



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

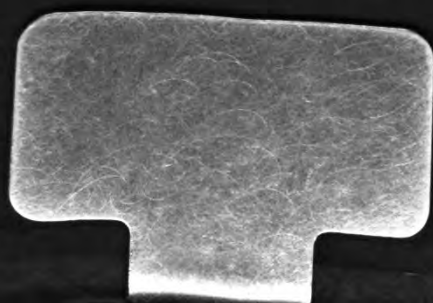
For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.







12

1st. Quantities  
Greenwood & Co. p. 4

M

2704 e 70

= A. 5.  $\frac{1363}{[11]}$

A  
WISHED REFORMACION  
OF  
*WICKED REBELLION.*

Newly fet fourth by

*Thomas Churchyard*

ESQUIER.



*IMPRINTED AT LONDON*

by Thomas Este, dwelling in  
Alderfgate streete.

1598.



## INTRODUCTION.

---

WE have here reprinted two of old Thomas Churchyard's Poems—the first utterly unknown, but of little worth excepting in a historical point of view—the second, the most popular piece that he ever wrote, and which originally, and in a shorter form, made its appearance in "The Mirror for Magistrates," a well-known series of supposed autobiographical productions in verse, first published in 1559, and again, with Sackville's famous "Induction," in 1563.

The "Wished Reformation of wicked Rebellion" was put forth at the period of the breaking out of the insurrection in Ireland, which Robert Earl of Essex was sent to subdue. Two poems, the "Fortunate Farewell" of the Earl of Essex, and the "Welcome Home" of the same nobleman, have been included in all the lists of Churchyard's productions; but the "Wished Reformation of wicked Rebellion," which necessarily preceded them, has not even been mentioned. The writer never displayed any striking powers of imagination or happiness of invention; and in the later part of his career (failing, perhaps, other attractions) he endeavoured to draw attention to his labours by the adoption of a very peculiar system (if system it can be called in which no established principle seems to have been observed) of spelling and punctuation, both of which are continued in the reproduction in the hands of the reader. Having been born at



Shrewsbury about 1520, Churchyard was, probably, in his seventy-eighth year when the tract (of only four leaves) appeared, and he died six years afterwards.

His "Tragedy of Shore's Wife" (not a drama, although the subject was dramatised late in the reign of Elizabeth) had been known for more than thirty years before it was enlarged and altered as it appears in the following pages. In 1593, its author gave to it his latest improvements, and it was then made to form a separate tract in "Churchyard's Challenge," a collection of poems which the author "challenged" as his own, although he complained that his enemies had, in several instances, denied the paternity. Such had especially been the case with his "Shore's Wife;" but in the year following its reappearance in 1593, it was warmly applauded by no less a critic than Thomas Nash, who, among other points, thus addressed Churchyard in the Epistle before "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem:" "I love you unfeignedly and admire your aged Muse, that may well be grand-mother to our grand-eloquentest Poets of this present. *Sanctum et venerabile vetus omne Poema.* Shore's Wife is young, though you be stept in years: in her shall you live when you are dead."

We doubt whether the modern reader will accord entirely in Nash's eulogy, which was, perhaps, more highly spiced, because Gabriel Harvey had done his best to detract from the old poet's merits. Besides the peculiarity of spelling, especially in the "Wished Reformation," Churchyard purposely, and obviously, set grammatical concords at defiance: the verb and its nominative often disagree.

J. P. C.

To all the right noble of birth or  
mynd, with the true hartted Gentlemen and  
loyall subjects of England, Thomas Church-  
yard wisheth heavenly happinesse, with  
worldly honour, rest, peace and  
parfait felicite.

**M**OEST worthy, vertuos, honorable, and well disposed  
people of all degrees, whoes goodnes and wifdom I  
dowt not, but have oftten ballanced in brest the terryble  
trobuls and broyls that trefon and rebellion hath broght  
to many quyet kingdoms by parrelos practises, proud  
attempts, and feditios disorders, a foer pestilent sicknes that  
breeds many dangeros deffects in a publyck staet. If  
thear wear no other president, make Ierland an example;  
what curfed callamitees aer fet a broetch by theas wicked  
and unwelcom cawfis, canckers in a common weall, blayns  
and botchis in a sound body, and gnawing worms and  
caetter pillars to every honest hart. If a wyes world  
accounts theas rotten byells no better, how shuld a true  
wrytter give them any better naem? Wherefore I pray

you with pacyence and fweet confitheracion (and no fowre fenffuer) read what followeth in mild manner of vers, albeit fomwhat byetting the gawlls of fuch, whoes wounds cannot bee healed but by fom fharp and ferching medfon : thear is ment, by the wryttars good will, a fodayn wifhed reformation of wicked rebellion, and over great boldnes that fhuld maek them bloesh that aer actters and doers in theas tragecall commedies and mizerable pagants, I crave but your good juegments and layzar to loek with frindly eyes on the verfis that wear well ment and lovingly offred.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

## A wished reformation of wicked rebellion.

---

**G**OOD men wear glad at Gods great glorie seen  
(By speshall grace) on Englands joy to shyen,  
Which grace prezarvd our quinttedefensed Queen,  
That skaeped faef from skaeth throw power devien.  
O falls forsworn, what ear you aer, give place  
To mightty Jovs Lieftenant heer on earth !  
O haetfull flock of traytors, heid your face  
From rightfull kings and queens well boern by byrth !  
Fy, tretcheros trash, that wind will blo a way ;  
Pluck up your fight, and see your own decay !

Have you not hard how birds of theayr difcloes  
Fowll treasons oft, and brings traytors to shaem ?  
His confhence doth condemp him whear hee goes,  
That seeks to torn a kingdom out of fraem ;  
Councell a broed, and bad device at hoem,  
Ritches ill won, and gold that enmies give,  
Baerfoet lyek freers to wrangling Roem may roem ;  
In England long heer may no traytors live.  
O Jezuwits ! can you your selves eskues,  
Whan Jhesus naem and docttrin you abues ?

Hee preached peace, you fow discord and war,  
 All duety done to Sezar Cryft dyd lyek ;  
 But you in rage and errors run fo far,  
 Yee care not whom yee poyson, kill, or ftryek :  
 A shameleffe fwarm off Seminaries now,  
 Disguifd lyek dogges that whine beefore they bite,  
 Fills every towne with truthleffe traytors throw,  
 Whoes words, lyke fwords, are ready drawne to fmite ;  
 But blo of axe comes oft ere they bee waer,  
 And ftryeks of head, and leaves the body baer.

All fpeeds a lyek, and all comes to one end ;  
 Hee dyes to day, next moern his fellow goes :  
 No warning farves, nor may the mifchiefe mend,  
 So faft and far the floods of folly floes.  
 Runs ore the brym beeyond obedience bounds,  
 Tears up great trees, and throwes good houfes downe,  
 Harms common weales, maeks cuerles foers and wounds,  
 And cuts them off that ought farve prince and crowne.  
 What win you then, when lyves of many a man  
 Are fpilt and loft, fince you theas broyls beganne ?

To ryed in poeft from Spayne to Tybron freight  
 Is fure a knack of coofnaeg in a coerd.  
 Some fwyngars fay, hanging is but a fleight,  
 Yet drawing fuer, and quartring is aboerd  
 Of honeft harts. Fy, helhounds! hunt no moer  
 Among true men, your haunt is foen efpied :  
 To bee trust up, and get no thank therfoer,  
 Is boldneffe great, fo lyek a traytor tryed.  
 O England! wayll the baebs boern in thy woem,  
 Who never brings no better fruet from Roem.

Poyfons do mutch, but murthers smell the smoek,  
(A fit perfuem for Plutoes fellows all)  
They are sent ore, under a cunning cloek,  
To throwd a plaeg that one some shoulders fall.  
The Sacrament, first, traytors must receive  
To doo fowll deeds. Is that relygion good ?  
Fy on that fayth that shall mans fowll disceave  
By bold attempts, and bathing hands in blood !  
Without eskues theas faults must suffer blaem,  
(In secreet fayd) aut com to open shaem.

Treafons do end with plaegs and fkorgis great,  
A just reward for wilfull fowll offence :  
Than, what is won by bloody angers heat ?  
As Judas fold our Christ for thirtty pens,  
Hee hangd himself for doing such a deed :  
The law loeks well on all those divlish drifts  
Which coms to nought, for strangly still they speed  
That wold gro great by cruell shaemles shifts :  
Death, hell, and fier at heells doth follow those  
That from the prince and staet a gadding goes.

No kingdom shoes so many rebells yet,  
Althoguh a Freer in France wold fellows have ;  
Yee run to far with over weening wit,  
For traytors wants the powre to powl and shave,  
Or cut our throets, sharp razors how you may.  
Tiem tells us taells of all your praçtyes throw,  
Then fly hens, foells, your deeds do you beewray :  
Fowll murder brings your naems in question now,  
Escaep is noen, but only throw the pyeks,  
For all the world your doings mutch mislyeks.

Kill oen, kill all ; kill all, firft hang your felvs,  
 So all is faeff, for hee that all doth fee  
 Loeks down on thoes that dayly digs and delvs,  
 To fave from harms all fuch as harmles bee :  
 So, on thoes props that holds up publyek ftaet  
 Hee loeks, and doth thearin as hee doth pleas,  
 And for a pawne hee givs you all check maet,  
 Boern heer at hoem, or bred beeyond the feas.  
 Than, think on all you wifh to overthrow,  
 So is your fall moer neerar than you know.

For as you wifh a change for hired caufe,  
 So evry ftaet haets thoes that traytors bee ;  
 No frinds you find in common world or lawfe,  
 Whear conftant fayth your changing minds may fee.  
 Think you our world loves traytors half fo well,  
 That children, wiefs, and goods they do forget ?  
 And will loes land and houfis whear they dwell,  
 And roet up all, untyemly twigs to fet ?  
 Goe, bloody brood, hatcht up in rebell rowt,  
 Hyed heads in hoells, elfe world will find you out.

God may convert vyell men from vicyous arts,  
 Reform the mind, the body vertuouſ grows ;  
 When fhaem maeks blufh the face that playes bad parts,  
 God's grace will work moer goodneffe then man knoes :  
 Ill lyef foer thought filſ hart with hoep and grace,  
 Repentance brings ſweet reſt and bleffings boeth ;  
 Obedience fraems a conſcience in good cace,  
 True feare and love delights in loyall troeth ;  
 But who feeks blood in blood fhall glotted bee,  
 And his own end by blood fhall quickly fee.

I can but wish the wicked wear reform'd,  
And all the rust and canker skowred clean ;  
If no, bee sure thear madnesse will bee worm'd,  
And troblos tongs bee taught to sing a mean.  
Thear poysonings aer reveald by thear own crue,  
Thear treasons hath no powre to passe unknown ;  
Sedishoes books and sawfy lybels nue,  
In fier and flaem aer utterly oerthrown ;  
Themselves in doubt of death and daunger still,  
Under Gods wrath, and rightfull princes will.

*Finis qd. Thomas Churchyard.*



•

THE TRAGEDIE  
OF  
SHORES WIFE.

*Much augmented, with divers new  
Additions.*

By THOMAS CHURCHYARD.



LONDON.  
Printed by John Wolfe.  
1593.



To the right honorable the Lady  
Mount Eagle and Compton, wife to the  
right honourable the Lord of Buck-  
hurfts son and heire.

**G**OOD Madame, for that the vertuous and good Ladie  
Carie, your sifter, honourable accepted a discourse  
of my penning, I beleevd your Ladiship would not refuse  
the like offer, humbly presented and dutifully ment, I  
bethought me of a Tragedie that long laye printed and  
many speake well of, but some doubting the shallownesse of  
my heade (or of meere mallice disdained my doings)  
denies me the fathering of fuche a worke, that hath won so  
much credit ; but as sure as God lives, they that so defames  
me, or doth difable me in this cause, doth me such an open  
wrong, as I would be glad to right with the best blood in  
my body, so he be mine equall that moved such a quarrell :  
but mine old yeares doth utterly forbid me such a combat,  
and to contend with the malicious, I think it a madnesse ;  
yet I protest before God and the world the penning of  
Shore's wife was mine, desiring in my hart that all the  
plagues in the worlde maie possesse me, if anie holpe me

either with scrowle or counsell to the publishing of the invencion of the same Shores wife. And to show that yet my spirits faile me not in as great matters as that, I have augmented her Tragedie, I hope in as fine a forme as the first impressiion thereof, and hath sette forth some more Tragedies and tragicall discourfes no whit inferior, as I trust, to my first worke; and, good madame, because Rosimond is so excellently sette forth (the actor whereof I honour) I have somewhat beautified my Shore's wife, not in any kind of emulation, but to make the world knowe my device in age is as rife and reddie, as my disposition and knowledge was in youth. So having chofen a noble personage to be a patrone to support poore Shores wifes Tragedie againe, I commend all the verses of her (olde and newe) to your good Ladiships judgment, hoping you shall lose no honour in the supportation of the same, because the true writer thereof with all humbleness of mind and service presents the Tragedie unto your honourable censure, wishing long life and encrease of vertues fame to make your Ladiships daies happie.

T. CHURCHYARD.

Heere followes the Tragedie of Shores  
wife, much augmented with divers new  
aditions.

---

**A**MONG the rest by fortune overthrowne,  
I am not least that most may waile her fate:  
My fame and brute abroade the world is blowne:  
Who can forget a thing thus done so late?  
My great mischance, my fall, and heavy fate  
Is such a marke, whereat each tongue doth shoote,  
That my good name is pluckt up by the roote.

This wandring world bewitched me with wiles,  
And won my wits with wanton sugred joyes:  
In Fortunes freakes who trusts her when she smiles  
Shall find her false and full of fickle toyes.  
Her triumphs all but fills our eares with noyse,  
Her flattering giftes are pleasures mixt with paine,  
Yea, and all her words are thunders threatning raine.

The fond desire that we in glorie set  
Doth thirle our hearts to hope in slipper hap;  
A blast of pompe is all the fruite we get,  
And under that lies hid a sodaine clap.  
In seeking rest unwares we fall in trap:  
In groping flowres with nettles stung we are;  
In labring long we reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceite with painted face for tho!  
 Oh poyfnd baite that makes us eager still!  
 Oh fained friend, deceiving people fo!  
 Oh world, of thee we cannot speake too ill!  
 Yet fooles we are that bend fo to thy skill.  
 The plague and scourge that thoufands daily feele  
 Should warne the wyfe to fhun thy whirling wheele.

But who can ftop the ftreame that runnes full swift,  
 Or quench the fire that crept is in the ftraw?  
 The thirfty drinkes, there is no other fhift,  
 Perforce is fuch that neede obayes no lawe.  
 Thus bounde we are in worldly yokes to drawe,  
 And cannot ftay nor turne againe in time,  
 Nor learne of thofe that fought too high to clime.

My felfe for prooffe, loe! here I now appeare  
 In womans weede, with weeping watred eyes,  
 That bought her youth and her delights full deare,  
 Whofe lewd reproch doth found unto the fkies,  
 And bids my corfe out of the ground to rife,  
 As one that may no longer hide her face,  
 But needes muft come and fhewe her piteous cafe.

The fheete of fhame wherein I shrowded was  
 Did move me oft to plaine before this day,  
 And in mine eares did ring the trompe of braffe,  
 Which is defame, that doth each thing bewray:  
 Yea, though full dead and low in earth I lay,  
 I heard the voyce, of mee what people faide,  
 But then to speake, alas! I was affraide.

And nowe a time for me I see preparte.  
I heare the lives and falls of many wights ;  
My tale therefore the better may be heard,  
For at the torch the little candle lights :  
Where Pageants be, smale things fill out the fights.  
Wherefore give eare, good Churchyard ; doe thy best  
My Tragedy to place among the rest.

Because the truth shall witnes well with thee,  
I will rehearse in order as it fell,  
My life, my death, my dolefull destene,  
My wealth, my woe, my doing every deale ;  
My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwell :  
A whole discourse, by me Shores wife by name,  
Now shalt thou heare, as thou hadst seene the fame.

Of noble blood I cannot boast my byrth,  
For I was made out of the meanest mould :  
Mine heritage but seven foote of th' earth,  
Fortune ne gave to me the gifts of gold ;  
But I could brag of nature, if I would,  
Who fild my face with favour fresh and faire,  
Whose beautie shon like Phœbus in the ayre.

My beautie blafd like torch or twinckling starre,  
A lively lamp that lends darke world some light :  
Faire Phœbus beames scarce reacheth halfe so farre  
As did the rayes of my rare beautie bright.  
As summers day exceedes blacke winters night,  
So Shores wives face made foule Browneta blush,  
As pearle staynes pitch, or gold furmounds a ruff.



The damaske rofe, or Rofamond the faire,  
 That Henry held as deere as jewells be,  
 Who was kept clofe in cage from open ayre,  
 For beauties boaft could fcarfe compare with me.  
 The kindly buds and bloffomes of brave tree  
 With white and red had deckt my cheekes fo fine,  
 There flood two balles like drops of claret wine.

The beaten fnow, nor lily in the field,  
 No whiter fure then naked necke and hand :  
 My lookes had force to make a lyon yeeld,  
 And at my forme in gaze a world would ftand.  
 My body fmall, framd finely to be fpannd,  
 As though dame Kind hap fworne in folemne fort  
 To fhrowd herfelfe in my faire forme and port.

No part amiffe when nature tooke fuch care  
 To fet me out as nought fhould be awry,  
 To furnifh forth (in due proportion rare)  
 A peece of worke fhould please a princes eie.  
 O, would to God that boaft might prove a lie!  
 For pride youth tooke in beauties borrowde traff  
 Gave age a whippe, and left me in the lafh.

My fhape, fome faide, was feemely to each fight,  
 My countenance did fhewe a fober grace ;  
 Mine eies in lookes were never proved light,  
 My tongue in wordes was chaft in every cafe :  
 Mine eares were deafe, and would no lovers place,  
 Save that, alas! a prince did blot my browe :  
 Loe! there the ftroong did make the weake to bowe.

The majestie that kings to people beare,  
The stately port, the awefull cheere they shewe,  
Doth make the meane to shrinke and couch for feare,  
Like as the hounde that doth his maister know.  
What then? Since I was made unto the bowe,  
There is no cloake can ferve to hide my fault,  
For I agreede the fort he should affault.

The eagles force subdues ech bird that flies :  
What metell may resist the flaming fire?  
Doth not the sun dafill the cleereft eyes,  
And melt the yse and make the frost retyre?  
Who can withstand a puissant kings desire?  
The stiffest stons are perced through with tooles,  
The wisest are with princes made but fooles.

Yf kinde had wrought my forme in common frames,  
And fet me forth in colours blacke and browne;  
Or beautie had beene parcht in Phœbus flames,  
Or shamefast waies had pluckt my feathers downe,  
Then had I kept my fame and good renowne :  
For natures gifts were cause of all my grieve.  
A pleasant pray entifeth many a theefe.

Thus woe to thee that wrought my peacocks pride  
By cloathing me with natures tapestry!  
Woe worth the hewe wherein my face was dyde,  
Which made me thinke I pleased every eie!  
Like as the starres make men beholde the skye,  
So beauties showe doth make the wise full fond,  
And brings free hearts full oft in endleffe bond.

But cleere from blame my friends can not be found :  
 Before my time my youth they did abuse.  
 In mariage yoke a prentise was I bound  
 When that meere love I knewe not how to use.  
 But wel away! that cannot me excuse.  
 The harme is mine, though they devisde my care,  
 And I must smart, and fet in flanderous snare.

Yet giue me lieve to pleade my caufe at large.  
 Yff that the horse doe run beyonde his race,  
 Or any thinge that keepers have in charge  
 Doe breake their course where rulers may take place,  
 Or meate be fet before the hungries face,  
 Who is in fault? th' offender, yea or no?  
 Or they that are the caufe of all this woe.

Note well what strife this forced mariage makes,  
 What lothed lives doe come where love doth lacke,  
 What scratching briers doe growe upon such brakes,  
 What common weales by it are brought to wracke;  
 What heavy loades is put on patients backe,  
 What strange delights this branch of vice doth breed,  
 And marke what graine springs out of such a feede.

Compell the hauke to fit that is unmande,  
 Or make the hounde unraind to drawe the deere,  
 Or bring the free against his will in band,  
 Or move the sad a pleafant tale to here,  
 Your time is loft and you no whit the nere :  
 So love ne learns of force the knot to knit,  
 She serues but those that feeles sweete fancies fit.

The lefs defame redounds to my difpraise ;  
I was intifte by traines and trapt by truſt :  
Though in my force remained yeas and naves  
Unto my friends, yet needes conſent I muſt  
In every thing, yea, lawfull or unjuſt.  
They breake the bowes and ſhake the tree by fleight,  
And bend the wand that mought have growne full ſtraight.

What helpe is this ? the pale once broken downe,  
The deere muſt needes in danger run aſtray :  
At me therefore why ſhould the world ſo frowne ?  
My weaknes made my youth a princes pray.  
Though wiſdome ſhould the courſe of nature ſtay,  
Yet try my caſe, who liſt, and they ſhall prove  
The ripeſt wits are ſooneſt thralls to love.

What neede I more to cleere my ſelfe ſo much ?  
A king me wan and had me at his call :  
His royall ſtate, his princely grace was ſuch,  
The hope of will that women ſeeke of all ;  
The eaſe and wealth, the gifts which were not ſmall  
Beſeeged me ſo ſtrongly round about,  
My powre was weake : I could not holde him out.

Duke Hanniball in all his conqueſt great,  
Or Cæſar yet, whoſe triumphes did exceed,  
Of all their ſpoyses, which made them toyle and ſweate,  
Were not ſo glad to have ſo rich a meede  
As was this Prince when I to him agreede,  
And yeelded me a priſner willingly,  
As one that knew no way away to fly.

The nightingale, for all his merry voyce,  
 Nor yet the larke that still delights to sing,  
 Did neuer make the hearers so rejoyce,  
 As I with wordes have made this worthy king :  
 I neuer jarde, in tune was euery string :  
 I tempred so my tongue to please his eare  
 That what I faid was currant every where.

Sweete are the songs that merry night-crow sings,  
 For many parts are in those charming notes ;  
 Sweete are the tunes and pipes that please kings ;  
 Sweete is the love wherein great lordings dotes ;  
 But sweetest of all is fancie where it flotes,  
 For throwe rough seas it smoothy swimmes away,  
 And in deepe flouds where skulles of fishe doe play.

And where love slides it leaves ne signe nor shoue  
 Where it hath gon, the way so shuts againe.  
 It is a sport to heare the fine night-crow  
 Chaunt in the queere upon a pricke song plaine :  
 No musicke more may please a princes vaine  
 Then descant strange and voice of favrets breest  
 In quiet bower, when birds be all at rest.

No such comfort as plaine two parts in one,  
 Whose rare reports doth carry cunning clean :  
 Where two long loves and lives in joy alone  
 They sing at will the treble or the meane.  
 Where musicke wants the mirth not worth a beane.  
 The king and I agreed in such concorde,  
 I ruld by love, though he did raigne a lord.

I joynd my talke, my jestures and my grace  
In wittie frames that long might last and stand,  
So that I brought the king in such a case  
That to his death I was his chiefest hand.  
I governd him that ruled all this land :  
I bare the sword, though he did weare the crowne ;  
I strake the stroke that threwe the mightie downe.

If justice said that judgement was but death,  
With my sweete wordes I could the king perswade,  
And make him pause, and take therein a breath  
Till I with suite the fautors peace had made :  
I knewe that way to use him in his trade ;  
I had the art to make the lyon meeke ;  
There was no point wherein I was to seeke.

I tooke delight in doying each man good,  
Not scratting all my selfe, as all were mine,  
But lookt whose life in neede and danger stood,  
And those I kept from harme with cunning fine.  
On princes traine I alwayes cast mine eye ;  
For lifting up the servants of the king  
I did throwe court my selfe in favour bring.

I offered ayde before they fled to me,  
And promised nought but would performe it straight ;  
I shaked downe sweete fruit from top of tree,  
Made apples fall in laps of men by sleight.  
I did good turnes whiles that I was in height,  
For feare a flawe of winde would make me reele,  
And blowe me downe when Fortune turnd his wheele.

I fild no chefts with chynks to cherifh age,  
 But in the harts of people layde my gold ;  
 Sought love of lord, of maifter and of page,  
 And for no bribbe I never favour folde.  
 I had enough, I might doe what I would,  
 Save, fpend, or give, or fling it on the ground :  
 The more I gave, the more in purfe I found.

Yf I did frowne, who then durft looke awry ?  
 Yf I did fmile, who would not laugh outright ?  
 Yf I but fpake, who durft my wordes denye ?  
 Yf I perfude, who would forfake the flight ?  
 I meane, my powre was knowne to every wight.  
 On fuch a height good hap had built my bowre,  
 As though my sweete fhould nere have turnd to fowre.

My husband then, as one that knewe his good,  
 Refufde to keepe a princes concubine,  
 Forfeeing the end, and mifchiefe as it ftood,  
 Againft the king did never much repine.  
 He fawe the grape whereof he dranke the wine :  
 Though inward thought his hart did ftill torment,  
 Yet outwardly he feemde he was content.

To purchafe praife and win the peoples zeale,  
 Yea, rather bent of kind to doe fome good,  
 I ever did upholde the common weale :  
 I had delight to fave the guiltles blood :  
 Each futers caufe, when that I understood,  
 I did prefer, as it had beene mine owne,  
 And helpe them up that might have beene orethrowne.



My powre was preft to right the poore mans wrong,  
My hands were free to give where neede required :  
To watch for grace I never thought it long ;  
To doe men good I neede not be defired ;  
Nor yet with giftes my hart was never hyred,  
But when the ball was at my foote to guide,  
I playde to thofe that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was eafe at will ;  
My robes were rich and braver then the funne :  
My fortune then was far above my skill,  
My ftate was great, my glaffe did ever runne.  
My fatall threed fo happely was fpunne  
That then I fate in earthly pleafures clad,  
And for the time a goddeffe place I had.

But I had not fo foone this life poffeft,  
But my good hap began to flide afide,  
And Fortune then did me fo fore moleft,  
That unto plaints was turned all my pride.  
It booted not to row againft the tide :  
Mine oares were weake, my heart and ftrength did faile ;  
The winde was rough, I durft not beare a faile.

What fteps of ftife belong to high eftate !  
The climbing up is doubtfull to endure ;  
The feate it felfe doth purchafe privy hate,  
And honours fame is fickle and unfure,  
And all the brings is flowres that be impure,  
Which fall as faft as they doe sprout and fpring,  
And cannot laft, they are fo vaine a thing.



We count no care to catch that we doe wish,  
 But what we win is long to us unknowen :  
 Till present paine be served in our dish,  
 We scarce perceive whereon our griefe hath growen.  
 What graine proves well that is so rashly fowen ?  
 If that a meane did measure all our deedes,  
 In steede of corne we should not gather weedes.

The fetled mind is free from Fortunes power :  
 They neede not feare who looke not up aloft ;  
 But they that clime are carefull every hour,  
 For when they fall they light not very soft.  
 Examples hath the wifest warned oft,  
 That where the trees the smallest branches beare  
 The stormes doe blow, and have most rigour there.

Where is it strong, but neere the ground and roote ?  
 Where is it weake but on the highest sprays ?  
 Where may a man so surely set his foote  
 But on those bowes that groweth lowe alwayes ?  
 The little twigs are but unstedfast stayes,  
 Yf they breake not, they bend with every blast :  
 Who trusts to them shall never stand full fast.

The winde is great upon the highest hilles,  
 The quiet life is in the dale belowe ;  
 Who treads on yfe shall flyde against their wills ;  
 They want no cares that curious artes doe knowe.  
 Who lives at ease, and can content him so  
 Is perfect wise, and sets us all to schoole :  
 Who hates this lore may well be calde a foole.

What greater griefe may come to any life  
Then after fweete to taſte the bitter fowre,  
Or after peace to fall at warre and ſtrife,  
Or after mirth to have a cauſe to lowre?  
Under ſuch props falſe Fortune buildes her bowre;  
On ſodaine change her flittering frames be ſet,  
Where is no way for to eſcape the net.

The haſty ſmart that Fortune ſends in ſpite  
Is harde to brooke where gladnes we embrace;  
She threatens not, but ſodainely doth ſmite;  
Where joy is moſt there doth ſhe forrow place.  
But ſure I think this is too ſtrange a caſe  
For us to feele ſuch griefe amid our game,  
And know not why untill we taſt the fame.

As erſt I ſayde, my bliſſe was turnd to bale:  
I had good cauſe to weepe and wring my hands,  
And ſhowe ſad cheere with countenance full pale,  
For I was brought in forrowes wofull bands:  
A pirry came and ſet my ſhip on ſands.  
What ſhould I hyde, and colour care and noy?  
King Edward dyde, in whome was all my joy.

And when the earth received had his corſe,  
And that in tombe this worthy prince was layde,  
The world on me began to ſhowe his force:  
Of troubles then my part I long affayde;  
For they of whome I never was affrayde  
Undid me moſt, and wrought me ſuch deſpite,  
That they bereft me of my pleaſure quite.

Brought bare and poore, and throwne in worldes disgrace,  
 Holds downe the head, that never casts up eye;  
 Cast out of court, condemned in every place,  
 Condemnd perforce at mercies foote must lye.  
 Hope is but small when we for mercie crye:  
 The bird halfe dead that hauke hath fast in foote;  
 Lay heade on blocke, where is no other boote.

The rowling ftone that tumbleth downe the hill  
 Fynds none to stay the furie of his fall;  
 Once under foote for ever daunted still:  
 One cruell blowe strikes cleane away the ball.  
 Left once in lacke feeles alwayes want of will:  
 A conquerd mind must yeeld to every ill:  
 A weake poore soule, that Fortune doth forsake  
 In hard extreames, from world her leave may take.

From those that fall such as doe rife and run;  
 The found with sicke doe feldome long abide,  
 Poore people passe (as shadowes in the sun)  
 Like feeble fish that needes must followe tyde.  
 Among the rich a beggar soone is spied.  
 When weake Shores wife had lost her staffe of stay,  
 The halt and blind went limping lame away.

The poore is pincht and pointed at in deed,  
 As baited bull were leading to the flake.  
 Wealth findes great helpe, want gets no friend at neede:  
 A plaged wight a booteles mone may make.  
 A naked foole in street for colde may quake;  
 But colde or hot, when mischiefes comes a roe,  
 As falles the lot the backe beares of the bloe.

Prefarment past the world will soone forget :  
The present time is daily gazd upon.  
Yf merchant rich from wealth doe fall in debt,  
Small count is made of his good fortune gon.  
We feede on flesh, and fling away the bone :  
Embrace the best, and fet the world aside,  
Because faire flowers are made of in their pride.

You yonglings, nowe, that vaine delights leads on  
To fell chast life for lewd and light desires,  
Poore gaine is gote when rich good name is gon ;  
Foule blot and shame lives under trimme attires.  
World soone casts of the hackney horse it hiers,  
And when bare nagge is ridden out of breath,  
Tibbe is turnd lofe to feed on barren heath.

Of flowers a while men doe gay poses make ;  
The sent once past, adue dry withered leaves.  
Love lasts not long prickt up for pleasures fake,  
Straw little worth when corne forfakes the sheaves ;  
A painted post the gazers eie deceives,  
But when foule fauts are found that beard the fight,  
The account is gon of girlls or gugawes light.

Young pooppies play small feafon lasts, you see,  
Old appish sportes are quickly out of grace,  
Fond wanton games will soone forgotten be ;  
As sowre as crabbe becomes the sweetest face.  
There needes no more be spoken of this cafe :  
All earthy joyes by tract of time decayes ;  
Soone is the glase runne out of our good dayes.

My fall and facte makes prooffe of that is spoke,  
 Tels world to much of fhadowes in the funne,  
 Duft blowne with winde, or fimple prooffe of fmoake  
 That flies from fire, and fast throwe aire doth run :  
 It ends with woe that was with joy begun :  
 It turnes to teares that firft began with sport ;  
 At length long paine finds pleafure was but fhort.

As long as life remaind in Edwards breft,  
 Who was but I ? who had fuch friends at call ?  
 His body was no fooner put in cheft,  
 But well was he that could procure my fall.  
 His brother was mine enemy moft of all,  
 Protector then, whose vice did ftill abound,  
 From ill to worfe, till death did him confound.

He falſely fainde that I of counfell was  
 To poyfon him, which thing I never meant ;  
 But he could fet thereon a face of braffe  
 To bring to paffe his lewde and falſe intent,  
 To fuch miſchiefe this tyrants heart was bent.  
 To God ne man he never ftood in awe,  
 For in his wrath he made his will a lawe.

Lord Haftings bloud for vengeance on him cryes,  
 And many moe that were to long to name ;  
 But moft of all, and in moft woefull wife,  
 I had good caufe this wretched man to blame.  
 Before the world I fuffered open fhame :  
 Where people were as thicke as is the fand,  
 I pennance tooke with taper in my hand.

Each eye did stare and looke me in the face ;  
As I past by the rumours on me ran,  
But pacience then had lent me such a grace,  
My quiet lookes were praised of every man.  
The shamefast bloud brought me such colour than,  
That thousands fayde, that sawe my sober cheere,  
It is great ruth to see this woman heere.

But what prevayld the peoples pitie there ?  
This raging wolfe would spare no guiltles blood.  
Oh wicked wombe, that such ill fruit did beare !  
Oh curfed earth that yeeldeth forth such mud !  
The hell consume all things that did thee good,  
The heavens shut their gates against thy spreete,  
The world tread downe thy glory under feete !

I aske of God a vengeance on thy bones.  
Thy stinking corps corrupts the aire, I knowe :  
Thy shamefull death no earthly wight bemones,  
For in thy life thy workes were hated so,  
That every man did wish thy overthrowe ;  
Wherefore I may, though parcial nowe I am,  
Curse every cause whereof thy body came.

Woe worth the man that fathered such a childe !  
Woe worth the howre wherein thou wast begate !  
Woe worth the breasts that have the world begylde  
To nourish thee, that all the world did hate !  
Woe worth the Gods that gave thee such a fate  
To live so long, that death deservde so oft !  
Woe worth the chance that set thee up aloft !

Woe worth the day, the time, the howre and all  
When subjects clapt the crowne on Richards head!  
Woe worth the lordes that sat in sumptuous hall  
To honour him that princes blood so shed!  
Would God he had bin boyld in scalding lead,  
When he presumde in brothers seat to sit,  
Whose wretched rage ruld all with wicked wit!

Ye princes all and rulers everechone,  
In punishment beware of hatreds yre:  
Before yee scourge, take heede, looke well thereon,  
In wraths ill will if malice kindle fyre,  
Your harts will burne in such a hote defyre,  
That in those flames the smoke shall dim your sight,  
Yee shall forget to joyne your justice right.

You should not judge till things be well descerned,  
Your charge is still to maintaine upright lawes:  
In conscience rules you should be throwly lernd,  
Where clemencie bids wrath and rashnes pause,  
And further faith, strike not without a cause:  
And when yee smite, doe it for justice sake,  
Then in good part ech man your scourge will take.

If that such zeale had movd this tyrants mind  
To make my plague a warning for the rest,  
I had small cause such fault in him to finde:  
Such punishment is used for the best.  
But by ill will and powre I was opprest:  
He spoylde my goods and left me bare and poore,  
And caused me to beg from dore to dore.



What fall was this! to come from princes fare  
To watch for crumes among the blind and lame!  
When almes were delt, I had an hungry share,  
Because I knewe not how to aske for shame;  
Till force and neede had brought me in such frame,  
Than starve I must, or learne to beg an almes,  
With booke in hand to say S. Davids Pfalmes.

Where I was wont the golden chaines to weare,  
A payre of beads about my necke was wound;  
A linnen cloth was lapt about my heare,  
A ragged gowne that trailed on the ground;  
A dish that clapt and gave a heavie sound,  
A staying staffe, and wallet therewithall,  
I bare about as witnesse of my fall.

The fall of leafe is nothing like the spring:  
Ech eye beholdes the rising of the funne,  
And men admire the favour of a king,  
And from great states growne in disgrace they run.  
Such sodaine claps ne wit nor will can shun,  
For when the stoole is taken from our feete,  
Full flat on floore the body falls in streete.

I had no house wherein to hide my head,  
The open streete my lodging was perforce;  
Full oft I went all hungry to my bed,  
My flesh consumde, I looked like a corfe.  
Yet in that plight who had on me remorse?  
O God! thou knowste my friends forfooke me than;  
Not one holpe me that succred many a man.



They frownd on me that fawnd on me before,  
And fled from me that followed me full fast ;  
They hated me by whome I fet much store,  
They knewe full well my fortune did not laft ;  
In every place I was condemnde and cast.  
To pleade my caufe at bar it was no boote,  
For every man did tread me under foote.

Thus long I livd, all weary of my life,  
Till death approcht and rid me from that woe.  
Example take by me, both maide and wife ;  
Beware, take heede, fall not to folly fo ;  
A mirrour make by my great overthroee :  
Defye the world and all his wanton wayes,  
Beware by me that spent fo ill her dayes.

*T. Churchyard.*

am





