, much melody you make :
 Which if the field, as doth the court, enioyd, the trees wold fhake :
 While latine you, and french frequent : while Englifh tales you tel :
 Italian whiles, and Spanifh you do hear, and know full well :
 Amid fuch peares, and folemne fightes, in cafe conuenient tyme
 You can (good Lady) fpare, to read a rurall poets ryme :
 Take here his fimple fawes, in brieft : wherin no need to moue
 Your Ladifhyn, but thus lo fpeakes thabundance of his loue.
 The worthy feates that now fo much fet forth your noble name,
 So haue in vre, they ftill encreaft, may more encreafe your fame.
 For though diuine your doings be, yet thews with yeres may
 And if you ftay, ftreight now adayes fresh wits will ouergo. [grow :

Wherefore the glory got maintayne, maintayne the honour great.
 So shal the world my doom approue, and fet you in that feat,
 Where Graces, Mufes, and Ioues ymp, the ioyful Venus, raigne:
 So shall the bacheler bleffed bee, can fuch a Nymph obtaine.

To maiftres D. A.

WHat caufe, what reafon moueth me: what fanfy fills my
 brains [tains
 That you I minde of virgins al, whom Britain foile sus-
 Both when to lady Mnemofynes dere daughters I refort,
 And eke when I ye feafon flow deceaue, with glad difport?
 What force, what power haue you fo great, what charms haue
 you late found,
 To pluck, to draw, to rauifh hartes, and flirre out of ther ftond?
 To you, I trow, Ioues daughter hath the louely gyrdle lent,
 That Ceftos hight: wherin there bee all maner graces blent,
 Allurementes of conceits, of wordes the pleafurable tafte:
 That fame, I gefle, hath fhe giuen you, and girt about your wafte
 Befet with fute of precious pearl, as bright as funny day.
 But what? I am beguilde, and gone (I wene) out of the way.
 Thefe caufes lo do not fo much present your image preft,
 That will I, will I, night and day, you lodge within this breft:
 Thofe gifts of your right worthy minde, thofe golden gifts of mind
 Of my faft fixed fanfie fourm firft moouing caufe I finde:
 Loue of the one, and threefold powr: faith facred, found, sincere:
 A modeft maydens mood: an hert, from clowd of enuy clere:
 Wit, fed with Pallas food diuine: will, led with louely lore:
 Memorie, containing leffons great of ladies fue, and fowr:
 Woords, sweeter, than the fugar fweet, with heauenly nectar drest:
 Nothing but coomly can they carp, and wonders well exprest.
 Such damfels did the auncient world, for Poets penns, fuffife:
 Which, now a dayes, welnye as rare, as Poets fyne, aryfe.
 Wherefore, by gracious gifts of god, you more than thrife ybleft,
 And I welbleft myfelf fuppofe: whom chaftefull loue impreft,
 In friendfhips lace, with fuch a laffe, doth knit, and faft combine:
 Which lace no threatning fortune shall, no length of time vntwine:

And I that daye, with gem snowwhite, will marke, and eke
 depaynt,
 With pricely pen: which, Awdley, first gan mee with you acquaint.

Of m. D. A.

Deserts of Nymphs, that auncient Poets showe,
 A r not so kouth, as hers: whose present face,
 M ore, than my Muse, may cause the world to knowe
 A nature nobly giuen: of woorthy race:
 S o trayned vp, as honour did bestowe.
 C yllene, in fugerd speech, gaue her a grace.
 E xcell in song Apollo made his dere,
 N o fingerfeat Minerue hid from her fight.
 E xprest in look, she hath so fouerain chere,
 A s Cyprian once breathed on the Spartan bright.
 W it, wisdom, will, woord, woork and all, I ween,
 D are nomans pen perfume to paint outright.
 L o luyfter and light: which if old time had seen,
 E ntroned, shyne she should, with goddesse Fame.
 Y eeld, Enuie, these due prayses to this dame.

A neww yeres gift, to the l. M. S.

Now flaming Phebus, passing through his heauenly
 region hye,
 The vttrest Ethiopian folk with feruent beams doth frye:
 And with the soon, the yere also his secret race doth roon:
 And Ianus, with his double face, hath it again begoon.
 O thou, that art the hed of all, whom mooneths, and yeres obey:
 At whose commaund bee bothe the sterres, and surges of the sea:
 By powr diuine, now prosper vs this yere with good successe:
 This well to lead, and many mo, vs with thy fauour bleffe.
 Graunt, with sound soll in body found that here we dayly go:
 And, after, in that countrey lyue, whence bannisht is all wo:
 Where hoonger, thirst, and fory age, and sicknesse may not mell:
 No sence perceius, no hert bethinks the ioyes, that there do dwel.

An other to. l. M. S.

SO happy bee the course of your long life :
 So roon the yere intoo his circle ryte :
 That nothyng hynder your welmeanyng minde :
 Sharp wit may you, remembrans redy fynde,
 Perfect intelligence, all help at hand :
 Styll stayd your thought in frutefull studies stand.
 Hed framed thus may thother parts well frame,
 Diuine demeanour wyn a noble name :
 By payzed doom with leafure, and good heed :
 By vpright dole, and much auayling deed :
 By hert vnthirld, by vndiscomfite chere,
 And breft discharged quite of coward fere :
 By sobermood, and orders coomly rate :
 In weal, and wo, by holdyng one estate.
 And to that beauties grace, kynde hath you lent,
 Of bodies helth a perfite plight bee blent.
 Dame fortunes gifts may so stand you in sted,
 That well, and wealfully your lyfe be led.
 And hee, who giues these graces not in vayn,
 Direct your deeds, his honour to maintain.

To. l. K. S.

TO you, madame, I wish, bothe nowe, and eke from yere to
 yere [Anns chere
 Strength with Debore, with Iudith faith, with Maudlen zeal,
 With blessed Mary modest moode : like Sibill, life full long :
 A mynde with sacred sprite enspired, with fresh, and body strong :
 And, when of your forepointed fate you haue outroon the race :
 Emong all these, in Ioues hye raygn of bliffes full, a place.

To. l. E. S.

AS this first daye of Ianus youthe restores vnto the yere :
 So bee your minde in coorage good reuiued, and herty
 chere.

And asdame Tellus labreth now her frutes conceiued to breed:
 Right so of your most forward wit may great auail proceed.
 So lucky bee the yere, the mooneths, the weeks, ye dayes, ye
 howrs,
 That them, with long recours, you may enioy in bliffull bowrs.

To. m. D. A.

Gorgeous attire, by art made trym, and clene,
Cheyn, bracelet, perl, or gem of Indian riuer,
To you I nil, ne can (good Damascene)
 This time of Ianus Calends, here deliuer.
 But, what? My hert: which, though long fins certain
 Your own it was, aye present at your hest:
 Yet here itself doth it resigne agayn,
 Within these noomers closde. Where, think you best
 This to repose? There, I suppose, where free
 Minerue you place. For it hath you embraste,
 As thHeliconian Nymphs: with whom, euen hee,
 That burn for soom, Apollo liueth chaste.
 Presents in case by raarnesse you esteem:
 O Lord, how great a gift shall this then seem?

To. m. S. H.

TO you this present yere full fayre, and fortunate fall,
 Returning now to his prime part: and, good luck ther-
 withall,
 May it proceed: and end, and oft return, to glad your hert:
 O Sufan, whom among my frendes I count, by your desert.
 Ioy may your heauenly sprite: endure fresh wit, in ye fyne brayn:
 Your knowledge of good things encreas: your body, safe remain:
 A body, of such shape, as showeth a worthy wight by kynde:
 A closet, fit for to contain the vertues of that minde.
 What shall I yet moreouer add? God graunt, with pleasaunt mate
 A pleasaunt life you lead. Well may that man reioyfe his fate.

To his familiar frend.

NO image carued with coonnyng hand, no cloth of purple dye,
 No precious weight of metall bright, no siluer plate gyue I:
 Such gear allures not heuenly herts : such gifts no grace
 they bring : [nothing.
 I lo, yat know your minde, will fend none such, what then?

[The next four poems occur in the Second and following editions.]

Description of Vertue.

WHat one art thou, thus in torn weed yclad?
 Vertue, in price whom auncient fages had.
 Why, poorely rayd? For fadyng goodes past care.
 Why doublefaced? I marke eche fortunes fare.
 This bridle, what? Mindes rages to restrain.
 Toolles why beare you : I loue to take great pain.
 Why, winges? I teach aboute the starres to flye.
 Why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

Prayse of measurekepyng.

THe auncient time commended, not for nought,
 The mean : what better thing can ther be fought?
 In mean, is vertue placed : on either side,
 Bothe right, and left, amisse a man shall slide.
 Icar, with fire hadst thou the mid way flown,
 Icarian beck by name had no man known.
 If middle path kept had proud Phaeton,
 No burning brand this erth had falln vpon.
 Ne cruell powr, ne none to soft can raign :
 That keeps a mean, the same shall styll remain.
 Thee, Iulie, once did toomuch mercy spill :
 Thee, Nero stern, rigor extreem did kill.
 How could August so many yeres well passe?
 Nor ouermeek, nor ouerferse he was.
 Worship not Ioue with curious fanfies vain,
 Nor him despise : hold right atween these twayn.

No wastefull wight, no greedy goom is pray zed.
 Stands largeffe iust, in egall balance payzd.
 So Catoes meal furmountes Antonius chere.
 And better fame his sober fare hath here,
 To slender buildyng, bad : as bad, to grosse :
 One, an eyefore, the tother falls to losse.
 As medicines help, in measure: so (God wot)
 By ouermuch, the sick their bane haue got.
 Vnmeet mee seems to vtter this, mo wayes :
 Measure forbids vnmeasurable prayfe.

Mans life after Possidonius or Crates.

WHat path list you to tred? what trade will you assaye?
 The courts of plea, by braul, and bate, driue gentle
 peace away.
 In house, for wife, and childe, there is but cark, and care :
 With trauail, and with toyl ynough, in feelds wee vse to fare.
 Vpon the seas lieth dread : the riche, in foraine land,
 Doo fear the losse : and there, the poore, like misers poorly stand.
 Strife, with a wife, without, your thrift full hard to see :
 Yong brats, a trouble : none at all, a maym it seems to bee :
 Youth, fond : age hath no hert, and pincheth all to nye.
 Choofe then the leefer of these twoo, no life, or soon to dye.

Metrodorus minde to the contrarie.

WHat race of life ronne you? what trade will you assaye?
 In courts, is glory gott, and witt encreased daye by daye.
 At home, we take our ease, and beak our selues in rest:
 The feelds our nature doo refresh with pleasures of the best.
 On seas, is gayn to gett: the straunger, hee shall bee
 Esteemed, hauing much: if not, none knoweth his lack, but hee.
 A wife will trym thy house : no wife? then art thou free.
 Brood is a louely thing : without, thy life is loose to thee.
 Yong bloods be strong : old fires in double honour dwell.
 Doo waye that choys, no life, or soon to dye, for all is well.

[This poem only occurs in the First edition.]

Of lawes.

When princes lawes, with reuerend right, do keep ye
 commons vnder [afunder.
 As meek as babes, thei do their charge, and scatter not
 But if they raife their heades aloft, and lawe her brydle flake :
 Then, like a tyger fell, they fare, and lust for law they take.
 Where water dothe preuail, and fire, no mercy they expresse:
 But yet the rage of that rude rout is much more mercileffe.

[This poem occurs also in the Second and subsequent editions.]

Of frendship.

OF all the heauenly gifts, that mortall men commend,
 What trusty treasure in the world can courteruail a frend?
 Our helth is soon decayd: goodes, casuall, light, and vain:
 Broke haue we seen the force of powr, and honour suffer stain.
 In bodies lust, man doth resemble but base brute :
 True vertue gets, and keeps a frend, good guide of our pursute:
 Whose hartly zeal with ours accords, in euery case :
 No terme of time, no space of place, so storme can it deface.
 When fickle fortune sayls, this knot endureth still : [good wil.
 Thy kin out of their kinde may swarue, when frends owe thee
 What sweeter solace shall befall, than one to finde,
 Vpon whose brest thou mayst repose the secrets of thy minde?
 Hee wayleth at thy wo, his tears with thine be shed :
 With thee doth hee all ioyes enioye : so leef a life is led :
 Behold thy frend, and of thy self the pattern see :
 One soull, a wonder shall it seem, in bodies twain to bee.
 In absence, present, riche in want, in sicknesse sownd,
 Yea, after death aliue, mayst thou by thy sure frend be found.
 Ech house, ech towne, ech realm by stedfast loue dothe stand :
 Where fowle debate breeds bitter bale, in eche diuided land.
 O frendship, flowr of flowrs : O liuely sprite of life,
 O sacred bond of bliffull peace, the stalworth staunch of strife:
 Scipio with Lelius didst thou conioyn in care,
 At home, in warrs, for weal and wo, with egall faith to fare.
 Gesippus eke with Tite, Damon with Pythias,

And with Menclus¹ sonne Achill, by thee combined was.
 Euryalus, and Nifus gaue Virgil caufe to sing :
 Of Pylades doo many rymes, and of Orestes ring.
 Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith, his frend to finde :
 O yat the wiues, in these our dayes, were to their mates so kinde.
 Cicero, the frendly man, to Atticus, his frend,
 Offrendship wrote : such couples lo dothe lott but seeldom lend.
 Recount thy race, now ronne : how few shalt thou there see,
 Of whome to faye : This same is hee, that neuer fayled mee.
 So rare a iewel then must nedes be holden dere :
 And as thou wilt esteem thyself, so take thy chofen fere.
 The tyrant, in dispayre, no lack of gold bewayls :
 But, Out I am vndoon (sayth hee) for all my frendship fayls.
 Wherefore sins nothing is more kindly for our kinde :
 Next wifdome, thus that teacheth vs, loue we the frendful minde.

[The ten following poems only occur in the First edition.]

The Garden.

THe issue of great Ioue, draw nere you, Muses nine :
 Help vs to praise the bliffull plott of garden ground so fine.
 The garden giues good food, and ayd for leaches cure :
 The garden, full of great delite, his master dothe allure.
 Sweet fallet herbs bee here, and herbs of euery kinde :
 The ruddy grapes, the seemly frutes bee here at hand to finde.
 Here pleafans wanteth not, to make a man full [? full] fayn :
 Here marueilous the mixture is of folace, and of gain.
 To water fondry feeds, the sorow by the waye
 A ronning riuer, trilling downe with liquor, can conuay.
 Beholde, with liuely heew, fayr flowrs that shyne so bright :
 With riches, like the orient gems, they paynt the molde in sight.
 Beez, humming with soft found, (their murmur is so small)
 Of blooms and blossoms suck the topps, on dewed leaues they fail
 The creping vine holds down her own bewedded elms :
 And, wandering out with branches thick, reeds folded ouer-
 whelms.
 Trees spred their couerts wyde, with shadows fresh and gaye :
 Full well their branched bowz defend the feruent sonne awaye.
 Birds chatter, and some chirp, and some sweet tunes doo yeeld:

¹ Menetus

Allmirthfull, with their fongs so blithe, they make both ayre, and
 The garden, it allures, it feeds, it glads the sprite : [feeld.
 From heuyhartes all doolfull dumps the garden chafeth quite.
 Strength it restores to lims, draws, and fulfils the fight :
 With chere reuiues the senses all, and maketh labour light.
 O, what delites to vs the garden ground dothe bring? [sing.
 Seed, leaf, flowr, frute, herb, bee, and tree, and more, then I may

An epitaph of Sir Iames Wilford knight.

THe worthy Wilfords body, which alyue,
 Made both the Scot, and Frenchman fore adrad :
 A body, shapte of stomake stout to striue
 With forein foes : a corps, that coorage had
 So full of force, the like nowhere was ryfe :
 With hert, as free, as ere had gentle knight :
 Now here in graue (thus chaungeth ay, this lyfe)
 Rests, with vnrest to many a wofull wight
 Of largeffe great, of manhod, of forecast
 Can ech good English souldiour bear record.
 Speak Launderfey, tell Muttrel maruails past :
 Crye Musselborough : prayse Haddington thy lord,
 From thee that held both Scots, and frekes of Fraunce:
 Farewel, may England say, hard is my chauce.

An other, of the same knightes death.

FOr Wilford wept first men, then ayr also,
 For Wilford felt the wayters wayfull wo.
 The men so wept: that bookes, abrode which bee,
 Ot moornyng meeters full a man may see.
 So wayld the ayr : that, clouds consumde, remaynd
 No dropes, but drouth the parched erth sustaynd.
 So greeted floods : that, where ther rode before
 A ship, a car may go safe on the shore.
 Left were nomo, but heauen, and erth, to make,
 Throughout the world, this greef his rigor take.
 But fins the heauen this Wilfords goste dothe keep,
 And earth, his corps : faye mee, why shold they weep?

An Epitaph of the ladye Margaret Lee.

1555.

MAn, by a woman lern, this life what we may call :
Blod, frendship, beauty, youth, attire, welth, worship,
helth and al

Take not for thine : not yet thy self as thine beknow.
For hauing these, with full great prayfe, this lady did but show
Her self vnto the world : and in prime yeres (bee ware)
Sleeps doolfull sifter, who is wont for no respect to spare,
Alas, withdreew her hence : or rather softly led :
For with good will I dare well faye, her waye to him shee sped:
Who claymed, that he bought : and took that erst hee gaue :
More meet than any worldly wight, such heauenly gemsto haue.
Now wold shee not return, in earth a queen to dwell.
As shee hath doon to you, good frend, bid lady Lee, farewell.

Vpon the tomb of A. W.

MYrrour of matrones, flowr of spouslike loue,
Of fayr brood frutefull norse, poor peoples stay,
Neybours delite, true hert to him aboue,
In yeelding worlds encreas took her decaye :
Who printed liues yet in our hertes alway :
Whose closet of good thews, layd here a space,
Shall shortly with the soull in heauen haue place.

Vpon the deceas of W. Ch.

NOw, blythe Thaley, thy feastfull layes lay by :
And to resound these doolfull tunes apply.
Cause of great greef the tyrant death imports :
Whose vgfoom idoll to my brayns reforts.
A gracefull ymp, a flowr of youth, away
Hath she bereft (alas) before his daye.
Chambers, this lyfe to leaue, and thy dear mates,

So soon doo thee constrain enuyous fates?
 Oh, with that wit, those maners, that good hert,
 Woorthy to lyue olde Nestors yeres thou wert.
 You wanted outward yies : and yet aryght
 In stories, Poets, oratours had fight.
 Whatso you herd, by liuely voyce, exprest,
 Was soon reposde within that mindefull brest.
 To mee more pleafant Plautus neuer was,
 Than those conceits, that from your mouth did passe.
 Our studiemates great hope did hold alway,
 You wold be our schooles ornament, one day.
 Your parents then, that thus haue you forgone,
 Your brethren eke must make theyr heauy mone :
 Your louyng feres cannot theyr teares restrayn :
 But I, before them all, haue cause to playn :
 Who in pure loue was conioyned with thee,
 An other Grimald didst thou seem to bee.
 Ha lord, how oft wisht you, with all your hart,
 That vs no chaunce a fonder might depart?
 Happy were I, if this your prayer tooke place :
 Ay mee, that it dothe cruell death deface.
 Ah lord, how oft your sweet woords I repeat,
 And in my mynde your woonted lyfe retreat?
 O Chambers, O thy Grimalds mate moste dere?
 Why hath fell fate tane thee, and left him here?
 But wherto these complaints in vain make wee?
 Such woords in wyndes to waste, what moueth mee?
 Thou holdst the hauen of helth, with bliffull Ioue :
 Through many waues, and seas, yet must I roue.
 Not woorthy I, so soon with thee to go :
 Mee styll my fates reteyn, bewrapt in wo.
 Liue, our companion once, now lyue for aye :
 Heauens ioyes enioy, whyle wee dye day by daye.
 You, that of faith so sure signes here exprest,
 Do triumph now, nodout, among the blest :
 Haue changed sea for porte, darknesse for light,
 An inn for home, exile for countrey right,
 Trauail for rest, straunge way for citie glad,
 Battail for peas, free raign for bondage bad.

These wretched erthly founds who can compare
 To heauenly feats, and those delites moſte rare?
 We frayl, you firm: we with great trouble toſt,
 You bathe in bliſſe, that neuer ſhall bee loſt.
 Wherefore, Thaley, renew thy feaſtfull layes:
 Her doolfull tunes my chered Muſe now ſlayes.

Of. N. Ch.

WHy, Nicolas, why doeſt thou make ſuch haſte
 After thy brother? Why goeſt thou ſo? To taſte
 Of changed lyfe with hym the better ſtate?
 Better? yea beſt of all, that thought can rate.
 Or, did the dread of wretched world driue thee
 Leſte thou this afterfall ſhould hap to fee:
 Mauortian moods, Saturnian furies fell,
 Of tragicall turmoyls the haynous hell?
 O, whoſe good thews in brief cannot be told,
 The hartieſt mate, that euer trod the mold:
 If our farewell, that here liue in diſtreſſe,
 Auayl, farewell: the reſt teares do ſuppreſſe.

*A funerall ſong, vpon the deceaſ of
 Annes his mother.*

YEa, and a good cauſe why thus ſhould I playn.
 For what is hee, can quietly ſuſtayne
 So great a grief, with mouth as ſtyll, as ſtone?
 My loue, my lyfe, of ioye my ieeuell is gone.
 This hartie zeale if any wight diſprooue,
 As womans work, whom feeble minde doth mooue:
 Hee neither knowes the mighty natures laws.
 Nor touching elders deeds hath ſeen old ſaws.
 Martius, to vanquiſh Rome, was ſet on fire:
 But vanquiſht fell, at moothers boon, his ire.
 Into Heſperian land Sertorius fled,
 Of parent aye cheef care had in his hed.
 Dear weight on ſhoulders Sicil brethren bore,

While Etnaes gyant spouted flames full fore.
 Not more of Tyndars ymps hath Sparta spoke,
 Than Arge of charged necks with parents yoke.
 Nor onely them thus dyd foretyme entreat :
 Then, was the noorffe also in honour great.
 Caiet the Phrygian from amid fireflame
 Rescued, who gaue to Latine stronds the name.
 Acca, in dubble sence Lupa ycleaped,
 To Romane Calendars a feast hath heaped.
 His Capra Ioue among the sterres hath pight :
 In welkin clere yet lo she shineth bryght.
 Hyades as gratefully Lyai did place,
 Whom, in primetide, supports the Bulls fayr face
 And should not I expresse my inward wo,
 When you, most louyng dam, so soon hence go.
 I, in your frutefull woomb conceyued, born was,
 Whyle wanderyng moon ten moonths did ouerpasse.
 Mee, brought to light, your tender arms sustaynd :
 And, with my lips, your milky paps I straynd.
 You mee embraced, in bosom soft you mee
 Cherished, as I your onely chylde had bee.
 Of yssue fayr with noomers were you blest :
 Yet I, the bestbeloued of all the rest.
 Good luck, certayn forereadyng moothers haue,
 And you of mee a speciall iudgement gaue.
 Then, when firm pafe I fixed on the ground :
 When tounge can cease to break the lispynge found :
 You mee streightway did too the Muses fend,
 Ne suffered long a loyteryng lyfe to spend,
 What gayn the wooll, what gayn the wed had braught,
 It was his meed, that me there dayly taught.
 When with Minerue I had acquaintance woon :
 And Phebus seemd to loue mee, as his soon :
 Browns hold I bad at parents heft, farewell :
 And gladly there in schools I gan to dwell :
 Where Granta giues the ladies nyne such place,
 That they reioyse to see theyr bliffull case.
 With ioyes at hert, in this pernaffe I bode,
 Whyle, through his signes, fise tymes great Titan glode :

And twyfe as long, by that fayr foord, whereas
 Swanfeeder Temms no furder course can passe.
 O, what desire had you, therwhile, of mee?
 Mid doutfull dreeds, what ioyes were wont to bee?
 Now linnen clothes, wrought with those fyngers fyne,
 Now other thynges of yours dyd you make myne:
 Tyll your last thredes gan Clotho to vntwyne,
 And of your dayes the date extreem affygne.
 Hearyng the chaunce, your neybour made much mone:
 A dearworth dame, they thought they comfort gone.
 Kinswomen wept: your charge, the maydens wept:
 Your daughters wept, whom you so well had kept.
 But my good fyre gaue, with soft woords, releef:
 And cokes, with outward chere, his inward greef:
 Leste, by his care, your sicknes should augment,
 And on his case your thoughtfull hert be bent.
 You, not forgetting yet a moothers mood,
 When at the dore dartthirling death there stood,
 Did faye: Adeew, dear spoufe, my race is roon:
 Wher so he bee, I haue left you a soon,
 And Nicolas you naamd, and naamd agayn:
 With other speech, aspiring heauenly raign:
 When into ayre your sprite departed fled,
 And left the corps a cold in lukewarm bed.
 Ah, could you thus, deare mother, leaue vs all?
 Now, should you liue: that yet, before your fall,
 My songes you might haue soong, haue heard my voyce,
 And in commodities of your own reioyce.
 My sisters yet vnwedded who shall guide?
 With whose good lessons shall they bee applyed?
 Haue, mother, monumentes of our fore smart:
 No costly tomb, areard with curious art:
 Nor Maufolean masse, hoong in the ayre:
 Nor loftie steeples, that will once appayre:
 But wayful verse, and doolfull song accept.
 By verse, the names of auncient peres be kept:
 By verse, liues Hercules: by verse, Achil:
 Hector, Ene, by verse, be famous still
 Such former yeres, such death hath chaunced thee:

Clofde, with good end, good life is woont to bee.
 But now, my facred parent, fare you well :
 God fhall caufe vs agayn together dwell.
 What time this vniuerfall globe fhall hear
 Of the laft troomp the rynging voyce : great fear
 To foom, to fuch as you a lieauenly chear.
 Til then, reposde reft you in gentle fleep :
 While hee, whom to you are bequeathd, you keep.

*Vpon the death of lord Mautrauers,
 out of doctor Haddons latine.*

THe noble Henry, he, that was the lord Mautrauers named:
 Heyr to the houfe of thArundels, fo long a time now famed:
 Who from Fitzalens doth recount difcent of worthy race,
 Fitzalens, earls of hie eſtate, men of a goodly grace :
 Whom his renowned father had ſeen flouriſh, and excell,
 In arms, in arts, in witt, in ſkill, in ſpeaking wonders well :
 Whoſeyeres, to timely vertue had, and manly grauenefſe caught:
 With ſoden ruine is downfalln, and into aſhes braught :
 While glory his coragious hert enflames to trauail great :
 And, in his youthly breſt ther raigns an ouerferuent heat.
 The pereleſſe princeſſe, Mary quene, her meſſage to preſent,
 This Britan lord, as one moſte meet, to Cefars broother ſent.
 On courſing ſteeds hee rides the waye : in ſhip hee fleeteth faſt :
 To royall Cefars court he comes, the payns, and perils paſt :
 His charge enioynd perfourmeth hee, attaind exceeding prayſe :
 His name, and fame ſo fully ſpred, it dures for afterdayes.
 But lo, a feruent feeuer doth, amid his triumphs, fall :
 And, with hertgripyng greef, conſumes his tender lymes and all.
 O rufull youth, thy helth too far forgot, and toomuch heed
 To countrie, and too parentyeuen: why makeſt thou ſuch ſpeed?
 O, ſtaye your ſelf : your country ſo to ſerue dothe right require,
 That often ſerue you may : and then, at length, ſucceed your ſire.
 But thee perchaunce it likes, thy life the price of praife to paye :
 Nor deth doeſt dread, where honor ſhines, as bright as ſonny day.

Certesse no greater glory could, than this, to thee betide :
 Though Ioue, six hundred yeres, had made thy fatall thread
 abide
 Of iourneys, and of trauails huge the cause thy country
 was :
 Thy funerall to honour, forth great Cefars court gan passe.
 And, thus, O thus (good lord) this ymp, of heuen most worthy
 wight
 His happy life with bliffull death concluded hath aright :
 When, in fourt yere quene Maries raign proceeded: and
 what day,
 Was last of Iulie moneth, the same his last took him awaye.
 From yeres twise ten if you in count wil but one yere
 abate :
 The very age then shall you finde of lord Mautrauers fate.
 Likewife, was Titus Cesar hence withdrawn, in his prime
 yeres :
 Likewife, the yong prince Edward went: and diuers other
 peres.
 Father, forbear thy wofull tears, cease, England, too
 lament :
 Fates fauour none, the enmie death to all alike is bent.
 The onely mean, that now remains, with eloquence full fine.
 Hath Shelly vsed, in setting forth this barons name diuine.
 Your Haddon eke, who erst in your life time, bore you
 good hart,
 Presenteth you this monument, of woonted zeal some part.
 And now farewell: of English youth most chosen gem,
 farewell :
 A worthyer wight, saue Edward, did in England neuer
 dwell.

Vpon the sayd lord Mautrauers death.

MEe thought, of late when lord Mautrauers dyed,
 Our common weal, thus, by her self shee cryed :
 Oft haue I wept for mine, so layd a sleep,
 Yet neuer had I iuster cause to weep.

[The three last of Grimald's poems also occur in the Second and early subsequent editions of this work ; of which editions they form the concluding verses of all.]

The death of Zoroas, an Egyptian Astronomer, in first fight, that Alexander had with the Persians.

Now clattering arms, now ragyng broyls of warr
 Gan passe the noyes of taratantars clang¹: [darts,
 Shrowded with shafts, the heuen : with clowd of
 Couered, the ayre : against fulfatted bulls,
 As forceth kindled ire the Lions keen :
 Whose greedy gutts the gnawing hoonger pricks :
 So Macedoins against the Persians fare.
 Now corpfes hide the purpurde foyl with blood :
 Large slaughter, on ech side : but Perfes more
 Moyst feelds bebledd² : their herts, and noombers bate.
 Fainted while they giue back, and fall to flight :
 The lightning Macedon, by swoords, by gleaus,
 By bands, and trowps, of fotemen with his garde,
 Speeds to Darie : but him, his nearest kyn,
 Oxate preferues, with horsfemen on a plump
 Before his carr : that none the charge could giue.
 Heregrunts, heregrones, echwhere strong youth is spent:
 Shaking her bloody hands, Bellone, among
 The Perfes, foweth all kindes³ of cruel death.
 With throte ycutt, hee roores : hee lyeth along,
 His entrails with a launce through girded quite :
 Him down⁴ the club, him beats⁵ farstryking bowe,
 And him the flyng, and him the shinand⁶ swoord :
 Hee dieth, hee is all dedd, hee pants, he rests.
 Right ouer stood, in snowwhite armour braue,
 The Memphite Zoroas, a cooning clerk :
 To whom the heauen lay open, as his book :
 And in celestially bodyes hee could tell
 The moouyng, meetyng, light, aspect, eclyps,

¹ of dredfull trumpets clang :
³ kynde

⁴ smites

² Moyst feelds be bledd :
⁵ wounds

⁶ shinyng

And influence, and constellations all :
 What earthly chaunces wold betide : what yere
 Of plenty storde, what signe forwarned derth :
 How winter gendreth snow : what temperature
 In the primetide dothe feason well the foyle :
 Why foomer burns : why autum hath ripe grapes :
 Whether the circle, quadrate may becom¹ :
 Whether our tunes heauens harmony can yeeld :
 Of fowr begynns, among them selues how great
 Proportion is : what fwaye the erring lightes
 Dothe fend in course gayn that first moouing heauen,
 What grees, one from an other distant bee :
 What flerr² dothe lett the hurtfull fire to rage,
 Or him more mylde what opposition markes³ :
 What fire doth qualifie Mauorfes fire :
 What house echone doth seek : what planet raings
 Within this hemisphere, or that : small things
 I speake : holl⁴ heauen hee clofeth in his brest.
 This sage then, in the starrs had spied : the fates
 Threatned him death, without delaye : and fithe
 Hee saw, hee could not fatall order change :
 Forward hee preast, in battayl that hee might
 Meet with the ruler of the Macedoins :
 Of his right hand desirous to be slayn,
 The boldest beurn, and worthiest in the feeld :
 And, as a wight now weary of his life,
 And seeking death : in firil front of his rage,
 Cooms desperatly to Alifanders⁵ face :
 At him, with darts, one after other, throwes :
 With reckles woords, and clamour him prouokes :
 And sayth, Nectanabs bastard, shameful stain
 Of mothers bed : why lofest thou thy strokes,
 Cowards emong ? Turn thee to mee, in case
 Manhod ther bee so much left in thy hert :
 Coom fight with mee : that on my helmet wear
 Apolloes laurel, both for learnings laude,
 And eke for Martiall prayse : that, in my shield,
 The feuenfold sophie of Minerue contain :
 A match, more meet, fir king, than any here.

¹ become ² starre ³ makes. ⁴ whole ⁵ Alexanders

The noble prince amoued, takes ruthe vpon
 The wilfull wight : and, with soft woords, ayen,
 O monstros man (quod he) whatfo thou art,
 I praye thee, lyue : ne do not, with thy death
 This lodge of lore, the Mufes mansion marr.
 That treasure house this hand shall neuer fpoyl :
 My fwoord shall neuer bruze that skylfull brayn,
 Longgatherd heapes of science soon to fpyll.
 O, how faire frutes may you to mortall men
 From wifdoms garden, giue? How many may,
 By you, the wyfer, and the better proue?
 What error, what mad moode, what phrenzey¹ thee
 Perfuades to bee downfent to deep Auern :
 Where no artes florish, nor no knowledge vails?
 For all these sawes, when thus the fouerain fayde,
 Alighted Zoroas : with fwoord vnsheathed,
 The carelefse king there fmote, aboue the greaue,
 At thopening of his quifhes : wounded him
 So, that the blood down reyled on the ground.
 The Macedon, perceyuing hurt, gan gnafh :
 But yet his minde he bent, in any wyfe,
 Hym to forbear : fet spurrs vnto his steed,
 And turnd away : lefte anger of the smart
 Should caufe reuenger hand deal balefull blowes.
 But of the Macedonian chieftanes knights
 One, Meleager, could not bear this fight :
 But ran vpon the fayd Egyptian renk²:
 And cut him in both kneez : hee fell to ground :
 Wherwith a hole route came of fouldiours stern,
 And all in peeces hewed the filly feg
 But happily the foll³ fled to the sterres :
 Where, vnder him, he hath full fight of all,
 Wherat hee gazed here, with reaching looke.
 The Perfians wayld fuch fapience to forgo :
 The very fone, the Macedonians wifht,
 Hee wold haue lyued : kyng Alifander felf
 Deemd him a man, vnmeet to dye at all :
 Who woon lyke prafe, for conquest of his ire,
 As for flout men in feild that daye fubdeewd :

¹ phrensy² reuk³ soule

Who princes taught, how to discern a man,
 That in his hed fo rare a iewell beares.
 But ouer all, those fame Camenes, those fame
 Diuine Camenes, whose honor he procurde.
 As tender parent dothe his daughters weal :
 Lamented : and, for thanks, all that they can,
 Do cherish him deceaft, and fet hym free
 From derk obliuion of deuouryng death.

Marcus Tullius Ciceroes *death.*

Herefore, when restlesse rage of wynde, and waue
 Hee saw : By fates, alas calld for (quod hee)
 Is haplesse Cicero : fayl on, shape course
 To the next shore, and bryng me to my death.
 Perdie these thanks, reskued from ciuil swoord,
 Wilt thou, my countrey, paye? I see mine end :
 So powrs diuine, so bid the gods aboue,
 In citie faued that Consul Marcus shend.
 Speakyng nomore, but drawyng from deep hert
 Great grones, euen at the name of Room¹ reherst :
 His yies,² and cheeks, with showrs of teares, hee washt.
 And (though a route in dayly daungers worn)
 With forced face, the shipmen held theyr teares :
 And, striuyng long the seas rough floods to passe,
 In angry wyndes, and stormy stowrs made waye :
 And at the last, safe anchord in the rode.
 Came heauy Cicero a land : with payn,
 His faynted lymes the aged fire dothe draw :
 And, round about their master, flood his band :
 Nor greatly with theyr own hard hap dismayd,
 Nor plighted fayth, proue in sharp time to break :
 Soom swoords prepare : soom theyr deare lord assist :
 In littour layd, they lead hym vnkouth wayes :
 If so deceaue Antonius cruell gleaus³
 They might, and threats of folowing routs escape.
 Thus lo, that Tullie, went, that Tullius,
 Of royall robe, and sacred Senate prince :

¹ Rome² eies³ gleaues

When hee afar the men approche espyeth,
 And of his fone the enignes dothe aknow :
 And, with drawn swoord, Popilius threatnyng death :
 Whose life, and holl estate, in hazard once,
 Hee had preserued : when Room as yet to free
 Herd hym, and at his thundryng voyce amazde.
 Herennius eek, more eyger than the rest,
 Present enflamde with furie, him pursew.
 What might hee doo ? Should hee vse in defense
 Difarmed hands ? or pardon ask, for meed ?
 Should hee with woords attempt to turn the wrath
 Of tharmed knyght, whose safeguard hee had wrought ?
 No, age, forbids, and fixt within deep brest
 His countreys loue, and falling Rooms image.
 The charret turn, fayth hee, let loofe the rayns :
 Roon to the vnderued death : mee, lo,
 Hath Phebus fowl, as messanger, forwarnd :
 And Ioue desires a neew heauensman to make.
 Brutus, and Cassius soulls, liue you in blisse :
 In case yet all the fates gaynstriue vs not,
 Neyther shall wee perchaunce dye vnreuenged.
 Now haue I liued, O Room, ynough for mee :
 My passed lyfe nought suffreth mee to dout
 Noyfom obliuion of the lothesom death.
 Slea mee : yet all thoffspring to coom shall knowe
 And this deceas shall bring eternall lyfe.
 Yea and (onlesse I fayl, and all in vain
 Room, I foomtyme thy Augur chofen was)
 Not euermore shall frendly fortune thee
 Fauour, Antonius : once the day shall coom :
 When her deare wights, by cruell spight, thus flayn,
 Victorious Room shall at thy hands require.
 Mee likes, therwhyle, go see the hoped heauen.
 Speech had he left : and therwith hee, good man
 His throte preparde, and held his hed vnmoued,
 His hastyng too¹ those fates the very knyghts
 Bee lothe to see : and, rage rebated, when
 They his bare neck beheld, and his hore heyres :
 Scant could they hold the teares, that forth gan burst :

And almost fell from bloody hands the swords.
 Onely the stern Herennius, with grym look,
 Dastards, why stand you styll : he sayth : and streight,
 Swaps of the hed, with his presumptuous yron.
 Ne with that slaughter yet is hee not fild :
 Fowl shame on shame to heap is his delyte.
 Wherefore the hands also doth hee of smyte,
 Which durst Antonius life so liuely paynt :
 Him, yeldyng strayned goste, from welkin hye,
 With lothly chere, lord Phebus gan behold :
 And in black clowd, they faye, long hid his hed.
 The latine Muses, and the Grayes, they wept :
 And, for his fall, eternally shall weep.
 And lo, hertperfyng Pitho (straunge to tell)
 Who had to him suffisde bothe sence, and woords,
 When so he spake : and drest, with nectar foote,
 That flowyng tounge : when his wyndpype disclofde,
 Fled with her fleeyng frend : and (out alas)
 Hath left the erth, ne wil nomore return.
 Popilius flyeth, therwhyle : and, leauyng there
 The senslesse stock, a gryzely fight doth bear
 Vnto Antonius boord, with mischief fed.

Of M. T. Cicero.

FOr Tullie, late, a toomb I gan prepare :
 When Cynthie, thus, bad mee my labour spare.
 Such maner things becom the ded, quoth hee :
 But Tullie liues, and styll alyue shall bee.

N. G.

VNCERTAIN AVCTOVRS.¹

*The complaint of a louer with fute to
his loue for pitye.*

IF euer wofull man might moue your hartes to ruthe,
Good ladies here this woful plaint, whose deth shal
try his truth
And rightfull iudges be on this his true report :
If he deserue a louers name among the faithfull fort.
Fiue hundred times the sonne hath lodged him in
the West:
Since in my hart I harbred first of all the
goodlyest gest.

Whose worthinesse to shew my wittes are all to faint.
And I lack cunningg of the scoles, in colours her to paynt.
But this I briefly say in wordes of egall weight.
So void of vice was neuer none, nor with such vertues freyght.
And for her beauties prayse, no wight, that with her warres.
For, where she comes, she shewes her self as sonne among ye
starres.

But Lord, thou wast to blame, to frame such parfitenesse :
And puttes no pitie in her hart, my forowes to redresse.
For yf ye knew the paynes, and panges, that I haue past :
A wonder would it be to you, how that my life had last.

When all the Goddes agreed, that Cupide with his bow
Should shote his arrowes from her eies, on me his might to show
I knew it was in vain my force to trust vpon :
And well I wist, it was no shame, to yelde to such a one.

Then did I me submit with humble hart, and minde,
To be her man for euermore : as by the Goddes assinde.
And since that day, no wo, wherwith loue might torment,
Could moue me from this faithfull band : or make me once
Yet haue I felt full oft the hottest of his fire : [repent.

¹ *Songes and Sonettes of vncertain auctours.*

The bitter teares, the scalding fighes, the burning hote defyre.
 And with a sodain fight the trembling of the hart :
 And how the blood doth come, and go, to succour euery part.
 When that a pleafant loke hath lift me in the ayer :
 A frowne hath made me fall as faft into a depe defpayer.
 And when that I, er this, my tale could well by hart :
 And that my tong had learned it, fo that no worde might start :
 The fight of her hath fet my wittes in fuch a ftay :
 That to be lord of all the world, one word I could not fay,
 And many a sodayn cramp my hart hath pinched fo :
 That for the time my fenfes all felt neither weale, nor wo.
 Yet faw I neuer thing, that might my minde content :
 But wifht it hers, and at her will, if ſhe could fo confent.
 Nor neuer heard of wo : that did her will difpleafe :
 But wifht the fame vnto my felf, fo it might do her eafe.
 Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked face :
 Vnleffe it did refemble her, or ſome part of her grace.
 No diftance yet of place could vs fo farre deuide :
 But that my hert, and my good will did ftill with her abide.
 Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortunes powre,
 To put that fwete out of my thought, one minute of an howre.
 No rage of drenching fea, nor woodenefſe of the winde,
 Nor cannons with their thundryng cracks could put her from my
 minde
 For when bothe ſea and land afunder hath vs fet :
 My hole delite was onely then, my felf alone to get.
 And thitherward to loke, as nere as I could geffe :
 Whereas I thought, that ſhee was then, yat might my wo redrefſe.
 Full oft it did me good, that waies to take my winde :
 So pleafant ayre in no place els, me thought I could not finde.
 I faying to my felf, my life is yonder waye :
 And by the winde I haue here ſent, a thouſand fighes a daye.
 And fayd vnto the funne, great gifts are geuen thee :
 For thou mayſt fee mine earthly bliſſe, where euer that ſhe bee.
 Thou feeſt in euery place, wold God I had thy might :
 And I the ruler of my ſelfe, then ſhould ſhe know no night.
 And thus from wiſh to wiſhe my wits haue been at ſtrife :
 And wantyng all that I haue wifht, thus haue I led my life.
 But long it can not laſt, that in fuch wo remaines.

No force for that : for death is swete to him, that feles such paines.

Yet most of all me greues : when I am in my graue,
That she shall purchase by my death a cruell name to haue.

Wherefore all you that heare this plaint, or shall it see :
Wish, that it may so perce her hert, that she may pitie mee.

For and it were her will : for bothe it were the best,
To faue my life, to kepe her name, and set my hert at rest.

*Of the death of master Deuorox¹
the lord Ferres sonne.*

WHo iustly may reioyce in ought vnder the skye [dye.
As life, or lands: as frends, or frutes: which only liue to
Or who dothe not well know all worldly works are vaine?
And geueth nought but to the lendes, to take the same againe.
For though it lift some vp : as wee long vpward all :
Such is the fort of slipper welth : all things do rise to fall.
Thuncertentie is such : experience teacheth so :
That what things men do couet most, them soneft they forgo.
Lo Deuorox where he lieth : whose life men heeld so deare
That now his death is forowed so, that pitie it is to heare.
His birth of auncient blood: his parents of great fame :
And yet in vertue farre before the formost of the fame.
His king, and countrie bothe he serued to so great gaine:
That with the Brutes record doth rest, and euer shall remaine.
No man in warre so mete, an enterprise to take :
No man in peace that pleafurd more of enmies frends to make.
A Cato for his counsell : his head was surely such.
Ne Theseus frienship was so great, but Deuorox was as much.
A graffe of so small grothe so much good frute to bring :
Is seldome heard, or neuer sene : it is so rare a thing.
A man sent vs from God, his life did well declare :
And now sent for by god again, to teach vs what we are.
Death, and the graue, that shall accompany all that liue,
Hath brought him heuen, though somewhat sone, which life could
God graunt well all, that shall professe as he profest: [neuer geue
To liue so well, to dye no worse : and send his soule good rest.

¹Deuorox

They of the meane estate are happiest.

IF right be rackt, and ouerronne :
 And power take part with open wrong :
 If fear by force do yelde to foone,
 The lack is like to last to long.

If God for goodes shalbe vnplaced :
 If right for riches lose his shape :
 If world for wifdome be embraced :
 The geffe is great, much hurt may happe.

Among good things, I proue and finde,
 The quiet life dothe most abound :
 And fure to the contented minde
 There is no riches may be found.

For riches hates to be content :
 Rule is enmy to quietnesse.
 Power is most part impacient :
 And seldom likes to liue in pease.

I hard a herdman once compare :
 That quite nightes he had mo slept :
 And had mo mery daies to spare :
 Then he, which ought the beastes, he kept.

I would not haue it thought hereby
 The dolphin swimme I meane to teach :
 Nor yet to learne the Fawcon flie :
 I rowe not so farre past my reache.

But as my part about the rest,
 Is well to wish and well to will :
 So till my breath shall fail my brest,
 I will not ceasse to wish you styll.

Comparison of lyfe and death.

THe lyfe is long, that lothsumly doth last :
 The dolefull dayes draw slowly to theyr date :
 The present panges, and paynfull plages forepast

Yelde grieffe aye grene to stabliff this estate.
So that I fele, in this great storme, and strife,
The death is fwete that endeth fuch a life.

Yet by the froke of this ftrange ouerthrow,
At which conflict in thraldom I was thruft :
The Lord be prayfed : I am well taught to know,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he muft :
And by the way vpon how feble force
His term doth ftand, till death doth end his courfe.

The pleafant yeres that feme, fo fwifte that runne :
The mery dayes to end, fo faft that flete :
The ioyfull nightes, of which day daweth fo foone :
The happy howers, which mo do miffe, then mete,
Doe all confume : as fnowe againft the funne :
And death makes end of all, that life begunne.

Since death fhall dure, tyll all the world be waft.
What meaneth man to drede death then fo fore ?
As man might make, that life fhould alway laft.
Without regard, the lord hath led before
The daunce of death, which all muft runne on row :
Though how, or when, the lord alone doth know.

If man would minde, what burdens life doth bring :
What greuous crimes to god he doth commit :
What plages, what panges, what perilles therby fpring :
With no fure hower in all his dayes to fit :
He would fure think, as with great caufe I do :
The day of death were better of the two.

Death is a port, wherby we paffe to ioy.
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in pain.
Death is fo dere, it ceafeth all annoy.
Life is fo leude, that all it yeldes is vayn.
And as by life to bondage man is braught :
Euen fo likewise by death was fredome wraught.

Wherfore with Paul let all men wiff, and pray
To be diffolude of this foule fleshy maffe :
Or at the leaft be armed againft the day :
That they be found good fouldiers, preft to paffe
From life to death : from death to life agayn
To fuch a life, as euer fhall remain.

*The tale of Pygmalion with conclusion vpon
the beautye of his loue.*

IN Grece fomtime there dwelt a man of worthy fame:
 To graue in stone his connyng was: Pygmalion was his name.
 To make his fame endure, when death had him bereft:
 He thought it good, of his owne hande some filed work were left.
 In secret studie then such work he gan deuife,
 As might his conning best commend, and please the lokers eyes.
 A courser faire he thought to graue, barbd for the field:
 And on his back a femely knight, well armed with speare and
 Orels some foule, or fish to graue he did deuife: [shield:
 And still, within his wandering thoughtes, new fanfies did aryse.
 Thus varied he in mynde, what enterprise to take:
 Till fanfy moued his learned hand a woman fayre to make.
 Whereon he slayde, and thought such parfite fourm to frame:
 Whereby he might amaze all Greece, and winne immortall name.
 Of Yuorie white he made so faire a woman than:
 That nature scornd her perfitnesse so taught by craft of man.
 Wellshaped were her lymes, full cumly was her face:
 Eche litle vayn most liuely coucht, eche part had femely grace.
 Twixt nature, and Pygmalion, there might appeare great stryfe.
 So femely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothyng but life.
 His curious eye beheld his own deuifed work:
 And, gasyng oft thereon, he found much venome there to lurke.
 For all the featurde shape so dyd his fanfie moue:
 That, with his idoll, whom he made, Pygmalion fell in loue.
 To whom he honour gaue, and deckt with garlandes swete,
 And did adourn with iewels riche, as is for louers mete.
 Somtimes on it he fawnd: some time in rage would crye:
 It was a wonder to beholde, how fanfy beard his eye.
 Since that this ymage dum enflamde so wyse a man:
 My dere, alas since I you loue, what wonder is it than?
 In whom hath nature fet the glory of her name: [frame.
 And brake her mould, in great dispayre, your like she could not

*The louer sheweth his wofull state,
and prayeth pitye.*

LYke as the lark within the marlians foote
With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay :
So fyng I now, feyng none other boote,
My renderyng fong, and to your wyll obey.
Your vertue mountes aboue my force so hye.
And with your beautie seafed I am so sure :
That their auails resistance none in me,
But paciently your pleasure to endure
For on your wyll my fanfy shall attend :
My lyfe, my death, I put both in your choyce :
And rather had this lyfe by you to end,
Than lyue, by other alwayes to reioyce.
And if your crueltie doe thirst my blood :
Then let it forth, if it may doe you good.

*Vpon consideracion of the state of this lyfe
he wisheth death.*

THe lenger lyfe, the more offence :
The more offence, the greater payn :
The greater payn, the lesse defence :
The lesse defence, the lesser gayn.
The losse of gayn long yll doth trye :
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.
The shorter life, lesse count I fynde :
The lesse account, the fooner made :
The count soon made, the meryer minde :
The mery minde doth thought euade.
Short lyfe in truth this thing doth trye :
Wherefore come death, and let me dye :
Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care, the flood of lyfe,

The flood of lyfe, the ioyfull fare,
 The ioyfull fare, the end of strife.
 The end of strife, that thing wishe I :
 Wherefore come death, and let me dye.

*The louer that once disdained loue is now
 become subiect beyng caught
 in his snare.*

TO this my song geue eare, who list :
 And mine intent iudge, as you wyll :
 The tyme is cume, that I haue mist,
 The thyng, wheron I hoped styll,
 And from the top of all my trust,
 My thap hath throwen me in the dust.
 The time hath been, and that of late :
 My hart and I might leape at large.
 And was not shut within the gate
 Of loues defyre : nor toke no charge
 Of any thyng, that dyd pertain
 As touching loue in any payn.
 My thought was free, my hart was light :
 I marked not, who lost, who faught.
 I playde by day, I slept by night.
 I forced not, who wept, who laught.
 My thought from all such thinges was free :
 And I my self at libertee.
 I toke no hede to tauntes, nor toyes :
 As leefe to see them frowne as smile :
 Where fortune laught I scorned their ioyes :
 I found their fraudes and euery wile.
 And to my self oft times I smiled :
 To see, how loue had them begiled.
 Thus in the net of my conceit
 I masked styll among the fort
 Of such as fed vpon the bayt,
 That Cupide laide for his disport.

And euer as I saw them caught :
 I them beheld, and thereat laught.
 Till at the length when Cupide spied
 My scornfull will and spitefull vse
 And how I past not who was tied.
 So that my self might still liue lose :
 He fet himself to lye in wait :
 And in my way he threw a bait.

Such one, as nature neuer made,
 I dare well say faue she alone.
 Such one she was as would inuade
 A hart, more hard then marble stone.
 Such one she is, I know, it right,
 Her nature made to shew her might.

Then as a man euen in a maze,
 When vse of reason is away :
 So I began to stare, and gaze.
 And fodeinly, without delay,
 Or euer I had the wit to loke :
 I swalowed vp both bayt, and hoke.

Which daily greues me more and more
 By fonc̄ry fortes of carefull wo :
 And none aliue may salue the fore,
 But onely she, that hurt me so.
 In whom my life doth now consist,
 To faue or slay me as she list.

But feing now that I am caught,
 And bounde so fast, I cannot flee.
 Be ye by mine ensample taught,
 That in your fansies fele you free.
 Despise not them, that louers are :
 Left you be caught within his snare.

Of Fortune, and Fame.

THe plage is great, where fortune frownes :
 One mischief bringes a thousand woes
 Where trumpets geue their warlike sownes :

The weake sustain sharp ouerthrowes.
 No better life they taste, and fele :
 That subiect are to fortunes whele.

Her happy chance may last no time :
 Her pleasure threatneth paines to come.
 She is the fall of those, that clime :
 And yet her whele auanceth some.
 No force, where that she hates, or loues :
 Her ficle minde so oft remoues.

She geues no gift, but craues as fast.
 She soone repentes a thankful dede.
 She turneth after euery blast.
 She helps them oft, that haue no nede.
 Where power dwelles, and riches rest :
 Falso fortune is a common gest,
 Yet some affirm, and proue by skyl :
 Fortune is not as fleying Fame,
 She neither can do good, nor yll.
 She hath no fourme, yet beares a name.
 Then we but striue agaynst the streames,
 To frame such toyes on fanfies dreames.

If she haue shape, or name alone :
 If she do rule, or beare no sway :
 If she haue bodie, lief, or none :
 Be she a sprite I cannot say.
 But well I wot, some cause there is :
 That causeth wo, and fendeth blisse.

The cause of thinges I will not blame :
 Left I offend the prince of peas.¹
 But I may chide, and braule with Fame :
 To make her crye, and neuer cease.
 To blow the trump within her eares :
 That may apeafe my wofull teares.

Against wicked tonges.

Q Euyll tonges, which clap at euery winde :
 Ye flea the quick, and eke the dead defame :
 Those that liue well, fom faute in them ye finde.

¹ pease

Ye take no thought, in flaundring¹ theyr good name.
 Ye put iust men oft times to open shame.
 Ye ryng so loude, ye found vnto the skyes :
 And yet in prooffe ye fowe nothyng, but lyes.

Ye make great warre, where peace hath been of long,
 Ye bring rich realmes to ruine, and decay.
 Ye pluck down right : ye doe enhaunce the wrong.
 Ye turne swete myrth to wo, and welaway
 Of mischiefes all ye are the grounde, I fay.
 Happy is he, that liues on such a fort :
 That nedes not feare such tonges of false report.

[The following poem was, in the Second and later editions, transferred further on, to p. 215, with a fresh heading: *The louer dreading to moue his sute for dout of denial, accuseth all women of disdain and ficklenesse.* See p. 215 for the answer.]

Not to trust to much but beware by others calamities.

TO walke on doubtfull ground, where danger is vnseen
 Doth double men that carelesse be in depe dispaire I wene,
 For as the blynde doth feare, what footing he shall fynde:
 So doth the wise before he speak, mistrust the strangers mynde.
 For he that blontly runnes, may light among the breers,
 And so be put vnto his plunge where danger least apperes :
 The bird that felly foole, doth warn vs to beware,
 Who lighteth not on euery rushe,² he dreadeth so the snare.
 The moufe that shonnes the trap, doth shew what harmedothly:
 Within the swete betraying bait, that oft disceiues the eye.
 The fish auoides the hoke, though hunger byds him bite,
 And houereth still about the worme, whereon is his delyte.
 Yf birdes and beastes can see, where their vndoing lies: [eyes.
 How should a mischief scape our heades, yat haue both wit and
 What madnesse may be more, then plow the barreyn field :
 Or any frutefull wordes to sow, to eares that are vnwyld.
 They here and then misflyke, they like and than they lothe,
 Thei hate, thei loue, thei skorn, thei praise, yea sure thei can do
 both

We see what falles they haue, that clyme on trees vnknowne:
 As they that truste to rotten bowes, must nedes be ouerthrowne.
 A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much more,

¹ scalandring

² bush

Than for to plain where is no falve, for to recure the fore.
 Wherefore my grief I hide, within a holow hart :
 Vntill the fmoke thereof be fpied, by flaming of the smart.

*Hell tormenteth not the damned ghoſtes ſo
 ſore as vnkindneſſe the louer.*

THe reſtleſſe rage of depe deuouryng hell,
 The blaſing brandes, that neuer do conſume,
 The roryng route, in Plutoes den that dwell :
 The fiery breath, that from thoſe ymps doth fume :
 The dropſy dryeth, that Tantale in the flood
 Endureth aye, all hopeleſſe of relief :
 He hongeriſteruen, where frute is ready food :
 So wretchedly his foule doth ſuffer grief :
 The liuer gnawne of gylefull Prometheus,
 Which Vultures fell with ſtrayned talant tyre :
 The labour loſt of wearyed Siſiphus :
 Theſe helliſh houndes, with paines of quenchleſſe fyre,
 Can not ſo fore the filly foules torment,
 As her vntruth my hart hath alltorent.¹

Of the mutabilitie of the world.

BY fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to fynde [minde
 Such fanſies, as my carefull thought had brought into my
 And wheneche one was gone to reſt, full ſoft in bed to lye :
 I would haue ſlept : but then the watch did folow ſtill myne eye.
 And ſodeinly I ſaw a ſea of wofull ſorowes preſt :
 Whoſe wicked wayes of ſharp repulſe bred mine vnquiet reſt.
 I ſaw this world : and how it went, eche ſtate in his degree :
 And that from wealth ygraunted is, both lyfe, and libertee.
 I ſaw, how enuy it did rayne, and beare the greateſt price :
 Yet greater poyſon is not found within the Cockatrice.
 I ſaw alſo, how that diſdayn oft times to forge my wo,
 Gaue me the cup of bitter ſwete, to pledge my mortall ſo.

¹ all to rent.

I saw also, how that desire to rest no place could finde
 But styll constrainde in endlesse pain to folow natures kynde.
 I saw also most straunge of all how nature did forsake [snake
 The blood, that in her womb was wrought: as doth ye lothed
 I saw how fanfy would retayn no lenger then her lust:
 And as the winde how she doth change: and is not for to trust.
 I saw, how stedfastnesse did fly with winges of often change:
 A fleyng bride,¹ but seldom seen, her nature is so strange.
 I saw, how pleasant times did passe, as flowers doe in the mede:
 To day that ryseth red as rose: to morow falleth ded.
 I saw, my tyme how it did runne, as sand out of the glasse.
 Euen as eche hower appointed is from tyme, and tyde to passe.
 I saw the yeares, that I had spent, and losse of all my gayn:
 And how the sport of youthfull playes my foly dyd retayn.
 I saw, how that the litle ant in fomer still dothe runne
 To feke her foode, wherby to liue in winter for to come.
 I saw eke vertue, how she fat the threde of life to spinne.
 Which sheweth the end of euery work, before it doth beginne.
 And when all these I thus beheld with many mo pardy:
 In me, me thought, eche one had wrought aparfite proparty.
 And then I said, vnto my self: a lesson this shalbe
 For other: that shall after come, for to beware by me.
 Thus, all the night I did deuise, which way I might constrayn.
 To fourme a plot, that wit might work these branches in my brain.

*Harpalus complaynt of Phillidaes loue bestowed on Corin, who loued her not
 and denied him, that loued her.*

Phyllida was a fayer² mayde,
 And fresh as any flowre:
 Whom Harpalus the herdman prayed
 To be his paramour.
 Harpalus and eke Corin
 Were herdmen both yfere:
 And Phyllida could twist and spin
 And therto sing full clere.

¹A flying bird

²fayre

But Phillida was all to coy
 For Harpelus to winne.
 For Corin was her onely ioye,
 Who forst her not a pynne.

How often would she flowers twine
 How often garlandes make:
 Of Coulippes and of Colombine,
 And all for Corins fake.

But Corin he had haukes to lure
 And forced more the field:
 Of louers lawe he toke no cure
 For once he was begilde.

Harpalus preualed nought
 His labour all was lost:
 For he was fardest from her thought
 And yet he loued her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane
 And drye as clot of clay:
 His fleshe it was consumed cleane
 His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shaue,
 His heare hong all vnkempt:
 A man moste fitte euen for the graue
 Whom spitefull loue had spent.

His eyes were red and all forewatched
 His face besprent with teares:
 It semde vnhap had him long hatched.
 In middes of his dispayres.

His clothes were blacke and also bare
 As one forlorne was he:
 Vpon his heade alwaies he ware,
 A wreath of wilow tree.

His beastes he kept vpon the hyll,
 And he fate in the dale:
 And thus with fighes and forowes shryll,
 He gan to tell his tale.

O Harpelus thus would he say,¹
 Vnhappiest vnder sunne:
 The cause of thine vnhappy day

¹O Harpalus (thus would he say.)

By loue was first begone.

For thou wentest first my sute to seeke
A Tygre to make tame:
That sets not by thy loue a leke
But makes thy grefe her game.

As easye it were, for to conuert
The frost into the flame:

As for to turne a froward hert
Whom thou so fain wouldst frame.

Corin he liueth carelesse
He leapes among the leaues:
He eates the frutes of thy redresse
Thou reapes he takes the sheaues.

My beastes a while your fode refrayne
And herken your herdmans founde:
Whom spitefull loue alas hath flaine
Throughgirt with many a wounde.

Oh happy be ye beastes wilde
That here your pasture takes:
I fe that ye be not begylde
Of these your faythfull face.¹

The Hart he fedeth by the Hynde
The Bucke hard by the Doo,
The Turtle Doue is not vnkinde
To him that loues her fo.

The Ewe she hath by her the Ramme
The yong Cow hath the Bulle:
The calf with many a lusty lamme
Do feede their hunger full.

But wellaway that nature wrought
Thee Phillida so faire:
For I may say that I haue bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is it that cruelty
With beauty should haue part
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart.

I fee therefore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest:

¹ Of these your faithfull makes.

To thend that I may want my breathe
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide graunt this my request
And do not stoppe thine eares:
That she may fele within her brest
The paynes of my dispayres.

Of Corin that is carelesse
That she may craue her fee:
As I haue done in great distresse
That loued her faythfully.

But sins that I shall die her slaue
Her slaue and eke her thrall:
Write you my frendes, vpon my graue
This chance that is befall.

Here lieth vnhappy Harpelus
Whom cruell loue hath slayne:
By¹ Phillida vniustly thus
Murdred with false disdaine.²

Vpon Sir Iames Wilfordes death.

LO here the end of man the cruell sisters three
The web of Wilfords life vnethe had half ysponne,
When rash vpon misdede they all accorded bee
To breke vertues course er³ half the race were ronne
And trip him on his way that els had won the game
And holden highest place within the house of fame.

But yet though he be gone, though fence with him be past
Which trode the euen sleppes that leaden to renowne
We that remaine aliuie ne suffer shall to waste
The fame of his deferts, so shall he lose but sowne.
The thing shall aye remaine, aye kept as freshe in store
As if his eares shold ring of that he wrought before.

Waile not therefore his want sith he so left the stage
Of care and wretched life, with ioye and clap of hands
Who plaieth lenger partes may well haue greater age
But few so well may passe the gulfe of fortunes sandes
So triedly did he treade ay prest at vertues beck

¹ Whom

² Hath murdred with disdaine.

³ ere

That fortune found no place to geue him once a check.

The fates haue rid him hence, who shall not after go,
 Though earthed be his corps, yet flourish shall his fame,
 A gladfome thing it is that er he step vs fro,
 Such mirrours he vs left our life therby to frame,
 Wherefore his praise shall last aye freshe in Brittons fight,
 Till funne shall cease to shine, and lende the earth his light.

Of the wretchednes of this world.

WHo list to liue vpright, and holde him self content,
 Shall se such wonders in this world, as neuer erst was sent.
 Such groping for the fwete, such tastyng of the fower
 Such wandryng here for worldly welth that lost is in one houre.
 And as the good or badde gette vp in hie degre,
 So wades the world in right or wrong it may none other be.
 And loke what lawes they make, ech man must them obay,
 And yoke himself with pacient hart to driue and draw yat way.
 For¹ such as long ago, great rulers were affinde
 Both liues and lawes are now forgot and worne clene out of
 minde
 So that by this I se, no state on earth may last
 But as their times appointed be, to rise and fall as fast.
 The goodes that gotten be, by good and iust defart,
 Yet vse them so that neady handes may helpe to spende the
 part
 For loke what heape thou hordst, of rusty golde in store,
 Thine enemies shall waste the fame, that neuer swat therefore.

The repentant sinner in durance and aduersitie.

VNto the liuyng Lord for pardon do I pray,
 From whom I graunt euen from the shell, I haue run fly
 astray.
 And other liues there none (my death shall well declare)
 On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty folkes do fare.
 But thee O Lorde alone, I haue offended so,

¹ Yet

That this small scourge is much to scant for mine offence I
know

I ranne without returne, the way the world liekt best
And what I ought most to regard, that I respected lest
The throng wherin I thrust, hath throwen me in such case
That Lorde my soule is fore beset without thy greater grace
My giltes are growen so great, my power doth so appayre
That with great force they argue oft, and mercy much dispayre.
But then with fayth I flee to thy prepared store
Where there lieth help for euery hurt, and salue for euery fore.
My losse time to lament, my vaine waies to bewaile,
No day no night no place no houre no moment I shal faile
My soule shall neuer cease with an assured faith
To knock, to craue, to call, to cry to thee for helpe which fayth
Knocke and it shalbe heard, but aske and geuen it is
And all that like to kepe this course, of mercy shall not misse
For when I call to minde how the one wandryng shepe,
Did bring more ioye with his returne, then all the flocke did kepe.
It yeldes full hope and trust my strayed and wandryng ghost
Shalbe receiued and held more dere then those were neuer lost.
O Lord my hope beholde, and for my helpe make haste
To pardon the forpassed race that carelesse I haue past.
And but the day draw neare that death must pay the det,
For lone¹ of life which thou hast lent and time of payment set.
From this sharpe shower me shilde which threatened is at hand,
Wherby thou shalt great power declare and I the storme with-
stand.

Not my will lord but thyne, fulfilde be in ech case, [place
To whose gret wil and mighty power al powers shal once geue
My fayth my hope my trust, my God and eke my guide
Stretch forth thy hand to faue the soule, what so the body bide.
Refuse not to receiue that thou so dere hast bought,
For but by thee alone I know all safety in vaine is sought.
I know and knowledge eke albeit very late,
That thou it is I ought to loue and dreade in ech estate.
And with repentant hart do laude thee Lord on hye,
That hast so gently fet me straight, that erst walkt so awry.
Now graunt me grace my God to stand thine strong in spirite,
And let ye world then work such wayes, as to the world femes
mete.

*The louer here telleth of his diuers ioyes and
aduerfities in loue and lastly
of his ladies death.*

SYthe fyingng gladdeth oft the hartes
Of them that fele the pangēs of loue:
And for the while doth ease their smartes:
My ſelf I ſhall the ſame way proue.
And though that loue hath ſmit the ſtroke,
Wherby is loſt my libertie:
Which by no meanes I may reuoke:
Yet ſhall I ſing, how pleaſantly.
Ny twenty yeres of youth I paſt:
Which all in libertie I ſpent:
And ſo from fyrſt vnto the laſt,
Er aught I knew, what louing ment.
And after ſhall I fyingng the wo,
The payne, the greefe, the deadly ſmart:
When loue this lyfe did ouerthrowe,
That hydden lyes within my hart.
And then, the ioyes, that I did feele
When fortune liſted after this,
And ſet me hye vpon her whele:
And changed my wo to pleaſant bliſſe,
And ſo the ſodeyn fall agayne
From all the ioyes, that I was in.
All you, that liſt to heare of payne,
Geue eare, for now I doe beginne.
Lo, fyrſt of all, when loue began,
With hote defyres my heart to burne:
Me thought, his might auailde not than
From libertie my heart to turne.
For I was free: and dyd not knowe,
How much his might mannes hert may greue,
I had profest to be his fo:
His law, I thought not to beleue.
I went vntyed in luſty leas,

I had my wish alwayes at will:
 Ther was no wo, might me displeafe:
 Of pleafant ioyes I had my fill.
 No paynfull thought dyd paffe my hart:
 I fpilt no teare to wet my brest:
 I knew no forow, figh, nor fmart.
 My greateft grefe was quyet rest.
 I brake no flepe, I toffed not:
 Nor dyd delyte to fit alone.
 I felt no change of colde, and hote:
 Nor nought a nightes could make me mone.
 For all was ioy that I did fele:
 And of voide wandering I was free.
 I had no clogge tied at my hele:
 This was my life at libertie.
 That yet me thinkes it is a bliffe,
 To thinke vpon that pleafure paff.
 But forthwithall I finde the miffe,
 For that it might no lenger laft.
 Thofe dayes I fpent at my defire,
 Without wo or aduerfitie:
 Till that my hart was fet a fire,
 With loue, with wrath, and ieloufie.
 For on a day (alas the while)
 Lo, hear my harme how it began:
 The blinded Lord, the God of guile
 Had lift to end my fredome than.
 And through mine eye into my hart,
 All fodenly I felt it glide.
 He fhot his sharped fiery dart,
 So hard, that yet vnder my fide
 The head (alas) dothe ftill remaine,
 And yet fince could I neuer know,
 The way to wring it out againe:
 Yet was it nye three yere ago.
 This foden ftroke made me agaft:
 And it began to vexe me fore.
 But yet I thought, it would haue paff,
 As other fuch had done before.

But it did not that (wo is me)
 So depe imprinted in my thought,
 The stroke abode: and yet I fee,
 Me thynkes my harme how it was wrought.
 Kinde taught me streight that this was loue
 And I perceiued it perfectlye.
 Yet thought I thus: Nought shall me moue:
 I will not thrall my libertie.

And diuers waies I did assay,
 By flight, by force, by frend, by fo,
 This fyrye thought to put away.
 I was so lothe for to forgo.

My libertie: that me was leuer,
 Then bondage was, where I heard saie:
 Who once was bounde, was fure neuer
 Without great paine to scape away.

But what for that, there is no choyce,
 For my mishap was shapen so:
 That those my dayes that did reioyce,
 Should turne my blisse to bitter wo.

For with that stroke my blisse toke ende,
 In stede wherof forthwith I caught,
 Hotte burnyng fighes, that fins haue brend,
 My wretched hart almost to naught.

And fins that day, O Lord my life,
 The misery that it hath felt.
 That nought hath had, but wo and strife,
 And hotte defires my hart to melt.

O Lord how sodain was the change
 From such a pleasant liberty?
 The very thraldome femed strange:
 But yet there was no remedy.

But I must yeld, and geue vp all,
 And make my guide my chif¹ fo.
 And in this wise became I thrall.
 Lo loue and happe would haue it so.

I suffred wrong and helde my peace,
 I gaue my teares good leaue to ronne:
 And neuer would feke for redresse,

¹ chiefist

But hopt to liue as I begonne.

For what it was that might me ease,
He liued not that might it know.
Thus dranke I all mine owne difeafe:
And all alone bewailde my wo.

There was no fight that might mee please,
I fled from them that did reioyce.
And oft alone my hart to ease,
I would bewayle with wofull voyce

My life, my state, my miserie,
And curfe my selfe and all my dayes.
Thus wrought I with my fantasie,
And fought my helpe none other waies.

Saue sometime to my selfe alone,
When farre of was my helpe God wot:
Lowde would I cry: My life is gone,
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.

Then wisht I streight, that death might end
These bitter panges, and all this grief.
For nought, methought, might it amend.
Thus in dispaire to haue relief,

I lingred forth: tyll I was brought
With pining in so piteous case:
That all, that saw me, sayd, methought:
Lo, death is painted in his face.

I went no where: but by the way
I saw some fight before mine eyes:
That made me sigh, and oft times say:
My life, alas I thee despyse.

This lasted well a yere, and more:
Which no wight knew, but onely I:
So that my life was nere forlore:
And I dispaired vtterly.

Tyll on a day, as fortune would:
(For that, that shalbe, nedes must fall)
I fat me down, as though I should
Haue ended then my lyfe and all.

And as I fat to wryte my plaint,
Meaning to shew my great vnrest:

With quaking hand, and hart full faint,
Amid my plaintes, among the rest,

I wrote with ynk, and bitter teares:
I am not myne, I am not mine:
Behold my lyfe, away that weares:
And if I dye the losse is thyne.

Herewith a litle hope I caught:
That for a whyle my life did stay.
But in effect, all was for naught.
Thus liued I styll: tyll on a day,

As I sat staring on those eyes:
I meane, those eyes, that first me bound:¹
My inward thought tho cryed: Aryse:
Lo, mercy where it may be found.

And therewithall I drew me nere:
With feble hart, and at a braide,
(But it was softly in her eare)
Mercy, Madame, was all, I sayd.

But wo was me, when it was tolde.
For therewithall fainted my breath.
And I fate still for to beholde,
And heare the iudgement of my death.

But Loue nor Hap would not consent,
To end me then, but welaway:
There gaue me blisse: that I repent
To thinke I liue to see this day.

For after this I playned still
So long, and in so piteous wise:
That I my wish had at my will
Graunted, as I would it deuise.

But Lord who euer heard, or knew
Of halfe the ioye that I felt than?
Or who can thinke it may be true,
That so much blisse had euer man?

Lo, fortune thus fet me aloft:
And more my sorowes to releue,
Of pleasant ioyes I tasted oft:
As much as loue or happe might geue.
The sorowes olde, I felt before

¹ Those shining eyes, that first me bound.

About my hart, were driuen thence:
 And for eche greefe, I felt afore,
 I had a bliffe in recompence.

Then thought I all the time well spent:
 That I in plaint had spent so long.
 So was I with my life content:
 That to my self I fayd among.

Sins thou art ridde of all thine yll:
 To showe thy ioyes fet forth thy voyce.
 And fins thou hast thy wish at will:
 My happy hart, reioyce, reioyce.

Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo,
 Then by my song may well be tolde:
 And thinkyng on my passed wo,
 My bliffe did double many folde.

And thus I thought with mannes blood,
 Such bliffe might not be bought to deare.
 In such estate my ioyes then stode:
 That of a change I had no feare.

But why sing I so long of bliffe?
 It lasteth not, that will away,
 Let me therfore bewaile the misse:
 And sing the cause of my decay.

Yet all this while there liued none,
 That led his life more pleasantly:
 Nor vnder hap there was not one,
 Me thought, so well at ease, as I.

But O blinde ioye, who may thee trust?
 For no estate thou canst assure?
 Thy faithfull vowes proue all vniust:
 Thy faire behestes be full vnfire.

Good proufe by me: that but of late
 Not fully twenty dayes ago:
 Which thought my life was in such state:
 That nought might worke my hart this wo.

Yet hath the enemy of my ease,
 Mishappe I meane, that wretched wight:¹
 Now when my life did moste me please:
 Deuifed me such cruel spight.

¹ Cruell mishappe, that wretched wight.

That from the hiest place of all,
As to the pleasyng of my thought,
Downe to the deepest am I fall,
And to my helpe auaieth nought,

Lo, thus are all my ioyes gone:¹
And I am brought from happinesse,
Continually to waile, and mone.
Lo, such is fortunes stablenesse.

In welth I thought such suretie,
That pleasure should haue ended neuer.
But now (alas) aduerfitie,
Doth make my fying ceafe for euer.

O brittle ioye, O slidyng blisse,²
O fraile pleasure, O welth vnstable:³
Who feles thee most, he shall not misse
At length to be made miserable.

For all must end as doth my blisse:
There is none other certentie.
And at the end the worst is his,
That most hath knowen prosperitie.

For he that neuer blisse assaied,
May well away with wretchednesse:
But he shall finde that hath it sayd,
A paine to part from pleasantnesse:

As I doe now, for er I knew
What pleasure was: I felt no grieffe,
Like vnto this, and it is true,
That blisse hath brought me all this mischieffe.

But yet I haue not fongen, how
This mischieffe came: but I intend
With wofull voice to sing it now:
And therwithall I make an end.

But Lord, now that it is begoon,
I feele, my sprites are vexed fore.
Oh, geue me breath till this be done:
And after let me liue no more.

Alas, the enemy of my⁴ life,

¹ Lo, thus are all my ioyes quite gone.

² O brittle ioye, O welth vnstable,

³ O fraile pleasure, O slidyng blisse.

[The alternation of the rhyme shows that the First edition is the correct reading.]

⁴ this.

The ender of all pleafantneffe:
Alas, he bringeth all this strife,
And caufeth all this wretchedneffe.

For in the middes of all the welth,
That brought my hart to happineffe:
This wicked death he came by felthe,
And robde me of my ioyfulneffe.

He came, when that I little thought
Of ought, that might me vexe fo fore:
And fodenly he brought to nought
My pleafantneffe for euermore,

He flew my ioye (alas, the wretch)
He flew my ioye, or I was ware:
And now (alas) no might may stretch
To fet an end to my great care.

For by this curfed deadly ftroke,
My bliffe is loft, and I forlore:
And no help may the losse reuoke:
For loft it is for euermore.

And closed vp are thofe faire eyes,
That gaue me firft the figne of grace:
My faire fwete foes, myne enemies,
And earth dothe hide her pleafant face.

The loke which did my life vpholde:
And all my forowes did confounde:
With which more bliffe then may be tolde:
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground.

But ceafe, for I will fing no more,
Since that my harme hath no redrefse:
But as a wretche for euermore,
My life will wafte with wretchedneffe.

And ending thys my wofull fong,
Now that it ended is and pafte:
I wold my life were but as long:
And that this word might be my laft.

For lothfome is that life (men faye)
That liketh not the liuers minde:
Lo, thus I feke myne owne decaye,
And will, till that I may it finde.

Of his loue named White.

FVII faire and white she is, and White by name:
 Whose white doth striue, the lillies white to staine:
 Who may contemne the blast of blacke defame:
 Who in darke night, can bring day bright againe.
 The ruddy rose inpreafeth, with cleare heew,
 In lips, and chekes, right orient to behold:
 That the nere gaser may that bewty reew,
 And fele disparft in limmes the chilling cold:
 For White, all white his bloodlesse face wil be:
 The ashy pale so alter will his cheare.
 But I that do possesse in full degree
 The harty loue of this my hart so deare:
 So oft to me as she presents her face,
 For ioye do fele my hart spring from his place.

Of the louers vnquiet state.

WHat thing is that which I bothe haue and lacke,
 With good will graunted yet it is denyed
 How may I be receiued and put aback.
 Always doing and yet vnoccupied,
 Most slow in that which I haue most applied,
 Still thus to seke, and lese all that I winne.
 And that was ready¹ is newest to begyn.
 In riches finde I wilfull pouertie,
 In great pleasure liue I in heauinesse,
 In much freedome I lacke my libertie,
 Thus am I bothe in ioye and in distresse.
 And in few wordes, if that I shall be plaine,
 In Paradife I suffer all this paine.

Where good will is some profse will appere

IT is no fire that geues no heate,
 Though it appeare neuer so hotte:
 And they that runne and can not sweate,
 Are very leane and dry God wot.

¹ doon

A perfect leche applieth his wittes,
To gather herbes of all degrees:
And feuers with their feruent fittes,
Be cured with their contraries.

New wine will search to finde a vent,
Although the caske be neuer¹ so strong:
And wit will walke when will is bent,
Although the way be neuer so long.

The rabbets runne vnder the rockes,
The snailes do clime the higheft towers:
Gunpowder cleaues the sturdy blockes,
A feruent will all thing deuowers.

When witte with will and diligent
Apply them selues, and match as mates,
There can no want of resident,
From force defende the castell gates.

Forgetfulnesse makes² little haste,
And slouth delites to lye full soft:
That telleth the deaf, his tale doth waste,
And is full drye that craues full oft.

*Verses written on the picture
of Sir Iames Wilford.³*

ALas that euer death such vertues should forlet,
As compast was within his corps, who picture is here set.
Or that it euer laye in any fortunes might, [wight
Through depe disdaine his life to traine⁴ yat was so worthy a
For sith he first began in armour to be clad,
A worthier champion then he was yet Englande neuer had.
And though recure be past, his life to haue againe,
Yet would I wish his worthinesse in writyng to remaine.
That men to minde might call how farre he did excell,
At all assayes to wynne the praise,⁵ which were to long to tell.
And eke the restlesse race that he full oft hath runne,
In painfull plight from place to place, where seruice was to doon⁶
Then should men well perceiue, my tale to be of trowth,
And he to be the worthiest wight that euer nature wrought.

¹ set
⁴ end

² make

³ *Verses written on the picture of sir Iames Wilford knight.*

⁵ fame

⁶ don

*The ladye praieth the returne of her louer
abidyng on the seas.*

Shall I thus euer long, and be no whit the neare,
And shal I styll complayn to thee, the which me will not here?
Alas fay nay, fay nay, and be no more so dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and fay that thou wilt come.
Wherby my hart may thinke, although I see not thee,
That thou wilt come thy word so fware, if thou a liues man be.
The roaryng hugy waues, they threaten my pore ghost,
And tosse thee vp and downe the seas, in daunger to be lost.
Shall they not make me feare that they haue swalowed thee,
But as thou art most fure aliue so wilt thou come to me.
Wherby I shall go see thy shippe ride on the strande
And thinke and fay lowhere he comes, and fure here will he land.
And then I shall lift vp to thee my little hande,
And thou shalt thinke thine hert in ease, in helth to se me stand.
And if thou come in dede (as Christ the fend to do,)
Those armes whiche misse thee now¹ shall then imbrace thee to.
Ech vaine to euery ioynt, the liuely bloud shall spred, [dead.
Which now for want of thy glad fight, doth show full pale and
But if thou slip thy trowth and do not come at all,
As minutes in the clocke do strike so call for death I shall.
To please bothe thy false hart, and rid my self from wo,
That rather had to dye in trowth then liue forsaken so.

The meane estate is best.

The doutfull man hath feuers strange
And constant hope is oft diseased,
Dispaire can not but brede a change,
Nor fletyng hartes can not be pleasde.
Of all these badde, the best I thinke,
Is well to hope, though fortune shrinke.
Desired thinges are not ay prest,
Nor thinges denide left all vnsought,
Nor new thinges to be loued best,

¹ yet

Nor all offers to be fet at nought,
Where faithfull hart hath bene refusde,
The chosers wit was there abusde.

The woful shyppes of carefull sprite,
Fletyng on seas of wellyng teares,
With fayles of wifhes broken quite,
Hangyng on waues of dolefull feares,
By furge of fighes at wrecke nere hand,
May fast no anker holde on land.

What helps the dyall to the blinde,
Or els the clock without it found,
Or who by dreames dothe hope to finde,
The hidden gold within the ground:
Shalbe as free from cares and feares,
As he that holds a wolfe by the eares.

And how much mad is he that thinkes
To clime to heauen by the beames,
What ioye alas, hath he that winkes,
At Titan or his golden stremes,
His ioyes not subiect to reasons lawes,
That ioyeth more then he hath cause.

For as the Phenix that climeth hye,
The sonne lightly in ashes burneth,
Againe, the Faulcon so quicke of eye,
Sone on the ground the net masheth.
Experience therfore the mean assurance,
Prefers before the doutfull pleafance.

*The louer thinkes no payne to great, wherby
he may obtaine his lady.*

Sith that the way to welth is woe,
And after paynes¹ pleasure prest,
Whie should I than dispaire so.
Ay bewailling mine vnrest,
Or let to lede my liefe in paine,
So worthy a lady to obtayne.

¹ payne

The fisher man doth count no care,
 To cast hys nets to wracke or waft,
 And in reward of eche mans share,
 A gogen gift is much imbraft,
 Sould¹ I than grudge it grieffe or gall.
 That loke at length to whelm a whall.

The pore man ploweth his ground for graine,
 And soweth his seede increase to craue,
 And for thexpence of all hys paine.
 Oft holdes it hap his seede to faue,
 These pacient paines my part do show,
 To long for loue er that I know.

And take no skorne to scape from skill,
 To spende my spirites to spare my speche,
 To win for welth the want of will.
 And thus for rest to rage I reche,
 Running my race as rect vpright:
 Till teares of truth appease my plight.

And plant my plaint within her brest,
 Who doubtles may restore againe,
 My harmes to helth my ruthe to rest.
 That laced is within her chayne,
 For earst ne are the grieues so gret:
 As is the ioy when loue is met.

For who couets so high to clim,
 As doth the birde that pitfoll toke,
 Or who delightes so swift to swim,
 As doth the fishe that scapes the hoke,
 If these had neuer entred woe:
 How mought they haue reioyfed so.

But yet alas ye louers all,
 That here me ioy thus lesse reioyce,
 Iudge not amys whatso befall.
 In me there lieth no power of choyse,
 It is but hope that doth me moue:
 Who standerd bearer is to loue.

On whose ensigne when I beholde,
 I se the shadowe of her shape,
 Within my faith so fast I folde:

¹ should

Through dread I die, through hope I scape,
 Thus ease and wo full oft I finde,
 What will you more she knoweth my minde.

Of a new married Student.¹

A Student at his book so plast,
 That welth he might haue wonne:
 From boke to wife did flete in haste,
 From wealth to wo to runne.
 Now, who hath plaied a feater cast,
 Since iuglyng first begoon?
 In knittyng of him selfe so fast,
 Him selfe he hath vndoon.


¶ *The meane estate is to be accompted the best.*

WHo craftly castes to flere his boate
 and safely skoures the flattering flood:
 He cutteth not the greatest waues
 for why that way were nothing good.
 Ne fleteth on the crooked shore
 lest harme him happe awayting left.
 But wines away between them both,
 as who would say the meane is best.
 Who waiteth on the golden meane,
 he put in point of sickernes:
 Hides not his head in fluttishe coates,
 ne shroudes himself in filthines.
 Ne fittes aloft in hye estate,
 where hatefull hartes enuie his chance:
 But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine,
 ne proudly doth himself auance
 The highest tree in all the woode
 is rifest rent with blustring windes:
 The higher hall the greater fall
 such chance haue proude and lofty mindes,

¹ *Of a new married student that plaied fast or lose.*

When Iupiter from hie doth threat
 with mortall mace and dint of thunder
 The highest hilles ben batrid eft
 when they stand still that stoden vnder
 The man whose head with wit is fraught
 in welth will feare a worfer tide
 When fortune failes dispaireth nought
 but constantly doth stil abide
 For he that fendeth grifely stormes
 with whisking windes and bitter blastes
 And fowlt with haile the winters face
 and fotes the foile with hory frostes
 Euen he adawth the force of colde
 the spring in sendes with somer hote
 The fame full oft to stormy hartes
 is cause of bale: of ioye the roote.
 Not always il though so be now
 when cloudes ben driuen then rides the racke
 Phebus the fresh ne shoteth still
 fometime he harpes his mufe to wake
 Stand stif therfore pluck vp thy hart
 lose not thy port though fortune faile
 Againe whan wind doth serue at will
 take hede to hye to hoyse thy faile.

¶ *The louer refused lamenteth his estate.*


 Lent my loue to losse and gaged my life in vaine,
 If hate for loue and death for life of louers be the gaine.
 And curse I may by course the place eke time and howre
 That nature first in me did forme to be a liues creature
 Sith that I must absent my selfe so secretly
 In place desert where neuer man my secretes shall discrye
 In drolling¹ of my dayes among the bestes so brute
 Who with their tonges may not bewray the secretes of my fute
 Nor I in like to them may once to moue my minde
 But gafe on them and they on me as bestes are wont of kinde

¹ drolling

Thus ranging as refusde to reche some place of rest,
 All ruff of heare, my nayles vnnocht, as to such femeth best.
 Than wander by theyr wittes, deformed so to be,
 That men may say, such one may curse the time he first gan se,
 The beauty of her face, her shape in such degree,
 As god himself may not discerne, one place mended to be.
 Nor place it in lyke place, my fanfy for to please,
 Who would become a heardmans hyre one howre to haue of ease.
 Werby I might restore, to me some stedfastnes,
 That haue mo thoughts kept in my head then life may long diges.
 As oft to throw me downe vpon the earth so cold,
 Wheras with teares most rufully, my sorowes do vnfold.
 And in beholding them, I chiefly call to mynd,
 What woman could find in her heart, such bondage for to bynd.
 Then rashly furth I yede, to cast me from that care,
 Lyke as the byrd for foode doth flye and lyghteth in the snare.
 From whence I may not meue, vntil my race be roon,
 So trayned is my truth through her, yat thinkes my life well woon.
 Thus tosse I too and fro, in hope to haue reliefe,
 But in the fine I fynd not so, it doubleth but my grief.
 Wherefore I will my want, a warning for to be,
 Vnto all men, wishing that they, a myrrour make of me.

*The felicitie of a mind imbracing vertue,
 that beholdeth the wretched desyres
 of the worlde.*

WHen dredful swelling seas, through boisterous windy
 blastes [fayle and mastes.
 So tosse the shippes, that al for nought, serues ancor
 Who takes not pleasure then, safely on shore to rest,
 And see with dreade and depe despayre, how shipmen are distrest.
 Not that we pleasure take, when others felen smart,
 Our gladnes groweth to see their harmes, and yet to feleno parte.
 Delyght we take also, well ranged in aray,
 When armies meete to see the fight, yet free be from the fray.
 But yet among the rest, no ioy may match with this,

Taspayre vnto the temple hye, where wisdom troned is.

Defended with the faws of hory heades expert, [peruert.
Which clere it kepe from errours myst, that myght the truth
From whence thou mayest loke down, and see as vnder
foote, [their roote.

Mans wandring wil and doutful life, from whence they take

How some by wit contend by prowes some to rise
Riches and rule to gaine and hold is all that men deuise.

O miserable mindes O hertes in folly drent

Why se you not what blindnesse in thys wretched life is spent.

Body deuoyde of grefe mynde free from care and dreede

Is all and some that nature craues wherwith our life to feede.

So that for natures turne few thinges may well suffice

Dolour and grief clene to expell and some delight surprice:

Yea and it falleth oft that nature more contente

Is with the lesse, then when the more to cause delight is spent.

All worldly pleasures fade.¹

THe winter with his griesly stormes no lenger dare abyde,
The trees haue leues, ye bowes don spred, new changed is
ye yere.

The plesant grasse, with lusty grene, the earth hath newly dyde.²
The water brokes are cleane sonke down, the plesant bankes
apere [place

The spring is come, the goodly nimphes now daunce in euery
Thus hath the yere most plesantly of late ychangde his face.

Hope for no immortalitie, for welth will weare away,

As we may learne by euery yere, yea howres of euery day.

For Zepharus doth mollifye the colde and blustering windes:

The somers drought doth take away ye spryng out of our minds.

And yet the fomer cannot last, but once must step asyde,

Then Autumn thinkes to kepe hys place, but Autumn cannot
bide. [corn,

For when he hath brought furth his fruits and stuft ye barns with

The winter eates and empties all, and thus is Autumn worne:

¹ *vade*

² The plesant grasse, with lusty grene, the earth hath newly dide.

The trees haue leues, the bowes don spred, new changed is the yere.

[The rhyme in couplets shows that the Second edition is here the correct reading.]

Then hory frostes possesse the place, then tempestes work much
 harm, [so warm
 Then rage of stormes done make al colde which somer had made
 Wherefore let no man put his trust in that, that will decay,
 For slipper welth will not cuntinue, plesure will weare away.
 For when that we haue lost our lyfe, and lye vnder a stone,
 What are we then, we are but earth, then is our pleasure gon.
 No man can tell what god almight of euery wight doth cast,
 No man can say to day I liue, till morne my lyfe shall last.
 For when thou shalt before thy iudge stand to receiue thy
 dome, [become.
 What sentence Minos dothe pronounce that must of thee
 Then shall not noble stock and blud redeme the from his
 handes, [bandes.
 Nor furred talke with eloquence shal lowfe thee from his
 Nor yet thy lyfe vprightly lead, can help thee out of hell,
 For who descendeth downe so depe, must there abyde and
 Diana could not thence deliuer chaste Hypolitus, [dwell.
 Nor Theseus could not call to life his frende Periothous.¹

A complaint of the losse of libertie by loue.

IN sekyng rest vnrest I finde,
 I finde that welth is cause of wo:
 Wo worth the time that I inclinde,
 To fixe in minde her beauty so.
 That day be darkened as the night,
 Let furious rage it cleane deuour:
 Ne sunne nor moone therin geue light,
 But it consume with storme² and shower.
 Let no small birdes straine forth their voyce,
 With pleasant tunes ne yet no beast:
 Finde cause wherat he may reioyce,
 That day when chaunced mine vnrest.
 Wherin alas from me was raught,
 Mine owne free choyse and quiet minde:
 My life my death in balance braught
 And reason rasde through barke and rinde.

¹ Perithous.² streame

And I as yet in flower of age,
 Bothe witte and will did still aduaunce:
 Ay to resist that burnyng rage:
 But when I darte then did I glaunce.

Nothing to me did seme so hye,
 In minde I could it straight attaine:
 Fany persuaded me therby,
 Loue to esteeme a thing most vaine.

But as the birde vpon the brier,
 Dothe pricke and proyne her without care:
 Not knowyng alas pore sole how nere¹
 She is vnto the fowlers snare,

So I amid deceitfull trust,
 Did not mistrust such wofull happe:
 Till cruell loue er that I wist
 Had caught me in his carefull trappe.

Then did I fele and partly know,
 How little force in me did raigne:
 So sone to yelde to ouerthrow,
 So fraile to flit from ioye to paine.

For when in welth will did me leade
 Of libertie to hoyse my faile:
 To hale at shete and cast my leade,
 I thought free choise wold still preuaile

In whose calme streames I sayld so farre
 No ragyng storme had in respect:
 Vntyll I rayfde a goodly starre,
 Wherto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in doolfull wise,
 My tackle failde my compasse brake:
 Through hote desires such stormes did rife,
 That sterne and toppe went all to wrake.

Oh cruell happe oh fatall chaunce,
 O Fortune why wert thou vnkinde:
 Without regard thus in a traunce,
 To reue fro me my ioyfull minde.

Where I was free now must I serue,
 Where I was lose now am I bounde:
 In death my life I do preferue,
 As one through girt with many a wound.

¹ Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere

A praise of his Ladye.

Goe place you Ladies and begon.¹
 Boast not your felues at all:
 For here at hande approacheth one
 Whose face will staine you all.

The vertue of her liuely lokes,
 Excels the precious stone:
 I wishe to haue none other bokes
 To read or loke vpon.

In eche of her two cristall eyes.
 Smileth a naked boye:
 It would you all in harte suffise
 To see that lampe of ioye.

I thinke nature hath lost the moulde,
 Where she her shape did take:
 Or els I doubt if nature could,
 So faire a creature make.

She may be well comparde
 Vnto the Phenix kinde:
 Whose like was neuer fene or heard,
 That any man can finde.

In life she is Diana chaste,
 In trowth Penelopey:
 In word and eke in dede stedfast,
 What will you more we fey.

If all the world were fought so farre.
 Who could finde such a wight:
 Her beauty twinkleth like a starre,
 Within the frosty night.

Her rosiall colour comes and goes,
 With such a comely grace:
 More redier to then doth the rose,
 Within her liuely face.

At Bacchus feast none shall her mete,
 Ne at no wanton play:
 Nor gafyng in an open strete,
 Nor gaddyng as a stray.

¹be gone.

The modest mirth that she dothe vse,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse:
All vice she dothe wholly refuse,
And hateth ydlenesse.

O lord it is a world to see,
How vertue can repaire:
And decke in her such honestie,
Whom nature made so fayre.

Truely she dothe as farre exceeds,
Our women now adayes:
As dothe the Ielifloure a wede,
And more a thousande wayes.

How might I do to get a graffe:
Of this vnspotted tree.
For all the rest are plaine but chaffe,
Which seme good corne to be.

This gift alone I shall her geue
When death doth what he can:
Her honest fame shall euer liue,
Within the mouth of man.

The pore estate to be holden for best.

EXperience now doth shew what God vs taught before,
Desired pompe is vaine, and seldome dothe it last: [fore.
Who climbs to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full
A las the wofull ende that comes with care full fast,
Reiect him dothe renoune his pompe full lowe is caste.
Deceiued is the birde by swetenesse of the call
Expell that pleafant taste, wherein is bitter gall.

Such as with oten cakes in pore estate abides,
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with mirth they rost,
More ease fele they then those, that from their height downe
Excesse doth brede their wo, they faile in scillas cost, [slides
Remainyng in the stormes till shyp and all be lost.
Serue God therfore thou pore, for lo, thou liues in rest,
E schue the golden hall, thy thatched house is best.¹

¹ E schue the golden hall, thy thatched house is best.

[The final capital in the last line, in the Second edition, completes the author's name—EDWARDE SOMERSET.]

The complaint of Thestilis amid the desert wodde.

Thestilis is a fely man, when loue did him forfake, [make.
 In mourning wife, amid ye woods thus gan his plaint to
 Ah wofull man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mone
 And pyne away with carefull thoughts, vnto thy loue vnknownen.
 Thy lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honor so
 That ay to her thou wer a frend, and to thy self a foe.
 Ye louers that haue lost your heartes desyred choyse,
 Lament with me my cruell happe, and helpe my trembling voyce.
 Was neuer man that stode so great in fortunes grace:
 Nor with his swete alas to deare posselt so high a place.
 As I whose simple hart aye thought him selfe full sure,
 But now I fe hye springyng tides they may not aye endure.
 She knowes my giltelesse hart, and yet she lets it pine,
 Of her vntrue professed loue so feble is the twine.
 What wonder is it than, if I berent my heeres,¹
 And crauyng death continually do bathe my selfe in teares,
 When Cresus king of Lide was cast in cruell bandes,
 And yelded goodes and life also into his enemies handes.
 What tong could tell hys wo yet was hys grief much lesse:
 Then mine for I haue lost my loue which might my woeredresse.
 Ye woodes that shroud my limes giue now your hollow sound,
 That ye may helpe me to bewaile the cares that me confound.
 Ye riuers rest a while and stay the stremes that runne,
 Rew Thestilis most woful man that liued vnder funne.²
 Transport my fighes ye windes vnto my pleafant foe,
 My trickling teares shall witnesse bear of this my cruell woe.
 O happy man wer I if all the goddes agreed:
 That now the fusters three should cut in twaine my fatall threde.
 Till life with loue shall ende I here resigne my³ ioy:
 Thy pleafant fwete I now lament whose lack bredes myne anoy
 Farewell my deare therefore farewell to me well knowne
 If that I die it shalbe sayd that thou hast flaine thine owne.

¹ heeres,² liues under the sunne.³ al

[In the second and later editions, the poem at p. 189, entitled "A comfort to the
 complaynt of Thestilis," was transposed here, with the heading of *An answere of
 comfort.*]

¶ *The louer praieth pity showing that
nature hath taught his dog as it were
to sue for the same by kissing
his ladies handes.*

Nature that taught my filly dog got wat:
Euen for my fake to like where I do loue,
Inforced him wheras my lady fat
With humble fute before her falling flat.
As in his forte he might her play and moue
To rue vpon his lord and not forgete
The stedfast faith he beareth her and loue,
Kissing her hand whom she could not remoue.
Away that would for frowning nor for threte
As though he would haue sayd in my behoue.
Pity my lord your flaue that doth remaine
Left by his death you giltles slay vs twaine.

Of his ring sent to his lady.

Since thou my ring mayst goe where I ne may.
Since thou mayst speake where I must hold my peace.
Say vnto her that is my liues stay.
Grauen the² within which I do here expresse:
That sooner shall the sonne not shine by day,
And with the raine the floodes shall waxen lesse.
Sooner the tree the hunter shall bewray,
Then I for change or choyce of other loue,
Do euer seke my fanfy to remoue.

The changeable state of louers.

For that a restles head must somewhat haue in vre
Wherwith it may acquaynted be, as falcon is with lure.
Fanfy doth me awake out of my drowfy slepe,

¹ pray

² om. the

In seeing how the little moufe, at night begyns to crepe.
 So the defyrour man, that longes to catch hys pray,
 In fpying how to watch hys tyme, lyeth lurkyng ftyll by day.
 In hopyng for to haue, and fearyng for to fynde
 The falue that fould recure his fore, and foroweth but the mynde,
 Such is the guyfe of loue, and the vncertain flate
 That fome fould haue theyr hoped happe, and other hard eftate.
 That fome fould feme to ioy in that they neuer had,
 And fome agayn shall frown as faft, where caufeles they be fad.
 Such trades do louers vfe when they be moft at large,
 That gyde the ftere when they themfelues lye fettred in ye barge.
 The grenes of my youth cannot therof exprefse
 The proces, for by profe vnknowen, all this is but by gefse.
 Wherefore I hold it beft, in tyme to hold my peace,
 But wanton will it cannot hold, or make my pen to ceafe.
 A pen of no auayle, a fruitles labour eke,
 My troubled head with fanfies fraught, doth payn it felf to feke.
 And if perhappes my wordes of none auayle do pricke,
 Such as do fele the hidden harmes, I would not they fhold kicke.
 As caufeles me to blame which thinketh them no harme,
 Although I feme by others fyre, fometime my felf to warme.
 Which clerely I denye, as gyltles of that cryme,
 And though wrong demde I be therin, truth it will trye in tyme.

A praife of Audley.

When Audley had runne out his race and ended wer his
 days, [praife.
 His fame ftept forth and bad me write of him fome worthy
 What life he lad, what actes he did: his vertues and good name,
 Wherto I calde for true report, as witnes of the fame.
 Wel born he was wel bent by kinde, whose mind did neuer fwarue
 A fkilfull head, a valiant hert, a ready hand to ferue.
 Brought vp and trained in feats of war long time beyond the
 feas [pleafe.
 Cald home again to ferue his prince whom ftyll he fought to
 What tornay was there he refusde, what feruice did he fhone,
 Where he was not nor his aduice, what great exploit was done,

In towne a lambe in felde full fierce a lyon at the nede,
 In sober wit a Salomon, yet one of Hectors fede.
 Then shame it were that any tong shold now defame his dedes
 That in his life a mirror was to all that him succedes.
 No pore estate nor hie renoune his nature could peruart,
 No hard mischaunce that him besel could moue his constant hart.
 Thus long he liued loued of all as one mislikt of none,
 And where he went who cald him not the gentle Peragon¹
 But course of kinde doth caufe eche frute to fall when it is ripe,
 And spitefull death will suffer none to scape his greuous
 gripe. [wombe,
 Yet though the ground receiued haue his corps into her
 This epitaphe ygraue in brasse, shall stand vpon his tombe.
 Lo here he lies that hateth vice, and vertues life imbraſt,
 His name in earth his sprite aboue deserues to be well plaſt.

Time trieth truth.

Eche thing I fe hath time which time must trye my truth,
 Which truth deserues a special trust, on trust gret frendship
 groweth
 And frendship may not faile where faithfulnesse is founde,
 And faithfulnesse is ful of frute, and fruteful thinges be founde.
 And found is good at proufe, and proufe is prince of praise,
 And precious praise is such a pearle as feldome ner decayses.
 All these thinges time tries forth, which time I must abide,
 How shold I boldly credite craue till time my truth haue tryed.
 For as I found a time to fall in fanſies frame,
 So I do wishe a lucky time for to declare the fame.
 If hap may answere hope and hope may haue his hire,
 Then shall my hart possesse in peace the time that I desire.

The louer refused of his loue imbraceth death.

MY youthfull yeres are past,
 My ioyfull dayes are gone:
 My life it may not last,
 My graue and I am one.

¹ Paragon

My mirth and ioyes are fled,
 And I a man in wo:
 Desirous to be dedde,
 My mischiefe to forgo.

I burne and am a colde,
 I frise amidst the fire:
 I see she doth withhold
 That is my most desire.

I see my helpe at hand,
 I see my life also:
 I see where she dothe stande
 That is my deadly foe.

I see how she dothe see,
 And yet she will be blinde:
 I fe in helpyng me
 She sekes and will not finde.

I see how she doth wry,
 When I begyn to mone:
 I see when I come nie,
 How faine she wold be gone.

I see what will ye more
 She will me gladly kyll:
 And you shall see therfore
 That she shall haue her will.

I can not liue with stoness
 It is to hard a fode:
 I will be dead at once
 To do my Lady good.

The Picture of a louer.

BEhold my picture here well portrayed for the nones,
 With hart consumed and fallyng flesshe, lo here the very
 bones.

Whose cruell chaunce alas and desteny is such,
 Onely because I put my trust in some folke all to much.
 For since the time that I did enter in this pine,
 I neuer saw the risyng sunne but with my weepyng eyen.

¹ behold the very bones.

Nor yet I neuer heard so fwete a voice or founde,
 But that to me it did encrease the dolour of my wounde.
 Nor in so softe a bedde, alas I neuer laye,
 But that it femed hard to me or euer it was daye.
 Yet in this body bare that nought but life retaines,
 The strength wherof clene past away the care yet still
 remaines.

Like as the cole in flame dothe spende it selfe you se,
 To vaine and wretched cinder dust till it consumed be.
 So dothe this hope of mine inforce my feruent sute,
 To make me for to gape in vaine, whilst other eate the frute.
 And shall do till the death do geue me such a grace,
 To rid this fillye wofull spirite¹ out of this dolefull case.
 And then wold God were writte in stone or els in leade,
 This Epitaphe vpon my graue, to shew why I am deade.
 Here lieth the louer loe, who for the loue he aught,
 Aliue vnto his ladye dere, his death therby he caught.
 And in a shielde of blacke, loe here his armes appears,
 With weping eies as you may see, well poudred all with teares.
 Loe here you may beholde, aloft vpon his brest,
 A womans hand strainyng the hart of him that loued her best.
 Wherefore all you that se this corps for loue that starues,
 Example make vnto you all, that thankelesse louers farues.

Of the death of Phillips.

BEwaile with me all ye that haue profest,
 Of musicke tharte by touche of coarde or winde:
 Laye downe your lutes and let your gitterns rest,
 Phillips is dead whose like you can not finde.
 Of musicke much exceedyng all the rest,
 Muses therefore of force now must you wrest.
 Your pleasant notes into an other founde,
 The string is broke, the lute is dispoest,
 The hand is colde, the bodye in the grounde.
 The lowring lute lamenteth now therefore,
 Phillips her frende that can her touche no more.

¹ sprite

*That all thing sometime finde ease of their
paine, saue onely the louer.*

See there is no fort,
Of thinges that liue in grieffe:
Which at sometime may not resort,
Wheras they haue reliefe.
The striken dere¹ by kinde,
Of death that standes in awe:
For his recure an herbe can finde,
The arrow to withdrawe.
The chafed dere² hath foile,
To coole him in his het³:
The affe⁴ after his wery toyle,
In stable is vp fet.
The conye⁵ hath his caue,
The little birde his nest:
From heate and colde them felues to faue,
At all times as they lyst.
The owle⁶ with feble sight,
Lieth lurkyng in the leaues:
The sparrow⁷ in the frosty nyght,
May shroude her in the eaues.
But wo to me alas,
In funne nor yet in shade.
I can not finde a restyng place,
My burden to vnlade.
But day by day still beares,
The burden on my backe:
With weping eyen and watry teares,
To holde my hope abacke.
All thinges I see haue place,
Wherin they bowe or bende:
Saue this alas my wofull case,
Which no where findeth ende.

¹Dere ²Dere ³heat ⁴Asse ⁵Cony ⁶Owle ⁷Sparrow

*Th[e] assault of Cupide vpon the fort where
the louers hart lay wounded
and how he was taken.*

WHen Cupide scaled first the fort,
Wherin my hart lay wounded fore:
The battry was of such a fort
That I must yelde or dye therfore.

There saw I loue vpon the wall,
How he his banner did display:
Alarme alarme he gan to call,
And bad his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes the which that Cupide bare
Were pearced harts with teares besprent:
In siluer and fable to declare
The stedfast loue he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest,
In colours like to white and blacke:
With powder and with pellets prest,
To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good will the master of the shot,
Stode in the rampyre braue and proud:
For spence of powder he spared not,
Assault assault to crye aloude.

There might you heare the cannons rore
Eche pece discharged a louers loke:
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place whereas they toke.

And euen with the trumpets fowne,
The scalyng ladders were vp fet:
And beauty walked vp and downe
With bow in hand and arrowes whet.

Then first desire began to scale,
And shrowded him vnder his targe:
As on the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to geue the charge.

Then pushed souldiers wiht their pikes
And holbarders with handy strokes:

The hargabushe in fleshe it lightes,
And dims the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is the fouldiers vse,
When shot and powder gins to want:
I hanged vp my flagge of truce,
And pleaded for my liues graunt.

When fanfy thus had made her breach
And beauty entred with her bande:
With bag and baggage felye wretch,
I yelded into beauties hand.

Then beawty had¹ to blowe retrete.
And euery soldiour to retire.
And mercy wilde with spede to fet:^{2 3, 4}
Me captiue bound as prifoner.

Madame (quoth I) fith that thys day,
Hath serued you at all affaies:
I yeld to you without delay,
Here of the fortresse all the kaies.

And fith that I haue ben the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye:
Nedes must you with your handy warke,
Or salue my fore or let me dye.

The aged louer renounceth loue.

Lothe that I did loue,
In youth that I thought fwete:
As time requires for my behoue
Me thinkes they are not mete,
My lustes they do me leue,
My fanfies all be fledde:
And tract of time begins to weaue,
Gray heares vpon my hedde.

For age with stelyng steppes,
Hath clawed me with his cowche:⁵
And lusty life away she leapes,

¹ bad

² So also in the Second Edition.

³ And mercy mylde with spede to set, 1559.

⁴ And mercy milde with spede to fet, 1574. [This is probably the true reading.]

⁵ crowch:

As there had bene none such.
 My muse dothe not delight
 Me as she did before:
 My hand and pen are not in plight,
 As they haue bene of yore.
 For reason me denies,
 This youthly, idle rime:
 And day by day to me she cryes,
 Leauē of these toyes in time.
 The wrinckles in my brow,
 The furrowes in my face:
 Say limpyng age will hedge him now
 Where youth must geue him place.
 The harbinger of death,
 To me I see him ride:
 The cough, the colde, the gaspyng breath,
 Dothe bid me to prouide,
 A pikeax and a spade
 And eke a shrowdyng shete,
 A house of claye for to be made,
 For such a gest most mete.
 Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
 That knols the careful knell:
 And bids me leue my wofull warke,
 Er nature me compell.
 My kepers knit the knot,
 That youth did laugh to scorne:
 Of me that clene shalbe forgot,
 As I had not ben borne.
 Thus must I youth geue vp,
 Whose badge I long did weare:
 To them I yelde the wanton cup
 That better may it beare.
 Loe here the bared scull,
 By whose balde signe I know:
 That stoupyng age away shall pull,
 Which youthfull yeres did sowe.
 For beauty with her bande
 These croked cares hath wrought:

And shipped me into the lande,
 From whence I first was brought.
 And ye that bide behinde,
 Haue ye none other trust:
 As ye of claye were cast by kinde,
 So shall ye waste to dust.

Of the ladie Wentworthes death.

TO liue to dye, and dye to liue againe,
 With good renowne of fame well led before
 Here lieth she that learned had the lore,
 Whom if the perfect vertues wolden daine.
 To be set forth with foile of worldly grace,
 Was noble borne and matcht in noble race,
 Lord Wentworthes wife, nor wanted to attain
 In natures giftes her praise among the rest,
 But that that gaue her praise aboue the best
 Not fame her wedlocks chastnes durst distain
 Wherein with child deliuaryng of her wombe,
 Thuntimely birth hath brought them both in tombe
 So left she life by death to liue again.

*The louer accusing hys loue for
 her vnfaithfulnesse, purposeth
 to liue in libertie.*

THe smoky sighes the bitter teares,
 That I in vaine haue wasted:
 The broken slepes, the wo and feares,
 That long in me haue lasted:
 The loue and all I owe to thee,
 Here I renounce and make me free.
 Which fredome I haue by thy guilt,
 And not by my deseruing,
 Since so vnconstantly thou wilt,

Not loue, but still be swaruyng.¹
 To leue me oft² which was thine owne,
 Without caufe why as shalbe knowen.

The frutes were faire the which did grow,
 Within thy garden planted,
 The leaues were grene of euery bough.
 And moysture nothing wanted,
 Yet or the blossoms gan to fall,
 The caterpillar wasted all.

Thy body was the garden place,
 And sugred wordes it beareth,
 The blossomes all thy faith it was,
 Which as the canker wereth.
 The caterpillar is the same,
 That hath wonne thee and lost thy name.

I meane thy louer loued now,
 By thy pretended folye,
 Which will proue lyke, thou shalt fynd how,
 Vnto a tree of holly:

That barke and bery beares alwayes,
 The one, byrdes feedes, the other slayes.

And right well mightest thou haue thy wifh
 Of thy loue new acquaynted:
 For thou art lyke vnto the dishe
 That Adrianus paynted:
 Wherin wer grapes portrayed so fayre
 That fowles for foode did there repayre.

But I am lyke the beaten fowle
 That from the net escaped,
 And thou art lyke the rauening owle
 That all the night hath waked.
 For none intent but to betray
 The sleping fowle before the day.

Thus hath thy loue been vnto me
 As pleasant and commodious,
 As was the fyre made on the sea
 By Naulus hate so odious.
 Therwith to trayn the grekish host
 From Troyes return where they wer lost.

¹ swering² of

*The louer for want of his desyre, sheweth
his death at hande.*

AS Cypres tree that rent is by the roote.
As branch or slyppe bereft from whence it growes
As well sowne seede for drought that can not sproute
As gaping ground that raineles can not close
As moules that want the earth to do them bote
As fishe on lande to whom no water flowes,
As Chameleon that lackes the ayer so fote.
As flowers do fade when Phebus rarest showes.
As salamandra repulsed from the fyre :
So wanting my wishe I dye for my desyre.

*A happy end exceedeth all pleasures and
riches of the worlde.*

THe shinyng feason here to some,
The glory in the worldes fight,
Renowned fame through fortune wonne
The glitteryng golde the eyes delight.
The sensuall life that semes so swete,
The hart with ioyfull dayes replete,
The thing wherto eche wight is thrall,
The happy ende exceedeth all.

Against an vnstedfast woman.

QTemerous tauntres that delightes in toyes
Tumbling cockboat tottryng to and fro,
Ianglyng iestres depraueres¹ of swete ioyes,
Ground of the graffe whence al my grief dothe grow
Sullen serpent enuironned with dispite,
That yll for good at all times doest requite.

¹deprauers

*A praise of Petrarke and of Laura
his ladie.*

Q Petrarke hed and prince of Poets all,
Whose liuely gift of flowyng eloquence,
Wel may we feke, but finde not how or whence
So rare a gift with thee did rife and fall,
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortall
Be to thy name, and to her excellence.
Whose beauty lighted in thy time and sence
So to be fet forth as none other shall.
Why hath not our pens rimes so perfit wrought¹
Ne why our time forth bringeth beauty such
To trye our wittes as golde is by the touche,
If to the stile the matter aided ought.
But therwas neuer Laura more then one,
And her had petrarke for his paragone.

*That Petrark cannot be passed but
notwithstanding that Lawra
is far surpassed.*

With petrarke to compare there may no wight,
Nor yet attain vnto so high a stile,
But yet I wote full well where is a file.
To frame a learned man to praise aright:
Of stature meane of femely forme and shap,
Eche line of iust proportion to her height:
Her colour freshe and mingled with such sleight:
As though the rose fate in the lilies lap.
In wit and tong to shew what may be fed,
To every dede she ioynes a parfite grace,
If Lawra liude she would her clene deface.
For I dare say and lay my life to wed
That Momus could not if he downe discended,
Once iustly say lo this may be amended.

¹ Why hath not our pens, rimes so parfit wrought

Against a cruell woman.

CRuell and vnkind whom mercy cannot moue,¹
 Herbour of vnhappy where rigours rage doth raigne,²
 The⁸ ground of my griefe where pitie cannot proue:
 To tickle to trust of all vntruth the traine,³
 Thou rigorous rocke that ruth cannot remoue.
 Daungerous delph depe dungeon of disdaine:
 The⁸ sacke of self will the chest of craft and change.⁴
 What causeth the thus so causels [? causelesse] for to
 change.

Ah piteles plante whome plaint cannot prouoke.
 Darke den of disceite that right doth still refuse,
 Causes vnkinde that carieth⁶ vnder cloke
 Cruelty and craft me onely to abuse,
 Statelye and stubberne withstanding cupides stroke,
 Thou merueilouse mase that makest men to muse,
 Solleyn by selfe will, most stony stiffe and straunge,
 What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change.

Slipper and secrete where surety can not sowe
 Net of newelty, neast of newfanglenesse, [flow,
 Spring of very⁷ spite, from whence whole fluddes do
 Thou caue and cage of care and craftinesse
 Waueryng willow that euery blast dothe blowe
 Graffe withouten grothe and cause of carefulnesse.
 The⁸ heape of mishap of all my griefe the graunge
 What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change.

Hast thou forgote that I was thine infest,
 By force of loue haddest thou not hart at all,
 Sawest thou not other that for thy loue were left
 Knowest thou vnkinde, that nothing might⁹ befall
 From out my hart¹⁰ that could haue the bereft.
 What meanest thou then at ryot thus to raunge,
 And leauest thine owne that neuer thought to change.

¹ Cruel vnkinde whom mercy cannot moue,

² Ground of my griefe where pitie cannot proue:

³ Trickle to trust of all vntruth the traine,

⁴ Sacke of selfe will the chest of craft and change,

⁵ Den of disceite that right doth still refuse,

⁶ carieth ⁷ al ⁸ om. The ⁹ mought

¹⁰ From out of my hart

*The louer sheweth what he would haue if it were
graunted him to haue what he would wishe.*

IF it were so that God would graunt me my request,
And that I might of earthly thinges haue yat I liked best.
I would not wishe to clime to princely hye astate,
Which slipper is and slides so oft, and hath so fickle fate.
Nor yet to conquere realmes with cruell sworde in hande,
And so to shede the gittleffe bloude of such as would withstand.
Nor I would not desire in worldly rule to raigne,
Whose frute is all vnquietnesse, and breakyng of the braine.
Nor richeffe in excesse of vertue so abhorde, [corde.
I would not craue which bredeth care and causeth all dif-
But my request should be more worth a thousand folde:
That I might haue and her enioye that hath my hart in holde.
Oh God what lusty life should we liue then for euer,
In pleasant ioy and perfect blisse, to length our liues together.
With wordes of frendlye chere, and lokes of liuely loue,
To vtter all our hotte desires, which neuer should remoue.
But grose and gredie wittes which grope but on the ground.
To gather muck of worldly goodes which oft do them confounde.
Can not attaine to know the misteries deuine
Of perfite loue wherto hie wittes of knowledge do incline
A nigard of his gold suche ioye can neuer haue [slauē.
Which gettes with toile and kepes with care and is his money
As they enioy alwayes that taste loue in his kinde,
For they do holde continually a heauen in their minde.
No worldly goodes could bring my hart so great an ease,
As for to finde or do the thing that might my ladye please.
For by her onely loue my hart should haue all ioye,
And with the same put care away, and all that coulde annoy.
As if that any thyng shold chance to make me sadde, [gladde.
The touching of her corall lippes would straighteways make me
And when that in my heart I fele that dyd me greue
With one embracing of her armes she might me sone releue:
And as the Angels all which sit in heauen hye
With prefence and the sight of god haue theyr felicitie.
So lykewyse I in earth, should haue all earthly blis,
With prefence of that paragon, my god in earth that is.

*The lady forsaken of her louer, prayeth his
returne, or the end of her own life.*

TO loue, alas, who would not feare
That seeth my wofull state,
For he to whom my heart I beare
Doth me extremely hate,
And why therfore I cannot tell,
He will no lenger with me dwell.
Did you not sewe and long me serue
Ere I you graunted grace?
And will you this now from me swarue
That neuer did trespase?
Alas poore woman then alas,
A very lyfe here must I passe.

[Added in the Second edition.]

And shal my faith haue such refuse
In dede and shall it so,
Is ther no choise for me to chuse
But must I leue you so?
Alas poore woman then alas,
A weery life hence must I pas.]

And is there now no remedy
But that you will forgeat her,
Ther was a tyme when that perdy
You would haue heard her better.
But now that time is gone and past,
And all your loue is but a blast.

And can you thus break your beheft
In dede and can you so?
Did you not sweare you loude¹ me best,
And can you now say no?
Remember me poore wight in payne,
And for my fake turne once agayne.

Alas poore Dido now I fele
Thy present paynful state,
When false Eneas did hym stele
From thee at Carthage gate.

¹ loued.

And left thee sleapyng in thy bedde,
 Regarding not what he had sayd.
 Was neuer woman thus betrayed,
 Nor man so false forsworne,
 His faith and trowth so strongly tayed,¹
 Vntruth hath alltorne:
 And I haue leaue for my good will,
 To waile and wepe alone my fill.
 But since it will not better be,
 My teares shall neuer blyn:
 To moist the earth in such degree,
 That I may drowne therin:
 That by my death all men may saye,
 Lo women are as true as they.
 By me all women may beware,
 That see my wofull smart,
 To seke true loue let them not spare,
 Before they fet their hart.
 Or els they may become as I,
 Which for my truth am like to dye.

*The louer yelden into his ladies handes,
 praieth mercie.*

IN fredome was my fantasie
 Abhorryng bondage of the minde,
 But now I yelde my libertie,
 And willingly my selfe I binde.
 Truely to serue with all my hart,
 Whiles life doth last not to reuart.
 Her beauty bounde me first of all
 And forst my will for to consent:
 And I agree to be her thrall,
 For as she list I am content.
 My will is hers in that I may,
 And where she biddes I will obey.
 It lieth in her my wo or welth,
 She may do that she liketh best,

¹tyed

If that she list I haue my helth,
 If she list not in wo I rest.
 Sins I am fast within her bandes,
 My wo and welth lieth in her handes.

She can no lesse then pitie me,
 Sith that my faith to her is knowne,
 It were to much extremitie,
 With cruelty to vse her owne.
 Alas a sinnefull enterprice,
 To slay that yeldes at her deuice.

But I thinke not her hart so harde,
 Nor that she hath such cruell lust:
 I doubt nothing of her reward,
 For my desert but well I trust,
 As she hath beauty to allure,
 So hath she a hart that will recure.

*That nature which worketh al thinges for our
 behofe, hath made women also for our
 comfort and delite.*

AMong dame natures workes such perfite lawe is wrought,
 That things be ruled by course of kinde in order as they
 And serueth in their state, in such iust frame and sorte, [ought
 That slender wits may iudge the same, and make therof report.
 Beholde what secrete force the winde dothe easely showe,
 Which guides the shippes amid the seas if he his bellows blow.
 The waters waxen wilde where blustering blasts do rise,
 Yet seldome do they passe their bondes for nature that deuise.
 The fire which boiles the leade and trieth out the golde:
 Hath in his power both help and hurte if he his force vnfolde.
 The frost which kilth¹ the fruite doth knit the brused bones:
 And is a medecin of kind prepared for the nones.
 The earth in whose entrails the foode of man doth liue,
 At euery spring and fall of leafe what plesure doth she giue.
 The aier which life desires and is to helth so fwete
 Of nature yeldes such liuely smelles that comforts euery sprete.
 The sonne through natures might doth draw away the dew,

¹ kills

And spredes ye flowers where he is wont his princely face to
 The Mone¹ which may be cald the lanterne of the night, [shew
 Is halfe a guide to traueling men fuch vertue hath her light.
 The flers not vertuelesse are bewtie to the eies,
 A lodes man to the mariner a signe of calmed skies.
 The flowers and fruitefull trees to man doe tribute pay,
 And when theyhaue their duety done by course they fade away.
 Eche beast both fishe and foule, doth offer lief² and all,
 To norishe man and do him ease yea serue him at his call.
 The serpentes venemous, whose vglye shapes we hate, [state.
 Are foueraigne falues for fondry fores, and nedefull in their
 Sith nature shewes her power, in eche thing thus at large,
 Why should not man submit hymself to be in natures charge
 Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall,
 The wyfest cannot slip her snare, for nature gouernes all.
 Lo, nature gaue vs shape, lo nature fedes our lyues : [striues.
 Then they are worse then mad I think, against her force yat
 Though some do vse to fay, which can do nought but fayne,
 Women were made for this intent, to put vs men to payne.
 Yet fure I think they are a pleasure to the mynde,
 A ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath assynde.

*When aduersitie is once fallen, it is to
 late to beware.*

TO my mishap alas I fynde
 That happy hap is daungerous :
 And fortune worketh but her kynd
 To make the ioyfull dolorous.
 But all to late it comes to minde,
 To waile the want that makes me blinde,
 Amid my mirth and pleasantnesse,
 Such chaunce is chaunced sodainly,
 That in dispaire without redresse,
 I finde my chiefest remedy.
 No new kinde of vnhappinesse,
 Should thus haue left me comfortlesse.
 Who wold haue thought that my request,

¹ Moone

² life.

Should bring me forth such bitter frute :
 But now is hapt that I feard lest,
 And all this harme comes by my fute,
 For when I thought me happiest,
 Euen then hapt all my chiefe vnrest.

In better case was neuer none
 And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,
 My chiefe desire doth cause me mone,
 And to my harme my welth is hapt,
 There is no man but I alone,
 That hath such cause to figh and mone.

Thus am I taught for to beware
 And trust no more such pleasant chance,
 My happy happe bred me this care,
 And brought my mirth to great mischance.
 There is no man whom happe will spare,
 But when she list his welth is bare.

*Of a louer that made his onelye God of
 his loue.*

AL you that frendship do professe,
 And of a frende present the place :
 Geue eare to me that did possesse,
 As frendly frutes as ye imbrace.
 And to declare the circumstance,
 There were them selues that did auance:
 To teache me truely how to take,
 A faithfull frende for vertues sake.
 But I as one of little skill,
 To know what good might grow therby,
 Vnto my welth I had no will,
 Nor to my nede I had none eye,
 But as the childe dothe learne to go,
 So I in time did learne to know.
 Of all good frutes the worlde brought forth,
 A faythfull frende is thing most worth.
 Then with all care I fought to finde,

One worthy to receiue fuch trust :
 One onely that was riche in minde,
 One secrete, sober, wise, and iust.
 Whom riches coulde not raise at all,
 Nor pouertie procure to fall :
 And to be short in few wordes plaine,
 One fuch a frend I did attaine.

And when I did enioy this welth,
 Who liued Lord in fuch a case,
 For to my frendes it was great helth,
 And to my foes a fowle deface,
 And to my selfe a thing so riche
 As feke the worlde and finde none sich¹
 Thus by this frende I fet fuch store,
 As by my selfe I fet no more.

This frende so much was my delight
 When care had clene orecome my hart,
 One thought of her rid care as quite,
 As neuer care had caufed my smarte
 Thus ioyed I in my frende so dere
 Was neuer frende fate man so nere,
 I carde for her so much alone,
 That other God I carde for none

But as it dothe to them befall,
 That to them selues respect haue none:
 So my swete graffe is growen to gall,
 Where I fowed mirthe I reaped mone
 This ydoll that I honorde so,
 Is now transformed to my fo,
 That me most pleased me most paynes,
 And in dispaire my hart remaines.

And for iust scourge of fuch defart,
 Thre plages I may my selfe assure,
 Firft of my frende to lose my parte,
 And next my life may not endure,
 And last of all the more to blame,
 My foule shall suffer for the fame,
 Wherfore ye frendes I warne you all,
 Sit faste for feare of fuch a fall.

¹ such.

Vpon the death of sir Antony Denny.

DEath and the kyng did as it were contende,
 Which of them two bare Denny greateſt loue,
 The king to ſhew his loue gan farre extende,
 Did him aduaunce his betters farre aboue.
 Nere place, much welthe, great honour eke him gaue,
 To make it knowen what power great princes haue.
 But when death came with his triumphant gift,
 From worldly cark he quite his weried ghoſt,
 Free from the corps, and ſtraight to heauen it liſt,
 Now deme that can who did for Denny moſt.
 The king gaue welth but fadyng and vnſure,
 Death brought him bliſſe that euer ſhall endure.

A comparifon of the louers paines.

LYke as the brake within the riders hande, [payne,
 Doth ſtrayne the horſe nye woode with greife of
 Not vſed before to come in ſuch a bande,
 Striueth for grieſe, although godwot in vayne.
 To be as erſt he was at libertie,
 But force of force dothe ſtraine the contrary.
 Euen ſo ſince band dothe cauſe my deadly grieſe,
 That made me ſo my wofull chaunce lament,
 Like thing hath brought me into paine and miſchiefe,
 Saue willingly to it I did aſſent.
 To binde the thing in fredome which was free,
 That now full fore alas repenteth me.

Of a Roſemary braunche ſente.

SVche grene to me as you haue ſent,
 Such grene to you I ſende agayn :
A flowring hart that wyll not feint,

For drede of hope or losse of gaine :
 A stedfast thought all wholly bent,
 So that he maye your grace obtain :
 As you by prooffe haue alwaies sene,
 To liue your owne and alwayes grene.

To his loue of his constant hart.

AS I haue bene so will I euer be,
 Vnto my death and lenger yf I might.
 Haue I of loue the frendly lokyng eye,
 Haue I of fortune the fauour or the spite,¹
 I am of rock by prooffe as you may see :
 Not made of waxe nor of no metall light,
 As leefe to dye, by chaunge as to deceaue,
 Or breake the promise made. And so I leaue.

Of the token which his loue sent him.

THe golden apple that the Troyan boy,
 Gaue to Venus the fayrest of the thre,
 Which was the cause of all the wrack of Troy,
 Was not receiued with a greater ioye,
 Then was the fame (my loue) thou sent to me,
 It healed my fore it made my sorowes free,
 It gaue me hope it banisht mine annoy :
 Thy happy hand full oft of me was blist,
 That can geue such a salue when that thou list.

Manhode auaieth not without good Fortune.

THo³ Cowerd oft whom deinty viandes fed,
 That bosted much his ladies eares to please,
 By helpe of them whom vnder him he led
 Hath reapt the palme that valiance could not cease.
 The vnexpert that shoores vnknown neare fought,
 Whom Neptune yet apaled not with feare ;

¹ Haue I of fortune fauour or despite ?

² THe

In wandryng shippe on trustlesse seas hath tought,
 The skill to fele that time to long doth leare.
 The sportyng knight that scorneth Cupides kinde,
 With fayned chere the payned cause to brede :
 In game vnhydes the leden sparkes of minde,
 And gaines the gole, where glowyng flames should spede,
 Thus I see proufe that trouth and manly hart,
 May not auayle, if fortune chaunce to start.

That constancy of all vertues is most worthy.

THough in the waxe a perfect picture made,
 Dothe shew as fayre as in the marble stone,
 Yet do we see it is esteemed of none,
 Because that fire or force the forme dothe fade.
 Wheras the marble holden is full dere,
 Since that endures the date of lenger dayes.
 Of Diamondes it is the greatest prayse,
 So long to last and alwayes one tappere.
 Then if we do esteeme that thing for best,
 Which in perfection lengest time dothe last :
 And that most vayne that turnes with euery blast
 What iewell then with tonge can be exprest.
 Like to that hart where loue hath framed such sethe,
 That can not fade but by the force of dethe.

[In the Second and subsequent editions, the following poem was transposed further back, see p. 165 ; with the heading, *An answer of comfort.*]

A comfort to the complaynt of Thestilis.

THestilis thou fely man, why dost thou so complaine,
 If nedes thy loue will thee forsake, thy mourning is in
 vaine.
 For none can force the streames against their course to ronne,
 Nor yet vnwillyng loue with teares or wailyng can be wonne.
 Cease thou therefore thy plaintes, let hope thy sorrowes ease, [seas
 The shipmen though their failes be rent yet hope to scape the
 Though straunge she seme a while, yet thinke she will not change

Good causes driue a ladies loue, sometime to feme full straunge.
 No louer that hath wit, but can forsee such happe,
 That no wight can at wish or will slepe in his ladies lappe.
 Achilles for a time fayre Brises did forgo, [do so.
 Yet did they mete with ioye againe, then thinke thou maist
 Though he and louers al in loue sharpe stormes do finde,
 Dispaire not thou pore Thestilis though thy loue seme vnkinde.
 Ah thinke her graffed loue can not so sone decay,
 Hie springes may cease from swellyng styll, but neuer dry away
 Oft stormes of louers yre, do more their loue encrease :
 As shynyng sunne refreshe the frutes when rainyng gins to cease.
 When springes are waxen lowe, then, must they flow againe,
 So shall thy hart aduanced be, to pleasure out of paine.
 When lacke of thy delight most bitter grieve apperes,
 Thinke on Etrafcus worthy loue that lasted thirty yeres,
 Which could not long atcheue his hartes desired choyse,
 Yet at the ende he founde rewarde that made him to reioyce.
 Since he so long in hope with pacience did remaine,
 Can not thy feruent loue forbear thy loue a moneth or twaine.
 Admit she minde to chaunge and nedes will thee forgo,
 Is there no mo may thee delight but she that paynes thee so?
 Thestilis draw to the towne and loue as thou hast done,
 In time thou knowest by faythfull loue as good as she is wonne.
 And leaue the desert woodes and waylyng thus alone,
 And seke to salue thy fore els where, if all her loue be gonne.

The vncertaine state of a louer.

LYke as the rage of raine,
 Filles riuers with excesse,
 And as the drought againe,
 Dothe draw them lesse and lesse.
 So I bothe fall and clyme,
 With no and yea sometime.
 As they swell hye and hye,
 So dothe encrease my state,
 As they fall drye and drye
 So doth my wealth abate,

As yea is mixt with no,
 So mirthe is mixt with wo.
 As nothing can endure,
 That liues and lackes reliefe,
 So nothing can stande sure,
 Where chaunge dothe raigne as chiefe,
 Wherefore I must intende,
 To bowe when others bende.
 And when they laugh to smile,
 And when they wepe to waile,
 And when they craft, begile,
 And when they fight, assayle,
 And thinke there is no chaunge,
 Can make them seme to straunge.
 Oh most vnhappy slaue,
 What man may leade this course,
 To lacke he would faynest haue,
 Or els to do much worfe.
 These be rewardes for such,
 As liue and loue to much.

*The louer in libertie smileth at them in
 thraldome, that sometime scorned
 his bondage.*

AT libertie I fit and fee,
 Them that haue erst laught me to scorne:
 Whipt with the whip that scourged me,
 And now they banne that they were borne.
 I see them sit full soberlye,
 And thinke their earnest lokes to hide:
 Now in them selues they can not spye,
 That they or this in me haue spied.
 I see them sittynge all alone,
 Markynge the steppes ech worde and loke:
 And now they treade where I haue gone
 The painfull pathe that I forfoke.
 Now I see well I saw no whit,

When they saw well that now are blinde
 But happy hap hath made me quit,
 And iust iudgement hath them affinde.

I see them wander all alone,
 And trede full fast in dredful dout :
 The selfe same pathe that I haue gone,
 Blessed be hap that brought me out.

At libertie all this I see,
 And say no worde but erst among :
 Smiling at them that laught at me,
 Lo such is hap marke well my song.

*A comparison of his loue with the
 faithfull and painful loue
 of Troylus to Creside.*

S Read how Troylus serued in Troy,
 A lady long and many a day,
 And how he bode so great anoy,
 For her as all the stories saye.
 That halfe the paine had neuer man,
 Which had this wofull Troyan than.
 His youth, his sport, his pleafant chere,
 His courtly state and company,
 In him so straungly altred were,
 With such a face of contrary.
 That euery ioye became a wo,
 This poyson new had turned him so.
 And what men thought might most him ease
 And most that for his comfort stode,
 The same did most his minde displeafe,
 And set him most in furious mode.
 For all his pleasure euer lay
 To thinke on her that was away.
 His chamber was his common walke,
 Wherin he kept him se[c]retely.
 He made his bedde the place of talke.

To heare his great extremitie.
 In nothing els had he delight,
 But euen to be a martyr right.

And now to call her by her name
 And straight therewith to figh and throbbe :
 And when his fansyes might not frame,
 Then into teares and fo to fobbe,
 All in extreames and thus he lyes
 Making two fountayns of his eyes.

As agues haue sharpe shiftes of fittes
 Of colde and heat successiuely :
 So had his head like chaunge of wittes :
 His pacience wrought fo diuerfly :
 Now vp, now downe, now here, now there,
 Like one that was he wist not where.

And thus though he were Pryams sonne
 And commen of the kinges hie bloude,
 This care he had er he her wonne.
 Till shee that was his maistresse good,
 And lothe to see her seruauant fo,
 Became Phisicion to his wo.

And toke him to her handes and grace,
 And said she would her minde apply,
 To helpe him in his wofull case,
 If she might be his remedy.
 And thus they fay to ease his smart,
 She made him owner of her hart.

And truth it is except they lye,
 From that day forth her study went,
 To shew to loue him faithfully,
 And his whole minde full to content.
 So happy a man at last was he,
 And eke so worthy a woman she.

Lo lady then iudge you by this,
 Mine ease and how my case dothe fall,
 For sure betwene my life and his,
 No difference there is at all.
 His care was great so was his paine,
 And mine is not the left of twaine.

For what he felt in seruice true
 For her whom that he loued fo,
 The fame I fele as large for you,
 To whom I do my seruice owe,
 There was that time in him no payne,
 But now the fame in me dothe raine.¹

Which if you can compare and waye,
 And how I stande in euery plight,
 Then this for you I dare well faye,
 Your hart must nedes remorse of right
 To graunt me grace and so to do,
 As Creside then did Troylus to.

For well I wot you are as good
 And euen as faire as euer was shee,
 And comen of as worthy bloode,
 And haue in you as large pitie.
 To tender me your owne true man,
 As she did him her seruaunt than.

Which gift I pray God for my sake,
 Full sone and shortly you me sende,
 So shall you make my forrowes flake,
 So shall you bring my wo to ende.
 And fet me in as happy case,
 As Troylus with his lady was.

To leade a vertuous and honest life.

Flee from the prefe and dwell with sothfastnes
 Suffise to thee thy good though it be small,
 For horde hath hate and climyng ticklenesse
 Praife hath enuy, and weall is blinde in all
 Fauour no more, then thee behoue shall.
 Rede well thy self that others well canst rede,
 And trouth shall the deliuer it is no drede.

Paine thee not eche croked to redresse
 In hope of her that turneth as a ball,
 Great rest standeth in litle busynesse,
 Beware also to spurne against a nall,

¹ raigne.

Striue not as doth a crocke against a wall,
Deme first thy selfe, that demest others dede
And trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

That the¹ is sent, receiue in boxomnesse,
The wrestling of this world axith² a fall :
Here is no home, here is but wilderneffe.
Forth pilgrame forth beast out of thy stall,³
Looke vp on high, giue thanks to god of all :
Weane well thy lust, and honest life ay leade,
So trouth shall the deliuer, it is no drede.

*The wounded louer determineth to make sute
to his lady for his recure.*

Sins Mars first moued warre or stirred men to strife, [life.
Was neuer seen so feerce a fight, I scarce could scape with
Resist so long I did, till death approched so nye,
To saue my selfe I thought it best, with spede away to fly.
In daunger still I fled, by flight I thought to scape
From my dere foe, it vailed not, alas it was to late.
For venus from her campe brought Cupide with hys bronde,
Who sayd now yelde, or els desire shall chace the in euerylonde.
Yet would I not straitte yelde, till fansy fierfly⁴ stroke, [yoke
Who from my will did cut the raines and charged me with this
Then all the dayes and nightes mine eare might heare the found,
What carefull sighes my heart would steale to fele it self so bound
For though within my brest, thy care I worke he sayd,
Why for good wyll didest thou behold her per fing iye⁵ displayde.
Alas the fishe is caught, through baite, that hides the hoke,
Euen so her eye me trained hath, and tangled with her loke.
But or that it be long, my hart thou shalt be faine, [plaine
To stay my life pray her furththrowe swete lokes when I com-
When that she shall deny, to doe me that good turne,
Then shall she see to asshes gray, by flames my body burne.
Defearte of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
For feare of nay I neuer fought, the way to frame my sute,
Yet hap that what hap shall, delay I may to long,
Assay I shall for I here⁶ say, the still man oft hath wrong.

¹ thee ² asketh ³ Forth pilgryme forth, forth beast out of thy stall,
⁴ fiercely ⁵ eye ⁶ heare

The louer shewing of the continuall paines that abide within his brest determineth to die because he can not haue his redresse.

He dolefull bell that still dothe ring,
The wofull knell of all my ioyes :
The wretched hart dothe perce and wringe,
And filis mine eare with deadly noyes.

The hongry vyper in my brest,
That on my hart dothe lye and gnawe :
Dothe dayly brede my new vnrest,
And deper fighes dothe cause me drawe.

And though I force bothe hande and eye,
On pleasant matter to attende :
My forowes to deceaue therby :
And wretched life for to amende.

Yet goeth the mill within my hart,
Which gryndeth nought but paine and wo :
And turneth all my ioye to smart,
The euill corne it yeldeth fo.

Though Venus smile with yeldyng eyes,
And swete musike doth play and singe :
Yet doth my sprites fele none of these,
The clacke dothe at mine eare fo ringe.

As smallest sparckes vncared for,
To greatest flames dothe¹ sonest growe,
Euen fo did this myne inwarde fore,
Begin in game and ende in wo.

And now by vse so swift it goeth,
That nothing can mine eares fo fil :
But that the clacke it ouergoeth,
And plucketh me backe into the myll.

But since the mill will nedes about,
The pinne wheron the whele dothe go,
I wyll affaye to strike it out,
And fo the myll to ouerthrow.

The power of loue ouer gods them selues.

FOR loue Appollo (his Godhead fet aside)
 Was seruant to the kyng of Theffaley,
 Whose daughter was so pleafant in his eye,
 That bothe his harpe and fawtrey he defide.
 And bagpipe folace of the rurall bride,
 Did puffe and blowe and on the holtes hy,
 His cattell kept with that rude melody.
 And oft eke him that doth the heauens gyde,
 Hath loue transformed to shapes for him to bafe
 Tranfmuted thus sometime a fwan is he,
 Leda taccoye, and eft Europe to pleafe,
 A milde white bull, vnwrinckled front and face,
 Suffreth her play tyll on his backe lepeh fhe,
 Whom in great care he ferieth through the feas.

[In the Second and later editions, the following poem was transposed further on,
 see p. 257.]

Of the futtletye of craftye louers.

SVch waiward waies haue some when folly ftirres their
 braines [paynes.
TO fain and plaine full oft of loue when left they fele his
 And for to shew a grieffe fuch craft haue they in ftore,
 That they can halt and lay a falue wheras they fele no fore.
 As hounde vnto the fote, or dogge vnto the bow,
 So are they made to vent her out whom bent to loue they know
 That if I fhould difcribe on¹ hundred of their driftes
 Two hundred witts befide mine owne I fhould put to their fhiftes
 No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his dere
 Nor fhyрман on the fea that more hath skill to guide the ftere
 Nor beaten dogge to herd can warer chofe his game,
 Nor fcholeman to his fanfy can a fcholer better frame.
 Then one of thefe which haue olde Ouids art in vre,
 Can feke the wayes vnto their minde a woman to allure.
 As rounde about a hiue the bees do fwarme alway, [pray.
 So rounde about yat houfe they preafe wherin they feke their

And whom they so befege, it is a wonderous thing,
 What crafty engins to affault these wily warriors bring.
 The eye as scout and watch to stirre both to and fro, [and go,
 Doth serue to stale her here and there where she doth come
 The tonge doth plede for right as herauld of the hart :
 And both the handes as oratours do serue to point theyr part.
 So shewes the countinaunce then with these fowre to agree,
 As though in witnes with the rest it wold hers sworne be.
 But if she then mistrust it would turne black to whyte, [bite.
 For that the woorrier lokes most smoth when he wold fainest
 Then wit as counsellor a help for this to fynde : [minde
 Straight makes ye hand as secretayr forthwith to write his
 And so the letters straight embassadours are made,
 To treate in hast for to procure her to a better trade.
 Wherin if she do think all this is but a shewe,
 Or but a subtile masking cloke to hyde a craftye shrewe.
 Then come they to the larme, then shew they in the felde,
 Then muster they in colours strange that wayes to make her
 Then shoote they batrye of, then compasse they her in, [yeld
 At tilte and turney oft they striue this felly soule to win.
 Then found they on their Lutes then strain they forth their songe,
 Then romble they with instrumentes to laye her quite a long.
 Then borde they her with giftes then doe they woe¹ and
 watche, [catche.
 Then night and day they labour hard this simple holde to
 As pathes within a woode, or turnes within a mase : [wayes
 So then they shewe of wyles and craftes they can a thousand

[In the Second and later editions, the following poem was transposed back to among Surrey's poems with the new heading *An answer in the behalfe of a woman, of an vncertain author: see p. 26.*]

Of the dissembling louer.

Girt in my gittleffe gowne as I fit here and fow,
 I see that thynges are not in dede as to the outward show.
 And who so list to loke and note thinges somewhat nere :
 Shall fynd wher playnesse femes to haunt nothing but craft
 For with indifferent eyes my self can well discern, [appere
 How some to guide a ship in stormes seke for to take the sterne.

Whose practife yf were proued in calme to stere a barge,
 Assuredly beleue it well it were to great a charge.
 And some I see agayne fit styll and faye but small, [do all.
 That could do ten tymes more than they that faye they can
 Whose goodly giftes are such the more they vnderstande,
 The more they feke to learne and knowe and take lesse charge
 And to declare more plain the tyme fletes not so fast: [in hand
 But I can beare full well in minde the songe now founge and past.
 The author wherof came wrapt in a craftye cloke :
 With will to force a flamyng fire where he could raife no fmoke.
 If power and will had ioynde as it appeareth plaine,
 The truth norright had tane no place their vertues had ben vain.
 So that you may perceiue, and I may safely fe,
 The innocent that gitleffe is, condemned should haue be.

The promise of a constant louer.

AS Lawrell leaues that cease not to be grene,
 From parching funne, nor yet from winters thrette:
 As hardened oke that feareth¹ no sworde so kene,
 As flint for toole in twaine that will not frette.
 As fast as rocke or pillar surely set
 So fast am I to you and aye haue bene.
 Assuredly whom I can not forget,
 For ioy, for paine, for torment nor for tene.
 For losse, for gayne, for frownyng, nor for thret.
 But euer one, yea bothe in calme and blast,
 Your faithfull frende, and will be to my last.

*Against him that had slandered a gentlewoman
 with him selfe.*

FAlse may he² be, and by the powers aboue,
 Neuer haue he good spede or lucke in loue.
 That so can lye or spot the worthy fame,
 Of her for whom thou. R. art to blame.
 For chaste Diane that hunteth still the chafe,
 And all her maides that sue her in the race.

¹ feareth

² om. he

With faire bowes bent and arrowes by their side,
 Can faye that thou in this haft falsely lied.¹
 For neuer honge the bow vpon the wall,
 Of Dianes temple no nor neuer shall.
 Of broken chaste the sacred vowe to spot,
 Of her whom thou doste charge so large I wot.
 But if ought be wherof her blame may rise,
 It is in that she did not well aduise
 To marke the² right as now she dothe thee know,
 Falso of thy dedes³ falso of thy talke also.
 Lurker of kinde like serpent layd to bite,
 As poyson hid vnder the fuger white.
 What daunger suche? So was the houle defilde,
 Of Collatiue: so was the wife begilde.
 So smarted she, and by a trayterous force,
 The Cartage quene so she fordid her corse,
 So strangled was the R. so depe can auoyde,⁴
 Fye traytour fye, to thy shame be it sayd,
 Thou dunghyll crowe that crokest agaynst the rayne,
 Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe agayne.
 Carrion for the⁵ and lothsome be thy voyce,
 Thy song is fowle I wery of thy noyce.
 Thy blacke fethers, which are thy wearyng wede.
 Wet them with teares and sorowe for thy dede.
 And in darke caues, where yrkesome wormes do crepe,
 Lurke thou all daye, and flye when thou shouldest slepe.
 And neuer light where liuyng thing hath life,
 But eat and drinke where stinche and filthe is rife.
 For she that is a fowle of fethers bryght,
 Admit she toke some pleasure in thy sight.
 As fowle of slate sometimes delight to take,
 Fowle of meane fort their flight with them to make.
 For play of winge or folace of their kinde:
 But not in fort as thou dost breke thy mynde.
 Not for to treade with such foule fowle as thou,
 No no I fwere and I dare it here auowe.
 Thou neuer settest thy fote within her nest,
 Boast not so broade then to thine owne vnrest.
 But blushe for shame for in thy face it standes,

1 lide 2 thee 3 dede 4 So strangled was the Rodopeian maide, 5 thee

And thou canst not vnspot it with thy handes.
 For all the heauens against thee recorde beare,
 And all in earth against thee eke will sweare.
 That thou in this art euen none other man,
 But as the iudges were to Sufan than.
 Forgers of that where to their lust them prickt,
 Bashe, blafer then the truth hath thee conuict.
 And she a woman of her worthy fame,
 Vnspotted standes, and thou hast caught the shame.
 And there I pray to God that it may rest,
 Falso as thou art, as falso as is the best,
 That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,
 In whom all trouth first floorist¹ and began.
 And so hath stande till now the wretched part,
 Hath spotted vs of whose kinde one thou art.
 That all the shame that euer rose or may,
 Of shamefull dede on thee may light I saye.
 And on thy kinde, and thus I wishe thee rather,
 That all thy fede may like be to their father.
 Vntrue as thou, and forgers as thou art,
 So as all we be blamelesse of thy part.
 And of thy dede. And thus I do thee leaue,
 Still to be falso, and falsely to deceaue.

*A praise of maistresse Ryce.*²

I Heard when Fame with thundryng voice did fommon to appere
 The chiefe of natures children all that kinde had³ placed here.
 To view what brute by vertue got their liues could iustly craue,
 And bade them shew what praise by truth they worthy were to haue
 Wherewith I saw how Venus came and put her selfe in place,
 And gaue her ladies leue at large to stand and pleade their case.
 Eche one was calde by name arowe,⁴ in that assemble there,
 That hence are gone or here remaines in court or otherwhere.
 A solemne silence was proclaimde, the iudges fate and heard,
 What truth could tell or craft could faine, & who should be preferd.
 Then beauty stept before the barre, whose brest and neck was bare
 With heare trust vp and on her head a caule of gold she ware.

¹ first floorisht.

² *A praise of maistresse R.*

³ hath

⁴ a row

Thus Cupides thralles began to flock whose hongry eyes did say
 That she had slayned all the dames that present were that day.
 Forer she spake with whispering words, the prease was filde through-
 And fanfy forced common voyce therat to geue a shoute. [out
 Which cried to fame take forth thy trump, and found her praise on
 That glads the hart of euery wight that her beholdes with eye. [hie
 What stirre and rule (quod order than) do these rude people make,
 We holde her best that shall deserue a praise for vertues sake.
 This sentence was no sone said but beauty therewith blusht,
 The audience ceased with the same, and euery thing was whusht.¹
 Then fineneffe thought by trainyng talke to win that beauty lost.
 And whet her tonges² with ioly wordes, and spared for no cost.
 Yet wantonneffe could not abide, but brake her tale in haste,
 And peuishe pride for pecockes plumes wold nedes be hiest plast.
 And therwithall came curiouseffe and carped out of frame.
 The audience laught to here the strife as they beheld the same.
 Yet reason sone appeste the brute, her reuerence made and don,
 She purchasid fauour for to speake and thus her tale begoon,
 Sins bountye shall the garland were and crowned be by fame,
 O happy iudges call for her for she deserues the fame. [fought
 Where temperance gouernes bewtyes flowers and glory is not
 And shamefast mekenes mastreth pride and vertue dwels in thought
 Byd her come forth and shew her face or els assent eche one,
 That true report shall graue her name in gold or marble stone.
 For all the world to rede at will what worthines doth rest,
 In perfect pure vnspotted life which she hath here posselt.
 Then skill rose vp and fought the preace³ to find if yat he might
 A person of such honest name that men should praise of right.
 This one I saw full fadly fit and shrinke her self a side,
 Whose sober lokes did shew what gifts her wiefly⁴ grace did hide
 Lo here (quod skill, good people all) is Lucrece left aliue,
 And she shall most excepted be that left for praise did striue.
 No lenger fame could hold her peace, but blew a blast so hye,
 That made an eckow in the ayer and sowning through the sky.
 The voice was loude and thus it sayd come Rife⁵ with happy daies,
 Thy honest life hath wonne the fame and crowned thee with praies.
 And when I heard my maistres name I thrust amids the throng.
 And clapt my handes and wist of god yat she might prosper long.

¹ The noise did cease, the hall was still, and every thing was whusht.
² tongue ³ prease ⁴ wiefly. ⁵ R.

Of one uniuſtly defamed.

Ne can cloſe in ſhort and cunning verſe,
 Thy worthy praife of bountie by defart :
 The hatefull ſpite and ſlaunder to reherſe.
 Of them that ſee but know not what thou art,
 For kind by craft hath wrought thee ſo to eye.
 That no wight may thy wit and vertue ſpye.
 But he haue other fele then outward fight,
 The lack wherof doth hate and ſpite to trie
 Thus kind thy craft is let of vertues light :
 See how the outward ſhew the wittes may dull :
 Not of the wiſe but as the moſt entend,
 Minerua yet might neuer perce their ſcull,
 That Circes cup and Cupides brand hath blend
 Whoſe ſonde affects now ſturred haue their braine,
 So dothe thy hap thy hue with colour ſtaine.
 Beauty thy foe thy ſhape doubleth thy fore,
 To hide thy wit and ſhewe thy vertue vayne,
 Fell were thy fate, if wiſdome were not more.
 I meane by thee euen G. by name,
 Whom ſtormy windes of enuy and diſdaine,
 Do toſſe with boiſteous blaſtes of wicked fame.
 Where ſtedfaſtneſſe as chiefe in thee dothe raigne.
 Pacience thy ſetled minde dothe guide and ſtere,
 Silence and ſhame with many reſteth there,
 Till time thy mother liſt them forth to call,
 Happy is he that may enioye them all.

On the death of the late county¹ of Pembroke.

Yet once againe my muſe I pardon pray,
 Thine intermitted ſong if I repete :
 Not in ſuch wiſe as when loue was my pay,
 My ioly wo with ioyfull verſe to treat.
 But now (vnthanke to our deſert be geuen,

¹ countiſſe

Which merite not a heuens gift to kepe)
Thou must with me bewaile that fate hath reuen,
From earth a iewell laied in earth to slepe.

A iewell, yea a gemme of womanhed,
Whose perfect vertues linked as in chaine :
So did adorne that humble wiuelyhed,
As is not rife to finde the like againe.

For wit and learnyng framed to obey,
Her husbandes will that willed her to vse
The loue he bare her chiefly as a staye,
For all her frendes that would her furtherance chuse.

Well sayd therfore a heuens gift she was,
Because the best are sonest hence bereft :
And though her selfe to heauen hence did passe,
Her spoyle to earth from whence it came she left.

And to vs teares her absence to lament,
And eke his chance that was her make by lawe :
Whose losse to lose so great an ornament,
Let them esteeme which true loues knot can draw.

That eche thing is hurt of it selfe.

WHy fearest thou thy outward foe,
When thou thy selfe thy harme doste fede,
Of grieffe, or hurt, of paine, of¹ wo,
Within eche thing is fowen a fede.

So fine was neuer yet the cloth,
No smith so harde his yron did beate :
But thone consumed was with mothe.
Thother with canker all to fret.²

The knotty oke and weinfcot³ old,
Within dothe eat the silly worme :
Euen so a minde in enuy rold,
Always within it self doth burne.

Thus euery thing that nature wrought,
Within it self his hurt doth beare :
No outward harme nede to be fought,
Where enmies be within so neare.

¹ or

² freate

³ wainfcot

Of the choise of a wife.

THe flickeryng fame that flieth from eare to eare,
 And aye her strength encreaseth with her flight
 Geues first the cause why men to heare delight,
 Of those whom she dothe note for beauty bright.
 And with this fame that flieth on so fast,
 Fanfy dothe hye when reason makes no haste
 And yet not so content they wishe to see
 And thereby knowe if fame haue sayd aright.
 More trustyng to the triall of their eye,
 Then to the brute that goes of any wight.
 Wife in that poynt that lightly will not leue,
 Vnwife to seke that may them after greue.

Who knoweth not how sight may loue allure,
 And kindle in the hart a hotte desire :
 The eye to worke that fame could not procure,
 Of greater cause there commeth hotter fire.
 For ere he wete him self he feleth warme,
 The fame and eye the causers of his harme.

Let fame not make her knowen whom I shall know,
 Nor yet mine eye therin to be my guide :
 Sufficeth¹ me that vertue in her grow,
 Whose simple life her fathers walles do hide.
 Content with this I leaue the rest to go,
 And in such choise shall stande my welth and wo.

Description of an vngodly worlde.

WHo loues to liue in peace, and marketh euery change,
 Shal hear such newes from time to time, as semeth
 wonderous strange.

Such fraude in frendly lokes, such frendshippe all for gayne :

¹ Sufficeth

Such cloked wrath in hatefull hartes, which worldly men retayne.

Such fayned flatteryng fayth, amongs both hye and low :

Such great deceite, such subtell wittes, the pore to ouerthrowe.

Such spite in fugred tonges, such malice full of pride :

Such open wrong such great vntruth, which can not go vnspied.

Such refllesse fute for rounes, which bringeth men to care :

Such slidyng downe from slippry feates, yet can we not beware.

Such barkyng at the good, such bolstryng of the yll :

Such threatnyng of the wrathe of God, such vyce embraced styll.

Such striuyng for the best, such climyng to estate :

Such great diffemblyng euery where, such loue all mixt with hate

Such traynes to trap the iust, such prolyng faults to pyke :

Such cruell wordes for speakyng truth, who euer hearde the like.

Such strife for stirryng strawes, such discord dayly wrought,

Such forged tales dulwits to blind, such matters made of nought,

Such trifles tolde for trowth, such credityng of lyes,

Such filence kept when foles do speake, such laughyng at the wife

Such plenty made so scarce, such cryng for redresse,

Such feared signes of our decay, which tong dares not expresse.

Such chaunges lightly markt, such troubles still apperes,

Which neuer were before this time, no not this thousand yeres.

Such bribyng for the purse, which euer gapes for more,

Such hordyng vp of worldly welth, such keypyng muck in flore.

Such folly founde in age, such will in tender youth,

Such fundry fortes among great clarkes, and few yat speake the
truth

Such falshed vnder craft, and such vnstedfast wayes,

Was neuer sene within mens hartes, as is found now adayes.

The caufe and ground of this is our vnquiet minde,

Which thinkes to take those goods away which we must leue
behinde.

Why do men feke to get which they cannot possesse,

Or breke their slepes with carefull thoughtes and all for wretched-
nes.

Though one amonges a skore, hath welth and ease a while,

A thousand want which toyleth fore and trauaile many a mile.

And some although they slepe, yet welth falles in their lap,

Thus some be riche and some be pore as fortune geues the hap.

Wherfore I holde him wise which thinkes himself at ease,

And is content in simple state both god and man to please.

For those that live like gods and honored are to day,
Within short time their glory falls as flowers do fade away.

Uncertain is their lives¹ on whom this world will frowne,
For though they sit about ye stars a storm may strike them
downe

In wealth who fears no fall may slide from joy full sone,
There is no thing so sure on earth but changeth as the Mone.

What pleasure hath the riche or ease more then the pore,
Although he have a pleasant house his trouble is the more.

They bowe and speake him fayre, which seke to suck his blood,
And some do wishe his soule in hell and all to have his good.

The coueting of the goodes doth nought but dull the spirite,
And some men chaunce to taste the sower that gropeth for the
fwete

The riche is still enuied by those which eate his bred,
With fawning spech and flattering tales his eares are dayly fed.

In fine I see and proue the rich haue many foes,
He slepeth best and careth lest that litle hath to lose.

As time requireth now who would auoide much strife,
Were better live in pore estate then leade a princes life.

To passe those troublesome times I see but little choise,
But help to waile with those that wepe and laugh when they re-
ioise

For as we see to day our brother brought in care,
To morrow may we have such chance to fall with him in snare,

Of this we may be sure, who thinkes to sit most fast,
Shal soonest fall like wethered leaues that cannot bide a blast.

Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as lowe doth runne,
When euery man hath played his part our pagent shall be donne.

Who trustes this wretched world I hold him worse then mad,
Here is not one that fereth god the best is all to badde.

For those yat seme as faintes are deuilles in their dedes :
Though yat the earth bringes forth some flowers it beareth many
weddes.

I see no present help from mischief to preuaile,
But flee the seas of worldly cares or beare a quiet fayle.

For who that medleth least shall saue him selfe from smart,
Who styrres an oare in euery boat shal play a foolish part.

¹ liues

The dispairyng louer lamenteth.

WAlkyng the pathe of pensive thought,
I askt my hart how came this wo.
Thine eye (quod he) this care me brought.

Thy minde, thy witte, thy will also
Enforceth me to loue her euer,
This is the cause ioye shall I neuer.

And as I walkt as one difmayde,
Thinkyng that wrong this wo me lent :
Right, sent me worde by wrath, which sayd,
This iust iudgement to thee is sent:
Neuer to dye, but dyng euer,
Till breath thee faile, ioy shalt thou neuer.

Sithe right doth iudge this wo tendure,
Of health, of wealth, of remedy:
As I haue done so be she sure,
Of fayth and trowth vntill I dye.
And as this payne cloke shall I euer,
So inwardly ioye shall I neuer.

Gripyng of gripes greue not so fore,
Nor serpentes flyng causeth such smarte,
Nothing on earth may payne me more,
Then fight that perst my wofull hart.
Drowned with cares styll to perfeuer,
Come death betimes, ioye shall I neuer.

O libertie why doest thou swarue,
And steale away thus all at ones:
And I in pryson like to sterue,
For lacke of fode do gnaw on bones.
My hope and trust in thee was euer,
Now thou art gone ioye shall I neuer.

But styll as one all desperate,
To leade my life in miserie:
Sith feare from hope hath lockt the **gate,**
Where pity should graunt remedye.
Dispaire this lotte assignes me euer,
To liue in payne. Ioie shall I neuer.

[FROM this point—fol. 87 in the Second edition—forward, that edition varies materially from the earliest impression: not only in the addition of Thirty-nine new Songs and Sonnets, but also in the transposition of the poems from pp. 61 and 197; and in arranging in a different order, the nine poems by *Uncertain Authors* yet remaining of the First text.

The exact order in the revised impression will be seen from the following first lines; those of the new poems are shown in *Italic type*: the poems themselves will be found at pp. 227-271.

- Procryn that some tyme serued Cephalus. see p. 213.
 Lyke the Phenix a birde most rare. see p. 214.
The soules that lacked grace.
Lo dead he liues, that whilome liued here.
What harder is then stone, what more then water soft.
O lingring make Vlisses dere, thy wife lo sendes to thee.
You that in play peruse my plaint, and reade in rime the smart.
It was the day on which the sunne depriued of his light.
The Sunne when he hath spred his raies.
The secret flame that made all Troy so hot.
The bird that sometime built within my brest.
Not like a God came Iupiter to woo.
I that Vlysses yeres haue spent.
Thou Cupide God of loue, whom Venus thralles do serue.
Complaine we may: much is amisse.
Do all your dedes by good aduise.
Who list to lead a quiet life.
A kinde of coal is as men say.
Your borrowd meane to moue your mone, of fume withouten flame.
 Lo here lieth G. vnder the grounde. see p. 211.
 If that thy wicked wife had spon the thred. see p. 212.
 From worldly wo the mede of misbeliefe. see p. 210.
Stay gentle frend that passeth by.
 A Man may liue thrise Nestors life. see p. 212.
 The vertue of Vlisses wife. see p. 213.
 To false report and flying fame. see p. 210.
Whom fasy forced first to loue.
 To walke on doubtfull ground, where danger is vnseen. from p. 136.
 To trust the fayned face, to rue on forced teares. from p. 215.
Ah loue how waiward is his wit what panges do perce his death.
The blinded boy that bendes the bow.
I wold I found not as I fele.
No ioy haue I, but liue in heauinesse.
The wisest way, thy bote, in waue and winde to giue.
Who so that wisely weyes the profite and the price.
 Some men would thinke of right to haue. see p. 61.
 Such waiward waies haue some when folly stirres their braines. see p. 197.
Vaine is the fleting welth.
Do way your phisike I faint no more.
A cruell Tiger all with teeth bebled.
Ah libertie now haue I learned to know.
Holding my peace alas how loud I crye.
I sely Harw whose hope is past.
Adieu desert, how art thou spent.
In Bayes I boast whose braunch I beare.
When Phebus had the serpent slaine.
In court as I behelde, the beauty of eche dame.
Ye are to yong to bryng me in.
Farewell thou frosen hart and eares of hardned stele.
Resigne you dames whom tikelyng brute delight.
Alas when shall I ioy.

Then follow the *Ten Songes* by N[icholas] G[rimald], as distinguished on pp. 96-125: and these complete the revised *Text*.

After which, come *The Table* [of first lines], and the Colophon.]

An epitaph of maister Henry Williams.

From worldly wo the mede of misbeliefe,
 From cause of care that leadeth to lament,
 From vaine delight the grounde of greater grieve,
 From feare from¹ frendes, from matter to repent,
 From painfull panges last sorow that is sent.
 From drede of death sithe death dothe set vs free,
 With it the better pleased should we be.

This lothsome life where likyng we do finde,
 Thencreaser of our crimes: dothe vs berieue,
 Our blisse that alway ought to be in minde.
 This wily worlde whiles here we breath aliue
 And fleshe our fayned fo, do stily² striue.
 To flatter vs assuryng here the ioye,
 Where we alas do finde but great annoy.

Vntolde heapes though we haue of worldly welth,
 Though we possesse the sea and frutefull grounde,
 Strength, beauty, knowledge, and vnharmed helth,
 Though at our³ wishe all pleasure do abound.
 It were but vaine, no frendship can be founde,
 When death assaulteth with his dredfull dart.
 No raunsome can stay the homehastyng hart.

And sithe thou hast⁴ cut the liues line in twaine,
 Of Henry, sonne to sir Iohn Williams knight,
 Whose manly hart and prowes none coulde stayne.
 Whose godly life to vertue was our light,
 Whose worthy fame shall florische long by right.
 Though in this life so cruell mightest though⁵ be,
 His spirite in heauen shall triumph ouer thee.

[See another Epitaph on master Henry Williams, at p. 248.]

[An answer to the following poem will be found at p. 249.]

Against a gentlewoman by whom he was refused.

TO false report and flying fame,
 While erst⁶ my minde gaue credite light,
 Beleuyng that her bolstred name
 Had stufte to shew that praise did hight.

for ² stily ³ a ⁴ om hast ⁵ thou ⁶ Whilst

I finde well now I did mistake,
 Vpon report my g[r]ounde to make.
 I hearde it fayd fuch one was she,
 As rare to finde as parragon,
 Of lowly cheare of heart so free,
 As her for bounty could passe none.
 Such one so faire though forme and face,
 Were meane to passe in seconde place.

I sought it neare thinkyng to finde,¹
 Report and dede both to agree:
 But chaunge had tride her futevell minde,
 Of force I was enforced to see,
 That she in dede was nothing so,
 Which made my will my hart forgo.

For she is fuch as geason none,
 And what she most may boft to be:
 I finde her matches mo then one,
 What nede she fo to deale with me?
 Ha flering face with scornefull harte,
 So yll rewarde for good defert?

I will repent that I haue done,
 To ende so well the losse is small,
 I lost her loue, that lesse hath wonne,
 To vaunt she had me as her thrall.
 What though a gyllot² fent that note,
 By cocke and pye I meant it not.

*An epitaphe written by W. G. to be set
 vpon his owne graue.³*

LO here lieth G. vnder the grounde,
 Emong⁴ the greedy wormes:
 Which in his life time neuer founde,
 But strife and sturdy stormes.

And namely through a wicked wife,
 As to the worlde apperes:

¹ I sought it neare, and thinkyng to finde ² gillot.
³ *An epitaph made by. W. G. lying on his death bed, to be set vpon
 his owne tombe*

⁴ Among

She was the shortnyng of his life
 By many daies and yeres.
 He might haue liued long god wot,
 His yeres they were but yong:
 Of wicked wiues this is the lot,
 To kill with spitefull tong.
 Whose memory shall still remaine,
 In writyng here with me:
 That men may know whom she hath slaine.
 And say this fame is she.

An aunswere.

IF that thy wicked wife had spon the thred,
 And were the weauer of thy wo:
 Then art thou double happy to be dead,
 As happily dispatched fo.
 If rage did caufelesse cause thee to complaine,
 And mad moode mouer of thy mone:
 If frensy forced on thy testy braine:
 Then blist is she to liue alone.
 So, whether were the ground of others grieve,
 Because so doutfull was the dome:
 Now death hath brought your payne a right reliefe,
 And blessed be ye bothe become:
 She that she liues no lenger bounde to beare
 The rule of such a frowarde hed:
 Thou that thou liuest no lenger faine to feare
 The restlesse ramp that thou hadst wedde.
 Be thou as glad therefore that thou art gone,
 As she is glad she dothe abide.
 For so ye be a fonder, all is one:
 A badder match can not betide.

Against women either good or badde.

A Man may liue thrife Nestors life,
 Thrife wander out Vliffes race:
 Yet neuer finde Vliffes wife.

Such change hath chanced in this case.
 Lesse age will serue than Paris had,
 Small peyn (if none be small inough)
 To finde good flore of Helenes trade.
 Such sap the rote dothe yelde the bough.
 For one good wife Vliffes flew
 A worthy knot of gentle blood :
 For one yll wife Grece ouerthrew
 The towne of Troy. Sith bad and good
 Bring mischiefe : Lord, let be thy will,
 To kepe me free from either yll.

An answere.

THe vertue of Vlyffes wife
 Dothe liue, though she hath ceast her race,
 And farre surmountes old Nestors life :
 But now in moe than then it was.
 Such change is chanced in this case.
 Ladyes now liue in other trade :
 Farre other Helenes now we see,
 Than she whom Troyan Paris had.
 As vertue fedes the roote, so be
 The sap and frute¹ of bough and tree.
 Vliffes rage, not his good wife,
 Spilt gentle blood. Not Helenes face,
 But Paris eye did rayse the strife,
 That did the Troyan buildyngs race.
 Thus fithe ne good, ne bad do yll,
 Them all, O Lord, maintain my will,
 To serue with all my force and skyll.

*The louer praieth his seruice to be accepted
and his defaultes pardoned.*

Procryn that some tyme serued Cephalus,
 With hart as true as any louer might,
 Yet her betyd in louyng this vnright.

¹ rote

That as in hart with loue surprised thus,
 She on a daye to see this Cephalus,
 Where he was wont to shrowde him in the shade,
 When of his huntyng he an ende had made.
 Within the woddes with dredfull fote she stalketh,¹
 So busily loue in her hedde it walketh.
 That she to fene him may her not restrayne.
 This Cephalus that heard one shake the leaues,
 Vprist all egre thrustyng after pray,
 With darte in hande him list no further dayne,
 To see his loue but slew her in the greues,
 That ment to him but perfect loue alway.

So curious bene alas the rites all,
 Of mighty loue that vnnethes may I thinke,
 In his high seruice how to loke or winke,
 Thus I complaine that wre[t]chedest am of all.
 To you my loue and fouerayne lady dere,
 That may myne hart with death or life stere
 As ye best list. That ye vouchsafe in all
 Mine humble seruice. And if that me misfall,
 By negligence, or els for lacke of witte,
 That of your mercy you do pardon it,
 And thinke that loue made Procrin shake the leaues,
 When with vnright she slayne was in the greues.

Description and praise of his loue.

LYke the Phenix a bride most rare in sight
 With golde and purple that nature hath drest:²
 Such she me femes in whom I most delight,
 If I might speake for enuy at the least.
 Nature I thinke first wrought her in despite,
 Of rose and lillye that fommer bringeth first,
 In beauty sure excedyng all the rest,
 Vnder the bent of her browes iustly pight:
 As polisht Diamondes, or Saphires at the least:³
 Her gliftryng lightes the darkenesse of the night.

¹ Within the woods with dredfull foote forth stalketh

² That nature hath with gold and purple drest.

³ As Diamondes, or Saphires at the least:

Whose little mouth and chinne like all the rest.
 Her ruddy lippes excede the corall quite.
 Her yuery teeth where none excedes the rest.
 Faultlesse she is from fote vnto the waste.
 Her body small and straight as mast vpright.
 Her armes long in iust proporcion cast,
 Her handes depaint with veines all blew and white.
 What shall I say for that is not in fight?
 The hidden partes I iudge them by the rest.
 And if I were the forman of the quest,
 To geue a verdite of her beauty bright,
 Forgeue me Phebus, thou shouldst be dispoest,
 Which doest vsurpe my ladies place of right.
 Here will I cease lest enuy cause dispite.
 But nature when she wrought so fayre a wight,
 In this her worke she surely did entende,
 To frame a thing that God could not amende.

*An answere to a song before imprinted begin-
 nyng. To walke on doutfull grounde.¹*

TO trust the fayned face, to rue on forced teares,
 To credit finely forged tales, wherein there oft appears
 And breathes as from the brest a smoke of kindled smart,
 Where onely lurkes a depe deceit within the hollow hart,
 Betrayes the simple soule, whom plaine deceitleffe minde.
 Taught not to feare that in it self it self did neuer finde.
 Not euery tricklyng teare doth argue inward paine:
 Not euery sigh dothe surely shewe the sigher not to fayne:
 Not euery smoke dothe proue a presence of the fire:
 Not euery glistring geues the golde, that greedy folke desire:
 Not euery wailyng word is drawen out of the depe:
 Not grieve for want of graunted grace enforceth all to wepe.
 Oft malice makes the minde to shed the boyled brine:
 And enuies humor oft vnlades by conduites of the eyen.
 Oft craft can cause the man to make a femyng shew
 Of hart with dolour all distreined, where grieve did neuer grow.
 As cursed Crocodile most cruelly can toll.²

¹*An answere.* [This poem, in the Second edition, follows the one referred to in the heading. See p. 136.]

² tole

With truthlesse teares, vnto his death, the filly pityng foule.
 Blame neuer those therfore, that wifely can beware
 The guillful¹ man, that futtly fayth him felfe to dread the fnare.
 Blame not the stopped eares against the Syrenes fong:
 Blame not the mind not moued with mone of falsheds flowing
 tong.

If guile do guide your wit by filence fo to speake,
 By craft to craue and faine by fraude the cause yat you wold
 breake:

Great harme your futtle foule shall suffer for the fame:
 And mighty loue will wreke the wrong fo cloked with his name.

But we, whom you haue warnde, this lesson learne by you:
 To know the tree before we clime, to trust no rotten bowe,

To view the limed bushe, to loke afore we light,
 To shunne the perilous bayted hoke, and vse a further fight.

As do the moufe, the birde, the fishe, by sample fitly show,
 That wyly wittes and ginnes of men do worke the simples wo.

So, fimple fithe we are, and you fo futtle be,
 God help the moufe, the birde, ye fishe, and vs your sleights
 to fle.

¹ guilefull

*Other Songes and Sonettes written by
the earle of Surrey.*

[In the Second and revised edition, the first, third, and fourth of these additional poems were transposed, as stated at p. 26, and the second as at p. 30.]

The constant louer lamenteth.

SYns fortunes wrath enuieth the welth,
Wherein I raygned by the fight:
Of that that fed mine eyes by stelh,
With fower fwete, dreade, and delight.
Let not my grieffe moue you to mone,
For I will wepe and wayle alone.
 Spite draue me into Borias raigne,
Where hory frostes the frutes do bite,
When hilles were spred and euery playne:
With stormy winters mantle white.
And yet my deare such was my heate,
When others frefe then did I fwete.
 And now though on the funne I driue,
Whose feruent flame all thinges decaies,
His beames in brightnesse may not striue,
With light of your fwete golden rayes,
Nor from my brest this heate remoue,
The frosen thoughtes grauen by loue.
 Ne may the waues of the salt floode,
Quenche that your beauty fet on fire,
For though mine eyes forbere the fode¹
That did releue the hote desire.
Such as I was such will I be,
Your owne, what would ye more of me.

¹foode

[This poem, in the Second edition, was incorporated, as stated at p. 30.]

*A praise of sir Thomas Wyate th[e] elder
for his excellent learning.¹*

IN the rude age when knowledge was not rife,
If Ioue in Create and other were that taught,
Artes to conuert to profite of our life,
Wende after death to haue their temples fought.
If vertue yet no voyde vnthankfull time,
Failed of some to blast her endles fame,
A goodly meane both to deterre from crime:
And to her steppes our fequle to enflame,
In dayes of truth if wyates frendes then wayle,
The only det that dead of quick may claime:
That rare wit spent employd to our auaile.
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues traine.
His liuely face their brestes how did it freat,
Whose cindres yet with enuye they do eate.

¶ *A song written by the earle of Surrey by a
lady that refused to daunce with him.*

The beast can chose hys fere according to his minde,
And eke can shew a frendly chere like to their beastly kinde.
A Lion saw I late as white as any snow,
Which femed well to lead the race his port the fame did show.
Vpon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
For still me thought he femed well of noble blood to be.
And as he praunced before, still seking for a make,
As who wold say there is none here I trow will me forsake.
I might perceiue² a wolfe as white as whales bone,
A fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I neuer none.
Saue that her lokes were coy, and froward eke her grace,
Vnto the which this gentle beast gan him aduance apace.
And with a beck full low he bowed at her feete,

¹ *Of the same* [as, in the Second edition, it comes after two poems on the death of Sir T. Wyatt. See p. 30.]

² perceiue

In humble wise as who would say I am to farre vnmete,
 But such a scornfull chere wherwith she him rewarded,
 Was neuer sene I trow the like to such as well deserued.
 With that she start aside welnere a fote or twaine,
 And vnto him thus gan she say with spite and great disdaine.
 Lyon she sayd if thou hadst knowen my mind before,
 Thou hadst not spent thy trauail thus nor al thy paine forlore.
 Do way I let the wete thou shalt not play with me, [the
 Go range about where thou mayst finde some meter fere for
 With that he bet his taile, his eyes began to flame,
 I might perceiue hys noble hart much moued by the fame.
 Yet saw I him refraine and eke his wrath aswage,
 And vnto her thus gan he say when he was past his rage.
 Cruell, you do me wrong to fet me thus so light,
 Without desert for my good will to shew me such despight.
 How can ye thus entreat a Lion of the race,
 That with his pawes a crowned king deuoured in the place:
 Whose nature is to pray vpon no simple food,
 As long as he may suck the fleshe, and drink of noble blood.
 If you be faire and fresh, am I not of your hue?
 And for my vaunt I dare well say my blood is not vntrue.
 For you your self haue heard it is not long agoe,
 Sith that for loue one of the race did end his life in woe
 In tower strong and hie for his assured truth,
 Where as¹ in teares he spent his breath, alas the more the ruthe,
 This gentle beast likewise² whom nothing could remoue,
 But willingly to lese his life for losse of his true loue.
 Other there be whose liues doe lingre still in paine,
 Against their willes preferued ar that would haue died faine.
 But now I doe perceue that nought it moueth you,
 My good entent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kind so true.
 But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,
 As other some full many yeres to trace by craft ye made.
 And thus behold our kyndes how that we differ farre.
 I feke myfoes: and you your frendes do threaten still with warre.
 I fawne where I am fled: you slay that sekes to you,
 I can deuour no yelding pray: you kill where you subdue.
 My kinde is to desire the honoure of the field:
 And you with blood to flake your thirst on such as to you yeld.

¹ where as² This gentle beast so dyed

Wherefore I would you wist that for your coyed lokes,
 I am no man that will be trapt nor tangled with such hokes.
 And though some lust to loue where blame full well they might
 And to such beafts of currant fort that should¹ haue trauail bright.
 I will obserue the law that nature gaue to me,
 To conquer such as will resist and let the rest goe fre.
 And as a faucon free that foreth in the ayre,
 Which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stale doth care,
 While that I liue and breath such shall my custome be,
 In wildnes of the woodes to seke my pray where pleseth me.
 Where many one shal ruse,² that neuer made offense.
 This your refuse against my power shall bode them ne³ defence.
 And for reuenge therof I vow and swere therto,
 I⁴ thousand spoiles I shall commit I neuer thought to do.
 And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,
 I shall be glad to fede on that that would haue fed on me.
 And thus farewell vnkinde to whom I bent and bow,
 I would ye wist the ship is safe that bare his failes so low.
 Sith that a lions hart is for a wolfe no pray,
 With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple shepe I say.
 With more dispite and ire than I can now expresse, [geffe.
 Which to my pain, though I refraine the cause you may wel
 As for because my self was auctor of the game,
 It bootes me not that for my wrath I should disturbe the fame.

*The faithfull louer declareth his paines and his
 vncertein ioies, and with only hope recom-
 forteth somewhat his wofull heart.*

IF care do cause men cry, why do not I complaine?
 If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not my paine?
 Since that amongst them all I dare well say is none,
 So farre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more cause to mone.
 For all thynges hauing life sometime haue quiet rest.

1 would

2 rue

3 no

4 A

The bering affe, the drawing oxe, and euery other beast.
 • The peafant and the poft, that ferue¹ at al affayes,
 The fhyp boy and the galley flaue haue time to take their eafe,
 Saue I alas whom care of force doth fo conftaine
 To waile the day and wake the night continually in paine,
 From penfuenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,
 From teares to painfull plaint againe : and thus my life it wears.
 No thing vnder the funne that I can here or fe,
 But moueth me for to bewaile my cruell deftenie.
 For wher men do reioyce fince that I can not fo,
 I take no pleafure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.
 And when I heare the found of fong or instrument,
 Me thinke eche tune there dolefull is and helpes me to lament.
 And if I fe fome haue their moft defired fight,
 Alas think I eche man hath weal faue I moft wofull wight.
 Then as the ftriken dere withdrawes him felfe alone,
 So do I feke fome fecrete place where I may make my mone.
 There do my flowing eyes fhew forth my melting hart,
 So yat the ftremes of thofe two welles right wel declare my fmart
 And in thofe cares fo colde I force my felfe a heate,
 As fick men in their fhaking fittes procure them felf to fwete,
 With thoughtes that for the time do much appeafe my paine.
 But yet they caufe a ferther fere² and brede my woe agayne.
 Me thinke within my thought I fe right plaine appere,
 My hartes delight my forowes leche mine earthly goddeffe here.
 With euery fondry grace that I haue fene her haue,
 Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint and graue.
 And in my thought I roll her bewties to and fro,
 Her laughing chere her louely looke my hart that perced fo.
 Her ftrangenenes when I fued her feruant for to be,
 And what fhe fayd and how fhe fmiled when that fhe pitied me.
 Then comes a fodaine feare that riuet all my reft
 Left abfence caufe forgetfulnes to fink within her brest.
 For when I thinke how far this earth doth vs deuide.
 Alas me femes loue throwes me downe I fele how that I flide,
 But then I thinke againe why fould I thus miftruf,
 So fwete a wight fo fad and wife that is fo true and iuf.
 For loth fhe was to loue, and wauering is fhe not.

¹ ferues² farther feare

The farther of the more desirde thus louers tie their knot.
 So in dispaire and hope plunged am I both vp an doune
 As is the ship with wind and waue when Neptune list to froune
 But as the watry showers delaye the raging winde,
 So doth good hope clene put away dispayre out of my minde.
 And biddes me for to serue and suffer pacientlie,
 For what wot I the after weale that fortune willes to me.
 For those that care do knowe and tasted haue of trouble,
 When passed is their woful paine eche ioy shall seme them double.
 And bitter fendes she now to make me tast the better,
 The plesant fwete when that it comes to make it seme the fweter.
 And so determine I to serue vntill my brethe.¹
 Ye rather dye a thousand times then once to false my feithe²
 And if my feble corps through weight of wofull smart.
 Do fayle or faint my will it is that still she kepe my hart.
 And when thys carcass here to earth shalbe refarde,
 I do bequeth my weried ghost to serue her afterwarde.

¹ breath² faithe

Finis.

*Other Songes and Sonettes written by
for Thomas Wiat the elder.*

[These six poems were transposed, in the Second edition, to Wyatt's poems ;
see p. 82.]

Of his loue called Anna.



W hat word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turned and made in twaine :
It is mine Anna god it wot.
The only causer of my paine :
My loue that medeth with disdaine
Yet is it loued what will you more,
It is my falue, and eke my fore.

That pleasure is mixed with euery paine.

V enemous thornes¹ that are so sharp and kene,
Beare flowers we se full fresh and faire of hue :
Poison is also put in medicine.
And vnto man his helth doth oft renue.
The fier that all thinges eke consumeth cleane
May hurt and heale : then if that this be true.
I trust sometime my harme may be my health.
Sins euery woe is ioyned with some wealth.

A riddle of a gift giuen by a Ladie.

A Lady gaue me a gift she had not,
And I receyued her gift which I toke not,
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not,
And I receiued it, albeit, I could not,
If she giue it me, I force not,

¹ thornes

And if she take it againe she cares not.
 Conster what this is and tell not,
 For I am fast sworne I may not.

That speaking or profering bringes alway speding.

SPeake thou and spede where will or power ought helpthe¹
 Where power dothe want will must be wonne by welth.
 For nede will spede, where will workes not his kinde,
 And gayne, thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee finde
 For fute and golde, what do not they obtaine,
 Of good and bad the triers are these twaine.

*He ruleth not though he raigne ouer realmes that
 is subiect to his owne lustes.*

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
 Of cruell wyll, and see thou kepe thee free
 From the foule yoke of sensuall bondage,
 For though thy empyre stretche to Indian sea,
 And for thy feare trembleth the fardest Thylee,
 If thy desire haue ouer thee the power,
 Subiect then art thou and no gouernour.

If to be noble and high thy minde be meued,
 Consider well thy grounde and thy beginnyng :
 For he that hath eche starre in heauen fixed,
 And geues the Moone her hornes and her eclipsyng :
 Alike hath made the noble in his workyng,
 So that wretched no way thou may bee,
 Except foule lust and vice do conquere thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of golde,
 Vnto thy thirst yet should it not suffice.
 And though with Indian stones a thousande folde,
 More precious then can thy selfe deuise,
 Ycharged were thy backe : thy couitise
 And busye bytyng yet should neuer let,
 Thy wretchid life ne² do thy death profet.

¹ helpth

² life, ne

*Whether libertie by losse or life,
or life in prison and thraldome
be to be preferred.*

LYke as the birde within the cage enclosed,
The dore vnparred, her foe the hawke without,
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for to chose standeth in doubt,
Lo, so do I, which seke to bryng about,
Which should be best by determinacion,
By losse of life libertie, or lyfe by pryson.

O mischiefe by mischiefe to be redressed.
Where payne is best there lieth but little pleasure.
By short death better to be deliuered,
Than bide in paynefull life, thraldome, and dolore.¹
Small is the pleasure where much payne we suffer.
Rather therefore to chuse me thinketh wisdome,
By losse of life libertye, then life by pryson.

And yet me thinkes although I liue and suffer,
I do but wait a time and fortunes chance :
Oft many thinges do happen in one houre.
That which oppressed² me now may me aduance.
In time is trust which by deathes greuance
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason,
By death to chuse libertie, and not life by pryson.

But death were deliuerance where life lengthes paine
Of these two euyls let se now chuse the best :
This birde to deliuer that here dothe playne,
What saye ye louers? whiche shall be the best?
In cage thraldome, or by the hawke opprest.
And whiche to chuse make plaine conclusion,
By losse of life libertie, or life by pryson.

¹ doler² opprest

FINIS.

**Imprinted at London in flete strete
within Temple barre, at the sygne of the
hand and starre, by Richard Cottel
the fift day of June.**

An. 1557.

*Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendum solum.*

THIRTY-NINE ADDITIONAL POEMS,
 BY
 UNCERTAIN AUTHORS,
 FIRST FOUND IN THE SECOND EDITION, 31 JULY 1557.

[Two Poems of the First edition come in here in a different order: see p. 209.]

*The louer declareth his paines to excede
 far the paines of hell.*

THe foules that lacked grace,
 Which lye in bitter paine:
 Are not in such a place,
 As foolish folke do faine.
 Tormented all with fire,
 And boile in leade againe,
 With serpents full of ire,
 Stong oft with deadly paine.

Then cast in frosen pittes:
 To freze there certaine howers:
 And for their painfull fittes,
 Apointed tormentours.

No no it is not so,
 Their forow is not such:
 And yet they haue of wo,
 I dare say twise as much.

Which comes because they lack
 The fight of the godhed,
 And be from that kept back
 Where with are aungels fed

This thing know I by loue
 Through absence crueltie,
 Which makes me for to proue.
 Hell pain before I dye.

There is no tong can tei
 My thousand part of care

Ther may no fire in hell,
 With my defire compare.
 No boyling leade can pas
 My scalding fighes in hete :
 Nor snake that euer was,
 With stinging can so frete
 A true and tender hert,
 As my thoughtes dayly doe,
 So that I know but smart,
 And that which longes thereto.
 O Cupid Venus son,
 As thou hast showed thy might.
 And hast this conquest woon,
 Now end the fame aright.
 And as I am thy slaue,
 Contented with all this :
 So helpe me soone to haue
 My perfect earthly blisse.

Of the death of sir Thomas Wiate the elder.

LO dead he liues, that whilome liued here,
 Among the dead that quick go on the ground.
 Though he be dead, yet doth he quick apere,
 By liuely name that death cannot confound
 His life for ay of fame the trump shall found.
 Though he be dead, yet liues he here aliue.
 Thus can no death from Wiate ; life depriue.

That length of time consumeth all thinges.

WHat harder is then stone, what more then water soft?
 Yet with soft water drops, hard stones be perfed softe.¹
 What geues so strong impulse,
 That stone we may withstand?
 What geues more weake repulse,
 Then water prest with hand?
 Yet weke though water be,

¹ oft. 1559, 1574, &c.

It holoweth hardest flint :
 By prooffe wherof we fee,
 Time geues the greateft dint.

*The beginning of the epistle of Penelope
 to Vliffes, made into verfe.*

Lingring make Vliffes dere, thy wife lo fendes to thee,
 Her driry plaint write not againe, but come thy felfe
 to me.
 Our hatefull fcouge that womans foe proud Troy now is
 fordon [won.
 We bye it derer, though Priam flaine, and all his kingdome
 O that the raging furges great that lechers bane had wrought,
 When firft with fhip he forowed feas, and Lacedemon fought,
 In defert bed my fhiuering coarfe then fhould not haue fought
 reft,
 Nor take in grieffe the cherefull funne fo flowly fall to weft.
 And whiles I caft long running nightes, how beft I might
 begile,
 No diftaff fhould my widowifh hand haue weary made the
 while. [dede :
 When dread I not more daungers great then are befall in
 Loue is a carefull thing God wot, and paffing full of drede.

*The louer asketh pardon of his paffed
 follie in loue.*

You that in play perufe my plaint, and reade in rime the
 fmart, [my hart.
 Which in my youth with fighes full cold I harboured in
 Know ye that loue in that fraile age, draue me to that dis-
 treffe.
 When I was halfe an other man, then I am now to geffe.
 Then for this worke of wauering words where I now rage
 now rew.
 Toft in the toyes of troublous loue, as care or comfort grew.

I trust with you that loues affaires by prooffe haue put in vre.
 Not onely pardon in my plaint, but pitie to procure.
 For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I be,
 And where to long loue made me blinde, to late shame
 makes me fe. [past,
 Thus of my fault shame in the fruite, and for my youth thus
 Repentance is my recompence, and this I learne at last.
 Looke what the world hath most in price, as sure it is to kepe,
 As is the dreame which fanfie driues, while fence and reason
 flepe.

*The louer sheweth that he was striken by loue
 on good friday.*

IT was the day on which the funne depriued of his light,
 To rew Christs death amid his course gaue place vnto ye
 night
 When I amid mine ease did fall to such distemperate fits,
 That for the face that hath my heart I was bereft my wits.
 I had the bayte, the hooke and all, and wist not loues pretence,
 But farde as one that fearde none yll, nor forst for no defence,
 Thus dwelling in most quiet state, I fell into this plight,
 And that day gan my secret fighes, when all folke wept in fight.
 For loue that vewed me voide of care, approcht to take his pray,
 And stept by stelth from eye to hart, so open lay the way,
 And straight at eyes brake out in teares, so salt that did declare,
 By token of their bitter taste that they were forged of care,
 Now vaunt thee loue which fleest a maid defendst with vertues rare.
 And wounded hast a wight vnwife, vnweaponed and vnware.

*The louer describeth his whole state vnto his
 loue, and promising her his faithfull good
 will: assureth himself of hers again.*

THe Sunne when he had spred his raies,
 And shewde his face ten thousand waies,
 Ten thousand things do then begin,

To shew the life that they are in.
The heauen shewes liuely art and hue,
Of fundry shapes and colours new,
And laughs vpon the earth anone.
The earth as cold as any stone,
Wet in the teares of her own kinde :
Gins then to take a ioyfull minde.
For well she feeles that out and out,
The funne doth warme her round about.
And dries her children tenderly,
And shewes them forth full orderly.
The mountaines hye and how they stand,
The valies and the great maine land.
The trees, the herbes, the towers strong,
The castels and the riuers long.
And euen for ioy thus of this heate,
She sheweth furth her pleasures great.
And sleepe no more but sendeth forth
Her clergions her own dere worth.
To mount and flye vp to the ayre,
Where then they sing in order fayre.
And tell in song full merely,
How they haue slept full quietly,
That night about their mothers sides.
And when they haue song more besides,
Then fall they to their mothers brestes,
Where els they fede or take their restes.
The hunter then foundes out his horne,
And rangeth straite through wood and corne.
On hilles then shew the Ewe and Lambe,
And euery yong one with his dambe.
Then louers walke and tell their tale,
Both of their blisse and of their bale.
And how they ferue, and how they do,
And how their lady loues them to.
Then tune the birdes their armonie.
Then flocke the foule in companie.
Then euery thing doth pleasure finde,
In that that comfortes all their kinde.

No dreames do drench them of the night,
 Of foes that would them flea or bite.
 As Houndes to hunte them at the taile,
 Or men force them through hill and dale.
 The shepe then dreames not of the Woulf,
 The shipman forces not the goulf
 The Lambe thinkes not the butchers knife,
 Should then bereue him of his life.
 For when the Sunne doth once run in,
 Then all their gladnes doth begin.
 And then their skips, and then their play
 So falles their fadnes then away.
 And thus all thinges haue comforting,
 In that that doth them comfort bring.
 Saue I alas, whom neither funne,
 Nor ought that God hath wrought and don,
 May comfort ought, as though I ware
 A thing not made for comfort here.
 For beyng absent from your fighte,
 Which are my ioy and whole delight
 My comfort and my pleasure to,
 How can I ioy how should I do?
 May sick men laugh that rore for paine?
 Ioy they in song that do complaine?
 Are martirs in their tormentes glad?
 Do pleasures please them that are mad?
 Then how may I in comfort be,
 That lacke the thing should comfort me.
 The blind man oft that lackes his sight,
 Complaines not most the lacke of light.
 But those that knewe their perfectnes,
 And then do misse ther bliffulnes,
 In martirs tunes they sing and waile,
 The want of that which doth them faile.
 And hereof comes that in my braines,
 So many fanfies worke my paines
 For when I waygne your worthynes,
 Your wifdome and your gentlnes,
 Your vertues and your fundry grace,

And minde the countenance of your face,
And how that you are she alone,
To whom I must both plaine and mone.
Whom I do loue and must do still.
Whom I embrace and ay so wil,
To serue and please you as I can,
As nay a wofull faithful man.
And finde my selfe so far you fro.
God knowes what torment, and what wo,
My rufull hart doth then imbrace.
The blood then chaungeth in my face.
My synnewes dull, in dompes I stand.
No life I fele in fote nor hand,
As pale as any clout and ded,
Lo sodenly the blood orefpred,
And gon againe it nill so bide.
And thus from life to death I slide
As colde sometymes as any stone
And then againe as hote anone.
Thus comes and goes my fundry fits,
To geue me fundri fortes of wits.
Till that a sigh becomes my frende,
And then to all this wo doth ende.
And sure I thinke that sigh doth roon,
From me to you where ay you woon,
For well I finde it easeth me,
And certes much it pleafeth me.
To think that it doth come to you,
As would to God it could so do.
For then I know you would foone finde,
By sent and fauour of the winde.
That euen a martirs sigh it is,
Whose ioy you are and all his blis.
His comfort and his pleasure eke,
And euen the same that he doth feke.
The same that he doth wishe and craue,
The same that he doth trust to haue.
To tender you in all he may,
And all your likinges to obey,

As farre as in his powre shall lye :
 Till death shall darte him for to dye.
 But wealeaway mine owne most best,
 My ioy, my comfort, and my rest.
 The causer of my wo and smart,
 And yet the pleaser of my hart.
 And she that on the earth aboue :
 Is euen the worthiest for to loue.
 Heare now my plaint, heare now my wo,
 Heare now his paine that loues you so,
 And if your hart do pitie beare,
 Pitie the cause that you shall heare.
 A dolefull foe in all this doubt,
 Who leaues me not but sekcs me out,
 Of wretched forme aud lothsome face,
 While I stand in this wofull case :
 Comes forth and takes me by the hand,
 And saies frende harke and vnderstand.
 I fee well by thy port and chere,
 And by thy lokes and thy manere,
 And by thy iadnes as thou goest,
 And by the sighes that thou outthrowest :
 That thou art stuffed full of wo,
 The cause I thinke I do well know.
 A fantafer thou art of some,
 By whom thy wits are ouercome.
 But hast thou red old pamphlets ought ?
 Or hast thou known how bokes haue taught
 That loue doth vse to such as thou,
 When they do thinke them safe enow.
 And certain of their ladies grace :
 Hast thou not sene oft times the case,
 That sodenly there hap hath turnde,
 As thinges in flame consumde and burnde ?
 Some by disceite forsaken right.
 Some likewise changed of fanfy light.
 And some by absence sone forgot.
 The lottes in loue, why knowest thou not ?
 And tho that she be now thine own :

And knowes the well as may be knowne.
And thinkes the to be fuch a one,
As ſhe likes beſt to be her own.
Thinkes thou that others haue not grace,
To ſhew and plain their wofull caſe.
And choſe her for their lady now,
And ſwere her truth as well as thou.
And what if ſhe do alter minde ?
Where is the loue that thou wouldeſt finde ?
Abſence my frende workes wonders oft.
Now brings full low that lay full loft.
Now turnes the minde now to and fro,
And where art thou if it were ſo ?
If abſence (quod I) be marueilous,
I finde her not ſo dangerous.
For ſhe may not remoue me fro,
The poore good will that I do owe
To her, whom vnneth I loue and ſhall.
And choſen haue aboute them all,
To ſerue and be her own as far,
As any man may offer her.
And will her ſerue, and will her loue,
As lowly as it ſhall behoue.
And dye her own if fate be ſo.
Thus ſhall my hart nay part her fro,
And witnes ſhall my good will be,
That abſence takes her not from me.
But that my loue doth ſtill encreaſe,
To minde her ſtill and neuer ceaſe.
And what I feele to be in me,
The ſame good will I think hath ſhe.
As firme and faſt to biden ay,
Till death depart vs both away.
And as I haue my tale thus told,
Steps vnto me with countenance bold :
A ſtedfaſt frende a counſellour,
And namde is Hope my comfortour.
And ſtoutly then he ſpeakes and faies :
Thou haſt ſayde truth withouten naves,

For I assure thee euen by othe,
 And theron take my hand and trothe,
 That she is one the worthiest,
 The truest and the faithfulest,
 The gentlest and the meekest of minde :
 That here on earth a man may finde,
 And if that loue and trowth were gone,
 In her it might be found alone.
 For in her minde no thought there is,
 But how she may be true iwis.
 And tenders thee and all thy heale,
 And wisheth both thy health and weale.
 And loues thee euen as farforth than,
 As any woman may a man,
 And is thine own and so she saies,
 And cares for thee ten thousand waies.
 On thee she speakes, on thee she thinkes,
 With thee she eates, with thee she drinks,
 With thee she talkes, with thee she mones,
 With thee she sighes, with thee she grones,
 With thee she saies farewell mine own.
 When thou God knowes full farre art gon.
 And euen to tell thee all aright,
 To thee she saies full oft good night.
 And names thee oft, her owne most dere,
 Her comfort weale and al her chere.
 And telles her pelow al the tale,
 How thou hast dcon her wo and bale,
 And how she longes and plaines for the,
 And saies why art thou so from me ?
 Am I not she that loues the best ?
 Do I not wishe thine ease and rest ?
 Seke I not how I may the please ?
 Why art thou then so from thine ease ?
 If I be she for whom thou carest,
 For whom in tormentes so thou farest :
 Alas thou knowest to finde me here,
 Where I remaine thine owne most dere,
 Thine own most true thine owne most iust,

Thine own that loues the styl and muft.
Thine own that cares alone for the,
As thou I thinke doft care for me.
And euen the woman ſhe alone,
That is full bent to be thine owne.
What wilt thou more? what canſt thou craue?
Since ſhe is as thou wouldeſt her haue.
Then ſet this driuell out of dore,
That in thy braines ſuch tales doth poore.
Of abſence and of chaunges ſtraunge,
Send him to thoſe that uſe to chaunge.
For ſhe is none I the auowe,
And well thou maieſt beleue me now.
When hope hath thus his reaſon ſaid,
Lord how I fele me well apaide.
A new blood then orefpredes my bones,
That al in ioy I ſtand at ones.
My handes I throw to heuen aboue,
And humbly thank the god of loue.
That of his grace I ſhould beſtow,
My loue ſo well as I it owe.
And al the planets as they ſtand,
I thanke them to with hart and hand.
That their aspectes ſo frendly were,
That I ſhould ſo my good will bere,
To you that are the worthieſt,
The faireſt and the gentilleſt.
And beſt can ſay, and beſt can do,
That longes me thinkes a woman to.
And therfore are moſt worthy far,
To be beloued as you ar.
And ſo faies hope in all his tale,
Wherby he eaſeth all my bale.
For I beleue and thinke it true,
That he doth ſpeake or ſay of you.
And thus contented lo I ſtand,
With that that hope beares me in hand:
That I am yours and ſhall ſo be,
Which hope I kepe full fure in me.

As he that all my comfort is,
 On you alone which are my blis.
 My pleasure chief which most I finde,
 And euen the whole ioy of my minde.
 And shall so be vntill the death,
 Shall make me yeld vp life and breath.
 Thou good mine own, lo beare my trust.
 Lo here my truth and seruice iust.
 Lo in what case for you I stand.
 Lo how you haue me in your hand.
 And if you can requite a man,
 Requite me as you finde me than.

*Of the troubled common welth restored to quiet
 by the mighty power of god.*

THe secret flame that made all Troy so hot,
 Long did it lurke within the wooden horse.
 The machine huge Troyans suspected not,
 The guiles of Grekes, nor of their hidden force:
 Till in their beds their armed foes them met,
 And slew them there, and Troy on fire fet.

Then rose the rore of treason round about,
 And children could of treason call and cry,
 Wiues wroung their hands, ye hole fired town throughout,
 When yat they saw their husbands slain them by.
 And to the Gods and to the skies they shrighr,
 Vengeance to take for treason of that night.

Then was the name of Sinon spred and blowne,
 And wherunto his filed tale did tend.
 The secret startes and metinges then were knowne,
 Of Troyan traitours tending to this end.
 And euery man could say as in that case:
 Treason in Anthenor and Eneas.

But all to long such wifdome was in store,
 To late came out the name of traytour than,
 When that their king the aultar lay before
 Slain there alas, that worthy noble man.

Ilium on flame, the matrons crying out,
And all the stretes in streames of blood about.

But such was fate, or such was simple trust,
That king and all should thus to ruine roon,
For if our stories certain be and iust :
There were that saw such mischief should be doon
And warning gaue which compted were in fort,
As sad deuines in matter but of sport.

Such was the time and so in state it stooode,
Troy trembled not so careles were the men.
They brake ye wals, they toke this hors for good,
They demed Grekes gone, they thought al surety then.
When treason start and set the town on fire,
And stroied Troians and gaue Grekes their desire.

Like to our time, wherein hath broken out,
The hidden harme that we suspected least.
Wombd within our walles and realme about,
As Grekes in Troy were in the Grekish beast,
Whose tempest great of harmes and of armes,
We thought not on, till it did noyfe our harmes.

Then felt we well the piller of our welth,
How fore it shoke, then saw we euen at hand,
Ruin how she rusht to confound our helth,
Our realme and vs with force of mighty band.
And then we heard how treason loud did rore :
Mine is the rule, and raigne I will therefore.

Of treason marke the nature and the kinde,
A face it beares of all humilitie.
Truth is the cloke, and frendship of the minde,
And depe it goes, and worketh secretly,
Like to a mine that creepes so nye the wall,
Till out breakes sulphure, and oreturneth all.

But he on hye that secretly beholdes
The state of thinges : and times hath in his hand,
And pluckes in plages, and them again vnfoldes.
And hath apointed realmes to fall and stand :
He in the midst of all this sturre and rout,
Gan bend his browes, and moue him self about.

As who should say, and are ye minded so ?

And thus to those, and whom you know I loue.
 Am I such one as none of you do know?
 Or know ye not that I sit here aboue,
 And in my handes do hold your welth and wo,
 To raise you now, and now to ouerthrow?

Then thinke that I, as I haue fet you all,
 In places where your honours lay and fame:
 So now my selfe shall giue you eche your fall,
 Where eche of you shall haue your worthy shame.
 And in their handes I will your fall shalbe,
 Whose fall in yours you fought so fore to see.

Whose wisdom hee as he the same foresaw,
 So is it wrought, such lo his iustice is.
 He is the Lord of man and of his law,
 Praise therefore now his mighty name in this,
 And make accompt that this our ease doth stand:
 As Israell free, from wicked Pharaos hand.

*The louer to his loue hauing forsaken him,
 and betaken her self to an other.*

THe bird that sometime built within my brest,
 And there as then chief succour did receiue:
 Hath now els where built her another nest,
 And of the old hath taken quite her leaue.
 To you mine oste that harbour mine old guest,
 Of such a one, as I can now conceiue.
 Sith that in change her choise doth chiefe consist,
 The hauke may check, that now comes fair to fist.¹

*The louer sheweth that in dissembling his loue
 openly he kepeth secret his secret good will.*

Not like a God came Iupiter to woo,
 When he the faire Europa fought vnto.
 An other forme his godly wisdom toke,

¹ fist. 1559.

Such in effect as writeth Ouides boke.
 As on the earth no liuing wight can tell,
 That mighty Ioue did loue the quene so well.
 For had he come in golden garmentes bright,
 Or so as men mought haue starde on the fight :
 Spred had it bene both through earth and ayre,
 That Ioue loued the lady Europa fayre.
 And then had some bene angry at the hart,
 And some againe as ielous for their part.
 Both which to stop, this ientle god toke minde,
 To shape him selfe into a brutish kinde,
 To such a kinde as hid what state he was,
 And yet did bring him what he fought to passe.
 To both their ioyes, to both their comfort foon,
 Though knowen to none, til al the thing was don
 In which attempt if I the like assay,
 To you to whom I do my selfe bewray :
 Let it suffice that I do feke to be,
 Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

*The louer disceiued by his loue repenteth
 him of the true loue he bare her.*

That Vlyffes yeres haue spent,
 To finde Penelope :
 Finde well what folly I haue ment,
 To feke that was not fo.
 Since Troylous case hath caused me,
 From Cressed for to go.
 And to bewaile Vlyffes truth,
 In seas and stormy skies,
 Of wanton will and raging youth,
 Which we haue tossed fore :
 From Sicilla to Caribdis cliues,
 Vpon the drowning shore.
 Where I fought hauen, there found I hap,
 From daunger vnto death :
 Much like the Moufe that treades the trap,

In hope to finde her foode,
And bites the bread that stops her breath,
So in like case I stode.

Till now repentance hasteth him
To further me so fast :
That where I ranke, there now I swim,
And haue both streame and winde :
And lucke as good if it may last,
As any man may finde.

That where I perished, safe I passe,
And find no perill there :
But stedy stone, no ground of glasse,
Now am I sure to faue,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anker hold I haue.

*The louer hauing enjoyed his loue, humbly thanketh
the god of loue: and auowing his heart onely
to her faithfully promifeth,
utterly to forsake all other.*

THou Cupide God of loue, whom Venus thralles do serue,
I yeld thee thanks vpon my knees, as thou dost well deserue,
By thee my wished ioyes haue shaken of despaire,
And all my storming dayes be past, and weather waxeth faire,
By thee I haue receiued a thousand times more ioy,
Than euer Paris did possesse, when Helen was in Troy.
By thee haue I that hope, for which I longde so fore,
And when I thinke vpon the same, my hart doth leap therefore.
By thee my heapy doubttes and trembling feares are fled,
And now my wits yat troubled wer, with pleafant thoughts are fed.
For dread is banisht cleane, wherein I stode full oft,
And doubt to speake that lay full low, is lifted now aloft.
With armes bespred abroad, with opende handes and hart,
I haue enjoyed the fruite of hope, reward for all my smart.
The seale and signe of loue, the key of truth and trust,
The pledge of pure good will haue I, which makes the louers iust

Such grace fins I haue found, to one I me betake,
 The rest of Venus derlinges all, I vtterly forsake.
 And to performe this vow, I bid mine eyes beware,
 That they no straungers do salute, nor on their beauties stare.
 My wits I warn ye all from this time forth take hede,
 That ye no wanton toyes deuise my fanfies newe to fede.
 Mine eares be ye shitt¹ vp, and heare no womans voyce,
 That may procure me once to smile, or make my hart reioyce.
 My fete full slow be ye and lame when ye should moue,
 To bring my body any where to seke an other loue,
 Let all the Gods aboue, and wicked sprites below,
 And euery wight in earth acuse and curse me where I go :
 If I do false my faith in any point or case,
 A fodein vengeance fall on me, I aske no better grace.
 Away then sily rime present mine earnest faith,
 Vnto my lady where she is, and marke thou what she faith.
 And if she welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,
 Spring thou for ioy, thy master hath his most desired hap.

Totus mundus in maligno positus.

Complaine we may : much is amisse :
 Hope is nye gone to haue redresse :
 These daies ben ill, nothing fure is :
 Kinde hart is wrapt in heauinesse.
 The sterne is broke : the faile is rent :
 The ship is geuen to wind and waue :
 All helpe is gone : the rocke present,
 That will be lost, what man can saue ?
 Thinges hard, therefore are now refused.
 Labour in youth is thought but vaine :
 Duty by (will not) is excused.
 Remoue the stop the way is plaine.
 Learning is lewd, and held a foole :
 Wisdome is shent, counted to raile :
 Reason is banisht out of schoole :
 The blinde is bold, and wordes preuaile.
 Power, without care, slepeth at ease :

¹ shut. 1559.

Will, without law, runth where he list :
 Might without mercy can not please.
 A wife man faith not, had I wist.
 When power lackes care and forceth not :
 When care is feable and may not :
 When might is slothfull and will not :
 Wedes may grow where good herbes cannot.

Take wrong away, law nedeth not :
 For law to wrong is bridle and paine.
 Take feare away, law booteth not.
 To striue gainst streame, it is but vaine.

Wyly is witty : brainficke is wife :
 Trough is folly : and might is right :
 Wordes are reason : and reason is lies :
 The bad is good : darknesse is light.

Wrong to redresse, wifdome dare not.
 Hardy is happy, and ruleth most.
 Wilfull is witleffe, and careth not,
 Which end go first, till all be lost.

Few right do loue, and wrong refuse.
 Pleasure is fought in euery state,
 Liking is lust : there is no chuse.
 The low geue to the hye checke mate.

Order is broke in thinges of weight,
 Measure and meane who doth not flee?
 Two thinges preuaile : money, and sleight.
 To seme is better then to be.

The bowle is round, and doth downe slide,
 Eche one thrusteth : none doth vphold.
 A fall failes not, where blinde is guide.
 The stay is gone : who can him hold?

Folly and falshed prayeth apace.
 Trough vnder bushell is faine to crepe.
 Flattery is treble, pride singes the bace.
 The meane the beast part scant doth pepe.

This fryr plage the world infectes.
 To vertue and trowth it geues no rest :
 Mens harts are burnde with fundry sectes,
 And to eche man his way is best.

With floods and stormes thus be we toft,
 Awake good Lord, to thee we crye.
 Our ship is almost fonk and loſt.
 Thy mercy help our miſerye.

Mans ſtrength is weake : mans wit is dull :
 Mans reaſon is blinde. Theſe thinges tamend,
 Thy hand (O Lord) of might is full,
 Awake betime, and helpe vs fend.

In thee we truſt, and in no wight :
 Saue vs as chickens vnder the hen.
 Our cokedneſſe thou canſt make right,
 Glory to thee for aye. Amen.

The wiſe trade of lyfe.


DO all your dedes by good aduiſe,
 Caſt in your minde alwaies the end
 Wit bought is of to dere a price.
 The tried, truſt, and take as frend,
 For frendes I finde there be but two :
 Of countenance, and of effect.
 Of thone ſort firſt there are inow :
 But few ben of the tother ſect.
 Beware alſo the venym fwete.
 Of crafty wordes and flattery.
 For to deceiue they be moſt mete,
 That beſt can play hypocriſy.
 Let wiſdome rule your dede and thought :
 So ſhall your workes be wiſely wrought.

*That few wordes ſhew wiſdome, and
 work much quiet.*

WHo liſt to lead a quiet life,
 Who liſt to rid him ſelf from ſtrife :
 Geue care to me, marke what I ſay,
 Remember wel, beare it away.

Holde backe thy tong at meat and meale,
 Speake but few wordes, bestrow them well.
 By wordes the wise thou shalt espye,
 By wordes a foole sone shalt thou trye.
 A wise man can his tong make cease,
 A foole can neuer holde his peace.
 Who loueth rest of wordes beware.
 Who loueth wordes, is sure of care.
 For wordes oft many haue been shent :
 For silence kept none hath repent.
 Two eares, one tong onely thou hast,
 Mo thinges to heare then wordes to wast.
 A foole in no wise can forbear :
 He hath two tonges and but one eare.
 Be sure thou kepe a stedfast braine,
 Lest that thy wordes put thee to paine.
 Words wisely set are worth much gold :
 The price of rashnesse is sone told.
 If time require wordes to be had,
 To hold thy peace I count thee mad.
 Talke onely of nedefull verities :
 Striue not for trifling fantasies.
 With sobernesse the truth boult out,
 Affirme nothing wherein is dout.
 Who to this lore will take good hede,
 And spend no mo words then he nede,
 Though he be a sole and haue no braine,
 Yet shall he a name of wifdome gaine
 Speake while time is or hold thee still.
 Words out of time do oft things spyll.
 Say well and do well are thinges twaine,
 Twise blest is he in whom both raigne.

*The complaint of a hot woer, delayed
with doutfull cold answers.*


 Kinde of coale is as men say,
 Which haue assaied the fame :
 That in the fire will wast away,

And outward cast no flame.
Vnto my felf may I compare,
These coales that fo confume :
Where nought is fene though men do flare,
In ftede of flame but fume.
They fay alfo to make them burne,
Cold water muft be caft :
Or els to afhes will they turne,
And half to finder, waft.
As this is wonder for to fe,
Colde water warme the fire,
So hath your coldneffe caufed me,
To burne in my defire.
And as this water cold of kinde,
Can caufe both heat and cold,
And can these coales both breake and binde,
To burne as I haue told.
So can your tong of frofen yfe,
From whence cold answers come :
Both coole the fire and fire entice,
To burne me all and fome.
Like to the corne that ftandes on flake,
Which mowen in winter funne :
Full faire without, within is black :
Such heat therin doth runne.
By force of fire this water cold
Hath bred to burne within,
Euen fo am I, that heat doth hold,
Which cold did firft begyn.
Which heat is flint when I do ftriue,
To haue fome eafe fometime :
But flame a fresh I do reuiue,
Whereby I caufe to clime.
In ftede of fmoke a fighing breath :
With sparkles of fprinkled teares,
That I fould liue this liuyng death,
Which wafles and neuer weares.

The answer.

YOur borrowd meane to moue your mone, of fume with-
 outen flame [fame,
 Being fet from smithy smokyng coale: ye seme so by the
 To shew, what such coales vse is taught by such as haue assayd,
 As I, that most do wish you well, am so right well apayd.
 That you haue such a lesson learnd, how either to maintaine,
 Your fredome of vnkindled coale, vnheaped all in vaine:
 Or how most frutefully to frame, with worthy workmans art,
 That cunningg pece may passe there fro, by help of heated hart.
 Out of the forge wherin the fume of fighes doth mount aloft,
 That argues present force of fire to make the metal soft,
 To yelde vnto the hammer hed, as best the workman likes.
 That thiron glowyng after blast in time and temper strikes.
 Wherin the vse of water is, as you do seme to say,
 To quenche no flame, ne hinder heat, ne yet to waft away:
 But, that which better is for you, and more deliteth me,
 To faue you from the sodain waste, vaine cinderlike to be.
 Which lastyng better likes in loue, as you your semble ply,
 Then doth the bauen blafe, that flames and fleteth by and by.
 Sith then you know eche vse, wherin your coale may be applide:
 Either to lie and last on hoord, in open ayre to bide,
 Withouten vse to gather fat by fallyng of the raines,
 That makes the pitchy iucye¹ to grow, by fokyng in his veines,
 Or lye on fornace in the forge, as is his vse of right,
 Wherein the water trough may ferue, and enteryeld her might
 By worke of smithes both hand and hed a cunningg key to make,
 Or other pece as cause shall craue and bid him vndertake:
 Do as you deme most fit to do, and wherupon may grow,
 Such ioy to you, as I may ioy your ioyfull case to know.

[Three poems, also in First edition, come in here: see *p.* 209.]

*An other of the same.*²

STay gentle frend that passeth by,
 And learne the lore that leadeth all:
 From whence we come with hast to hye,

¹inyce. 1559. [² *i.e.* An epitaph of master Henry Williams. This poem in the Second Edition, follows the first Epitaph, reprinted on *p.* 210.]

To liue to dye, and stand to fall.

And learne that strength and lusty age,
That wealth and want of worldly woe,
Can not withstand the mighty rage,
Of death our best vnwelcome foe.

For hopefull youth that hight me health,
May lust to last till time to dye.
And fortune found my vertue wealth :
But yet for all that here I lye

Learne also this, to ease thy minde :
When death on corps hath wrought his spite,
A time of triumph shalt thou finde,
With me to scorne him in delight.

For one day shall we mete againe,
Maugre deathes dart in life to dwell.
Then will I thanke thee for thy paine,
Now marke my wordes and fare thou well.

[Three more poems, also in the First edition, come in here : see p. 209.]

*The answere.*¹

WHom fanfy forced first to loue,
Now frensy forceth for to hate :
Whose minde erst madnesse gan to moue,
Inconstance causeth to abate.
No minde of meane, but heat of braine
Bred light loue : like heate, hate againe
What hurld your hart in so great heat ?
Fanfy forced by fayned fame.
Belike that she was light to get.
For if that vertue and good name
Moued your minde, why changed your will,
Sithe vertue the cause abideth still.

Such, Fame reported her to be
As rare it were to finde her peere,
For vertue and for honestie,

¹ [Ostensibly by the gentlewoman, to whom was addressed *To false report and flying fame*, see p. 210.]

For her free hart and lowly cheere,
 This laud had lied if you had sped,
 And fame bene false that hath been sped.

Sith she hath so kept her good name,
 Such praise of life and giftes of grace,
 As brute self blufheth for to blame,
 Such fame as fame feares to deface :
 You sclaunder not but make it plaine,
 That you blame brute of brutish traine.

If you haue found it looking neere,
 Not as you toke the brute to be.
 Bylike you ment by lowly cheere,
 Bountie and hart that you call free,
 But lewd lightnesse easy to frame,
 To winne your will against her name.

Nay she may deme your deming so,
 A marke of madnesse in his kinde,
 Such causeth not good name to go :
 As your fond folly fought to finde.
 For brute of kinde bent ill to blafe,
 Always sayth ill, but forced by cause.

The mo there be, such as is she,
 More should be gods thank for his grace.
 The more is her ioy it to see.
 Good should by geason, earne no place,
 Nor nomber make nought, that is good.
 Your strange lusting hed wants a hoode.

Her dealing greueth you (fay ye)
 Byfide your labour lost in vaine.
 Her dealing was not as we see,
 Sclaunder the end of your great paine,
 Ha lewd lieng lips, and hatefull hart,
 What canst thou desire in such defart.

Ye will repent, and right for done.
 Ye haue a dede deseruing shame.
 From reasons race farre haue ye ronne.
 Hold your rayling, keep your tong tame.
 Her loue, ye lye, ye lost it not.
 Ye neuer lost that ye neuer got.

She reft ye not your libertie,
 She vaunteth not ſhe had your thrall.
 If ought haue done it, let it lye,
 On rage that reft your wit and all.
 What though a varlets tale you tell:
 By cock and pye you do it well.

[Two more poems, also in First Edition, come in here: see p. 209.]

*The louer complaineth his fault, that with vn-
gentle writing had displeafed his lady.*

AH loue how waiward is his wit what panges do perce
his brest,
Whom thou to wait vpon thy will haft reued of his reft.
The light, the darke, the funne, the mone, the day and eke
the night,
His dayly dieng life, him ſelf, he hateth in deſpight,
Sith firſt he light to looke on her that holdeth him in thrall,
His mouing eyen his moued wit he curfeth hart and all,
From hungry hope to pining feare eche hap doth hurle his hart,
From panges of plaint to fits of fume from aking into ſmart.
Eche moment ſo doth change his chere not with recourse of eaſe,
But with fere ſortes of ſorrowes ſtill he worketh as the feaſ.
That turning windes not calme returnde rule in vnruely wiſe,
As if their holdes of hilles vphurld they braſten out to riſe.
And puffe away the power that is vnto their king aſſignde
To pay that ſithe their priſonment they deme to be behinde.
So doth the paſſions long repreſt within the wofull wight,
Breake downe the banks of all his wits and out they gushen quite.
To rere vp rores now they be free from reaſons rule and ſlay,
And hedlong hales thunruled race his quiet quite away.
No meaſure hath he of his ruth, no reaſon in his rage,
No bottom ground where ſlayes his grief, thus weares away
his age
In wiſhing wants, in wayling woes. Death doth he dayly call,
To bring releaſe when of relief he ſeeth no hope at all.
Thence comes that oft in depe deſpeire to riſe to better ſtate,

On heauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the faute of al his fate.
 On God and Gods decreed dome cryeth out with curfing breath,
 Eche thing that gaue and faues him life he damneth of his death.
 The wombe him bare, ye brefts he fuctt, ech star yat with their
 might, [light
 Their secret succour brought to bring the wretch to worldly
 Yea that to his foules perile is most haynous harme of all,
 And craues the cruellest reuenge that may to man befall :
 Her he blasphemes in whom it lieth in present as she please,
 To dampne him downe to depth of hell, or plant in heauens
 ease, [hand
 Such rage constrainde my strained hart to guide the unhappy
 That sent vnfitting blots to her on whom my life doth stand,
 But graunt O God that he for them may beare the worthy blame
 Whom I do in my depe distresse find guilty of the fame,
 Euen that blinde boy that blindly guides the faultles to their fall,
 That laughes when they lament that he hath throwen into thral.
 O Lord, faue louring lookes of her, what penance else thou please
 So her contented will be wonne I count it all mine ease.
 And thou on whom doth hang my will, with hart, with soul and
 With life and all that life may haue of well or euell fare : [care,
 Graunt grace to him that grates therfore with sea of faltish brine
 By extreme heat of boylyng breast distilled through his eyen.
 And with thy fancy render thou my self to me againe,
 That dayly then we duely may employ a paineleffe paine.
 To yelde and take the ioyfull frutes that herty loue doth lend,
 To them that meane by honest meanes to come to happy end.

*The louer wounded of Cupide, wisheth
 he had rather ben striken by death.*

He blinded boy that bendes the bow,
 To make with dint of double wound :
 The slowtest state to stoupe and know:
 The cruell craft that I haue found.
 With death I would had chopt a change,
 To borow as by bargain made :
 Ech others shaft when he did range,

With restlesse rouyng to inuade,
Thunthralled mindes of simple wightes,
Whose gittleffe ghostes deserued not :
To fele such fall of their delightes,
Such pangas as I haue past God wot.

Then both in new vnwonted wife,
Should death deserue a better name,
Not (as tofore hath bene his guife)
Of crueltie to beare the blame.

But contrary be counted kinde,
In lendyng life and sparyng space :
For sicke to rise and feke to finde,
A way to wish their weary race

To draw to some desired end,
Their long and lothed life to rid.
And so to fele how like a frend,
Before the bargain made he did.

And loue should either bring againe,
To wounded wightes their owne desire :
A welcome end of pinyng payne,
As doth their cause of ruthe require :

Or when he meanes the quiet man,
A harme to hasten him to grese :
A better dede he should do then,
With borrowed dart to gaue relese.

That both the sicke well demen may,
He brought me rightly my request :
And eke the other fort may say,
He wrought me truely for the best,
So had not fancy forced me,
To beare a brunt of greater wo :
Then leauing such a life may be,
The ground where onely grefes do grow.

Vnlucky likyng linkt my hart,
In forged hope and forced feare :
That oft I wisht the other dart,
Had rather perced me as neare.

A fayned trust, constrayned care,
Most loth to lack, most hard to finde :

In funder fo my iudgement tare,
 That quite was quiet out of minde.
 Absent in absence of mine ease,
 Present in presence of my paine :
 The woes of want did much displease,
 The sighes I fought did greue againe,
 Oft grefe that boyled in my brest,
 Hath fraught my face with faltish teares,
 Pronouncyng proues of mine vnrest,
 Whereby my passed paine appears.

My sighes full often haue supplied,
 That faine with wordes I wold haue said :
 My voice was stopt my tong was tyed,
 My wits with wo were ouerwayed.

With tremblyng soule and humble chere,
 Oft grated I for graunt of grace :
 On hope that bounty might be there,
 Where beauty had so pight her place.

At length I found, that I did fere,
 How I had labourde all to losse,
 My self had ben the carpenter,
 That framed me the cruell crosse.

Of this to come if dout alone,
 Though blent with trust of better spede :
 So oft hath moued my minde to mone,
 So oft hath made my heart to blede,

What shall I fay of it in dede,
 Now hope is gone mine olde relese :
 And I enforced all to fede,
 Vpon the frutes of bitter grefe ?

Of womens changeable will.

I Wold I found not as I fele,
 Such changyng chere of womens will,
 By fickle flight of fortunes whele,
 By kinde or custome, neuer still.
 So shold I finde no fault to lay,

On fortune for their mouyng minde,
 So should I know no cause to fay
 This change to chance by course of kinde.
 So should not loue so work my wo,
 To make death furgeant for my fore,
 So should their wittes not wander so,
 So should I reck the lesse therefore.

The louer complayneth the losse of his ladye.

NO ioy haue I, but liue in heauineffe,
 My dame of price bereft by fortunes cruelnesse,
 My hap is turned to vnhappinesie,
 Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.
 My pastime past, my youthlike yeres are gone,
 My mouthes¹ of mirth, my glistring daies of gladfom-
 My times of triumph turned into mone, [nesse
 Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.
 My wonted winde to chaunt my cherefull chaunce,
 Doth sigh that song somtime the balades of my lesse :
 My sobbes, my fore and forow do aduaunce.
 Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.
 I mourne my mirth for grefe that it is gone,
 I mourne my mirth whereof my musing mindefulnesse :
 Is ground of greater grefe that growes theron.
 Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.
 No ioy haue I: for fortune frowardly :
 Hath bent her browes hath put her hand to cruelnesse :
 Hath rest my dame, constrayned me to crye,
 Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.

Of the golden meane.

THe wifest way, thy bote, in waue and winde to guie,
 Is neither still the trade of middle streame to trie :
 Ne (warely shunning wrecke by wether) aye to nie,
 To presse vpon the perillous shore.

¹ monthes

And eke in caufe of care, the leffe is thy anoy.

Aloft if thou do liue, as one appointed here,
A flatly part on ftage of worldly ftate to bere :
Thy frende as only free from fraud will thee aduife,
To reft within the rule of mean as do the wife.

He feeketh to forefee the perill of thy fall.

He findeth out thy faultes and warnes thee of them all.
Thee, not thy luck he loues, what euer be thy cafe,
He is thy faithfull frend and thee he doth embrace.

If churlifh cheare of chance haue thrown thee into thrall,
And that thy nede afke ayde for to releue thy fall :
In him thou fecret truft affured art to haue,
And fuccour not to feke, before that thou can craue.

Thus is thy frende to thee the comfort of thy paine,
The flayer of thy ftate, the doubler of thy gaine.
In wealth and wo thy frend, an other felf to thee,
Such man to man a God, the prouerb fayth to be,

As welth will bring thee frendes in louring wo to proue,
So wo shall yeld thee frendes in laughing wealth to loue.
With wifedome chufe thy frend, with vertue him retaine :
Let vertue be the ground, fo shall it not be vaine.

[To here were transposed, in the Second edition,

Some men would think of right to haue,

Such wairward waies haue some when folly stirres their braines

from p. 61.

from p. 197.]

Of the vanitie of mans life.

VAine is the fleting welth,
Whereon the world ftayes :
Sithe ftalking time by priuy ftelth,
Encrocheth on our dayes.

And elde which creepeth faft,
To taynte vs with her wounde :
Will turne eche blyffe into a blaft,
Which lafteth but a flounde.

Of youth the lufly floure,
Which whylome floode in price :
Shall vanifh quite within an houre,

As fire consumes the ice.

Where is become that wight,
For whose sake Troy towne :
Withstode the grekes till ten yeres fight,
Had rasde the walles adowne.

Did not the wormes consume,
Her caryon to the dust ?
Did dreadfull death forbear his fume
For beauty, pride, or lust ?

*The louer not regarded in earnest sute, being
become wiser, refuseth her profred loue.*

DO way your phisike I faint no more,
The salve you sent it comes to late :
You wist well all my grief before,
And what I suffered for your sake.
Hole is my hart I plaine no more,
A new the cure did vndertake :
Wherefore do way you come to late.

For whiles you knew I was your own,
So long in vaine you made me gape.
And though my fayth it were well knowne,
Yet small regard thou toke therat,
But now the blast is ouerblowne.
Of vaine phisicke a salve you shape,
Wherefore do way you come to late.

How long or this haue I been faine,
To gape for mercy at your gate,
Vntill the time I spyde it plaine,
That pitie and you fell at debate.
For my redresse then was I faine :
Your seruice cleane for to forsake,
Wherefore do way you come to late.

For when I brent in endlesse fire,
Who ruled then but cruell hate ?
So that vnneth I durst desire
One looke, my feruent heate to flake.

Therefore another doth me hyre,
 And all the profer that you make,
 Is made in vayne and comes to late.
 For when I asked recompence,
 With cost you nought to graunt God wat :
 Then said disdaine to great expence,
 It were for you to graunt me that.
 Therefore do way your rere pretence,
 That you would binde that derst you brake,
 For lo your falue comes all to late.

*The complaint of a woman rauished, and
 also mortally wounded.*

A Cruell Tiger all with teeth bebled,
 A bloody tirantes hand in eche degree,
 A lecher that by wretched lust was led,
 (Alas) deflowred my virginitee.
 And not contented with this villanie,
 Nor with thoutragious terrour of the dede,
 With bloody thirst of greater crueltie :
 Fearing his haynous gilt should be bewrayed,
 By crying death and vengeance openly,
 His violent hand forthwith alas he layed
 Vpon my guiltles fely childe and me,
 And like the wretch whom no horroure dismayde,
 Drownde in the sinke of depe iniquitie :
 Misusing me the mother for a time,
 Hath slaine vs both for cloking of his crime.

*The louer being made thrall by loue, per-
 ceiueeth how great a losse is libertye.*

AH libertie now haue I learned to know,
 By lacking thee what Iewell I possesst.
 When I receiued first from Cupids bow,

The deadly wound that festreth in my brest.

So farre (alas) forth strayed were mine eyes,
That I ne might refraine them backe, for lo :
They in a moment all earthly thinges despise,
In heauenly sight now are they fixed so.

What then for me but still with mazed sight,
To wonder at that excellence diuine :
Where loue (my freedome hauing in despight)
Hath made me thrall through errour of mine eyen,
For other guerdon hope I not to haue,
My foltring toonge so basheth ought to craue.

*The diuers and contrarie passions
of the louer.*

Holding my peace alas how loud I crye,
PRESSED with hope and dread euen both at ones,
Strayned with death, and yet I cannot dye.
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones,
Vnto my hope withouten winges I flye.
PRESSED with dispayre, that breaketh all my bones.
Walking as if I were, and yet am not,
Fayning with mirth, most inwardly with mones.
Hard by my helpe, vnto my health not nye.
Mids of the calme my ship on rocke it rones.
I serue vnbound, fast fettered yet I lye.
In stede of milke that fede on marble stones,
My most will is that I do espye :
That workes my ioyes and forowes both at ones.
In contrairs standeth all my losse and gaine,
And lo the gittleffe causeth all my paine.

The testament of the hawthorne.

ISely Haw whose hope is past.
In faithfull true and fixed minde :
To her whom that I serued last,

Haue all my ioyefulnes resignde,
Because I know assuredly,
My dying day aprocheth nye.

Dispaired hart the carefull nest,
Of all the fighes I kept in store :
Conuey my carefull corps to rest,
That leaues his ioy for euermore.
And when the day of hope is past,
Geue vp thy sprite and sigh the last.

But or that we depart in twaine,
Tell her I loued with all my might :
That though the corps in clay remaine,
Consumed to ashes pale and white.
And though the vitall powers do ceasse,
The sprite shall loue her natrelesse.¹

And pray my liues lady dere,
During this litle time and space,
That I haue to abiden here,
Not to withdraw her wonted grace,
In recompensing of the paine,
That I shall haue to part in twaine.

And that at least she will withfaue,
To graunt my iust and last request :
When that she shall behold his graue,
That lyeth of lyfe here dispoessed,
In record that I once was hers,
To bathe the frosen stone with teares.

The seruice tree here do I make,
For mine executour and my frende :
That liuing did not me forsake,
Nor will I trust vnto my ende,
To see my body well conueyde,
In ground where that it shalbe layde,

Tombed vnderneath a goodly Oke,
With Iuy grene that fast is bound :
There this my graue I haue bespoken,
For there my ladies name do found :
Befet euen as my testament tels :
With oken leaues and nothing els.

¹ nathelisse. 1559.

Grauen wheron shalbe exprest,
 Here lyeth the body in this place,
 Of him that liuing neuer cest
 To serue the fayrest that euer was,
 The corps is here, the hert he gaue
 To her for whom he lieth in graue.

And also set about my herffe,
 Two lampes to burne and not to **queint**,
 Which shalbe token, and reherffe
 That my good will was neuer spent.
 When that my corps was layd alow,
 My spirit did sweare to serue no mo.

And if you want of ringing bels,
 When that my corps goth into graue :
 Repete her name and nothing els,
 To whom that I was bonden slaue.
 When that my life it shall vnframe,
 My sprite shall ioy to heare her name.

With dolefull note and piteous found,
 Wherwith my hart did cleaue in twaine :
 With such a song lay me in ground,
 My sprite let it with her remayne,
 That had the body to commend :
 Till death thereof did make an end.

And euen with my last bequest,
 When I shall from this life depart :
 I geue to her I loued best,
 My iust my true and faithfull hart,
 Signed with the hand as cold as **stone** :
 Of him that liuing was her owne.

And if he here might liue agayne,
 As Phenix made by death anew :
 Of this she may assure her plaine,
 That he will still be iust and trew.
 Thus farewell she on liue my owne.
 And fend her ioy when I am **gone**.

The louer in dispeire lamenteth his case.

A Dieu desert, how art thou spent?
 Ah dropping teares how do ye washe?
 Ah scalding fighes, how be ye spent?
 To pricke them forth that will not hast,
 Ah payned hart thou gapst for grace,
 Euen there where pitie hath no place.
 As easy it is the stony rocke,
 From place to place for to remoue,
 As by thy plaint for to prouoke:
 A frosen hart from hate to loue,
 What should I say such is thy lot,
 To fawne on them that force the not.

Thus maist thou safely say and sweare,
 That rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile,
 In thanklesse thoughts thy thoughts do wear
 Thy truth, thy faith, may nought auaille,
 For thy good will why should thou so,
 Still graft where grace it will not grow.

Alas pore hart thus hast thou spent,
 Thy flowryng time, thy pleasant yeres.
 With sighing voyce wepe and lament:
 For of thy hope no frute apperes,
 Thy true meanyng is paide with scorne,
 That euer soweth and repeth no corne.

And where thou sekes a quiet port,
 Thou dost but weigh agaynst the winde,
 For where thou gladdest woldst resort,
 There is no place for thee affinde.
 Thy destiny hath set it so,
 That thy true hart should cause thy wo.

Of his maistresse. m. B.

IN Bayes I boast whose braunch I beare,
 Such ioy therein I finde:
 That to the death I shall it weare,

To ease my carefull minde.
 In heat, in cold, both night and day,
 Her vertue may be sene :
 When other frutes and flowers decay,
 The bay yet growes full grene.
 Her berries fede the birdes full oft,
 Her leaues swete water make :
 Her bowes be fet in euery loft,
 For their swete fauours sake.
 The birdes do shrowd them from the cold,
 In her we dayly see :
 And men make arbors as they wold,
 Vnder the pleafant tree.
 It doth me good when I repayre,
 There as these bayes do grow :
 Where oft I walke to take the ayre,
 It doth delight me so.
 But loe I stand as I were dome,
 Her beauty for to blafe :
 Wherewith my sprites be ouercome,
 So long theron I gafe.
 At last I turne vnto my walk,
 In passing to and fro :
 And to my self I smile and talk,
 And then away I go.
 Why smilest thou say lokers on,
 What pleasure hast thou found ?
 With that I am as cold as stone,
 And ready for to ffound.
 Fie fie for shame sayth fanfy than,
 Pluck vp thy faynted hart :
 And speke thou boldly like a man,
 Shrinke not for little smart,
 Wherat I blushe and change my chere,
 My senses waxe so weake :
 O god think I what make I here,
 That neuer a word may speake,
 I dare not sigh lest I be heard,
 My lokes I flyly cast :

And still I stand as one were scarde,
 Vntill my stormes be past.
 Then happy hap doth me reuiue,
 The blood comes to my face :
 A merier man is not aliue,
 Then I am in that case.
 Thus after forow seke I rest,
 When fled is fantasies fit.
 And though I be a homely gest,
 Before the bayes I fit.
 Where I do watch till leaues do fall,
 When winde the tree doth shake :
 Then though my branch be very small,
 My leafe away I take.
 And then I go and clap my hands,
 My hart doth leape for ioy.
 These bayes do ease me from my bands,
 That long did me annoy.
 For when I do behold the fame,
 Which makes so faire a show :
 I finde therein my maistresse name,
 And se her vertues grow.

*The louer complaineth his hartly loue
not requited.*

When Phebus had the serpent slaine,
 He claymed Cupides boe :
 Which strife did turne him to great paine,
 The story well doth proue.
 For Cupide made him fele much woe,
 In fekyng Dephnes loue.
 This Cupide hath a shaft of kinde,
 Which wounded many a wight :
 Whose golden hed had power to binde,
 Ech hart in Venus bandes.
 This arrow did on Phebus light,
 Which came from Cupides handes.

An other shaft was wrought in spite,
Which headed was with lead :
Whose nature quenched swete delight,
That louers most embrace.
In Dephnes brest this cruell head,
Had found a dwellyng place.

But Phebus fonde of his desire,
Sought after Dephnes so.
He burnt with heat, she felt no fire,
Full fast she fled him fro.
He gate but hate for his good will,
The gods assigned so.

My case with Phebus may compare,
His hap and mine are one.
I cry to her that knowes no care,
Yet feke I to her most.
When I appoche then is she gone,
Thus is my labour lost.

Now blame not me but blame the shaft,
That hath the golden head,
And blame those gods that with their craft
Such arrowes forge by kinde.
And blame the cold and heauy lead,
That doth my ladies minde.

A praise of. m. M.

IN court as I behelde, the beauty of eche dame,
Of right my thought from all the rest should. M. steale
the fame.

But, er I meant to iudge: I vewed with such aduife.
As retchlesse dome should not inuade: the boundes of my
deuife.

And, whiles I gased long: such heat did brede within,
As Priamus towne felt not more flame, when did the bale begin.
By reasons rule ne yet by wit perceue I could,
That. M. face of earth yfound: enioy such beauty should.
And fanfy doubted that from heauen had Venus come,

To norish rage in Britaynes harts, while corage yet doth blome,
 Her natiue hue so stroue, with colour of the rose,
 That Paris would haue Helene left, and. M. beauty chose,
 A wight farre passyng all, and is more faire to seme,
 Then lusty May the lodg of loue: that clothes the earth in grene.
 So angell like she shines: she semeth no mortall wight.
 But one whom nature in her forge, did frame her self to spight.
 Of beauty princeffe chiefe: so makelesse doth she rest,
 Whose eye would glad an heauy wight, and pryson payne in
 brest,

I waxe astonied to see: the feator of her shape,
 And wondred that a mortal hart: such heauenly beames could
 scape.

Her limmes so answeryng were: the mould of her faire face,
 Of Venus stocke she semde to spring, the rote of beauties grace.
 Her presens doth pretende: such honour and estate,
 That simple men might gesse her birthe, if folly bred debate.
 Her lokes in hartes of flint: would such affectes imprese,
 As rage of flame not Nilus stremes: in Nestors yeres encrease.
 Within the subtill feat, of her bright eyen doth dwell,
 Blinde Cupide with the pricke of paine: that princes fredom
 fell.

A Paradise it is: her beauty to behold,
 Where natures stufte so full is found, that natures ware is fold.

An old louer to a yong gentilwoman.

YE are to yong to bryng me in,
 And I to old to gape for flies:
 I haue to long a louer bene,
 If such yong babes should bleare mine eyes,
 But trill the ball before my face,
 I am content to make you play:
 I will not se, I hide my face,
 And turne my backe and ronne away.
 But if you folowe on so fast,
 And crosse the waies where I should go,
 Ye may waxe weary at the last,

And then at length your self orethrow.
 I meane where you and all your flocke,
 Deuise to pen men in the pound :
 I know a key can picke your locke,
 And make you runne your felues on ground.

Some birdes can eate the strawie corne,
 And flee the lime the fowlers fet,
 And some are ferde of euery thorne,
 And so therby they scape the net.
 But some do light and neuer loke,
 And feeth not who doth stand in waite,
 As fish that swalow vp the hoke,
 And is begiled through the baite.

But men can loke before they leape,
 And be at price for euery ware,
 And penyworthes cast to bye good cheape.
 And in ech thyng hath eye and care.
 But he that bluntly runnes on hed,
 And feeth not what the race shal be :
 Is like to bring a foole to bed,
 And thus ye get no more of me.

The louer forsaketh his unkinde loue.

Farewell thou frosen hart and eares of hardned stele,
 Thou lackest yeres to vnderstand the grefe that I did fele.
 The gods reuenge my wrong, with equall plage on thee,
 When plesure shal prick forth thy youth, to learn what loue shalbe.
 Perchance thou prouest now, to scale blinde Cupides holde,
 And matchest where thou maist repent, when al thy cards
 are told
 But blush not thou therefore, thy betters haue done so,
 Who thought they had retained a doue, when they but caught
 a cro
 And some do lenger time, with lofty lokes we see,
 That light at length as low or wors then doth the betel bee,
 Yet let thy hope be good, such hap may fall from hye :
 That thou maist be if fortune serue, a princeffe er thou dye.

If chance prefer thee so, alas poore fely man,
 Where shall I scape thy cruell handes, or seke for succour than?
 God shild such greedy wolues, should lap in gilleffe bloode,
 And fend short hornes to hurtful heads, yat rage like lyons woode.
 I feldome se the day, but malice wanteth might,
 And hatefull harts haue neuer hap, to wreke their wrath aright.
 The madman is vnmete, a naked sword to gide,
 And more vnfit are they to clime, that are orecome with pride.
 I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon sure,
 That can both soerand stoupe sometime, as men cast vp the lure.
 The peacock hath no place, in thee when thou shalt list,
 For some no foner make a signe, but thou perceuest the fist.
 They haue that I do want, and that doth thee begilde,
 The lack that thou dost se in me, doth make thee loke so wilde.
 My luryng is not good, it liketh not thine eare,
 My call it is not half so fwete, as would to god it were.
 Well wanton yet beware, thou do no tiryng take,
 At euery hand that would thee fede, or to thee frendship make,
 This councill take of him that ought thee once his loue,
 Who hopes to mete thee after this among the faintes aboue.
 But here within this world, if he may shonne the place,
 He rather asketh present death, than to behold thy face.

The louer preferreth his lady aboue all other.

REsigne you dames whom tikelyng brute delight,
 The golden praife that flatteries tromp doth sown¹
 And vassels be to her that claims by right,
 The title iust that first dame beauty found.
 Whose dainty eyes such sugred baits do hide,
 As poyson harts where glims of loue do glide.
 Come eke and see how heauen and nature wrought,
 Within her face where framed is such ioy:
 As Priams sonnes in vaine the seas had fought,
 If halfe such light had had abode in Troy.
 For as the golden sunne doth darke ech starre,
 So doth her hue the fayrest dames as farre.
 Ech heauenly gift, ech grace that nature could,

¹ sownde: 1559.

By art or wit my lady lo retaynes :
 A facred head, fo heapt with heares of gold,
 As Phebus beames for beauty farre it flayns,
 A fuced¹ tong, where eke fuch fweteneffe fnowes,
 That well it femes a fountain where it flowes.

Two laughyng eyes fo linked with pleafyng lokes
 As wold entice a tygers hart to ferue :
 The bayt is fwete but eager be the hookes,
 For Dyane feeks her honour to preferue.
 Thus Arundell fits, throned ftill with fame,
 Whom enmies trompe can not attaynt with fhame.

My dafed head fo daunted is with heapes,
 Of giftes diuine that harber in her brest :
 Her heauenly fhape, that lo my verfes leaps,
 And touch but that wherin ſhe clowds the reſt.
 For if I ſhould her graces all recite,
 Both time ſhould want, and I ſhould wonders write.

Her chere fo fwete, fo chriſtall is her eyes,
 Her mouth fo ſmall, her lips fo liuely red :
 Her hand fo fine, her wordes fo fwete and wiſe,
 That Pallas ſemes to ſoiourne in her hed.
 Her vertues great, her forme as farre excedes,
 As funne the ſhade that mortall creatures leades.

Would God that wretched age would ſpare to race,
 Her liuely hew that as her graces rare :
 Be goddeſſe like, euen ſo her goddeſſe face,
 Might neuer change but ſtill continue faire
 That eke in after time ech wight may ſee,
 How vertue can with beauty beare degree.

*The louer lamenteth that he would
 forget loue, and can not.*

Alas when ſhall I ioy,
 When ſhall my wofull hart,
 Caſt forth the foliſh toy
 That breadeth all my ſmart.
 A thouſand times and mo,

¹ ſugred. 1559.

I haue attempted fore :
 To rid this restleffe wo,
 Which raigneth more and more.

But when remembrance past,
 Hath laid dead coles together :
 Old loue renewes his blast,
 That cause my ioyes to wither.
 Then fodaynely a spark,
 Startes out of my desire :
 And lepes into my hart,
 Settyng the coles a fire.

Then reason runnes about,
 To feke forgetfull water :
 To quench and clene put out,
 The cause of all this matter.
 And faith dead flesh must nedes,
 Be cut out of the core,
 For rotten withered wedes,
 Can heale no greuous fore.

But then euen fodaynely,
 The feruent heat doth flake :
 And cold then straineth me,
 That makes my bodies shake.
 Alas who can endure,
 To suffer all this paine,
 Sins her that should me cure,
 Most cruell death hath flaine.

Well well, I say no more,
 Let dead care for the dead,
 Yet wo is me therefore,
 I must attempt to lead,
 One other kinde of life,
 Then hitherto I haue :
 Or els this paine and strife,
 Will bring me to my graue.

[Then follow, in the Second and subsequent editions, the Ten *Songes* written by N. G. : which are distinguished at pp. 96-125.]

Tottel's Miscellany.

. . . The chief editions can only be noted. For earlier impressions see pp. ix.-xiv.

I. As a separate publication.

9. 1717. London. Poems of H. Howard . . . With the Poems of Sir T. Wyatt and others, his Famous Contemporaries. [Ed. with Memoirs by T. Sewell, M.D. Text incorrect.] 1 vol. 8vo.
13. [1795-1807. London. A Reprint of No. 2: with other poems by Surrey and Wyatt. Ed. by Bp. Percy and T. Steevens, who appended to it *Poems in Blank Verse (not Dramatique) prior to MILTON'S Paradise Lost*. These are G. TURBERVILLE'S *Ovids Epistles*, 1567; G. GASCOIGNE'S *Steele Glas*, 1576; B. RICHE'S *Precepts for a State* from 'The Trauailles of Don Simonides,' 1584; G. PEELE'S *Verses* before Watson's 'Εκατομπαθια, 1582; and in a *Device before the Lord Mayor*, 1585; J. HIGGIN'S *The Epistle of Pontius Pilate* from 'A Mirrour for Magistrates,' 1587; J. ASKE'S *Elizabetha Triumphans*, 1588; W. VALLAN'S *A Tale of Two Swannes*, 1590; N. BRETTON, *Speeches at Elvetham*, 1591; G. CHAPMAN'S *Poem on Guiana*, 1596; C. MARLOW'S *1st Book of Lucan's Pharsalia*, 1600. The entire impression, except four copies, was destroyed in the fire at Nichol's printing works in Feb. 1808. There is a copy in the Grenville Collection. No. 11568-9.] 2 vols. 8vo.
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