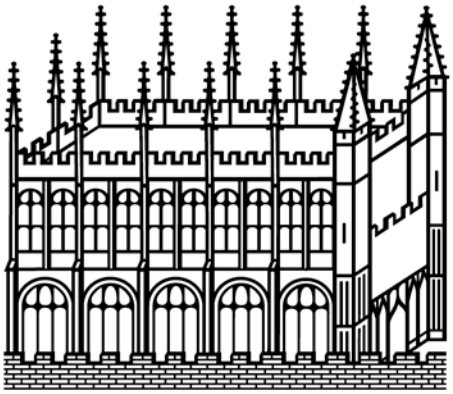

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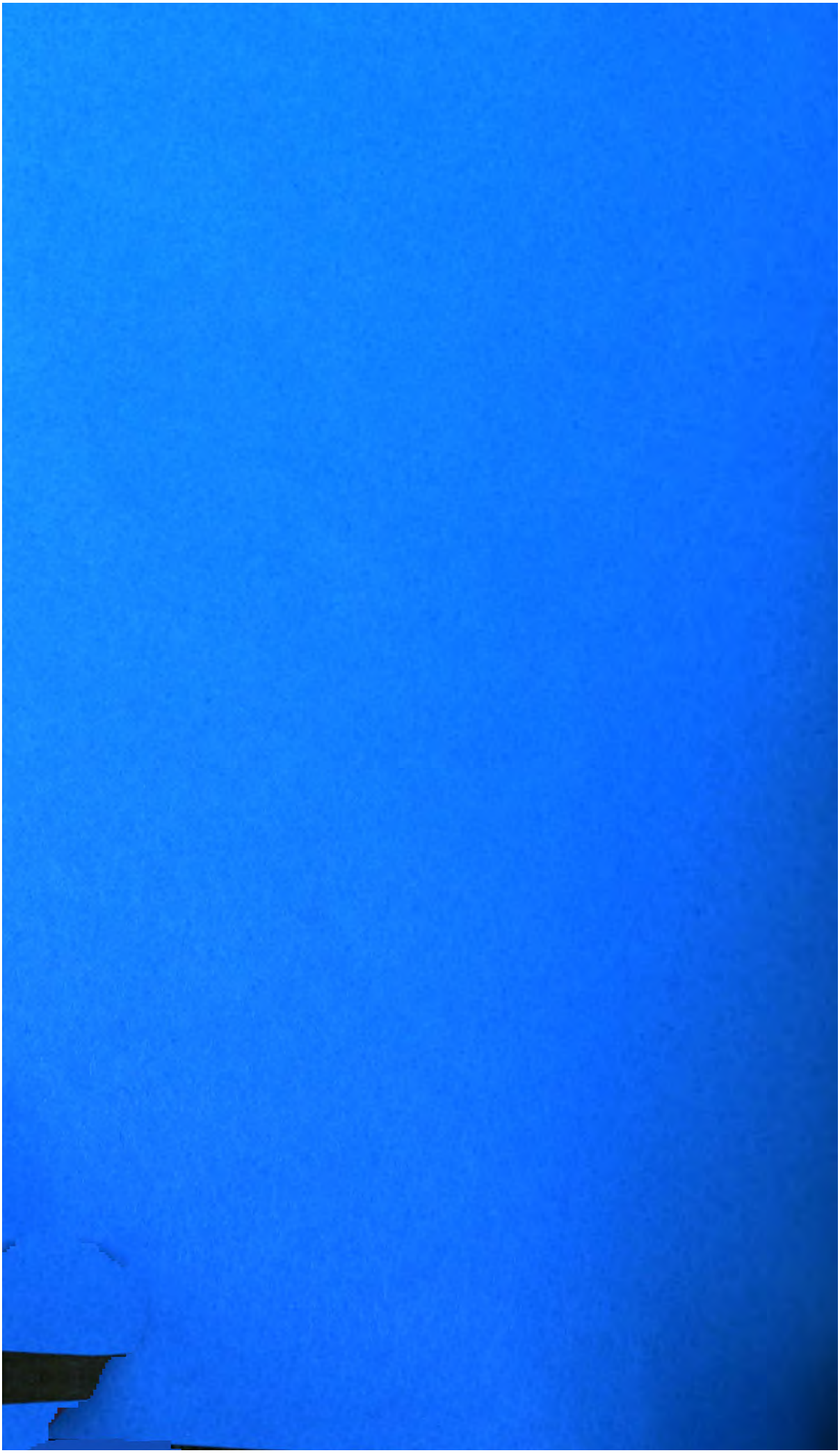

English Reprints.

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

LONDON:
5 QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.
15 August, 1870.

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Sir THOMAS WYATT	96
NICHOLAS GRIMALD	40
And of *Uncertain Authors*	134
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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 gentrie 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 seruauntes, 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 poeſy, 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 Pſeudynoms 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.

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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.

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 DEVISES. [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. P[ROCTOR.]
1578. *Only two copies known.*

A HANDEFULL OF PLEASANT DELITES. By CLEMENT ROBINSON and divers other.
1584. *Only one copy known.*

THE PHŒNIX NEST. Ed. by R. S.
1593. *Two copies known.*

ENGLANDS HELICON. [Ed. by J. BODENHAM.]
1600. 1614.

A POETICAL RAPSODY. Ed. by FRANCIS DAVISON.
1602. 1608. 1611. 1621.

7. To thefe, the following works, as being fomewhat 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 Epytaphes 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 Vnthriftinesse. The Arbour of Vertue. The Ortchard of Repentence.* 132 leaves.
1576. Not more than three copies seem to exist.

T. LODGE. *Phillis 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 coulde . 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 twise 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 82
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 somtime 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 amourous 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 fawlcon, 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

53 Passe forth my wonted cryes *p.* 56
54 Perdy I sayd it not . . 66
55 Resownde my voyce ye 43
56 Right true it is, and sayd full 42
57 She sat, and sowed: that hath 52
58 So feble is the threde, that . 73
59 Some fowles there be, that . 38
60 Somtime I fled the fire, . 54
61 Speake thou and spede where 224
62 Stond who so list vpon the . 83
63 Such is the course, that natures 62
64 Such vain thought, as wonted 35
65 Suffised not (madame) that . 76
66 Syghes are my foode: my . 82
67 Synce loue wyll nedes, that I 77
68 Tagus farewel that westward 84
69 They flee from me, that . 40
70 Through out the world if it . 83
71 The answere that ye made 62
72 The enmy of life, decayer of 63
73 The flaming sighes that boyle 71
74 The furious goonne, in his . 54
75 The liuely sparkes, that issue 34
76 The longe loue, that in my 33
77 The piller perisht is whereto 72
78 The restfull place, renewer of 45
79 The wandring gadling, in the 41
80 Vnstable dreame, accordyng 35
81 Vnwarely so was neuer no . 65
82 Venemous thornes that are so 223
83 Vulcane begat me: Minerua 82
84 Was neuer file yet half so well 34
85 What man hath hard such 52
86 What nedes these threatnyng 42
87 What rage is this? what . 80
88 What vaileth troth? or by it, 53
89 What word is that, that . 223
90 When Dido feasted first the 93
91 When first mine eyes did view, 76
92 Where shall I haue, at myne 51
93 Within my brest I neuer . 56
94 Ye that in loue finde luck and 36
95 Yet was I neuer of your loue 33
96 Your lokes so often cast . 57

NICHOLAS GRIMALD.

1 A HEAVY hart, with wo . 103
2 AS THIS first daye of Ianus . 106
3 BY heauens hye gift, incase 102
4 CHARIS the fourth, Pieris the 103
5 DESERTS of Nymphs, that . 105
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7 FOR Wilford wept first men, 112
8 GORGEOUS attire, by art made 107
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10 In workyng well, if trauell 101
11 LOVERS men warn the corps 98
12 MAN, by a woman lern, this *p.* 113
13 MEE thought, of late when . 119
14 MYRROUR of matrones, flowr 113
15 NO image carued with . . 108
16 NOW, blythe Thaley, thy . 113
17 Now clattering arms, now . 120
18 Now flaming Phebus, passing 105
19 Of all the heauenly gifts, that 110
20 ONE is my sire: my soons, . 102
21 PHEBE twise took her horns, 96
22 SO HAPPY bee the course of . 106
23 SYTHE, Blackwood, you haue 99
24 SYTHE, Vincent, I haue minde 99
25 The auncient time commended 108
26 THE issue of great Ioue, draw 111
27 THE noble Henry, he, that . 118
28 Therefore, when restlesse rage 123
29 THE worthy Wilfords body, 112
30 TO YOU, madame, I wish bothe 106
31 TO YOU this present yere full 107
32 WHAT cause, what reason . 104
33 What one art thou, thus in 108
34 What path list you to tred? 109
35 What race of life ronne you? 109
36 WHAT sweet releef the showers 96
37 WHO wold beleeue mans life 101
38 WHEN princes lawes, with . 110
39 WHY, Nicolas, why doest . 115
40 YEA, and a good cause why 115

THOMAS, *Lord* VAUX.

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When Cupid scaled first the fort 172

JOHN HEYWOOD.

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EDWARD SOMERSET.

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13 As Lawrell leaues that cease 199
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15 At libertie I sit and see . . 191
16 Behold my picture here well 169
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23 *Do way your phisike I faint* 258
24 Eche thing I se hath time . 168
25 False may he be, and by the 199
26 *Farewell thou frosen hart and* 268
27 Flee from the prese and dwell 194
28 For loue Appollo (his . 197
29 For that a restles head must 166
30 From worldly wo the mede of 210
31 Full faire and white she is, . 152
32 Girt in my giltlesse gowne as 198
33 *Holding my peace alas how* . 260
34 If euer wofull man might moue 126
35 If it were so that God would 180
36 If right be rackt, and . 129
37 If that thy wicked wife had 212
38 I heard when Fame with . 201
39 I lent my loue to losse and 158
40 *In Bayes I boast whose braunch* 263
41 *In court as I behelde, the* . 266
42 I ne can clofe in short and . 203
43 In fredome was my fantasie . 182
44 In Grece somtime there dwelt 131
45 I read how Troylus serued in 192
46 In sekyng rest vnrest I finde 161
47 I see there is no sort . . 171
48 *I sely Haw whose hope is past* 260
49 *I that Vlysses yeres haue* . 241
50 It is no fire that geues no . 152
51 *It was the day on which the* 230
52 *I wold I found not as I fele* . 254
53 *Lo dead he liues, that whilome* 228
54 Lo here lieth G. vnder the . 211
55 Lo here the end of man the 141
56 Lyke as the brake within the 187
57 Lyke as the lark within the 132
58 Lyke as the rage of raine . 190
59 Lyke the Phenix a birde most 214
60 My youthfull yeres are past . 168
61 Nature that taught my silly 166
62 *No ioy haue I, but liue in* . 255
63 *Not like a God came Iupiter* 240
64 O euyll tonges, which clap at 135
65 *O lingring make Vlisses dere,* 229
66 O Petrarke hed and prince of 178
67 O temerous tauntres that . 177
68 Phylida was a fayer mayde . 138
69 Procryn that some tyme serued 213
70 *Resigne you dames whom* . 269
71 Shall I thus euer long, and be 154
72 Since thou my ring mayst *p.* 166
73 Sins Mars first moued warre 195
74 Sith that the way to welth is 155
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76 *Stay gentle frend that* . 248
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79 Sythe singyng gladdeth oft 144
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84 The flickeryng fame that flieth 205
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96 *The Sunne when he had* . 230
97 The winter with his griesly 160
98 *The wisest way, thy bote, in* 255
99 The vertue of Vlysses wife . 213
100 Tho Cowerd oft whom deinty 188
101 *Thou Cupide God of loue,* . 242
102 Though in the waxe a perfect 189
103 To false report and flying fame 210
104 To liue to dye, and dye to 175
105 To loue, alas, who would not 181
106 To my mishap alas I fynde . 184
107 To this my song geue eare, 133
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109 To walke on doubtfull ground, 136
110 *Vaine is the fleting welth* . 257
111 Vnto the liuyng Lord for . 142
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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 Huntingtonshire. 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.

1520.—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 **1539**. Wyatt's *first* embassage to the Emperor in Spain.

1538.—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* embassage 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.—*Harleian MS.* 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, *Næniæ 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 Norfolke, 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 chancelor, 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 countrey, which found him guiltie, and thereupon he had iudgement of death: and shortly after, to wit, on the 19 of JANUARY he was beheaded 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. July 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' *Grauned 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 Collection, Trinity College, Combridge; vary in some *minutiæ* from each other: but it is incredible that there should be two *distinct* editions finished by the same printer, on the same day.

1558.—23 APRIL. Tottel finished another edition of Grimald's translation of *De Officis*. 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, according to Burke *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,
Enuyeng these, with Darte doth vs oppresse,
And that which is, the greatest gryfe of all,
The gredye Grype, doth no estate respect,
But wher he comes, he makes them down to fall,
Ne stayes heat, the hie sharpe wytted sect.
For yf that wyt or worthy Eloquens,
Or learning deape coulde moue him to forbeare:
O *Grimaold* then, thou hadste not yet gon hence,
But heare hadest sene full many an aged yeare,
Ne had the Muses lost so fyne a Floure,
Nor had *Minerua* wept to leaue thee so:
If wisdome myght haue fled the fatal howre,
Thou haste not yet ben suffred for to go.
A thousande doltysh 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 wyse 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.

G. Turberville in his *Epitaphs, p*. 9, has the a "Verse in prayse of Lorde *Henrye 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 dyttye 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 discription of a most noble Ladye, advowed 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 coulde 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 *Mirrour 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 pollished 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 cleanely, 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.* 172.]

[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 Paradyse 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 Heidelburg, 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 Dauie 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 Vnfortunate 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 Wittemburg, 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 priuilegio* 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 footnotes. 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 Surrey, and other.

Apud Richardum Tottel.

1557.

Cum priuilegio.

The Printer to the Reader.[1]

THat to haue wel written in verſe, yea and in ſmall parcelles, deſerueth great praiſe, the workes[2] 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 ſeuerall 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 ſtatelineſſe of ſtile remoued from the rude ſkill of common eares: I aſke help of the learned to defend their learned frendes, 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.]

Deſcripcion of the reſtleſſe ſtate of a louer, with ſute to his ladie, to rue on his diyng hart.

The ſonne hath twiſe brought furth his tender grene,
And[1] clad the earth in liuely luſtineſſe:
Ones haue the windes the trees deſpoiled clene,
And new[2] 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 the[3] ſhade.
What warmth (alas) may ſerue for to diſarm
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 ſe, nothing hath hurt ſo ſore,
But time in time reduceth a returne:
In time my harm increaſeth more and more,
And ſemes to haue my cure alwaies in ſcorne.
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 meafure pace by pace,
To feke the place where I my felf had loft,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In femyng flack that knitteth euer moft :
But neuer yet the trauaile of my thought
Of better ftate coulde catche a caufe to boft.
For if I found fometime that I haue fought,
Thofe fterres by whome I truſted of the porte,
My fayles doe fall, and I aduance right nought,
As ankerd faft, my fpretes[1] doe all reforte
To ftande agazed, and finke in more and more
The deadly harme which fhe dothe take in fport.
Lo, if I feke, how I doe finde my fore :
And yf I flee I carie with me ftill
The venomde fhaft, which dothe his force reftore
By haft of flight, and I may plaine my fill
Vnto my felfe, vnleffe this carefull fong
Printe in your harte fome parcell of my tene
For I, alas, in filence 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 fene.

Defcription of Spring, wherin eche thing renewes, faue onelie the louer.

THe foote feafon, that bud and blome furth bringes,
With grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale :
The nightingale with fethers new fhe finges :
The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale :
Somer is come, for euery fpray nowe fpringes,
The hart hath hong his olde hed on the pale :
The buck in brake his winter cote he flinges :
The fifhes flote[2] with newe repaired fcale :
The adder all her floughe awaye fhe flinges :
The fwift fwalow purfueth the flyes fmale :
The bufy bee her honye now fhe minges :

[1] sprites. [2] flete.

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

Deſcripcion of the reſtleſſe ſtate of a louer.

WHen youth had led me halfe the race,
That Cupides ſcourge me cauſde to ronne,[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 ſighes I ſpent the day,
And could not cloke my griefe with game,
The boiling ſmoke did ſtill bewray
The perſaunt heate of ſecrete flame.
And when ſalt teares doe bayne my breſt,
Where loue his pleaſant traines hath ſowen
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 outwarde 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 ſpecled chekes with Cupides hewe.
And nowe the couert breſt I claime,
That worſhipt Cupide ſecretely:
And noriſhed his ſacred flame,
From whence no blaſing ſparkes doe flye.

[1] That Cupides scourge had made me runne:
[2] The fliyng chace of their request
[3] To her for help my hart was fled.

Deſcription of the fickle affections panges and ſleightes of loue.

SVche waiward waies hath loue, that moſt part in diſcord
Our willes do ſtand, whereby our hartes but ſeldom doe accord,
Diſceit is[1] his delight, and to begile, and mock [ſtrok,
The ſimple hartes whom he doth ſtrike with froward diuers
He makes the one[2] 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 ſuite 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 diſſembling 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 ſtaines 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 came[3] 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, ſickleſſe for to conſume:
A thouſand thinges for to deuiſe reſoluing all in fume.
And though he liſt to ſe his ladies grace ful ſore,
Such pleaſures as delight the[4] eye doe not his health reſtore.
I know to ſeke the track of my deſired foe,
And feare to finde that I do ſeke. But chiefly this I know,

[1] in [2] He causeth thone [3] come [4] his

That louers muſt tranſforme into the thing beloued,
And liue (alas who would beleue?) with ſprite from life remoued,
I know in harty ſighes, and laughters 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 ſeldom ſwete to ſeaſon heapes of gall,
Reuiued with a glimſe of grace olde ſorowes to let fall,
The hidden traines I know, and ſecret ſnares of loue:
How ſoone a loke wil printe a thought, that neuer may remoue.
The ſlipper ſtate I know, the ſodain turnes from wealth,
The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and ſure deſpeire of health.

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

WHen ſommer toke in hand the winter to aſſail, [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 woe[1], that kept within the dore.
Abrode, quod my deſire: aſſay to ſet thy fote, [rote.
Where thou ſhalt finde the ſauour 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 ſluggiſh 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 pleaſant round about,

1 woes

Lorde, to my ſelf how glad I was that I had gotten.
There might I ſe how Ver had euery bloſſom 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 reioyſing 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 ſawe 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 curſſed 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,
Vnwillingly[1] I went about to malice thy pretenſe.
Wherewith he gaue a beck, and thus me thought he ſwore,
Thy ſorow ought ſuffice to purge thy faulte, if it were more.
The vertue of which ſounde mine hart did ſo reuiue,
That I, me thought, was made as hole as any man aliue.
But here ye[2] 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 empreſſed[3] mynde,
That fayne woulde haue ſome good relefe of Cupide wel aſſinde.
I turned home forthwith, and might perceiue it well,
That he agreued was right ſore with me for my rebell.
My harmes haue euer ſince increaſed 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 ſeat 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] Vnwittingly [2] I [3] expressed

My doutfull hope, and eke my hote deſyre,
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 whoſo[1] taſtes the ſame,
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]
This[3] 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 Tuſkane came my Ladies worthy race:
Faire Florence was ſometyme her auncient ſeate:
The Weſtern yle, whoſe pleaſaunt ſhore dothe face
Wilde Cambers clifs, did geue[8] 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 suppresst,
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 ſire, an Erle: her dame, of princes blood.
From tender yeres, in Britain ſhe doth reſt[1],
With kinges childe, where ſhe taſteth coſtly food.[2]
Honſdon 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 Windſor, alas, dothe chaſe me from her ſight.
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 auaile,
Coſtly in keping, paſt not worthe two peaſon,
Slipper in ſliding as is an eles taile,
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geaſon,
Iewel of ieopardie that perill dothe aſſaile,
Falſe 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 ſyng,

[1] did she rest, [2] With a kinges child, who tasteth ghostly food.

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

How eche thing ſaue the louer in ſpring reuiueth to pleaſure.

WHen Windſor walles ſuſteyned my wearied arme,
My hande my chin, to eaſe my reſtleſſe hed:
The pleaſant plot[1] 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 reſorte
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 howſoeuer he be rewarded.

SEt me wheras the ſunne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not diſſolue the yſe:
In temperate heate where he is felt and ſene:
In preſence preſt of people madde or wiſe.
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree:
In longeſt night, or in the ſhorteſt 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, aliue where ſo I dwell:
Sicke, or in health: in euyll 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.

I Neuer ſawe my Ladye laye apart
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith firſt ſhe knew my griefe was growen ſo great,
Which other fanſies driueth from my hart
That to my ſelfe I do the thought reſerue,
The which vnwares did wounde my wofull breſt:
But on her face mine eyes mought neuer reſt,
Yet, ſins ſhe knew[1] I did her loue and ſerue
Her golden treſſes[2] cladde alway with blacke,
Her ſmilyng lokes that[3] hid thus euermore,
And that reſtraines whiche I deſire ſo ſore.
So dothe this cornet gouerne me[4] alacke:
In ſomer, ſunne: in winters breath, a[5] froſt:
Wherby the light of her faire lokes I loſt.

Requeſt to his loue to ioyne bountie with beautie.

THe 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 vnknowen,
But liuely domes might gather at the firſt[6]
Where beautye ſo her perfect ſeede hath ſowen,
Of other graces folow nedes there muſt.
Now certeſſe Ladie[7], ſins 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 gyfts are thus elect:
Do not deface them than with fanſies newe,
Nor chaunge of mindes let not thy minde infect:
But mercy him thy frende, that doth thee ſerue,
Who ſeekes alway thine honour to preſerue.

Priſoned in windſor, he recounteth his pleaſure there paſſed.

SO cruell priſon how coulde betide, alas,
As proude Windſor? where I in luſt and ioye,
With a kinges ſonne, my childiſhe yeres did paſſe,
In greater feaſt[1] than Priams ſonnes 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 ſighes, ſuch as folke drawe in loue:
The ſtately ſeates, the ladies bright of hewe:
The daunces ſhorte, 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 ſight of our dame,
To baite her eyes, whiche kept the leads aboue:
The grauell grounde, with ſleues tyed on the helme:
On fomynge horſe, with ſwordes and frendlye hartes:
With cheare, as though one ſhould another whelme:
Where we haue fought, and chaſed 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 reſounde
Of pleaſaunt playnt, and of our ladies prayſe,
Recordyng ofte what grace eche one had founde,
What hope of ſpede, what dreade of long delayes:

[1] feastes

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 chaſe the fearfull harte of force,
The wide vales eke, that harborde vs ech night,
Wherwith (alas) reuiueth in my breſt
The ſwete accorde: ſuch ſlepes as yet delight,
The pleaſant 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 night[1] away.
And, with this thought, the bloud forſakes the face,
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe:
The whiche as ſone as ſobbyng ſighes (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 ſorow rewe,
Returns therto a hollow ſounde 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 ſighes 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
Appeaſde 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 ſone:
And many a good knight ouerronne,
Before the Grekes had Helene wonne.
Then thinke I thus: ſithe ſuche 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 pleaſant 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.

O Happy dames, that may embrace
The frute of your delight,
Help to bewaile the wofull caſe,
And eke the heauy plight
Of me, that wonted to reioyce
The fortune of my pleaſant choyce:
Good Ladies, help to fill my moorning voyce.
In ſhip, freight with rememberance
Of thoughts, and pleaſures paſt,
He ſailes that hath in gouernance
My life, while it wil laſt:
With ſcalding ſighes, for lack of gale,

Furdering his hope, that is his ſail
Toward me, the ſwete port of his auail.
Alas, how oft in dreames I ſe
Thoſe eyes, that were my food,
Which ſomtime ſo delited me,
That yet they do me good.
Wherwith I wake with his returne,
Whoſe abſent flame did make me burne.
But when I find the lacke, Lord how I mourne?
When other louers in armes acroſſe,
Reioyce their chiefe delight:
Drowned in teares to mourne my loſſe,
I ſtand the bitter night,
In my window, where I may ſee,
Before the windes how the cloudes flee.
Lo, what a mariner loue hath made me.
And in grene waues when the ſalt flood
Doth riſe, by rage of winde:
A thouſand fanſies in that mood
Aſſayle my reſtleſſe mind.
Alas, now drencheth my ſwete ſo,
That with the ſpoyle of my hart did go,
And left me but (alas) why did he ſo?
And when the ſeas waxe calme againe,
To chaſe fro me annoye.
My doutfull hope doth cauſe me plaine:
So dreade cuts of my ioye.
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 iniuſt miſtaking of his writyng.

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

I hyed me faſt, it ſat 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 ſighe and grone,
A rufull thing me thought, it was, to hear him make ſuch mone.
Thou curſed pen (ſayd he) wo worth the bird thee bare,
The man, the knife, and all that made thee, wo be to 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 curſed he himſelf, and euery other wight, [night.
Saue her alone whom loue him bound to ſerue both day and
Which when I heard, and ſaw, how he himſelfe fordid,
Againſt the ground with bloudy ſtrokes, himſelf 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, fulfild 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 ſighe, 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, ſore 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 ſure I can not ſay, but many yeres were ſpent,
With ſuch good will ſo recompenſt, as both we were content.
Wherto then I me bound, and ſhe likewiſe alſo,
The ſonne ſhould runne his courſe awry, ere we this faith forgo.
Who ioied then, but I? who had this worldes bliſſe?
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 reuerſed clene: and beareth me in hand, [band.
That my deſertes haue giuen her cauſe to break thys faithful
And for my iuſt excuſe auaileth 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 forgiue.
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 ſayd, 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 ſight.
My blood from heat to colde oft changed wonders ſore:
A thouſand troubles there I found I neuer knew before.
Twene dread, and dolour ſo my ſprites were brought in feare,
That long it was ere I could call to minde, what I did there.
But, as eche thing had[1] 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 ſeke 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 lay.
By him I made his tomb, in token he was trew:
And, as to him belonged well, I couered it with bleew.
Whoſe ſoule, 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 ſet but little price,
Let them ſit ſtill: it ſkilles 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 ſet your foote by mine,
Whoſe wofull plight and ſorrowes 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 preſerue, and ſone him home me ſend.
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 ſemes) 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 leefſom ſight.
And with a kiſſe, me think, I ſay: welcome my lord, my knight:
Welcome my ſwete, 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 ſaith: 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 dreme,
The anguiſhe of my former wo beginneth more extreme:
And me tormenteth ſo, that vnneath may I finde
Sum hidden place, wherein to ſlake the gnawing of my mind,*

[* Some lines apparently left out here.]

Thus euery way you ſe, with abſence how I burn:
And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good return.
Saue whan I think, by ſowre how ſwete is felt the more:
It doth abate ſom of my paines, that I abode before.
And then vnto my ſelf I ſay: when we ſhal meete.
But litle while ſhall ſeme this paine, the ioy ſhal be ſo ſweete.
Ye windes, I you coniure in chiefeſt of your rage,
That ye my lord me ſafely ſende, my ſorowes to aſſwage:
And that I may not long abide in this exceſſe.
Do your good will, to cure a wight, that liueth in diſtreſſe.

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

GIue place ye louers, here before
That ſpent your boſtes and bragges in vaine:
My Ladies beawtie paſſeth more
The beſt of yours, I dare well ſayen,
Than doth the ſonne, the candle light:
Or brighteſt day, the darkeſt night.
And thereto hath a trothe as iuſt,
As had Penelope the fayre.
For what ſhe ſaith, 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 wringyng 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 prayſe,
To be the chiefeſt worke ſhe wrought:
In faith, me thinke, ſome better waies
On your behalfe might well be ſought,
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 ſure 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 ſeldom 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 ſe 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 ſe 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 ſe him come, that gathers vp the fruite.
And eke in thy reſpect I ſe the baſe degre
Of him to whom ſhe gaue the hart that promiſed was to the.
I ſe (what would you more) ſtode neuer man ſo ſure
On womans word, but wiſedome would miſtruſt it to endure.

The forſaken louer deſcribeth and forſaketh loue.

O Lothſome 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 glimſing with ſuch grace
As fortune it ne would,
That laſten any ſpace
Betwene vs lenger ſhould.
As fortune did auance,
To further my deſire:
Euen ſo hath fortunes chance
Throwen all ammiddes the myre.
And that I haue deſerued
With true and faithful hart,
Is to his handes reſerued
That neuer felt the ſmart.
But happy is that man,
That ſcaped hath the griefe
That loue well teche him can
By wanting his reliefe.
A ſcourge to quiet mindes
It is, who taketh hede,
A comon plage that bindes,
A trauell without mede.
This gift it hath alſo,
Who ſo enioies it moſt,
A thouſand troubles[1] grow
To vexe his weried ghoſt.
And laſt it may not long
The trueſt thing of all
And ſure the greateſt wrong
That is within this thrall.
But ſins thou deſert place
Canſt giue me no accompt
Of my deſired grace
That I to haue was wont,
Farewel thou haſt me tought
To thinke me not the furſt.
That loue hath ſet aloft.
And caſten in the duſt.

[1] troules

The louer deſcribes his reſtleſſe ſtate.

AS oft as I behold and ſe
The ſoueraigne 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 ſight, 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 griefe 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 ſe 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 ſought now to change
A falkon for a kite.
All men might well diſpraiſe

My wit and enterpriſe,
If I eſtemed a peſe
Aboue a perle in price:
Or iudged the oule in ſight
The ſparehauke to excell,
Which flieth but in the night.
As all men know right well:
  Or if I ſought to ſaile
Into the brittle port,
Where anker hold doth faile,
To ſuch as doe reſort,
And leaue the hauen ſure,
Where blowes no bluſtring winde,
Nor fickelneſſe in vre
So farforth as I finde.
  No, thinke me not ſo light,
Nor of ſo chorliſh kinde,
Though it lay in my might
My bondage to vnbinde,
That I would leue the hinde
To hunt the ganders ſo.
No no I haue no minde
To make exchanges ſo:
  Nor yet to change at all.
For think it may not be
That I ſhould ſeke to fall
From my felicite,
Deſyrous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin:
How may all this be ſo?
  The fire it can not freze:
For it is not his kinde,
Nor true loue cannot leſe
The conſtance of the minde,
Yet as ſone ſhall the fire
Want heat to blaze and burn,
As I in ſuch deſire,
Haue once a thought to turne.

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

WRapt in my careleſſe cloke, as I walke[1] to and fro:
I ſe, 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 ſeldom is it ſene, he woundeth hartes alike.
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to ſeke.
All this I ſe, with more: and wonder thinketh me:
Howe he can ſtrike the one ſo ſore, and leaue the other fre.
I ſe, that wounded wight, that ſuffreth all this wrong:
How he is fed with yeas, and nayes, and liueth all to long.
In ſilence though I kepe ſuch ſecretes to my ſelf:
Ye do I ſe, how ſhe ſomtime doth yeld a loke by ſtelth:
As though it ſeemed, ywys I will not loſe the ſo.
When in her hart ſo ſwete a thought did neuer truely go.[2]
Then ſay 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 fanſies to let flie:
Then to retain him ſtil ſhe wraſteth new her grace, [brace.
And ſmileth lo, as though ſhe would forthwith the man em-
But when the proofe 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.:—

Syn fortunes wrath enuieth the welth, see *p.* 215
Eche beast can chose hys fere according to hys minde see *p.* 218
If care do cause men cry, why do I not complaine. see *p.* 220

[1] walkt
[2] grow

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 diſeaſe the healthfull lyfe:
The houſhold of continuance:
The meane diet, no delicate fare:
Trew wiſdom ioyned with ſimpleneſſe:
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 wiſh for death, ne feare his might.

Praiſe of meane and conſtant eſtate.

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

His voyce. In ſtraite eſtate appere thou ſtout:
And ſo wiſely, when lucky gale of winde
All thy puft ſailes ſhall fil, loke well about:
Take in a ryft: haſt is waſt, profe doth finde.

Praiſe of certain pſalmes of Dauid, tranſlated by ſir T. W. *the elder.*

THe great Macedon, that out of Perſie chaſed
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 perfite penitence.
Where rulers may ſe in a mirrour clere
The bitter frute of falſe concupiſcence:
How Iewry bought Vrias death full dere.
In princes hartes gods ſcourge imprinted depe,
Ought them awake, out of their ſinfull ſlepe.

Of the death of the ſame ſir T. W.

DYuers thy death doe diuerſly bemone.
Some, that in preſence of thy liuelyhed
Lurked, whoſe breſtes enuy with hate had ſwolne,
Yeld Ceaſars teares vpon Pompeius hed.
Some, that watched with the murdrers knife,
With egre thirſt to drink thy giltleſſe blood,
Whoſe practiſe brake by happy ende of lyfe,
Wepe[1] 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 whience 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 toung, 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,
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile:
Whoſe perſing loke did repreſent a mynde
With vertue fraught, repoſed, 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 ſet:
Of manhodes ſhape, where ſhe the molde did loſe.

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

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

Of Sardinapalus[1] diſhonorable life, and miſerable death.

THaſſirian king in peace, with foule deſire,
And filthy luſtes, that ſtaynd his regall hart
In warre that ſhould ſet 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 ſyde, 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.

LAyd 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 ſighed, and then I ſmilde, as cauſe of thought doth[2]
I ſaw the lytle boy in thought, how oft that he

[1] *Sardanaplus* [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 ſees his end draw on ſo ſore,
How he would be a boy agayn, to liue ſomuch 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 repreſt:
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 his[1] priſon fre,
Danger well paſt remembred workes delight:
Of lingring doutes ſuch hope is ſprong pardie,
That nought I finde diſpleaſaunt in my ſight.

[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 ſake (alas) and now is ded.

Exhortacion to learne by others trouble.

MY Ratclif, when thy rechleſſe[1] youth offendes:
Receue thy ſcourge by others chaſtiſement.
For ſuch callyng, when it workes none amendes:
Then plages are ſent without aduertiſement.
Yet Salomon ſayd, the wronged ſhall recure:
But Wiat ſaid true, the ſkarre doth aye endure.

The fanſie of a weried louer.

THe fanſy which that I haue ſerued long,
That hath alway bene enmy to myne eaſe,
Semed of late to rue vpon my wrong,
And bad me flye the cauſe of my miſeaſe.
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

SVRREY.

[Poems by Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Elder.]

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

THe 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 enterpriſe 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.

YEt 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 ſore haue[1] me weried.
I will not yet on[2] my graue be buried,
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed faſt,
As cruel cauſe, that did my ſprite ſone haſt.
From thunhappy boones by great ſighes 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 ſelf 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, hath at my foly ſmiled,
And pardoned me, ſins that I me repent
Of my loſt[1] yeres, and of my time miſpent.
For youth led me, and falſhod me miſguided.
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.

THe 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 twiſe.
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 giſe
Of on ſtriken with dint of lightenyng,
Blind with the ſtroke, and erryng[2] 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 blaſe (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyſe heare I the fearfull thunder.

The wauering louer wylleth, and dreadeth, to moue his deſire.

SVch vain thought, as wonted to miſlead me
In defert 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 ſighes 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 ſeke 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 vnlucky.

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 ſodayn pale colour:
If many ſighes, with litle ſpeach to plaine:
Now ioye, now wo: if they my chere diſtayne:
For hope of ſmall, if much to fear therfore,
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 ſet 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.

CEſar, 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 viſage, now ſad, now mery.
Wherby, if that I laugh at my[1] ſeaſon:
It is becauſe I haue none other way
To cloke my care, but vnder ſport and play.

Of change in minde.

ECche man me telth, I change moſt my deuiſe:
And, on my faith, me thinke it good reaſon
To change purpoſe, like after the ſeaſon.
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 ſort 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 deſteny to beholde her doth me lead:
And yet I knowe, I runne into the glead.

Againſt his tong that failed to vtter his ſutes.

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 ſame.
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 ſhright,
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.

I 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 ſeaſon.
That lockes nor loſeth, holdeth me in pryſon,
And holdes me not, yet can I ſcrape no wiſe:
Nor lettes me lyue, nor dye, at my deuiſe,
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 thus[1] 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 fearfulneſſe.
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]

AVifyng the bright beames of thofe fayre eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft moiftes and wafheth:
The weried mynd ftreight from the hart departeth,
To reft within hys worldly Paradife,
And bitter findes the fwete, vnder this gyfe.
What webbes there he hath wrought, well he preceaueth
Whereby then with him felf on loue he playneth,
That fpurs wyth fire, and brydleth eke with yfe.
In fuch extremity thus is he brought:
Frofen now cold, and now he ftandes in flame:
Twixt wo, and welth: betwixt earneft, and game:
With feldome glad, and many a diuers thought:
In fore repentance of hys hardineffe.
Of fuch a roote lo cometh frute fruteleffe.

The louer fheweth how he is forfaken of fuch as he fomtime enioyed.

THey flee from me, that fomtime did me feke
With naked fote ftalkyng within my chamber.
Once haue I feen them gentle, tame, and meke,
That now are wild, and do not once remember
That fometyme they haue put them felues in danger,
To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Bufily fekyng in continuall change.
Thanked be fortune, it hath bene otherwife
Twenty tymes better: but once efpeciall,
In thinne aray, after a pleafant gyfe,
When her loofe gowne did from her fhoulders fall,
And fhe me caught in her armes long and fmall,
And therwithall, fo fwetely did me kyffe,
And foftly fayd: deare heart, how like you this?
It was no dreame: for I lay broade awakyng.
But all is turnde now through my gentleneffe.
Into a bitter faſhion of forfakyng:
And I haue leaue to go of her goodneffe,

[1] *Of doutful loue.*

And ſhe alſo to vſe newfangleneſſe.
But, ſins 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.

MAdame, withouten many wordes :
Once I am ſure, you will, or no.
And if you will : then leaue your boordes,
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.

ALas, Madame, for ſtealing of a kiſſe,
Haue I ſo much your mynde therin offended ?
Or haue I done ſo greuouſly 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.

THe wandring gadling, in the ſommer 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 ſyde,
That of my health is very crop, and roote,
It pleaſed me then to haue ſo fayre a grace,
To ſtyng 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 cauſeleſſe 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 ſe 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 he[1] ſeme good, all thing that thee deliteth,
Yet know it well, that in the[2] boſome crepeth.
For, many a man ſuch fire oft times he kindleth:
That with the blaſe 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 ſame.
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 ſeke taccord two contraries:
And hope thus ſtyll, and nothing haſe:
Impriſoned in liberties,
As one vnheard, and ſtyll that cryes:
Alwayes thirſty, and naught doth taſte,
For dreade to fall, I ſtand not faſt.
Aſſured I dout I be not ſure,
Should I then truſt vnto ſuch ſuretie?
That oft haue put the prouſe in vre,
And neuer yet haue found it truſtie?
Nay ſyr in fayth, it were great folly.
And yet my life thus do I waſte,
For dreade to fall I ſtand not faſt.

The louer complayneth that his loue doth not pitie him.

REſownde my voyce ye woodes, that heare me
Both hilles and vales cauſyng 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, ſuch[1] (I finde) yet doth remaine.
Where I it ſeke, alas, there is diſdaine.
Oft ye riuers, to hear my wofull ſounde,
Haue ſtopt your cours, and plainely to expreſſe,
Many a teare by moiſture of the grounde
The earth hath wept to hear my heauineſſe:
Which cauſeleſſe 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 ſinke, 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 reioyſeth againſt fortune that by hindering his ſute 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 ſo 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 thy[1] 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

[1] *om.* thy

Therby my wo, whiche be ye ſure,
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 pleaſant ſmart.

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

THe reſtfull place, renewer of my ſmart:
The labours ſalue, encreaſyng my ſorow:
The bodyes eaſe, and troubler of my heart:
Quieter of minde, myne vnquiet ſo:
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 ſunne abate my feruent cold.
I know nothing to eaſe my paynes ſo great.
Ech cure cauſeth encreaſe by twenty fold,
Renewyng cares vpon my forowes 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 ſeke how beſt that I may pleaſe,
My loſt labour (alas) is all in vaine.
My heart once ſet, I can not it reſtrayne.
No place from me my grief away can take.
Wherfore with teares, my bed, I thee forſake.

Compariſon of loue to a ſtreame falling from the Alpes.

FRom theſe hie hilles as when a ſpring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with ſtill and ſuttle courſe,
Of this and that it gathers ay and ſhall,
Till it haue iuſt downflowed to ſtreame and force:
Then at the fote it rageth ouer all.
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a ſourſe.
Rage is his raine, Reſiſtance vayleth none.
The firſt eſchue is remedy alone.

Wiates *complaint vpon Loue, to Reaſon: with Loues anſwer.*

MYne olde dere enmy, my froward maiſter,
Afore that Quene, I cauſde 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 preſented
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dredeth
A wrongfull death, and iuſtice alway ſeketh.
And thus I ſayd: once my left foote, Madame,
When I was yong, I ſet within his reigne:
Wherby other than fierly burning flame
I neuer felt, but many a greuous pain.
Torment I ſuffered, angre, and diſdain:
That mine oppreſſed pacience 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 ſet 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 ſet at nought
All other thoughtes: in this onely to ſpede.
And he was onely counſeler 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 pleaſant vſe.
He hath me haſted, thorough diuers regions:
Through deſert wodes, and ſharp hye 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 ſo,
For all my flight, dyd euer me forſake:
That though my timely death hath been to ſlow
That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:
The heauenly goddes of pity doe it ſlake.
And, note they this his cruell tiranny,
That ſedes him, with my care, and miſery.
Since I was his, bower 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 ſounding 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 ſame with death dayly threaten.
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment:
The ſighes: the wordes, and eke the languiſhment:
That noy both me, and perauenture other.
Iudge thou: that knoweſt the one, and eke the tother.
Mine aduerſair, 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 clatteryng 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 ſit.
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 nurture[1] 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 gentleneſſe:
And cauſde him to regard fidelity.
Pacience I taught him in aduerſity.
Such vertues learned he in my great ſchole:
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 ſede 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 ſtyng.
And for to tell, at laſt, my great ſeruiſe.
From thouſand diſhoneſties haue I him drawen:
That, by my meanes, him in no maner wyſe.
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 ſtarry 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 whiſted audience:
It liketh me (quod ſhe) to haue hard your queſtion:
But, lenger time doth aſk a reſolucion.

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

MAruell 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 ſighes and mo:
A flood of teares to wepe.
How may a man in ſmart
Finde matter to reioyce?
How may a moornyng hart
Set foorth a pleaſant 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 ſight:
That perfitly 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 pleaſant chance,
To ſing ſome pleaſant ſong.

The louer complaineth himſelf forſaken.

WHere ſhall I haue, at myne owne wyll,
Teares to complain? Where ſhall I ſet
Such ſighes? that I may ſigh 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 ſo.
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none:
But in the winde to waſt 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, ſuch labour were but vayn.
But ſince that I for you (my dere)
Haue loſt 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 ſayeth,

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 ſet 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.
Therfore, farewell my life, my death,
My gayn, my loſſe: my ſalue, my ſore:
Farewell alſo, with you my breath:
For, I am gone for euermore.

Of his loue that pricked her finger with a nedle.

SHe ſat, 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,
Wiſhed eche ſtitche, as ſhe did ſit, and ſow,

Had prickt my hart, for to encreaſe my ſore.
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 ſure,
Right at her eaſe, and litle thee ſhe dredeth.
Weaponed thou art, and ſhe vnarmed ſitteth:
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 ſorow doth endure,
And as his Lord thee lowly here entreateth.

Complaint for true loue vnrequited.

WHat vaileth 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 hye diſdain.
Againſt deceyt, and cloked doubleneſſe,
What vaileth 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.

SOmtime I fled the fire, that me ſo brent,
By ſea, 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 ſtoupeth 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 ſore:
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
Crackes in ſunder: and in the ayer doe rore
The ſheuered peces. So doth my deſyre,
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 therfore 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 renownſeth 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 aſwage.

The louer profeſſeth himſelf conſtant.

WIthin my breſt I neuer thought it gain,
Of gentle mynde[1] the fredom for to loſe.
Nor in my hart ſanck 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 amr not in nomber one of thoſe,
That liſt to blow retrete to euery train.

The louer ſendeth 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 ſemes 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 vnknowen, and ſtrange,
She now away doth chaſe.
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 ſet apart,
Winne grant of that I craue.

[1] mindes

Wherfore 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 ſyde
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 ſecret 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 ſighes 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 ſo.
Depely oft ſwere 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 ſelfe betrayes:
Nor ſeke meanes to prouide
To darke the ſunny daies.
Forget thoſe wonted waies:
Leaue of ſuch frowning chere:
There will be found no ſtayes
To ſtoppe a thing ſo 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 ſe,
The proſe is not, as they expreſſe.
Forſake 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:
Forſake me not, ne[1] for no new.

[1] now

The louer lamenteth his eſtate with ſute for grace.

FOr want of will, in wo I playne:
Vnder colour of ſoberneſſe.
Renewyng with my ſute my payne,
My wanhope with your ſtedfaſtneſſe.
Awake therfore of gentleneſſe.
Regard at length, I you require,
The[1] ſweltyng paynes of my deſire.
Betimes who geueth willingly,
Redoubled thankes 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 ſute:
Lo, here ye ſee, where is the frute?
As hounde that hath his keper loſt,
Seke I your preſence 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 conſumingly
As waſte of fire, which doth relent.
If you as wilfull wyll denye.
Wherfore ceaſe of ſuch crueltye:
And take me wholy in your grace:
Which lacketh will to change his place.

The louer waileth his changed ioyes.

IF euer man might him auaunt
Of fortunes frendly chere:
It was my ſelfe 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 ſuch tribute, lo,
As did ſet forth her fame.
Sometyme I ſtode ſo in her grace :
That as I would require,
Ech ioy I thought did me imbrace,
That furdered my deſire.
And all thoſe pleaſures (lo) had I,
That fanſy might ſupport :
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 ſuch a ground :
In little ſpace, to great a guyle
In her now haue I found.
For ſhe hath turned ſo her whele :
That I vnhappy man
May waile the time that I did fele
Wherwith ſhe fedde me than.
For broken now are her beheſtes :
And pleaſant lokes ſhe gaue :
And therfore now all my requeſtes,
From perill can not ſaue.
Yet would I well it might appere
To her my chiefe regard :
Though my deſertes haue ben to dere
To merite ſuch reward.
Sith fortunes will is now ſo bent
To plage me thus pore man :
I muſt my ſelfe 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 ſe that other be preferd.
I gape for that I am debard.
I fare as doth the hounde at hatch:
The worſe I ſpede, the lenger I watch.
My waſtefull will is tried by truſt:
My fond fanſie 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 ſede, they reape the corne.
I waſte, they winne, I draw, they driue.
Theirs is the thanke, mine is the ſkorne.
I ſeke, they ſpede, in waſte my winde is worne.
I gape, they get, and gredely I ſnatch:
Till wurſe 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.

THe 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 ſorow makes me ſad.
Yet none can claime (I ſaie) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by deſert, I dare well make auaunt,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that ſhall
Bear you more trouth, more ready at your call.
Now good then, call againe that bitter word:
That toucht your frende ſo nere with panges of paine:
And ſaie my dere that it was ſayd in bord.
Late, or toſone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherwith free will doth true deſert retayne.

To his ladie cruel ouer her yelden louer.

SVch is the courſe, that natures kind hath wrought,
That ſnakes haue time to caſt away their ſtynges.
Ainſt chainde priſoners what nede defence be
The fierce lyon will hurt no yelden thinges: [fought:
Why ſhoulde ſuch ſpite be nurſed then in thy thought?[1]
Sith all theſe powers are preſt vnder thy winges:
And eke thou ſeeſt, and reaſon thee hath taught:
What miſchief malice many waies it bringes.
Conſider eke, that ſpight auaileth naught,
Therfore this ſong thy fault to thee it ſinges:
Diſpleaſe thee not, for ſaiyng 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 affeccion.

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 wonderſly.
My moſt deſire my hand may reach:
My will is alway at my hand.
Me nede not long for to beſeche
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 ſoueraigne 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 pearſe 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
Repulſe the waues continually,
As ſhe my ſute 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 ſunne
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 ſwowne.
Then ſhalt thou know beauty[1] but lent,
And wiſh and want as I haue done.
Now ceaſe my lute this is the laſt,
Labour that thou and I ſhall waſt,
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 alteracion.
Though this be ſtrange, it is a ſtranger caſe,
With one kiſſe by ſecrete operacion,
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 proper[2] place.
Thorow mine eye the ſtroke from hers did ſlide,
Directly downe into[3] 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 amaſed:
Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire.

[1] beaute [2] *om.* proper. [3] And downe directly to

For while that I vpon her beauty gaſed:
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 pleaſant ſmart.
Then was I like the ſtraw, when that the flame
Is driuen therin, by force, and rage of winde.
I can not tell, alas, what I ſhall blame:
Nor what to ſeke, nor what to finde.
But well I wot: the griefe doth hold me ſore
In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dreade:
That, but her helpe to health to me reſtore:
This reſtleſſe life I may not lead.

To his louer to loke vpon him.

ALL in thy loke my life doth whole depende.
Thou hydeſt thy ſelf, and I muſt dye therfore.
But ſins thou mayſt ſo eaſily helpe they frend:
Why doeſt thou ſtick to ſalue that thou madeſt ſore?
Why do I dye? ſins thou mayſt me defend?
And if I dye, thy life may laſt no more.
For ech by other doth liue and haue reliefe,
I in thy loke, and thou moſt in my griefe.

The louer excuſeth him of wordes wherwith he was vniuſtly charged.

PErdy I ſayd 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 firſt did me enchayne:
May neuer ſlake the knot,
But ſtrayght it to my payne.
And if I did ech thing,
That may do harme or wo:

Continually may wring
My hart where ſo I go.
Report may always ring
Of ſhame on me for aye:
If in my hart did ſpring
The wordes that you do ſay.
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 ſo ſay:
The beautie that me bounde,
Encreaſe 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 ſought.
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 repreſſe.
And as I haue deſerued:
So graunt me now my hire:
You know I neuer ſwerued,
You neuer founde me lyer.
For Rachel haue I ſerued,
For Lea cared I neuer:
And her I haue reſerued
Within my hart for euer.

Of ſuch as had forſaken him.

LVx, my faire fawlcon, and thy felowes all:
How wel pleaſant it were your libertie:
Ye not forſake me, that faire mought you fall.
But they that ſometime liked my company:
Like lice away from dead bodies they crall.
Loe, what a proufe in light aduerſitie?
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.

A Face 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 his[1] loue.

EVer my hap is ſlack and ſlowe in commyng
Deſire encreaſyng 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
Leaue to conſpire againſt me wrongfully.

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

And if I haue after ſuch bitterneſſe,
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 ſore 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 ſildam[2]
Liueth in reſt. Still in diſpleaſure[3]
My pleaſant 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 ſe that from my hand falleth my truſt :
And all my thoughtes are daſſhed into duſt.

The louer prayeth his offred hart to be receiued.

HOw oft haue I, my deare and cruell ſo :
With my great pain to get ſom 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 chaſe, that it in you can finde,
In this exile, no maner of comfort :
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde, reſort,
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 vnmeſurable 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 ſighes in me continually be ſhed.
Wilde beaſtes in them, fierce loue in me is fed.
Vnmoueable am I: and they ſtedfaſt.
Of ſinging 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 amourous fayth, or if an hart vnfained
A ſwete languor, a great louely deſire:
If honeſt will, kindled in gentle fire:
If long errour in a blinde maſe 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 ſighyng continually,
With ſorowfull anger fedyng buſily,
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 parfit wealth my wit for to endeuer.
In blinde errour when I dyd parſeuer:
Thy ſharp repulſe, that pricketh aye ſo ſore:
Taught me in trifles that I ſet no ſtore:
But ſcape forth thence: ſince libertie is leuer.
Therfore, 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 vnkinde loue.

MY hart I gaue thee, not to do it pain:
But, to preſerue, 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 after[1] this faſhion.
Now, ſince in thee is there none nother reaſon:
Diſpleaſe thee not, if that I do refrain.
Vnſaciat of my wo, and thy deſyre,
Aſſured by craft for to excuſe thy fault:
But, ſince it pleaſeth thee to fain defaut:
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 eyen from whence the teares doe fall,
Do fele ſome force or els they would be drye:
The waſted fleſh of colour ded can trye,

1 on

And ſomthing[1] tell what ſweteneſſe is in gall.
And he that luſt to ſee and to diſarne,
How care can force within a weried minde:
Come he to me I am that place aſſinde.
But for all this no force it doth no harme.
The wound alas happe in ſome other place:
From whence no toole away the ſkar can race.
But you that of ſuch like haue had your part,
Can beſt be iudge wherfore[2] my frend ſo deare:
I thought it good my ſtate ſhould now appeare,
To you and that there is no great deſart.
And wheras you in weighty matters great:
Of fortune ſaw the ſhadow that you know,
For trifling thinges I now am ſtriken ſo
That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat:
I ſit alone ſaue on the ſecond day:
My feuer comes with whom I ſpend my time,
In burning heat while that ſhe liſt aſſigne.
And who hath helth and libertie alway:
Let him thank god and let him not prouoke,
To haue the like of this my painfull ſtroke.

The louer lamentes the death of his loue.

THe piller periſht is whereto I lent,
The ſtrongeſt ſtay of mine vnquiet minde:
The like of it no man again can finde:
From Eaſt to Weſt ſtill ſeking 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 aſſinde,
Daily to moorne till death do it relent.
But ſince that thus it is by deſteny,
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 ſmart.
And I my ſelf, my ſelfe alwayes to hate,
Till dreadfull death do eaſe my dolefull ſtate.

[1] sometime [2] be iudge. Wherfore

The louer ſendeth ſighes to mone his ſute.

GO burning ſighes vnto the froſen hart,
Go breake the yſe 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 ſighes 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 aſſaile 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 elſwhere ſome ayde or ſome ſuccours:
The running ſpindle of my fate anone ſhall end his courſe.
For ſince thunhappy hower, that dyd me to depart,
From my ſwete weale: one onely hope hath ſtayed my life, apart:
Which doth perſwade ſuch wordes vnto my ſored minde:
Maintain thy ſelf, O wofull wight, ſome better luck to finde.
For though thou be depriued 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

Weſtward the ſonne from out the Eaſt ſcant ſhewes his light:
When in the Weſt he hides him ſtrayt, within the dark of nyght.
And comes as faſt, where he began, his path awry.
From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt ſo doth his iourney ly.
The life ſo ſhort, ſo fraile, that mortall men liue here:
So great a weight, ſo heauy charge the bodies, that we bere:
That, when I think vpon the diſtaunce, and the ſpace:
That doth ſo farre deuide me from my dere deſired face:
I know not, how tattain the winges, that I require,
To lift me vp: that I might flie, to folow my deſyre.
Thus of that hope, that doth my life ſomethyng ſuſtayne,
Alas: I feare, and partly fele: full litle doth remain.
Eche place doth bring me griefe: where I do not behold
Thoſe liuely eyes: which of my thoughts wer wont ye keys to hold [grace:
Thoſe thoughtes were pleaſant ſwete: whilſt I enioyed that
My pleaſure paſt, my preſent pain, when I might well embrace:
And, for becauſe my want ſhould more my wo encreaſe:
In watch, and ſlepe, both day, and night, my will doth neuer ceaſe
That thing to wiſh: wherof ſince I did leeſe the ſight:
Was neuer thing that mought in ought my woful hart delight,
Thuneſy lyfe, I lead, doth teach me for to mete
The floodes, the ſeas, the land, the hylles: that doth them entermete
Twene me, and thoſe ſhene lightes: that wonted for to clere
My darked panges of cloudy thoughts, as bright as Phebus ſpere,
It teacheth me alſo, what was my pleaſant ſtate:
The more to fele, by ſuch record, how that my wealth doth bate.
If ſuch record (alas) prouoke thenflamed mynde:
Which ſprong that day, that I did leaue the beſt of me behynde:
If loue forget himſelf, by length of abſence, let:
Who doth me guyde (O wofull wretch) vnto this bayted net?
Where doth encreaſe my care: much better wer for me,
As dumme, as ſtone, all thyng forgot, ſtill abſent for to be.
Alas: the clere criſtall, the bright tranſplendant glaſſe

Doth not bewray the colours hidde, which vnderneth it haſe:
As doth thaccumbred ſprite the thoughtfull throwes diſcouer,
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 ſeke redreſſe: and eke both day and
Theſe[1] kindes of pleaſures moſt wherein men ſo reioyce,
To me they do redubble ſtill of ſtormy ſighes the voyce.
For, I am one of them, whom playnt doth well content:
It ſits me well: myne abſent wealth me ſemes for to lament:
And with my teares, taſſay to charge myne eies twayn:
Lyke as my hart aboue the brink is fraughted full of payn.
And forbecauſe, therto, of[2] 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, aboue 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 ſurmount Apollos pride:
The liuely ſtreames of pleaſant 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 wyſe and pleaſant 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 forbeare with better wyll: then this that dyd me bryng,
With pleaſant 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 firmely do embrace
Me from my ſelf: and rule the ſterne of my poore lyfe:
The ſwete diſdaines, the pleaſant wrathes, and eke ye louely ſtrife:
That wonted well to tune in temper iuſt, and mete,

[1] Those [2] that [3] 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 ſometime ryſe vp, by ſome redreſſe:
It ſtumbleth ſtraite, for feble faint: my feare hath ſuch exceſſe.
Such is the ſort 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, ſomtime, 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.

SVffiſed 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.
Vſe 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 thou[2] 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 pleaſant wordes, that thou me tolde:
I would as then, I had been free,
From eares to heare, and eyes to ſee.
And when my lips gan firſt to moue,
Wherby my hart to thee was knowne:
And when my tong did talk of loue,
To thee that haſt true loue down throwne:
I would, my lips, and tong alſo:
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 ſought
To finde and geat thy[1] company:
I would, eche hand a foote had bene,
And I eche foote a hand had ſene.
And when in mynde I did conſent
To folow this my fanſies will:
And when my hart did firſt relent,
To taſt ſuch bayt, my life to ſpyll:
I would, my hart had bene as thyne:
Orels thy hart had bene, as mine.

The louer determineth to ſerue faithfully.

SYnce loue wyll nedes, that I ſhall loue:
Of very force I muſt agree.
And ſince no chance may it remoue:
In welth and in aduerſitie,
I ſhall alway my ſelf apply
To ſerue and ſuffer paciently.
Though for good will I finde but hate:
And cruelty my life to waſt:
And though that ſtill a wretched ſtate
Should pine my dayes vnto the laſt:
Yet I profeſſe it willingly.
To ſerue, and ſuffer paciently.
For ſince my hart is bound to ſerue:
And I not ruler of mine owne:

[1] thee

What ſo befall, tyll that I ſterue.
By proofe 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 pleaſant face
Should ſhew, to ſet 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 whatſoeuer me befall:
I do profeſſe it willingly
To ſerue and ſuffer paciently.

The louer ſuſpected blameth yll tonges.

MYſtruſtfull mindes be moued
To haue me in ſuſpect.
The troth it ſhalbe proued:
Which time ſhall once detect.
Though falſhed 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 deſart:
Euen as they haue diſerued:
Therof god ſend them part.

The louer complaineth and his lady comforteth.

Louer. IT 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, ſay 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 ſay, 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, ſay 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 doubte ſhall ſtyll renew.
My ſwete, ſay 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 treaſure 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 minde:
Within my bones to rankle is aſſinde
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 ſore 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 ſo?
By forced law, and mutabilitie.
For where by thee I douted to haue blame:
Euen now by hate again I dout the ſame.

The louer complayneth his eſtate.

I See that chance hath choſen me
Thus ſecretely to liue in paine:
And to an other geuen the fee
Of all my loſſe to haue the gayn.
By chance aſſinde thus do I ſerue:
And other haue, that I deſerue.

Vnto my ſelf ſometime alone
I do lament my wofull caſe.
But what auaileth me to mone?
Since troth, and pitie hath no place
In them: to whom I ſue and ſerue:
And other haue, that I deſerue.

To ſeke 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 ſerue:
And other haue, that I deſerue.

Such is the fortune, that I haue
To loue them moſt, that loue me leſt:
And to my pain to ſeke, and craue
The thing, that other haue poſſeſt.
So thus in vain alway I ſerue.
And other haue, that I deſerue.

And till I may apeaſe the heate:
If that my happe will happe ſo well:
To waile my wo my hart ſhall freate:
Whoſe penſif pain my tong can tell.
Yet thus vnhappy muſt I ſerue:
And other haue, that I deſerue.

[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 helpthe
If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Lyke as the birde within the cage enclosed,]

Againſt hourders 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.

VVlcane 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 fetrers[1] 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 righteouſneſſe 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 ſought,
Faire wordes ynough a man ſhall finde:
They be good chepe they coſt right nought.
Their ſubſtance is but onley winde:
But well to ſay and ſo to mene,
That ſwete acord is ſeldom ſene.

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,
Vnknowen 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 knowen is to all: but to him ſelfe alas,
He dyeth vnknowen, daſed with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life.

IN court to ſerue decked with freſhe aray,
Of ſugred meates ſelyng the ſwete repaſt:
The life in bankets, and ſundry 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 vnpoſſeſt, 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.

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

Of ſodaine truſtyng.

DRiuen 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 prouſe 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.

IN 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 feldiſhe[1] mouſe:
That forbicauſe her liuelod was but thinne,
Would nedes go ſe her towniſh ſiſters houſe,
She thought, her ſelfe endured to greuous payne,
The ſtormy blaſtes her caue ſo ſore did ſowſe:
That when the furrowes ſwimmed with the rayne:
She muſt lie colde, and wet in ſory plight.
And worſe then that, bare meat there did remaine
To comfort her, when ſhe her houſe had dight:
Sometime a barley corne: ſometime 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 ſhe 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 ſekes, and ſpareth for no perill:
She fedes on boyle meat, bake meat, and on roſt:
And hath, therfore 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 appere:
Of euery noyſe ſo 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) ſiſter I am here.
Peace (quod the towne mouſe) why ſpeakeſt thou ſo loude:
And by the hand ſhe toke her fayre and well,
Welcome (quod ſhe) my ſiſter by the rode.
She feaſted her that ioye it was to tell
The fare they hadde, they drank the wine ſo clere:
And as to purpoſe now and then it fell:
She chered her, with how ſiſter what chere?
Amid this ioye be fell a ſory chance:
That (weleaway) the ſtranger bought full dere
The fare ſhe had. For as ſhe lookt a ſcance:
Vnder a ſtole ſhe ſpied two ſtemying eyes.
In a rounde head, with ſharpe eares: in Fraunce
Was neuer mouſe ſo ferde, for the vnwiſe
Had not yſene ſuch a beaſt before.
Yet had nature taught her after her giſe,
To know her ſo: and dread him euermore.
The townemouſe fled: ſhe knew whither to go:
The other had no ſhift, but wonders ſore
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 ſo:
At the threſhold her ſely 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 ſemyng welth, wherin ſhe thought to raine.
Alas (my Poyns) how men do ſeke the beſt,
And finde the worſt, by errour as they ſtray,
And no maruell, when ſight is ſo oppreſt,
And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
Goeth guide and all in ſeking quiet life.

O wretched mindes, there is no golde that may
Graunt that you ſeke, no warre, no peace, no ſtriſe.
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 diſeaſe.
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 ſeke for grapes on brambles, or on bryers:
For none I trow that hath his witte ſo badde,
To ſet his haye for conies ouer riuers:
Nor ye ſet 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 ſe 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 ſtickyng in thy minde,
Madde if ye liſt to continue your fore.
Let preſent paſſe, and gape on time to come:
And depe your[2] 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 ſe,
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 delits 2 thy

Of the courtiers life written to Iohn Poins.

MYne owne Iohn Poyns: ſins ye delite to know
The cauſes why that homeward I me draw,
And fle the preaſe 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 ſet a law:
It is not, becauſe[1] I ſcorne 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
Leſſe to eſteme them, then the common ſort
Of outward thinges: that iudge in their entent,
Without regard, what inward doth reſort.
I graunt, ſometime 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 deſert,
Of them that liſt all nice[2] for to retaine.
I can not honour them, that ſet 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 ſely 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 ſaynt:
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 ſelfe fatte:

[1] It is not that because [2] 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 boſt:
To make the crow in ſingyng, as the ſwanne:
Nor call the lyon of coward beaſtes the moſt.
That can not take a mouſe, as the cat can.
And he that dieth for honger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and ſay that Pan
Paſſeth Appollo in muſike manifold:
Praiſe ſyr 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 ſway:
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 riſe.
As dronkenneſſe good felowſhip 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 rechleſſe vnto ech mans ſhame.
Say he is rude, that can not lye and faine:
The letcher a louer, 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 pounde 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 ſavry 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 ſyght to deme
Of blacke and white, nor takes my wittes away
With beaſtlineſſe: ſuch do thoſe beaſtes eſteme.
Nor I am not, where truth is geuen in pray,
For money, poyſon, and treaſon: of ſome
A common practiſe, 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.

A 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 ſtandſt: I thought forthwith to write
(Brian) to thee? who knowes how great a grace
In writyng is to counſaile man the right.
To thee therfore 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 noppy[1] for the nones:
Fede thy ſelfe fatte, and heape vp pounde by pounde.
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 ſound.
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 trouth, ſhall but offend.
Flee therefore truth, it is both welth and eaſe.
For though that trouth of euery man hath prayſe:
Full neare that winde goeth trouth 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.

[1] nappy

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 cant[1]
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 ſo he walke or go:
Be nere alway, and if he coughe to ſore:
What he hath ſpit treade out, and pleaſe him ſo.
A diligent knaue that pikes his maſters purſe,
May pleaſe him ſo, 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 riueld ſkinne, a ſtinkyng breath, what than?
A totheleſſe mouth ſhall do thy lippes no harme.
The golde is good, and though ſhe curſe 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 ſe thou be not idle:
Thy nece, thy coſyn, thy ſiſter, or thy daughter,
If ſhe bee faire: if handſome be her middle:
If thy better hath her loue beſought her:
Auaunce 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 therwithall this thing I ſhall thee giue,
In this world now litle proſperitie:
And coyne to kepe, as water in a ſiue.

The ſong of Iopas *vnfiniſhed.*

WHen Dido feaſted firſt the wanderyng Troian Knight:
Whom Iunos wrath with ſtormes did force in Libyk ſands to light
That mighty Atlas taught, the ſupper laſtyng long,
With criſped lockes on golden harpe, Iopas ſang in ſong.
That ſame (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 ſame is planted full and thicke:
As ſhinyng lightes which we call ſtars, that therin cleue and ſticke.
With great ſwift ſway, the firſt, and with his reſtleſſe ſours,
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 firmely 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, drawen from the one to thother
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other.
And theſe be callde the Poles, diſcriyde 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 heauens about do go
Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fire haue kinde.
Therfore 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 ſeuen, 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 aboue
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 heauens two:
Whoſe mouyng is ſo ſly ſo ſlack: I name it not for now.
The ſeuenth heauen or the ſhell, next to the ſtarry ſky,
All thoſe degrees that gathereth[1] vp, with aged paſe ſo ſly:
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 ſtalke with yoonger paſe
And in twelue yere doth ſomwhat more then thothers viage wa
And this in it doth bear the ſtarre of Ioue benigne,
Twene Saturns malice and vs men, frendly defendyng ſigne
The fift bears bloudy Mars, that in three hundred daies,
And twiſe eleuen with one full yere, hath finiſht all tho wayes.
A yere doth aſke the fourth, and howers therto ſixe,
And in the ſame the dayes eie the ſunne, therin her ſtycke

[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 ſeuen 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 ſeuen
One, wherin they be caried ſtill, ech in his ſeueral heuen.
An other of them ſelues, where their bodyes be layed
In bywayes, and in leſſer rowndes, as I afore haue ſayd.
Saue of them all the ſunne doth ſtray leſt 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 ſeuen,
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.

WHat 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 aboue the crabs eſteemed be:
So doth my loue ſurmount them all, whom yet I hap to ſe.

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 ſage.
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 ſet 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 deuiſe firſt found,
By that gripes name he cleped loue vnſound.
In all the town, what ſtreat haue I not ſeen?
In all the town, yet hath not Carie been.
Eyther thy ſier reſtraines thy free outgate,
O woman, worthy of farre better ſtate:
Or peeplepeſterd London lykes thee nought,
But pleaſant ayr, in quiet countrie ſought.
Perchaunce, in olds our loue thou doeſt repeat,
And in ſure place woldſt euery thing retreat.
Forth ſhall I go, ne will I ſtay for none,
Vntyll I may ſomwhere finde thee alone.
Therwhile, keep you of hands, and neck the heew:
Let not your cheeks becoom or black, or bleew.
Go with welcouerd hed, for you incaſe
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:
Whoſo thou beeſt, preyſeeker prowd, auaunt,
Acteon may teach thee Dictynnaes ire:
Of trouth, 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 ſay with myſelf, ſhe will be meek.
Doutleſſe I coom, what euer town you keep,
Or where you woon, in woods, or mountanes ſteep:
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 ſame ſhall eaſe my hart:
That Carie, thou wert cauſe of all the ſmart.

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 ſteeds in ſight.
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 approcheth Venus chylde.
Towns yf I haunt: in ſhort, ſhall I all ſay?
There ſoondry 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 other, fayr: I deem, ſhe hath ſoom ſtayn.
What boots it then to flee, ſythe in nightyde,
And daytyme to, my Day is at my ſide?
A ſhade therfore 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 becoom my ſheeld:
Euen Venus to Anchiſe herſelf dyd yeeld.
Lo, I confeſſe my flight: bee good therfore:

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, *againſt wedding.*

SYthe, Blackwood, you haue mynde to wed a wife:
I pray you, tell, wherefore you like that life.
What? that henceforth you may liue more in bliſſe?
I am beguylde, but you take mark amiſſe.
Either your fere ſhall be defourmd: (and can
You blifful be, with flower of frying pan?)
Orels, of face indifferent: (they ſay,
Face but indifferent will ſoon decay.)
Or faire: who, then, for many men ſemes fine:
Ne can you ſay, ſhe is all holly mine.
And be ſhe chaſte (if noman chaunce to ſew)
A ſort 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 applie:

But, nere ſo 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 ſight:
If none, what then? our burden is but light.
The reſt, you ming, certeſſe, we graunt, be great,
Stif hert, vndaunted hed cauſe ſoom to freat.
But, in all thinges, inborne diſpleaſures be:
Yea pleaſure we, full of diſpleaſure, ſe.
And maruail you, I looke for good eſtate,
Hereafter if a woman be my mate?
Oh ſtraight is vertues path, if ſooth men ſay
And likewiſe, that I ſeek, ſtraight is the way.

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

The Muſes.[1]

IMps of King Ioue, and quene Remembrance lo,
The ſiſters nyne, the poets pleaſant feres.
Calliope doth ſtately ſtyle beſtow,
And worthy prayſes payntes of princely peres.
Clio in ſolem ſonges, reneweth old[2] day,
With preſent yeres conioynyng age bypaſt.
Delitefull talke loues Comicall Thaley:
In freſh green youth, who doth like laurell laſt.
With voyces Tragicall ſowndes 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 ſemely geſture doth Polymnie ſtere:
Whoſe wordes holle routes of renkes[3] 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.

[1] *Of the ix. Muses.* [2] all [3] rankes

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

Muſonius *the Philoſophers ſaiyng.*

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 ſtil torments the minde, bothe night and daye:
Scant length of time the ſpot can waſh awaye.
Flee then ylſwading 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 beleeue 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 byſye 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 ſore,
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 ſame 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 lyms 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 ſire: 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 ſire, the daughters, and the ſoons diſtry.
Incaſe you can ſo hard a knot vnknit:
You ſhall I count an Edipus in wit.

Concerning Virgils *Eneids.*

BY heauens hye gift, incaſe reuiued were
Lyſip, Apelles, and Homer the great:
The moſt renowmd, and ech of them ſance 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 toung 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 ſet forth in ſight.

Of mirth.

A Heauy hart, with wo encreaſeth euery ſmart:
A mirthfull minde in time of need, defendeth ſorowes dart.
The ſprite of quicneſſe ſeems, by drery ſadneſſe ſlayn:
By mirth, a man to liuely plight, reuiued is agayn.
Dolour dryeth vp the bones: the ſad ſhall ſone be ſick:
Mirth can preſerue the kyndly helth, mirth makes the body quick.
Depe dumps do nought, but dull, not meet for man but beaſt.
A mery hert ſage Solomon countes his continuall feaſt.
Sad ſoll, before thy time, brings thee vnto deaths dore:
That fond condicions haue bereft, late daye can not reſtore.
As, when the couered heauen, ſhowes 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 pleaſant calm throughout the corps, by chereful hart is [brought
Enioye we then our ioyes, and in the lorde reioyce:
Faith makyng faſt eternall ioye, of ioyes while wee haue choyce.

To L. I. S.

G Haris the fourth, Pieris the tenth, the ſecond Cypris, Iane,
One to aſſemblies three adioynd: whom Phebus fere, Diane,
Among the Nymphs Oreades, might wel vouchſafe to place:
But you as great a goddeſſe ſerue, the quenes moſt noble grace:
Allhayle, and while, like Terpſichor, much melody you make:
Which if the field, as doth the court, enioyd, the trees wold ſhake:
While latine you, and french frequent: while Engliſh tales you tel:
Italian whiles, and Spaniſh you do hear, and know full well:
Amid ſuch peares, and ſolemne ſightes, in caſe conuenient tyme
You can (good Lady) ſpare, to read a rurall poets ryme:
Take here his ſimple ſawes, in briefe: wherin no need to moue
Your Ladiſhyp, but thus lo ſpeakes thabundance of his loue.
The worthy feates that now ſo much ſet forth your noble name,
So haue in vre, they ſtill encreaſt, may more encreaſe your fame.
For though diuine your doings be, yet thews with yeres may
And if you ſtay, ſtreight now adayes freſh wits will ouergo. [grow:

Wherfore the glory got maintayne, maintayne the honour great.
So ſhal the world my doom approue, and ſet you in that ſeat,
Where Graces, Muſes, and Ioues ymp, the ioyful Venus, raigne:
So ſhall the bacheler bleſſed bee, can ſuch a Nymph obtaine.

To maiſtres D. A.

WHat cauſe, what reaſon moueth me: what fanſy fils my brains
That you I minde of virgins al, whom Britain ſoile ſuſtains
Both when to lady Mnemoſynes dere daughters I reſort,
And eke when I ye ſeaſon ſlow deceaue, with glad diſport?
What force, what power haue you ſo great, what charms haue you late found,
To pluck, to draw, to rauiſh hartes, and ſtirre out of ther ſtownd?
To you, I trow, Ioues daughter hath the louely gyrdle lent,
That Ceſtos hight: wherin there bee all maner graces blent,
Allurementes of conceits, of wordes the pleaſurable taſte:
That ſame, I geſſe, hath ſhe giuen you, and girt about your waſte
Beſet with ſute of precious pearl, as bright as ſunny day.
But what? I am beguilde, and gone (I wene) out of the way.
Theſe cauſes lo do not ſo much preſent your image preſt,
That will I, will I, night and day, you lodge within this breſt:
Thoſe gifts of your right worthy minde, thoſe golden gifts of mind
Of my faſt fixed fanſie fourm firſt moouing cauſe I finde:
Loue of the one, and threefold powr: faith ſacred, ſound, ſincere:
A modeſt maydens mood: an hert, from clowd of enuy clere:
Wit, fed with Pallas food diuine: will, led with louely lore:
Memorie, conteining leſſons great of ladies fiue, and fowr:
Woords, ſweeter, than the ſugar ſweet, with heauenly nectar dreſt:
Nothing but coomly can they carp, and wonders well expreſt.
Such damſels did the auncient world, for Poets penns, ſuffiſe:
Which, now a dayes, welnye as rare, as Poets fyne, aryſe.
Wherfore, by gracious gifts of god, you more than thriſe ybleſt,
And I welbleſt myſelf ſuppoſe: whom chaſtefull loue impreſt,
In friendſhips lace, with ſuch a laſſe, doth knit, and faſt 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 ſugerd ſpeech, gaue her a grace.
E xcell in ſong Apollo made his dere,
N o fingerfeat Minerue hid from her ſight.
E xpreſt in look, ſhe hath ſo ſouerain chere,
A s Cyprian once breathed on the Spartan bright.
W it, wiſdom, will, woord, woork and all, I ween,
D are nomans pen preſume to paint outright.
L o luyſter 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 neew 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 bleſſe.
Graunt, with ſound ſoll in body ſound that here we dayly go:
And, after, in that countrey lyue, whence banniſht is all wo:
Where hoonger, thirſt, and ſory age, and ſickneſſe may not mell:
No ſenſe 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 leaſure, and good heed:
By vpright dole, and much auayling deed:
By hert vnthirld, by vndiſcoomfite chere,
And breſt 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 t
yere [Anns cher
Strength with Debore, with Iudith faith, with Maudlen zea
With bleſſed Mary modeſt moode: like Sibill, life full long
A mynde with ſacred ſprite enſpired, with freſh, and body ſtron
And, when of your forepointed fate you haue outroon the race
Emong all theſe, in Ioues hye raygn of bliſſes 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 hert
chere.

And as dame 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 bliſſfull 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 ſins certain
Your own it was, aye preſent at your heſt:
Yet here itſelf doth it reſigne agayn,
Within theſe noombers cloſde. Where, think you beſt
This to repoſe? There, I ſuppoſe, where free
Minerue you place. For it hath you embraſte,
As th Heliconian 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 fortunable fall,
Returning now to his prime part: and, good luck therwithall,
May it proceed: and end, and oft return, to glad your hert:
) Suſan, whom among my frendes I count, by your deſert.
oy may your heauenly ſprite: endure freſh wit, in ye fyne brayn:
'our knowledge of good things encreas: your body, ſafe remain:
\ body, of ſuch ſhape, as ſhoweth a worthy wight by kynde:
\ cloſet, fit for to contein the vertues of that minde.
Vhat ſhall I yet moreouer add? God graunt, with pleaſaunt mate
\ pleaſaunt life you lead. Well may that man reioyſe 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 ſend 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 ſages had.
Why, poorely rayd? For fadyng goodes paſt care.
Why doublefaced? I marke eche fortunes fare.
This bridle, what? Mindes rages to reſtrain.
Tooles why beare you: I loue to take great pain.
Why, winges? I teach aboue 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 ſought?
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 fanſies vain,
Nor him deſpiſe: hold right atween theſe twayn.

No waſtefull wight, no greedy goom is prayzed.
Stands largeſſe iuſt, in egall balance payzd.
So Catoes meal ſurmountes Antonius chere.
And better fame his ſober fare hath here,
To ſlender buildyng, bad : as bad, to groſſe :
One, an eyeſore, 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 prayſe.

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 dreed : 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.
Chooſe then the leeſer 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.
In ſeas, is gayn to gett: the ſtraunger, hee ſhall bee
Steemed, hauing much : if not, none knoweth his lack, but hee.
A wife will trym thy houſe : no wife? then art thou free.
Good is a louely thing : without, thy life is looſe to thee.
Yong bloods be ſtrong : old fires in double honour dwell.
Soo 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 [aſunder.
As meek as babes, thei do their charge, and ſcatter not
But if they raiſe their heades aloft, and lawe her brydle ſlake:
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 mercileſſe.

[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 counteruail 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 harty zeal with ours accords, in euery caſe:
No terme of time, no ſpace of place, ſo ſtorme can it deface.
When fickle fortune fayls, 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 bliſſuli 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 Menclus[1] ſonne Achill, by thee combined was.
Euryalus, and Niſus gaue Virgil cauſe 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 ſaye: 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 choſen fere.
The tyrant, in diſpayre, no lack of gold bewayls:
But, Out I am vndoon (ſayth hee) for all my frendſhip fayls.
Wherfore ſins nothing is more kindely for our kinde:
Next wiſdome, 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 bliſſfull 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 ſallet herbs bee here, and herbs of euery kinde:
The ruddy grapes, the ſeemly frutes bee here at hand to finde.
Here pleaſans wanteth not, to make a man ſull [? full] fayn:
Here marueilous the mixture is of ſolace, and of gain.
To water ſondry ſeeds, 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 ſound, (their murmur is ſo ſmall)
Of blooms and bloſſoms ſuck the topps, on dewed leaues they fall
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

All mirthfull, with their ſongs ſo blithe, they make both ayre, and
The garden, it allures, it feeds, it glads the ſprite: [feeld.
From heauy hartes all doolfull dumps the garden chaſeth quite.
Strength it reſtores to lims, draws, and fulfils the ſight:
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 ſore 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 largeſſe great, of manhod, of forecaſt
Can ech good Engliſh ſouldiour bear record.
Speak Launderſey, 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 chaunce.

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, clowds 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 ſins the heauen this Wilfords goſte dothe keep,
And earth, his corps: ſaye 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 prayſe, this lady did but ſhow
Her ſelf vnto the world: and in prime yeres (bee ware)
Sleeps doolfull ſiſter, who is wont for no reſpect to ſpare,
Alas, withdreew her hence: or rather ſoftly led:
For with good will I dare well ſaye, 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 gems to haue.
Now wold ſhee not return, in earth a queen to dwell.
As ſhee hathe 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 norſſe, poor peoples ſtay,
Neybours delite, true hert to him aboue,
n yeelding worlds encreas took her decaye:
Vho printed liues yet in our hertes alway:
Vhoſe cloſet of good thews, layd here a ſpace,
hall 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:
hoſe vgſoom idoll to my brayns reſorts.
gracefull ymp, a flowr of youth, away
ath ſhe bereft (alas) before his daye.
hambers, this lyfe to leaue, and thy dear mates,

So ſoon doo thee conſtrayn 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 ſight.
Whatſo you herd, by liuely voyce, expreſt,
Was ſoon repoſde within that mindefull breſt.
To mee more pleaſant 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 ſonder 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 mooueth mee?
Thou holdſt the hauen of helth, with bliſſfull 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 ſtounds who can compare
To heauenly ſeats, and thoſe delites moſte rare?
We frayl, you firm: we with great trouble toſt,
You bathe in bliſſe, that neuer ſhall bee loſt.
Wherfore, Thaley, renew thy feaſtfull layes:
Her doolfull tunes my chered Muſe now ſtayes.

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 dreed of wretched world driue thee
Leſte thou this afterfall ſhould hap to ſee:
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 ſuſtayn
So great a grief, with mouth as ſtyll, as ſtone?
My loue, my lyfe, of ioye my ieewell is gone.
This harty 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 ſore.
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 noorſſe alſo in honour great.
Caiet the Phrygian from amid fireflame
Reſcued, who gaue to Latine ſtronds the name.
Acca, in dubble ſenſe 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 noombers 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 paſe I fixed on the ground:
When toung can ceaſe to break the liſpyng ſound:
You mee ſtreightway did too the Muſes ſend,
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 heſt, farewell:
And gladly there in ſchools I gan to dwell:
Where Granta giues the ladies nyne ſuch place,
That they reioyſe to ſee theyr bliſſfull caſe.
With ioyes at hert, in this pernaſſe I bode,
Whyle, through his ſignes, fiue tymes great Titan glode:

And twyſe 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 aſſygne.
Hearyng the chaunce, your neybours made much mone:
A dearworth dame, they thought theyr comfort gone.
Kinſwoomen wept: your charge, the maydens wept:
Your daughters wept, whom you ſo well had kept.
But my good ſyre gaue, with ſoft woords, releef:
And clokes, 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 ſaye: Adeew, dear ſpouſe, 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 ſongs 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 ſore ſmart:
No coſtly tomb, areard with curious art:
Nor Mauſolean maſſe, hoong in the ayre:
Nor loftie ſteeples, that will once appayre:
But waylful 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:

Cloſde, with good end, good life is woont to bee.
But now, my ſacred parent, fare you well:
God ſhall cauſe vs agayn togither dwell.
What time this vniuerſall globe ſhall hear
Of the laſt troomp the rynging voyce: great fear
To ſoom, to ſuch as you a heauenly chear.
Til then, repoſde reſt you in gentle ſleep:
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 houſe of th Arundels, ſo long a time now famed:
Who from Fitzalens doth recount diſcent of worthy race,
Fitzalens, earls of hye eſtate, men of a goodly grace:
Whom his renowmed father had ſeen floriſh, and excell,
In arms, in arts, in witt, in ſkill, in ſpeaking wonders well:
Whoſe yeres, to timely vertue had, and manly graueneſſe 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 Ceſars broother ſent.
On courſing ſteeds hee rids the waye: in ſhip hee fleeteth faſt:
To royall Ceſars 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 lyms and all.
O rufull youth, thy helth toofar forgot, and toomuch heed
To countrie, and too parent yeuen: 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 praiſe to paye:
Nor deth doeſt dreed, 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 Ceſars court gan paſſe.
And, thus, O thus (good lord) this ymp, of heuen moſt worthy wight
His happy life with bliſſfull 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.
Likewiſe, was Titus Ceſar hence withdrawn, in his prime yeres:
Likewiſe, 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.*

ME 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 Egiptian Aſtronomer, in firſt fight, that* Alexander *had with the* Perſians.

NOw clattering arms, now ragyng broyls of warr
Gan paſſe the noyes of taratantars clang[1]: [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 corpſes hide the purpurde ſoyl with blood:
Large ſlaughter, on ech ſide: but Perſes more
Moyſt feelds bebledd[2]: 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 preſerues, with horſemen on a plump
Before his carr: that none the charge could giue.
Here grunts, here grones, echwhere ſtrong youth is ſpent:
Shaking her bloody hands, Bellone, among
The Perſes, ſoweth all kindes[3] of cruel death.
With throte ycutt, hee roores: hee lyeth along,
His entrails with a launce through girded quite:
Him down[4] the club, him beats[5] farſtryking bowe,
And him the ſlyng, and him the ſhinand[6] 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 celeſtiall bodyes hee could tell
The moouyng, meetyng, light, aſpect, eclyps,

[1] of dredfull trompets clang: [2] Moyst feelds be bledd·
[3] kynde [4] smites [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 ſeaſon well the ſoyl:
Why ſoomer burns: why autum hath ripe grapes:
Whether the circle, quadrate may becoom[1]:
Whether our tunes heauens harmony can yeeld:
Of fowr begynns, among them ſelues how great
Proportion is: what ſwaye the erring lightes
Dothe ſend in courſe gayn that firſt moouing heauen,
What grees, one from an other diſtant bee:
What ſterr[2] dothe lett the hurtfull fire to rage,
Or him more mylde what oppoſition markes[3]:
What fire doth qualifie Mauorſes fire:
What houſe echone doth ſeek: what planet raigns
Within this hemiſphere, or that: ſmall things
I ſpeak: holl[4] heauen hee cloſeth in his breſt.
This ſage then, in the ſtarrs had ſpied: the fates
Threatned him death, without delaye: and ſithe
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 firſt front of his rage,
Cooms deſperatly to Aliſanders[5] 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 loſeſt 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 ſeuenfold ſophie of Minerue contein:
A match, more meet, ſir 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 monſtrous man (quod he) whatſo thou art,
I praye thee, lyue: ne do not, with thy death
This lodge of lore, the Muſes manſion marr.
That treaſure houſe this hand ſhall neuer ſpoyl:
My ſwoord ſhall neuer bruze that ſkylfull brayn,
Longgatherd heapes of ſcience ſoon to ſpyll.
O, how faire frutes may you to mortall men
From wiſdoms garden, giue? How many may,
By you, the wyſer, and the better proue?
What error, what mad moode, what phrenzey[1] thee
Perſuades to bee downſent to deep Auern:
Where no artes floriſh, nor no knowledge vails?
For all theſe ſawes, when thus the ſouerain ſayde,
Alighted Zoroas: with ſwoord vnſheathed,
The careleſſe king there ſmote, aboue the greaue,
At thopening of his quiſhes: wounded him
So, that the blood down reyled on the ground.
The Macedon, perceyuing hurt, gan gnaſh:
But yet his minde he bent, in any wyſe,
Hym to forbear: ſet ſpurrs vnto his ſteed,
And turnd away: leſte anger of the ſmart
Should cauſe reuenger hand deal balefull blowes.
But of the Macedonian chieftanes knights
One, Meleager, could not bear this ſight:
But ran vpon the ſayd Egyptian renk[2]:
And cut him in both kneez: hee fell to ground:
Wherwith a hole route came of ſouldiours ſtern,
And all in peeces hewed the ſilly ſeg
But happyly the ſoll[3] fled to the ſterres:
Where, vnder him, he hath full ſight of all,
Wherat hee gazed here, with reaching looke.
The Perſians wayld ſuch ſapience to forgo:
The very ſone, the Macedonians wiſht,
Hee wold haue lyued: kyng Aliſander ſelf
Deemd him a man, vnmeet to dye at all:
Who woon lyke praſe, for conqueſt of his ire,
As for ſtout men in feeld that daye ſubdeewd:

[1] phrensy [2] reuk [3] soule

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

Marcus Tullius Ciceroes *death.*

THerefore, when reſtleſſe rage of wynde, and waue
Hee ſaw: By fates, alas calld for (quod hee)
Is hapleſſe Cicero: ſayl 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 ſaued that Conſul Marcus ſhend.
Speakyng nomore, but drawyng from deep hert
Great grones, euen at the name of Room[1] 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 lyms the aged ſire dothe draw:
And, round about their maſter, ſtood his band:
Nor greatly with theyr own hard hap diſmayd,
Nor plighted ſayth, 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 gleaus[3]
They might, and threats of folowing routs eſcape.
Thus lo, that Tullie, went, that Tullius,
Of royall robe, and ſacred Senate prince:

[1] Rome [2] eies [3] gleaues

When hee afar the men approche eſpyeth,
And of his fone the enſignes 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 purſeews.
What might hee doo? Should hee vſe in defenſe
Diſarmed 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, ſayth hee, let looſe the rayns:
Roon to the vndeſerued 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
Noyſom obliuion of the lotheſom death.
Slea mee: yet all thoſſpring to coom ſhall knowe
And this deceas ſhall bring eternall lyfe.
Yea and (onleſſe I fayl, and all in vain
Room, I ſoomtyme thy Augur choſen was)
Not euermore ſhall frendly fortune thee
Fauour, Antonius: once the day ſhall coom:
When her deare wights, by cruell ſpight, thus ſlayn,
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 too[1] thoſe fates the very knights
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:

[1] to

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.
Wherfore 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 ſaye, long hid his hed.
The latine Muſes, and the Grayes, they wept:
And, for his fall, eternally ſhall weep.
And lo, hertperſyng Pitho (ſtraunge to tell)
Who had to him ſuffiſde bothe ſenſe, and woords,
When ſo he ſpake: and dreſt, with nectar ſoote,
That flowyng toung: when his wyndpype diſcloſde,
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 ſight 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 becoom the ded, quoth hee:
But Tullie liues, and ſtyll alyue ſhall bee.

N. G.

VNCERTAIN AVCTOVRS.[1]

The complaint of a louer with ſute 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 ſort.
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 cunnyng 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 ſorowes 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 repent.
Yet haue I felt full oft the hotteſt of his fire:

[1] *Songes and Sonettes of vncertain auctours.*

The bitter teares, the ſcalding ſighes, the burning hote deſyre.
And with a ſodain ſight the trembling of the hart:
And how the blood doth come, and go, to ſuccour euery part.
When that a pleaſant loke hath lift me in the ayer:
A frowne hath made me fall as faſt into a depe deſpayer.
And when that I, er this, my tale could well by hart:
And that my tong had learned it, ſo that no worde might ſtart:
The ſight of her hath ſet my wittes in ſuch a ſtay:
That to be lord of all the world, one word I could not ſay,
And many a ſodayn cramp my hart hath pinched ſo:
That for the time my ſenſes all felt neither weale, nor wo.
Yet ſaw I neuer thing, that might my minde content:
But wiſht it hers, and at her will, if ſhe could ſo conſent.
Nor neuer heard of wo: that did her will diſpleaſe:
But wiſht the ſame vnto my ſelf, ſo it might do her eaſe.
Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked face:
Vnleſſe it did reſemble her, or ſome part of her grace.
No diſtance yet of place could vs ſo farre deuide:
But that my hert, and my good will did ſtill with her abide.
Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortunes powre,
To put that ſwete out of my thought, one minute of an howre.
No rage of drenching ſea, nor woodeneſſe of the winde,
Nor cannons with their thundryng cracks could put her from my minde
For when bothe ſea and land aſunder hath vs ſet:
My hole delite was onely then, my ſelf alone to get.
And thitherward to loke, as nere as I could geſſe:
Whereas I thought, that ſhee was then, yat might my wo redreſſe.
Full oft it did me good, that waies to take my winde:
So pleaſant ayre in no place els, me thought I could not finde.
I ſaying to my ſelf, my life is yonder waye:
And by the winde I haue here ſent, a thouſand ſighes a daye.
And ſayd vnto the ſunne, great gifts are geuen thee:
For thou mayſt ſee mine earthly bliſſe, where euer that ſhe bee.
Thou ſeeſt 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 wiſht, thus haue I led my life.
But long it can not laſt, that in ſuch 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.
Wherfore 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 ſaue my life, to kepe her name, and ſet my hert at reſt.

Of the death of maſter Deuerox[1] *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 ſort of ſlipper welth: all things do riſe to fall.
Thuncertentie is ſuch: experience teacheth ſo:
That what things men do couet moſt, them ſoneſt they forgo.
Lo Deuorox where he lieth: whoſe life men heeld ſo deare
That now his death is ſorowed 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 ſame.
His king, and countrye 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 pleaſurd 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 [neuer geue
God graunt well all, that ſhall profeſſe as he profeſt:
To liue ſo well, to dye no worſe: and ſend his ſoule good reſt.

[1] Deuorox

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 ſoone,
The lack is like to laſt to long.
If God for goodes ſhalbe vnplaced:
If right for riches loſe his ſhape:
If world for wiſdome be embraced:
The geſſe is great, much hurt may happe.
Among good things, I proue and finde,
The quiet life dothe moſt abound:
And ſure 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 aboue 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 griefe aye grene to ſtabliſh this eſtate.
So that I fele, in this great ſtorme, and ſtriſe,
The death is ſwete that endeth ſuch a life.
Yet by the ſtroke of this ſtrange ouerthrow,
At which conflict in thraldom I was thruſt:
The Lord be prayſed: I am well taught to know,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he muſt:
And by the way vpon how feble force
His term doth ſtand, till death doth end his courſe.
The pleaſant yeres that ſeme, ſo ſwifte that runne:
The mery dayes to end, ſo faſt that flete:
The ioyfull nightes, of which day daweth ſo ſoone:
The happy howers, which mo do miſſe, then mete,
Doe all conſume: as ſnowe againſt the ſunne:
And death makes end of all, that life begunne.
Since death ſhall dure, tyll all the world be waſt.
What meaneth man to drede death then ſo ſore?
As man might make, that life ſhould alway laſt.
Without regard, the lord hath led before
The daunce of death, which all muſt 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 ſpring:
With no ſure hower in all his dayes to ſit:
He would ſure think, as with great cauſe I do:
The day of death were better of the two.
Death is a port, wherby we paſſe to ioy.
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in pain.
Death is ſo dere, it ceaſeth all annoy.
Life is ſo leude, that all it yeldes is vayn.
And as by life to bondage man is braught:
Euen ſo likewiſe by death was fredome wraught.
Wherfore with Paul let all men wiſh, and pray
To be diſſolude of this foule fleſhy maſſe:
Or at the leaſt be armed againſt the day:
That they be found good ſouldiers, preſt to paſſe
From life to death: from death to life agayn
To ſuch a life, as euer ſhall remain.

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

IN Grece ſomtime 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 deuiſe,
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 ſemely knight, well armed with ſpeare and ſhield:
Orels ſome foule, or fiſh to graue he did deuiſe:
And ſtill, within his wandering thoughtes, new fanſies did aryſe.
Thus varyed he in mynde, what enterpriſe to take:
Till fanſy moued his learned hand a woman fayre to make.
Whereon he ſtayde, 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.
Welſhaped were her lyms, full cumly was her face:
Eche litle vayn moſt liuely coucht, eche part had ſemely grace.
Twixt nature, and Pygmalion, there might appeare great ſtryfe.
So ſemely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothyng but life.
His curious eye beheld his own deuiſed work:
And, gaſyng oft thereon, he found much venome there to lurke.
For all the featurde ſhape ſo dyd his fanſie 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 fawned: ſome time in rage would crye:
It was a wonder to beholde, how fanſy bleard 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 ſet the glory of her name:
And brake her mould, in great diſpayre, your like ſhe could not frame.

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 ſyng I now, ſeyng none other boote,
My renderyng ſong, and to your wyll obey.
Your vertue mountes aboue my force ſo hye.
And with your beautie ſeaſed I am ſo ſure:
That their auails reſiſtance none in me,
But paciently your pleaſure to endure
For on your wyll my fanſy 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 ſooner 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 tn 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,
Mythap 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 deſyre: 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 ſaught.
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 ſort
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 ſcornefull will and ſpitefull vſe
And how I paſt not who was tied.
So that my ſelf might ſtill liue loſe:
He ſet himſelf to lye in wait:
And in my way he threw a bait.
Such one, as nature neuer made,
I dare well ſay ſaue 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 ſodeinly, 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 ſondry ſortes of carefull wo:
And none aliue may ſalue the ſore,
But onely ſhe, that hurt me ſo.
In whom my life doth now conſiſt,
To ſaue or ſlay me as ſhe liſt.
But ſeing 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:
Leſt 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 helpes them oft, that haue no nede.
Where power dwelles, and riches reſt:
Falſe fortune is a common geſt,
Yet ſome affirm, and proue by ſkyll:
Fortune is not as fleyng 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 fanſies 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 ſendeth bliſſe.
The cauſe of thinges I will not blame:
Leſt 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 apeaſe my wofull teares.

Againſt wicked tonges.

QEuyll tonges, which clap at euery winde:
Ye ſlea the quick, and eke the dead defame:
Thoſe that liue well, ſom faute in them ye finde.

[1] pease

Ye take no thought, in ſlaundring[1] theyr good name.
Ye put iuſt men oft times to open ſhame.
Ye ryng ſo loude, ye ſound vnto the ſkyes:
And yet in proofe ye ſowe 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 ſay.
Happy is he, that liues on ſuch a ſort:
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 dredding to moue his sute for dout of denial, accuseth all women of disdaine 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 ſelly foole, doth warn vs to beware,
Who lighteth not on euery ruſhe,[2] he dreadeth ſo the ſnare.
The mouſe that ſhonnes the trap, doth ſhew what harme doth ly:
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 vndoyng 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 miſlyke, 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] sclandring [2] bush

Than for to plain where is no ſalue, for to recure the ſore.
Wherfore my grief I hide, within a holow hart:
Vntill the ſmoke thereof be ſpied, by flaming of the ſmart.

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

THe reſtleſſe rage of depe deouryng 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 hongerſteruen, where frute is ready food:
So wretchedly his ſoule doth ſuffer grief:
The liuer gnawne of gylefull Promethus,
Which Vultures fell with ſtrayned talant tyre:
The labour loſt of wearyed Siſiphus:
Theſe helliſh houndes, with paines of quenchleſſe fyre,
Can not ſo ſore the ſilly ſoules 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 when eche 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 fo.

[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 fanſy 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 ſomer ſtill dothe runne
To ſeke her foode, wherby to liue in winter for to come.
I ſaw eke vertue, how ſhe ſat 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.

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

PHylida was a fayer[2] mayde,
And freſh as any flowre:
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayed
To be his paramour.
Harpalus and eke Corin
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phillida could twiſt and ſpin
And therto ſing full clere.

[1] A flying bird [2] fayre

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 Couſlippes and of Colombine,
And all for Corins ſake.
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.
Therfore 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 ſate in the dale:
And thus with ſighes and ſorowes ſhryll,
He gan to tell his tale.
O Harpelus thus would he ſay,[1]
Vnhappieſt vnder ſunne:
The cauſe of thine vnhappy day

[1]O 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 ſode refrayne
And herken your herdmans ſounde:
Whom ſpitefull loue alas hath ſlaine
Throughgirt with many a wounde.
Oh happy be ye beaſtes wilde
That here your paſture takes:
I ſe 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 ſo.
The Ewe ſhe hath by her the Ramme
The yong Cow hath the Bulle:
The calf with many a luſty lamme
Do feede their honger 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 ſee therfore 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:
By[1] 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 er[3] 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 ſence with him be paſt
Which trode the euen ſteppes that leaden to renowne
We that remaine aliue ne ſuffer ſhall to waſte
The fame of his deſerts, 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 therfore 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 floriſh ſhall his fame,
A gladſome thing it is that er he ſtep vs fro,
Such mirrours he vs left our life therby to frame,
Wherfore his praiſe ſhall laſt aye freſhe in Brittons ſight,
Till ſunne 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 gropyng for the ſwete, ſuch taſtyng of the ſower
Such wandryng here for worldly welth that loſt is in one houre.
And as the good or badde gette vp in hye 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.
For[1] ſuch as long ago, great rulers were aſſinde
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 deſart,
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 ſame, that neuer ſwat therſore.

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 ſtyl 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 ſore 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 ſore.
My loſte 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 lone[1] 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 withſtand.
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 ſaue 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 ſet 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 ſemes mete.

[1] loue

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

SYthe ſingyng gladdeth oft the hartes
Of them that fele the panges 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 ſyng 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 lifted 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 deſyres 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 ſo:
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 diſpleaſe:
Of pleaſant ioyes I had my fill.
No paynfull thought dyd paſſe my hart:
I ſpilt no teare to wet my breſt:
I knew no ſorow, ſigh, nor ſmart.
My greateſt grefe was quyet reſt.
I brake no ſlepe, I toſſed not:
Nor dyd delyte to ſit 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 bliſſe,
To thinke vpon that pleaſure paſt.
But forthwithall I finde the miſſe,
For that it might no lenger laſt.
Thoſe dayes I ſpent at my deſire,
Without wo or aduerſitie:
Till that my hart was ſet a fire,
With loue, with wrath, and ielouſie.
For on a day (alas the while)
Lo, hear my harme how it began:
The blinded Lord, the God of guile
Had liſt to end my fredome than.
And through mine eye into my hart,
All ſodenly I felt it glide.
He ſhot his ſharped fiery dart,
So hard, that yet vnder my ſide
The head (alas) dothe ſtill remaine,
And yet ſince could I neuer know,
The way to wring it out againe:
Yet was it nye three yere ago.
This ſoden ſtroke made me agaſt:
And it began to vexe me ſore.
But yet I thought, it would haue paſt,
As other ſuch had done before.

But it did not that (wo is me)
So depe imprinted in my thought,
The ſtroke abode: and yet I ſee,
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 ſo,
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 ſure 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 ſighes, that ſins haue brend,
My wretched hart almoſt to naught.
And ſins that day, O Lord my life,
The miſery that it hath felt.
That nought hath had, but wo and ſtriſe,
And hotte deſires my hart to melt.
O Lord how ſodain was the change
From ſuch a pleaſant liberty?
The very thraldome ſemed ſtrange:
But yet there was no remedy.
But I muſt yeld, and geue vp all,
And make my guide my chiſt[1] ſo.
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 ſeke 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 diſeaſe:
And all alone bewailde my wo.
There was no ſight 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 curſe my ſelfe and all my dayes.
Thus wrought I with my fantaſie,
And ſought 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 ſight 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 ſat me down, as though I ſhould
Haue ended then my lyfe and all.
And as I ſat 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 ſate 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 ſet 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 bliſſe 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 ſayd among.
Sins thou art ridde of all thine yll:
To ſhowe thy ioyes ſet forth thy voyce.
And ſins 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 bliſſe did double many folde.
And thus I thought with mannes blood,
Such bliſſe 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 bliſſe?
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 vnſure.
Good prouſe 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:
Deuiſed 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 auaileth 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) aduerſitie,
Doth make my ſingyng ceaſe 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 griefe,
Like vnto this, and it is true,
That bliſſe hath brought me all this miſchiefe.
But yet I haue not ſongen, how
This miſchiefe 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 ſore.
Oh, geue me breath till this be done:
And after let me liue no more.
Alas, the enmy of my[4] 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 pleaſantneſſe:
Alas, he bringeth all this ſtrife,
And cauſeth all this wretchedneſſe.
For in the middes of all the welth,
That brought my hart to happineſſe:
This wicked death he came by ſtelthe,
And robde me of my ioyfulneſſe.
He came, when that I little thought
Of ought, that might me vexe ſo ſore:
And ſodenly he brought to nought
My pleaſantneſſe for euermore,
He ſlew my ioye (alas, the wretch)
He ſlew my ioye, or I was ware:
And now (alas) no might may ſtretch
To ſet an end to my great care.
For by this curſed deadly ſtroke,
My bliſſe is loſt, and I forlore:
And no help may the loſſe reuoke:
For loſt it is for euermore.
And cloſed vp are thoſe faire eyes,
That gaue me firſt the ſigne of grace:
My faire ſwete foes, myne enemies,
And earth dothe hide her pleaſant face.
The loke which did my life vpholde:
And all my ſorowes did confounde:
With which more bliſſe then may be tolde:
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground.
But ceaſe, for I will ſing no more,
Since that my harme hath no redreſſe:
But as a wretche for euermore,
My life will waſte with wretchedneſſe.
And ending thys my wofull ſong,
Now that it ended is and paſt:
I wold my life were but as long:
And that this word might be my laſt.
For lothſome is that life (men ſaye)
That liketh not the liuers minde:
Lo, thus I ſeke myne owne decaye,
And will, till that I may it finde.

Of his loue named White.

FVll 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 inpreaſeth, with cleare heew,
In lips, and chekes, right orient to behold:
That the nere gaſer may that bewty reew,
And fele diſparſt in limmes the chilling cold:
For White, all white his bloodleſſe face wil be:
The aſſhy 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.
Alway 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 ready[1] 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 Paradiſe I ſuffer all this paine.

Where good will is ſome proſe 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 neuer[1] 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 higheſt 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 makes[2] 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 traine[4] 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 doon[6]
Then ſhould men well perceiue, my tale to be of trouth,
And he to be the worthieſt wight that euer nature wrought.

1 set 2 make 3 *Verses written on the picture of sir* Iames Wilford *knight.*
4 end 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 ſay nay, ſay nay, and be no more ſo dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and ſay that thou wilt come.
Wherby my hart may thinke, although I ſee not thee,
That thou wilt come thy word ſo ſware, 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 ſure aliue ſo wilt thou come to me.
Wherby I ſhall go ſee thy ſhippe ride on the ſtrande
And thinke and ſay lo where he comes, and ſure 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 ſend to do,)
Thoſe armes whiche miſſe thee now[1] ſhall then imbrace thee to.
Ech vaine to euery ioynt, the liuely bloud ſhall ſpred, [dead.
Which now for want of thy glad ſight, doth ſhow full pale and
But if thou ſlip thy trouth 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 trouth 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 things to be loued beſt,

[1] yet

Nor all offers to be ſet at nought,
Where faithfull hart hath bene refuſde,
The choſers wit was there abuſde.
The woful ſhyppe of carefull ſprite,
Fletyng on ſeas of wellyng teares,
With ſayles of wiſhes broken quite,
Hangyng on waues of dolefull feares,
By ſurge of ſighes at wrecke nere hand,
May faſt no anker holde on land.
What helps the dyall to the blinde,
Or els the clock without it ſound,
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 pleaſance.

The louer thinkes no payne to great, wherby he may obtaine his lady.

WIth that the way to welth is woe,
And after paynes[1] 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 waſt,
And in reward of eche mans ſhare,
A gogen gift is much imbraſt,
Sould[1] I than grudge it griefe 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 ſaue,
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 reioyſed 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 maried 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 ſtere 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 crocked ſhore
leſt harme him happe awayting leſt.
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 ſluttiſhe coates,
ne ſhroudes himſelf in filthines.
Ne ſittes 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 maried studient 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 worſer tide
When fortune failes diſpaireth nought
but conſtantly doth ſtil abide
For he that ſendeth griſely ſtormes
with whiſking windes and bitter blaſtes
And fowlth with haile the winters face
and frotes the ſoile with hory froſtes
Euen he adawth the force of colde
the ſpring in ſendes with ſomer hote
The ſame 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
ſometime he harpes his muſe 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 ſaile.

¶ *The louer refuſed lamenteth his eſtate.*

I 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 dolling[1] of my dayes among the beaſtes ſo brute
Who with their tonges may not bewray the ſecretes of my ſute
Nor I in like to them may once to moue my minde
But gaſe on them and they on me as beſtes are wont of kinde

[1] doling

Thus ranging as refuſde to reche ſome place of reſt,
All ruff of heare, my nayles vnnocht, as to ſuch ſemeth 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 fanſy for to pleaſe,
Who would become a heardmans hyre one howre to haue of eaſe.
Wherby I might reſtore, to me ſome ſtedfaſtnes,
That haue mo thoughts kept in my head then life may long diſges.
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.
Wherfore 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 [ſayle 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 fele no 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 ſaws 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 pleaſant 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 ſomer 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
Wherfore 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 ſurged talke with eloquence ſhal lowſe 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 ſtorme[2] 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:
Fanſy perſuaded me therby,
Loue to eſteme a thing moſt vaine.
But as the birde vpon the brier.
Dothe pricke and proyne her without care:
Not knowyng alas pore fole how nere[1]
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 ſaile:
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 rayſde 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 riſe,
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 preſerue,
As one through girt with many a wound.

[1] Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere

A praiſe of his Ladye.

GIue place you Ladies and begon.[1]
Boaſt not your ſelues at all:
For here at hande approcheth 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 ſene or heard,
That any man can finde.
In life ſhe is Diana chaſt,
In trouth Penelopey:
In word and eke in dede ſtedfaſt,
What will you more we ſey.
If all the world were ſought 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 gaſyng in an open ſtrete,
Nor gaddyng as a ſtray.

[1] be gone,

The modeſt mirth that ſhe dothe vſe,
Is mixt with ſhamefaſtneſſe:
All vice ſhe dothe wholy 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 excede,
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,
D eſired pompe is vaine, and ſeldome dothe it laſt: [ſore.
W ho climbes to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full
A las the wofull ende that comes with care full faſt,
R eiect him dothe renowne his pompe full lowe is caſte.
D eceiued is the birde by ſweteneſſe of the call
E xpell that pleaſant taſte, wherein is bitter gall.
S uch as with oten cakes in pore eſtate abides,
O f care haue they no cure, the crab with mirth they roſt,
M ore eaſe fele they then thoſe, that from their height downe
E xceſſe doth brede their wo, they faile in ſcillas coſt, [ſlides
R emainyng in the ſtormes till ſhyp and all be loſt.
S erue 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 ſely man, when loue did him forſake, [make.
In mourning wiſe, 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 vnknowen.
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 poſſeſt ſo high a place.
As I whoſe ſimple hart aye thought him ſelfe full ſure,
But now I ſe 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 woe redreſſe.
Ye woodes that ſhroud my limes giue now your holow 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 ſunne.[2]
Tranſport my ſighes ye windes vnto my pleaſant 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 ſuſters three ſhould cut in twaine my fatall threde.
Till life with loue ſhall ende I here reſigne my[3] ioy:
Thy pleaſant ſwete I now lament whoſe lack bredes myne anoy
Farewell my deare therfore farewell to me well knowne
If that I die it ſhalbe ſayd that thou haſt ſlaine thine owne.

1 heares, 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 ſilly dog got wat:
Euen for my ſake to like where I do loue,
Inforced him wheras my lady ſat
With humble ſute before her falling flat.
As in his ſorte 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 ſlaue that doth remaine
Leſt 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 the[2] 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 fanſy 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.
Fanſy doth me awake out of my drowſy ſlepe,

[1] pray [2] *om.* the

In ſeeing how the little mouſe, at night begyns to crepe.
So the deſyrous man, that longes to catch hys pray,
In ſpying how to watch hys tyme, lyeth lurkyng ſtyll by day.
In hopyng for to haue, and fearyng for to fynde
The ſalue that ſhould recure his ſore, and ſoroweth but the mynde,
Such is the guyſe of loue, and the vncertain ſtate
That ſome ſhould haue theyr hoped happe, and other hard eſtate.
That ſome ſhould ſeme to ioy in that they neuer had,
And ſome agayn ſhall frown as faſt, where cauſeles they be ſad.
Such trades do louers vſe when they be moſt at large,
That gyde the ſtere when they themſelues lye fettred in ye barge.
The grenes of my youth cannot therof expreſſe
The proces, for by profe vnknowen, all this is but by geſſe.
Wherfore I hold it beſt, in tyme to hold my peace,
But wanton will it cannot hold, or make my pen to ceaſe.
A pen of no auayle, a fruitles labour eke,
My troubled head with fanſies fraught, doth payn it ſelf to ſeke.
And if perhappes my wordes of none auayle do pricke,
Such as do ſele the hidden harmes, I would not they ſhold kicke.
As cauſeles me to blame which thinketh them no harme,
Although I ſeme by others fyre, ſometime my ſelf 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 praiſe of Audley.

WHen Audley had runne out his race and ended wer his days, [praiſe.
His fame ſtept forth and bad me write of him ſome worthy
What life he lad, what actes he did: his vertues and good name,
Wherto I calde for true report, as witnes of the ſame.
Wel born he was wel bent by kinde, whoſe mind did neuer ſwarue
A ſkilfull head, a valiant hert, a ready hand to ſerue.
Brought vp and trained in feats of war long time beyond the ſeas [pleaſe.
Cald home again to ſerue his prince whom ſtyll he ſought to
What tornay was there he refuſde, what ſeruice did he ſhone,
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 ſede.
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 renowne his nature could peruart,
No hard miſchaunce that him befel 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 Peragon[1]
But courſe of kinde doth cauſe eche frute to fall when it is ripe,
And ſpitefull death will ſuffer none to ſcape his greuous gripe.
Yet though the ground receiued haue his corps into her [wombe,
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 ſe 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 ſounde.
And ſound is good at proufe, and proufe is prince of praiſe,
And precious praiſe is ſuch a pearle as ſeldome ner decayes.
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 ſame.
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 amids the fire:
I ſee ſhe doth withholde
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 ſe 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 ſtones
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.[1]
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 ſwete a voice or ſounde,
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 ſemed 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 ſillye wofull ſpirite[1] 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 appeares,
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.
Wherfore all you that ſe this corps for loue that ſtarues,
Example make vnto you all, that thankeleſſe louers ſarues.

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 exceadyng all the reſt,
Muſes therfore of force now muſt you wreſt.
Your pleaſant notes into an other ſounde,
The ſtring is broke, the lute is diſpoſſeſt,
The hand is colde, the bodye in the grounde.
The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore,
Phillips her frende that can her touche no more.

[1] sprite

That all thing ſometime finde eaſe of their paine, ſaue onely the louer.

I See there is no ſort,
Of thinges that liue in griefe:
Which at ſometime may not reſort,
Wheras they haue reliefe.
The ſtriken dere[1] by kinde,
Of death that ſtandes in awe:
For his recure an herbe can finde,
The arrow to withdrawe.
The chaſed dere[2] hath ſoile,
To coole him in his het[3]:
The aſſe[4] after his wery toyle,
In ſtable is vp ſet.
The conye[5] hath his caue,
The little birde his neſt:
From heate and colde them ſelues to ſaue,
At all times as they lyſt.
The owle[6] with feble ſight,
Lieth lurkyng in the leaues:
The ſparrow[7] in the froſty nyght,
May ſhroude her in the eaues.
But wo to me alas,
In ſunne 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 tearcs,
To holde my hope abacke.
All thinges I ſee haue place,
Wherin they bowe or bende:
Saue this alas my woſull caſe,
Which no where findeth ende.

1 Dere 2 Dere 3 heat 4 Asse 5 Cony 6 Owle 7 Sparrow

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 ſore:
The battry was of ſuch a ſort
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 ſable 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 ſowne,
The ſcalyng ladders were vp ſet:
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 puſſhed 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 ſouldiers vſe,
When ſhot and powder gins to want:
I hanged vp my flagge of truce,
And pleaded for my liues graunt.
When fanſy thus had made her breach
And beauty entred with her bande:
With bag and baggage ſelye wretch,
I yelded into beauties hand.
Then beawty had[1] to blowe retrete.
And euery ſoldiour to retire.
And mercy wilde with ſpede to fet:[2, 3, 4]
Me captiue bound as priſoner.
Madame (quoth I) ſith that thys day,
Hath ſerued you at all aſſaies:
I yeld to you without delay,
Here of the fortreſſe all the kaies.
And ſith that I haue ben the marke,
At whom you ſhot at with your eye:
Nedes muſt you with your handy warke,
Or ſalue my ſore or let me dye.

The aged louer renounceth loue.

I Lothe that I did loue,
In youth that I thought ſwete:
As time requires for my behoue
Me thinkes they are not mete,
My luſtes they do me leeue,
My fanſies 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 ſet, 1547. [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,
Leaue 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 deliueryng 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 oft[2] which was thine owne,
Without cauſe 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 caterpiller 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 caterpiller 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 wiſh
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] swering [2] 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 ſowen 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 ſote.
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 excedeth all pleaſures and riches of the worlde.

THe ſhinyng ſeaſon here to ſome,
The glory in the worldes ſight,
Renowmed 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 exceadeth all.

Againſt an vnſtedfaſt woman.

OTemerous tauntres that delightes in toyes
Tumbling cockboat tottryng to and fro,
Ianglyng ieſtres deprauers[1] 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.

[1] deprauers

A praiſe of Petrarke *and of* Laura *his ladie.*

O Petrarke hed and prince of Poets all,
Whoſe liuely gift of flowyng eloquence,
Wel may we ſeke, but finde not how or whence
So rare a gift with thee did riſe 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 ſet forth as none other ſhall.
Why hath not our pens rimes ſo perfit wrought[1]
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 ſemely forme and ſhap,
Eche line of iuſt proporſion to her height:
Her colour freſhe and mingled with ſuch ſleight:
As though the roſe ſate in the lilies lap.
In wit and tong to ſhew what may be ſed,
To euery 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 vnhappe where rigours rage doth raigne,[2]
The[8] 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:
The[8] 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,
Cauſles vnkinde that carieth[6] 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 chaunge.

Slipper and ſecrete where ſurety can not ſowe
Net of newelty, neaſt of newfangleneſſe,
Spring of very[7] ſpite, from whence whole fluddes do [flow,
Thou caue and cage of care and craftineſſe
Waueryng willow that euery blaſt dothe blowe
Graffe withouten grothe and cauſe of carefulneſſe.
The[8] heape of miſhap of all my griefe the graunge
What cauſeth thee thus cauſeleſſe for to chaunge.

Haſt thou forgote that I was thine infeft,
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 might[9] befall
From out my hart[10] that could haue the bereft.
What meaneſt thou then at ryot thus to raunge,
And leaueſt thine owne that neuer thought to chaunge.

[1] Cruel vnkinde whom mercy cannot moue,
[2] Ground of my griefe where pitie cannot proue:
[3] Trikle 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] cariest [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 giltleſſe 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 richeſſe in exceſſe of vertue ſo abhorde, [corde.
I would not craue which bredeth care and cauſeth all diſ-
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 [ſlaue.
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 preſence and the ſight of god haue theyr felicitie.
So lykewyſe I in earth, ſhould haue all earthly blis,
With preſence 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 treſpace?
Alas poore woman then alas,
A wery 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 beheſt
In dede and can you ſo?
Did you not ſweare you loude[1] me beſt,
And can you now ſay no?
Remember me poore wight in payne,
And for my ſake 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,
Regardyng not what he had ſayd.
Was neuer woman thus betrayed,
Nor man ſo falſe forſworne,
His faith and trouth ſo ſtrongly tayed,[1]
Vntruth hath alltotorne:
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 ſet 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,

[1] tyed

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 behoſe, 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 ought
And ſerueth in their ſtate, in ſuch iuſt frame and ſorte,
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 bellowes 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 kilth[1] 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 ſwete
Of nature yeldes ſuch liuely ſmelles that comforts euery ſprete.
The ſonne through natures might doth draw away the dew,

[1] kils

And ſpredes ye flowers where he is wont his princely face to
The Mone[1] which may be cald the lanterne of the night, [ſhew
Is halfe a guide to traueling men ſuch vertue hath her light.
The ſters 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 they haue their duety done by courſe they fade away.
Eche beaſt both fiſhe and foule, doth offer lief[2] 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 ſoueraigne ſalues for ſondry ſores, 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 wyſeſt 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 ſay, which can do nought but fayne,
Women were made for this intent, to put vs men to payne.
Yet ſure 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 ſute,
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 ſigh 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.

ALL 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 circumſtaunce,
There were them ſelues that did auaunce:
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 ſought to finde,

One worthy to receiue ſuch 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 ſuch a frend I did attaine.
And when I did enioy this welth,
Who liued Lord in ſuch 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 ſeke the worlde and finde none ſich[1]
Thus by this frende I ſet ſuch ſtore,
As by my ſelfe I ſet 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 cauſed my ſmarte
Thus ioyed I in my frende ſo dere
Was neuer frende ſate 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 ſowed mirthe I reaped mone
This ydoll that I honorde ſo,
Is now tranſformed to my ſo,
That me moſt pleaſed me moſt paynes,
And in diſpaire my hart remaines.
And for iuſt ſcourge of ſuch deſart,
Thre plages I may my ſelfe aſſure,
Firſt of my frende to loſe my parte,
And next my life may not endure,
And laſt of all the more to blame,
My ſoule ſhall ſuffer for the ſame,
Wherfore ye frendes I warne you all,
Sit faſte for feare of ſuch 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 lift,
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 compariſon of the louers paines.

LYke as the brake within the riders hande, [payne,
Doth ſtrayne the horſe nye woode with greiſe of
Not vſed before to come in ſuch a bande,
Striueth for griefe, 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 griefe,
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 ſore 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 wholy bent,
So that he maye your grace obtain:
As you by proofe 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 proofe 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 ſame (my loue) thou ſent to me,
It healed my ſore 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 auaileth not without good Fortune.

THo[2] 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 vnknowen neare ſought,
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 vnhides 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 eſtemed 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 eſteme 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 fethe,
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 answere of comfort.*]

A comfort to the complaynt of Theſtilis.

THeſtilis thou ſely 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 therfore thy plaintes, let hope thy ſorrowes eaſe, [ſeas
The ſhipmen though their ſailes be rent yet hope to ſcape the
Though ſtraunge ſhe ſeme a while, yet thinke ſhe will not chaunge

Good cauſes driue a ladies loue, ſometime to ſeme 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 ſhinyng ſunne refreſhe the frutes when rainyng gins to ceaſe.
When ſpringes are waxen lowe, then, muſt they flow againe,
So ſhall thy hart aduaunced be, to pleaſure out of paine.
When lacke of thy delight moſt bitter griefe apperes,
Thinke on Etraſcus 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 forbeare 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 ſore 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,
Wherfore 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 worſe.
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 ſit and ſee,
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 ſittyng all alone,
Markyng the ſteppes ech worde and loke:
And now they treade where I haue gone
The painfull pathe that I forſoke.
  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 aſſinde.
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.

I 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 pleaſant 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 diſpleaſe,
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 ſigh and throbbe:
And when his fanſyes might not frame,
Then into teares and ſo to ſobbe,
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 ſo diuerſly:
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 ſeruaunt ſo,
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 ſay 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 leſt of twaine.

For what he felt in ſeruice true
For her whom that he loued ſo,
The ſame I fele as large for you,
To whom I do my ſeruice owe,
There was that time in him no payne,
But now the ſame 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 ſaye,
Your hart muſt nedes remorce 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 commen 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 ſorrowes ſlake,
So ſhall you bring my wo to ende.
And ſet me in as happy caſe,
As Troylus with his lady was.

To leade a vertuous and honeſt life.

FLee from the preſe and dwell with ſothfaſtnes
Suffiſe to thee thy good though it be ſmall,
For horde hath hate and climyng tickleneſſe
Praiſe 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 the[1] is ſent, receiue in boxomneſſe,
The wreſtling of this world axith[2] a fall:
Here is no home, here is but wilderneſſe.
Forth pilgrame forth beaſt out of thy ſtall,[3]
Looke vp on high, giue thankes to god of all:
Weane well thy luſt, and honeſt life ay leade,
So trouth ſhall the deliuer, it is no dreade.

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 fearce 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 euery londe.
Yet would I not ſtraite yelde, till fanſy fierſly[4] 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 ſound,
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 perſing iye[5] 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 furthſhrowe ſwete lokes whan 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.
Deſearte of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
For feare of nay I neuer ſought, the way to frame my ſute,
Yet hap that what hap ſhall, delay I may to long,
Aſſay I ſhall for I here[6] 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.

THe dolefull bell that ſtill dothe ring,
The wofull knell of all my ioyes:
The wretched hart dothe perce and wringe,
And fils 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 ſighes dothe cauſe me drawe.
And though I force bothe hande and eye,
On pleaſant matter to attende:
My ſorowes 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 ſo.
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 ſo ringe.
As ſmalleſt ſparckes vncared for,
To greateſt flames dothe[1] ſoneſt growe,
Euen ſo did this myne inwarde ſore,
Begin in game and ende in wo.
And now by vſe ſo ſwift it goeth,
That nothing can mine eares ſo 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 aſſaye to ſtrike it out,
And ſo the myll to ouerthrow.

1 do

The power of loue ouer gods them ſelues.

FOr loue Appollo (his Godhead ſet aſide)
Was ſeruant to the kyng of Theſſaley,
Whoſe daughter was ſo pleaſant in his eye,
That bothe his harpe and ſawtrey he defide.
And bagpipe ſolace 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 baſe
Tranſmuted thus ſometime a ſwan is he,
Leda taccoye, and eft Europe to pleaſe,
A milde white bull, vnwrinckled front and face,
Suffreth her play tyll on his backe lepeth ſhe,
Whom in great care he ferieth through the ſeas.

[In the Second and later editions, the following poem was transposed further on, see *p.* 257.]

Of the ſutteltye of craftye louers.

SVch waiward waies haue ſome when folly ſtirres their braines [paynes.
To fain and plaine full oft of loue when leſt they fele his
And for to ſhew a griefe ſuch craft haue they in ſtore,
That they can halt and lay a ſalue wheras they fele no ſore.
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 ſhould diſcribe on[1] hundred of their driftes
Two hundred witts beſide mine owne I ſhould put to their ſhiftes
No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his dere
Nor ſhypman on the ſea that more hath ſkill to guide the ſtere
Nor beaten dogge to herd can warer choſe his game,
Nor ſcholeman to his fanſy can a ſcholer better frame.
Then one of theſe which haue olde Ouids art in vre,
Can ſeke the wayes vnto their minde a woman to allure.
As rounde about a hiue the bees do ſwarme alway, [pray.
So rounde about yat houſe they preaſe wherin they ſeke their

[1] one

And whom they ſo beſege, it is a wonderous thing,
What crafty engins to aſſault theſe wily warriers 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 fielde,
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 ſelly ſoule to win.
Then ſound 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 woe[1] 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 giltleſſe gowne as I ſit here and ſow,
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 ſemes to haunt nothing but craft
For with indifferent eyes my ſelf can well diſcerne, [appere
How ſome to guide a ſhip in ſtormes ſeke for to take the ſterne.

1 woo

Whoſe practiſe yf were proued in calme to ſtere a barge,
Aſſuredly beleue it well it were to great a charge.
And ſome I ſee agayne ſit ſtyll and ſaye but ſmall, [do all.
That could do ten tymes more than they that ſaye they can
Whoſe goodly giftes are ſuch the more they vnderſtande,
The more they ſeke 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 ſounge and paſt.
The author wherof came wrapt in a craftye cloke:
With will to force a flamyng fire where he could raiſe no ſmoke.
If power and will had ioynde as it appeareth plaine,
The truth nor right had tane no place their vertues had ben vain.
So that you may perceiue, and I may ſafely ſe,
The innocent that giltleſſe is, condemned ſhould haue be.

The promiſe of a conſtant louer.

AS Lawrell leaues that ceaſe not to be grene,
From parching ſunne, nor yet from winters threttе:
As hardened oke that fearth[1] 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 ſlaundered a gentlewoman with him ſelfe.

FAlſe may he[2] 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 chaſe,
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 ſaye that thou in this haſt 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 the[2] right as now ſhe dothe thee know,
Falſe of thy dedes[3] falſe of thy talke alſo.
Lurker of kinde like ſerpent layd to bite,
As poyſon hid vnder the ſuger white.
What daunger ſuche? So was the houſe 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 the[5] 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 riſe.
For ſhe that is a fowle of fethers bryght,
Admit ſhe toke ſome pleaſure in thy ſight.
As fowle of ſtate ſometimes delight to take,
Fowle of meane ſort their flight with them to make.
For play of winge or ſolace of their kinde:
But not in ſort as thou doſt breke thy mynde.
Not for to treade with ſuch foule fowle as thou,
No no I ſwere 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 Suſan than.
Forgers of that where to their luſt them prickt,
Baſhe, blaſer 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,
Falſe as thou art, as falſe as is the beſt,
That ſo canſt wrong the noble kinde of man,
In whom all trouth furſt flooriſt[1] 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 ſede 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 falſe, and falſely to deceaue.

A praiſe of maiſtreſſe Ryce.[2]

I Heard when Fame with thundryng voice did ſommon to appere
The chiefe of natures children all that kinde had[3] 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 ſate 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 ſtayned all the dames that preſent were that day.
For er ſhe ſpake with whiſpering words, the preaſe was filde through-
And fanſy forced common voyce therat to geue a ſhoute. [out
Which cried to fame take forth thy trump, and ſound 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 ſoner ſaid but beauty therewith bluſht,
The audience ceaſed with the ſame, and euery thing was whuſht.[1]
Then fineneſſe thought by trainyng talke to win that beauty loſt.
And whet her tonges[2] with ioly wordes, and ſpared for no coſt.
Yet wantonneſſe could not abide, but brake her tale in haſte,
And peuiſhe pride for pecockes plumes wold nedes be hieſt plaſt.
And therwithall came curiouſneſſe and carped out of frame.
The audience laught to here the ſtrife as they beheld the ſame.
Yet reaſon ſone appeſde the brute, her reuerence made and don,
She purchaſed 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 ſame. [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 poſſeſt.
Then ſkill roſe vp and ſought the preace[3] to find if yat he might
A perſon of ſuch honeſt name that men ſhould praiſe of right.
This one I ſaw full ſadly ſit and ſhrinke her ſelf a ſide,
Whoſe ſober lokes did ſhew what gifts her wiefly[4] 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 Riſe[5] 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 wiſht of god yat ſhe might proſper long.

[1] The noise did cease, the hall was still, and every thing was whusht.
[2] tonge [3] prease [4] wifely. [5] R.

Of one uniuſtly defamed.

INe can cloſe in ſhort and cunning verſe,
Thy worthy praiſe of bountie by deſart:
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 ſight,
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 fonde affects now ſturred haue their braine,
So dothe thy hap thy hue with colour ſtaine.
Beauty thy foe thy ſhape doubleth thy ſore,
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 county[1] *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 heauens 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 chiefely as a ſtaye,
For all her frendes that would her furtherance chuſe.
Well ſayd therfore a heauens 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 eſteme 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 griefe, or hurt, of paine, of[1] wo,
Within eche thing is ſowen a ſede.
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 weinſcot[3] old,
Within dothe eat the ſilly worme:
Euen ſo a minde in enuy rold,
Alwayes within it ſelf doth burne.
Thus euery thing that nature wrought,
Within it ſelf his hurt doth beare:
No outward harme nede to be ſought,
Where enmies be within ſo neare.

[1] or [2] freate [3] wainscot

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,
Fanſy 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.
Wiſe in that poynt that lightly will not leeue,
Vnwiſe 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 :
Suffiſeth[1] 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.

Deſcripcion 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 ſugred tonges, ſuch malice full of pride:
Such open wrong ſuch great vntruth, which can not go vnſpied.
Such reſtleſſe ſute for roumes, which bringeth men to care:
Such ſlidyng downe from ſlippry ſeates, yet can we not beware.
Such barkyng at the good, ſuch bolſtrynge of the yll:
Such threatnyng of the wrathe of God, ſuch vyce embraced ſtyll.
Such ſtriuynge for the beſt, ſuch climyng to eſtate:
Such great diſſemblyng euery where, ſuch loue all mixt with hate
Such traynes to trap the iuſt, ſuch prollyng 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 dul wits to blind, ſuch matters made of nought,
Such trifles tolde for trouth, ſuch credityng of lyes,
Such ſilence kept when foles do ſpeake, ſuch laughyng at the wiſe
Such plenty made ſo ſcarce, ſuch criyng 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 kepyng muck in ſtore.
Such folly founde in age, ſuch will in tender youth,
Such ſundry ſortes 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 cauſe and ground of this is our vnquiet minde,
Which thinkes to take thoſe goods away which we muſt leue behinde.
Why do men ſeke to get which they cannot poſſeſſe,
Or breke their ſlepes with carefull thoughtes and all for wretchednes.
Though one amonges a ſkore, hath welth and eaſe a while,
A thouſand want which toyleth ſore 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 liue like gods and honored are to day,
Within ſhort time their glory falles as flowers do fade away.
Vncertein is their lifes[1] on whom this world will frowne,
For though they ſit aboue ye ſtarres a ſtorm may ſtrike them downe
In welth who feares no fall may ſlide from ioy 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 haue a pleſant 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 haue 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 ſwete
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 ſtriſe,
Were better liue 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 reioiſe
For as we ſe to day our brother brought in care,
To morrow may we haue ſuch chance to fall with him in ſnare,
Of this we may be ſure, who thinkes to ſit moſt faſt,
Shal ſoneſt fal like wethered leaues that cannot bide a blaſt.
Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as lowe doth ronne,
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 ſaintes are deuilles in their dedes :
Though yat the earth bringes forth ſome flowers it beareth many wedes.
I ſe no preſent help from miſchief to preuaile,
But flee the ſeas of worldly cares or beare a quiet ſayle.
For who that medleth leaſt ſhall ſaue him ſelfe from ſmart,
Who ſtyrres an oare in euery boat ſhal play a foliſh part.

[1] liues

The diſpairyng louer lamenteth.

WAlkyng the pathe of penſiue 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 diſmayde,
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 diyng 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 trouth vntill I dye.
And as this payne cloke ſhall I euer,
So inwardly ioye ſhall I neuer.
Gripyng of gripes greue not ſo ſore,
Nor ſerpentes ſtyng cauſeth ſuch ſmarte,
Nothing on earth may payne me more,
Then ſight that perſt my wofull hart.
Drowned with cares ſtyll to perſeuer,
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 fansy 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 Hawe 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 ddme.
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 griefe,
From feare from[1] 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 beriue,
Our bliſſe that alway ought to be in minde.
This wyly worlde whiles here we breath aliue
And fleſhe our fayned ſo, do ſtifely[2] 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 our[3] 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 haſt[4] 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 floriſhe long by right.
Though in this life ſo cruell mighteſt though[5] 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 erſt[6] my minde gaue credite light,
Beleuyng that her bolſtred name
Had ſtuffe to ſhew that praiſe did hight.

[1] for [2] stifly [3] a [4] *om.* hast [5] thou [6] Whilist

I finde well now I did miſtake,
Vpon report my g[r]ounde to make.
I hearde it ſayd ſuch 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 ſuttell 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 ſuch as geaſon none,
And what ſhe moſt may boſt to be:
I finde her matches mo then one,
What nede ſhe ſo to deale with me?
Ha flering face with ſcornefull harte,
So yll rewarde for good deſert?
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 gyllot[2] ſent 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,
Emong[4] the greedy wormes:
Which in his life time neuer founde,
But ſtriſe 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 ſame 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 ſo.
If rage did cauſeleſſe 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 griefe,
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 therfore that thou art gone,
As ſhe is glad ſhe dothe abide.
For ſo ye be a ſonder, all is one:
A badder match can not betide.

Againſt women either good or badde.

A Man may liue thriſe Neſtors life,
Thriſe wander out Vliſſes race:
Yet neuer finde Vliſſes wife.

Such chaunge hath chanced in this caſe.
Leſſe age will ſerue than Paris had,
Small peyn (if none be ſmall inough)
To finde good ſtore of Helenes trade.
Such ſap the rote dothe yelde the bough.
For one good wife Vliſſes ſlew
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 Vlyſſes 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 frute[1] of bough and tree.
Vliſſes 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 ſithe 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 ſene 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 ſouerayne 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 ſemes 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 ſommer 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 gliſtryng 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 ſight?
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 diſpoſſeſt,
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 beginnyng. To walke on doutfull grounde.[1]

TO truſt the fayned face, to rue on forced teares,
To credit finely forged tales, wherein there oft appeares
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 deceitleſſe 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 gredy folke deſire:
Not euery wailyng word is drawen out of the depe:
Not griefe 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 ſemyng ſhow
Of hart with dolour all diſtreined, where griefe 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 ſilly pitiyng ſoule.
Blame neuer thoſe therfore, that wiſely can beware
The guillful[1] man, that ſuttly ſayth him ſelfe to dread the ſnare.
Blame not the ſtopped eares againſt the Syrenes ſong:
Blame not the mind not moued with mone of falſheds flowing tong.
If guile do guide your wit by ſilence ſo to ſpeake,
By craft to craue and faine by fraude the cauſe yat you wold breake:
Great harme your ſuttle ſoule ſhall ſuffer for the ſame:
And mighty loue will wreke the wrong ſo 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 ſight.
As do the mouſe, the birde, the fiſhe, by ſample fitly ſhow,
That wyly wittes and ginnes of men do worke the ſimples wo.
So, ſimple ſithe we are, and you ſo ſuttle be,
God help the mouſe, 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 ſight:
Of that that fed mine eyes by ſtelth,
With ſower ſwete, dreade, and delight.
Let not my griefe 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 freſe then did I ſwete.
And now though on the ſunne I driue,
Whoſe feruent flame all thinges decaies,
His beames in brightneſſe may not ſtriue,
With light of your ſwete 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 ſet on fire,
For though mine eyes forbere the fode[1]
That did releue the hote deſire.
Such as I was ſuch will I be,
Your owne, what would ye more of me.

[1] ſuode

[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 ſought.
If vertue yet no voyde vnthankefull time,
Failed of ſome to blaſt her endles fame,
A goodly meane both to deterre from crime:
And to her ſteppes our ſequele 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.*

ECHe 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 ſemed well to lead the race his port the ſame did ſhow.
Vpon the gentle beaſt to gaze it pleaſed me,
For ſtill me thought he ſemed 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 parceiue[2] 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 ſcornefull 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 ſame.
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 ſet 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 truthe,
Where as[1] in teares he ſpent his breath, alas the more the ruthe,
This gentle beaſt likewiſe[2] 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 preſerued 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 ſeke my foes: and you your frendes do threten 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 ſlake your thirſt on ſuch as to you yeld.

[1] where as [2] This gentle beast so dyed

Wherfore 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 beaſts of currant ſort that ſhould[1] 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 ne[3] defence.
And for reuenge therof I vow and ſwere therto,
I[4] 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 ſailes 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, [geſſe.
Which to my pain, though I refraine the cauſe you may wel
As for becauſe my ſelf was aucthor of the game,
It bootes me not that for my wrath I ſhould diſturbe the ſame.

The faithfull louer declareth his paines and his vncertein ioies, and with only hope recomforteth ſomwhat 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 amongeſt 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 aſſe, the drawing oxe, and euery other beaſt.
The peaſant and the poſt, that ſerue[1] at al aſſayes,
The ſhyp boy and the galley ſlaue haue time to take their eaſe,
Saue I alas whom care of force doth ſo conſtraine
To waile the day and wake the night continually in paine,
From penſiuenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,
From teares to painfull plaint againe : and thus my life it wears.
No thing vnder the ſunne that I can here or ſe,
But moueth me for to bewaile my cruell deſtenie.
For wher men do reioyce ſince that I can not ſo,
I take no pleaſure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.
And when I heare the ſound of ſong or inſtrument,
Me thinke eche tune there dolefull is and helpes me to lament.
And if I ſe ſome haue their moſt deſired ſight,
Alas think I eche man hath weal ſaue I moſt wofull wight.
Then as the ſtriken dere withdrawes him ſelfe alone,
So do I ſeke ſome ſecrete place where I may make my mone.
There do my flowing eyes ſhew forth my melting hart,
So yat the ſtremes of thoſe two welles right wel declare my ſmart
And in thoſe cares ſo colde I force my ſelfe a heate,
As ſick men in their ſhaking fittes procure them ſelf to ſweate,
With thoughtes that for the time do much appeaſe my paine.
But yet they cauſe a ferther fere[2] and brede my woe agayne.
Me thinke within my thought I ſe right plaine appere,
My hartes delight my ſorowes leche mine earthly goddeſſe here.
With euery ſondry grace that I haue ſene 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 ſo.
Her ſtrangenes when I ſued her ſeruant for to be,
And what ſhe ſayd and how ſhe ſmiled when that ſhe pitied me.
Then comes a ſodaine feare that riueth all my reſt
Leſt abſence cauſe forgetfulnes to ſink within her breſt.
For when I thinke how far this earth doth vs deuide.
Alas me ſemes loue throwes me downe I fele how that I ſlide,
But then I thinke againe why ſhould I thus miſtruſt,
So ſwete a wight ſo ſad and wiſe that is ſo true and iuſt.
For loth ſhe was to loue, and wauering is ſhe not.

[1] serues [2] farther feare

The farther of the more deſirde thus louers tie their knot.
So in diſpaire and hope plonged 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 ſendes ſhe now to make me taſt the better,
The pleſant ſwete when that it comes to make it ſeme the ſweter.
And ſo determine I to ſerue vntill my brethe.[1]
Ye rather dye a thouſand times then once to falſe my feithe[2]
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 carcas here to earth ſhalbe refarde,
I do bequeth my weried ghoſt to ſerue her afterwarde.

[1] breath [2] faithe

Finis.

Other Songes and Sonettes written by ſir 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.

WHat 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 ſalue, and eke my ſore.

That pleaſure is mixed with euery paine.

VEnemous thornes[1] 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] thrones

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 helpthe[1]
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 ſute 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 ne[2] 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 vnſparred, 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 therfore to chuſe me thinketh wiſdome,
By loſſe of life libertye, then life by priſon.
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 oppreſſed[2] me now may me aduance.
In time is truſt which by deathes greuance
Is wholy 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] doler [2] opprest

FINIS.

Emprinted at London in flete ſtrete
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hand and ſtarre, by Richard Tottel
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 diffcrent order: see p. 209.]

The louer declareth his paines to excede far the paines of hell.

THe ſoules 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 ſorow is not ſuch:
And yet they haue of wo,
I dare ſay twiſe as much.
Which comes becauſe they lack
The ſight 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 teil
My thouſand part of care

Ther may no fire in hell,
With my deſire compare.
No boyling leade can pas
My ſcalding ſighes 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 ſame aright.
And as I am thy ſlaue,
Contented with all this:
So helpe me ſoone to haue
My parfect 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 ſound.
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 perſed 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 proofe wherof we ſee,
Time geues the greateſt dint.

The beginning of the epiſtle of Penelope *to* Vliſſes, *made into verſe.*

O Lingring make Vliſſes dere, thy wife lo ſendes to thee,
Her driry plaint write not againe, but come thy ſelfe to me.
Our hatefull ſcourge that womans foe proud Troy now is fordon [won.
We bye it derer, though Priam ſlaine, and all his kingdome
O that the raging ſurges great that lechers bane had wrought,
When firſt with ſhip he forowed ſeas, and Lacedemon ſought,
In deſert bed my ſhiuering coarſe then ſhold not haue ſought reſt,
Nor take in griefe the cherefull ſunne ſo ſlowly fall to weſt.
And whiles I caſt long running nightes, how beſt I might begile,
No diſtaff ſhould my widowiſh 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 paſſing full of drede.

The louer aſketh pardon of his paſſed follie in loue.

YOu that in play peruſe my plaint, and reade in rime the ſmart, [my hart.
Which in my youth with ſighes full cold I harbourd in
Know ye that loue in that fraile age, draue me to that diſtreſſe.
When I was halfe an other man, then I am now to geſſe.
Then for this worke of wauering words where I now rage now rew.
Toſt in the toyes of troublous loue, as care or comfort grew.

I truſt with you that loues affaires by proofe 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 ſe. [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 fanſie driues, while ſence and reaſon ſlepe.

The louer ſheweth that he was ſtriken by loue on good friday.

IT was the day on which the ſunne 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 ſighes, when all folke wept in ſight.
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 forgde of care,
Now vaunt thee loue which fleeſt a maid defenſt with vertues rare.
And wounded haſt a wight vnwiſe, 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 ſundry ſhapes and colours new,
And laughes 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 ſunne 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 ſleepes 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 breaſtes,
Where els they fede or take their reſtes.
The hunter then ſoundes 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 ſerue, 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 ſlea 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 ſadnes then away.
And thus all thinges haue comforting,
In that that doth them comfort bring.
Saue I alas, whom neither ſunne,
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 ſighte,
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 bliſſulnes,
In martirs tunes they ſing and waile,
The want of that which doth them faile.
And hereof comes that in my braines,
So many fanſies worke my paines
For when I waygne your worthynes,
Your wiſdome and your gentlnes,
Your vertues and your ſundry grace,

And minde the countenaunce 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 oreſpred,
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 ſundry fits,
To geue me ſundri ſortes 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 pleaſeth me.
To think that it doth come to you,
As would to God it could ſo do.
For then I know you would ſoone finde,
By ſent and ſauour 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 ſeke.
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 ſekes 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 ſee well by thy port and chere,
And by thy lokes and thy manere,
And by thy ſadnes 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 fantaſer 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 thow,
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 likwiſe changed of fanſy 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 ſuch 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 trouth as well as thow.
And what if ſhe do alter minde?
Where is the loue that thou wouldeſt finde?
Abſence my frende workes wonders oft.
Now bringes 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 aboue 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 ſaies:
Thou haſt ſayde trouth withouten nayes,

For I aſſure thee euen by othe,
And theron take my hand and trothe,
That ſhe is one the worthieſt,
The trueſt and the faithfulleſt,
The gentleſt and the meekeſt of minde:
That here on earth a man may finde,
And if that loue and trouth 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 drinkes,
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 muſt.
Thine own that cares alone for the,
As thou I thinke doſt 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 vſe 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 oreſpredes 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 ſaies 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 ſure 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 ſet.
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 ſhright,
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 wiſdome 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 certein be and iuſt:
There were that ſaw ſuch miſchief ſhould be doon
And warning gaue which compted were in ſort,
As ſad deuines in matter but of ſport.
Such was the time and ſo in ſtate it ſtoode,
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.
Wombed 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 noyſe our harmes.
Then felt we well the piller of our welth,
How ſore 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 ſet 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 ſore to ſee.
Whoſe wiſdome hye 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 therfore 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 fiiſt.[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 wiſdome 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 ſight:
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 ſought to paſſe.
To both their ioyes, to both their comfort ſoon,
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 ſeke 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.

IThat Vlyſſes yeres haue ſpent,
To finde Penelope:
Finde well what folly I haue ment,
To ſeke that was not ſo.
Since Troylous caſe hath cauſed me,
From Creſſed for to go.
And to bewaile Vlyſſes truth,
In ſeas and ſtormy ſkies,
Of wanton will and raging youth,
Which we haue toſſed ſore:
From Sicilla to Caribdis cliues,
Vpon the drowning ſhore.
Where I ſought hauen, there found I hap,
From daunger vnto death:
Much like the Mouſe that treades the trap,

In hope to finde her foode,
And bites the bread that ſtops her breath,
So in like caſe I ſtoode.
Till now repentance haſteth him
To further me ſo faſt:
That where I ſanke, 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 ſaue,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anker hold I haue.

The louer hauing enioyed his loue, humbly thanketh the god of loue: and auowing his heart onely to her faithfully promiſeth, vtterly to forſake all other.

THou Cupide God of loue, whom Venus thralles do ſerue,
I yeld thee thankes 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 doubtes and trembling feares are fled,
And now my wits yat troubled wer, with pleaſant thoughts are fed.
For dread is baniſht cleane, wherein I ſtoode full oft,
And doubt to ſpeake that lay full low, is lifted now aloft.
With armes beſpred abrode, with opende handes and hart,
I haue enioyed the fruite of hope, reward for all my ſmart.
The ſeale and ſigne of loue, the key of trouth and truſt,
The pledge of pure good will haue I, which makes the louers iuſt

Such grace ſins 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 fanſies newe to fede.
Mine eares be ye ſhit[1] 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 ſodein 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 ſaith.
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 ſure is:
Kinde hart is wrapt in heauineſſe.
The ſterne is broke: the ſaile 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 wiſe man ſaith 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: brainſicke is wiſe:
Trouth is folly: and might is right:
Wordes are reaſon: and reaſon is lies:
The bad is good: darkneſſe is light.
Wrong to redreſſe, wiſdome dare not.
Hardy is happy, and ruleth moſt.
Wilfull is witleſſe, and careth not,
Which end go firſt, till all be loſt.
Few right do loue, and wrong refuſe.
Pleaſure is ſought 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.
Trouth vnder buſhell is faine to crepe.
Flattry is treble, pride ſinges the bace.
The meane the beaſt part ſcant doth pepe.
This firy plage the world infectes.
To vertue and trouth it geues no reſt:
Mens harts are burnde with ſundry ſectes,
And to eche man his way is beſt.

With floods and ſtormes thus be we toſt,
Awake good Lord, to thee we crye.
Our ſhip is almoſt ſonk 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 ſend.
In thee we truſt, and in no wight:
Saue vs as chickens vnder the hen.
Our crokedneſſe 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 ſwete.
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 eare 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 forbeare:
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 fole and haue no braine,
Yet ſhall he a name of wiſdome 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.

A Kinde of coale is as men ſay,
Which haue aſſaied the ſame:
That in the fire will waſt away,

And outward caſt no flame.
Vnto my ſelf may I compare,
Theſe coales that ſo conſume:
Where nought is ſene though men do ſtare,
In ſtede of flame but fume.
They ſay alſo to make them burne,
Cold water muſt be caſt:
Or els to aſhes will they turne,
And half to ſinder, waſt.
As this is wonder for to ſe,
Colde water warme the fire,
So hath your coldneſſe cauſed me,
To burne in my deſire.
And as this water cold of kinde,
Can cauſe both heat and cold,
And can theſe coales both breake and binde,
To burne as I haue told.
So can your tong of froſen yſe,
From whence cold anſwers come:
Both coole the fire and fire entice,
To burne me all and ſome.
Like to the corne that ſtandes on ſtake,
Which mowen in winter ſunne:
Full faire without, within is black:
Such heat therin doth runne.
By force of fire this water cold
Hath bred to burne within,
Euen ſo am I, that heat doth hold,
Which cold did firſt begyn.
Which heat is ſtint when I do ſtriue,
To haue ſome eaſe ſometime:
But flame a freſh I do reuiue,
Whereby I cauſe to clime.
In ſtede of ſmoke a ſighing breath:
With ſparkles of ſprinkled teares,
That I ſhould liue this liuyng death,
Which waſtes and neuer weares.

The anſwer.

YOur borrowd meane to moue your mone, of ſume without flame [ſame,
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 cunnyng pece may paſſe there fro, by help of heated hart.
Out of the forge wherin the ſume of ſighes 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 waſt away:
But, that which better is for you, and more deliteth me,
To ſaue you from the ſodain waſte, vaine cinderlike to be.
Which laſtyng better likes in loue, as you your ſemble ply,
Then doth the bauen blaſe, 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 iucye[1] to grow, by ſokyng in his veines,
Or lye on fornace in the forge, as is his vſe of right,
Wherein the water trough may ſerue, and enteryeld her might
By worke of ſmithes both hand and hed a cunnyng 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,

[1] iuyce. 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 fanſy 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?
Fanſy 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 ſpred.
Sith ſhe hath ſo kept her good name.
Such praiſe of life and giftes of grace,
As brute ſelf bluſheth 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 ſought to finde.
For brute of kinde bent ill to blaſe,
Alway 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 (ſay ye)
Byſide 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 deſart.
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 vngentle writing had diſpleaſed his lady.

AH loue how waiward is his wit what panges do perce his breſt,
Whom thou to wait vpon thy will haſt reued of his reſt.
The light, the darke, the ſunne, the mone, the day and eke the night,
His dayly dieng life, him ſelf, he hateth in deſpight,
Sith furſt he light to looke on her that holdeth him in thrall,
His mouing eyen his moued wit he curſeth 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 ſere ſortes of ſorrowes ſtill he worketh as the ſeas.
That turning windes not calme returnde rule in vnruly 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 woſull 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 ſtay,
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 ſtayes 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 curſing breath,
Eche thing that gaue and ſaues him life he damneth of his death.
The wombe him bare, ye breſts he ſuckt, ech ſtar yat with their
might, [light
Their ſecret ſuccour brought to bring the wretch to worldly
Yea that to his ſoules 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 ſame,
Euen that blinde boy that blindly guides the fautles to their fall,
That laughes when they lament that he hath throwen into thral.
O Lord, ſaue 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 ſaltiſh 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 paineleſſe 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.*

THe blinded boy that bendes the bow,
To make with dint of double wound:
The ſtowteſt 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 giltleſſe ghoſtes deſerued not:
To fele ſuch fall of their delightes,
Such panges as I haue paſt God wot.
Then both in new vnwonted wiſe,
Should death deſerue a better name,
Not (as tofore hath bene his guiſe)
Of crueltie to beare the blame.
But contrary be counted kinde,
In lendyng life and ſparyng ſpace:
For ſicke to riſe and ſeke 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 grefe:
A better dede he ſhould do then,
With borrowed dart to gaue relefe.
That both the ſicke well demen may,
He brought me rightly my requeſt:
And eke the other ſort 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 ſunder ſo 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 ſaltiſh teares,
Pronouncyng proues of mine vnreſt,
Whereby my paſſed paine appeares.
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 ſay of it in dede,
Now hope is gone mine olde relefe:
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 ſay
This change to chance by courſe of kinde.
  So ſhould not loue ſo work my wo,
To make death ſurgeant for my ſore,
So ſhould their wittes not wander ſo,
So ſhould I reck the leſſe therfore.

The louer complayneth the loſſe of his ladye.

NO ioy haue I, but liue in heauineſſe,
My dame of price bereft by fortunes cruelneſſe,
My hap is turned to vnhappineſſe,
Vnhappy I am vnleſſe I finde releſſe.
  My paſtime paſt, my youthlike yeres are gone,
My mouthes[1] of mirth, my gliſtring daies of gladſom-
My times of triumph turned into mone, [neſſe
Vnhappy I am vnleſſe I finde releſſe.
  My wonted winde to chaunt my cherefull chaunce,
Doth ſigh that ſong ſomtime the balades of my leſſe:
My ſobbes, my ſore and ſorow do aduaunce.
Vnhappy I am vnleſſe I finde releſſe.
  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 releſſe.
  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 releſſe.

Of the golden meane.

THe wiſeſt way, thy bote, in waue and winde to guie,
Is neither ſtill the trade of middle ſtreame to trie:
Ne (warely ſhunnyng wrecke by wether) aye to nie,
To preſſe vpon the perillous ſhore.

[1] monthes

Both clenely flees he filthe: ne wonnes a wretched wight,
In carliſh[1] coate: and carefull court aie thrall to ſpite,
With port of proud aſtate he leues: who doth delight,
Of golden meane to hold the lore.
Stormes rifeſt rende the ſturdy ſtout pineapple tre.
Of lofty ruing towers the fals the feller be,
Moſt fers doth lightenyng light, where furtheſt we do ſe.
The hilles the valey to forſake.
Well furniſht breſt to bide eche chanſes changing chear.
In woe hath chearfull hope, in weal hath warefull fear,
One ſelf Ioue winter makes with lothfull lokes appear,
That can by courſe the ſame aſlake.
What if into miſhap the caſe now caſten be?
It forceth not ſuch forme of luck to laſt to thee.
Not alway bent is Phebus bow: his harpe and he,
Ceaſt ſiluer ſound ſometime doth raiſe.
In hardeſt hap vſe helpe of hardy hopefull hart.
Seme bold to bear the brunt of fortune ouerthwart.
Eke wiſely when forewinde to full breathes on thy part,
Swage ſwellyng ſaile, and doubt decayes.

The praiſe of a true frende.

WHo ſo that wiſely weyes the profite and the price,
Of thinges wherin delight by worth is wont to riſe.
Shall finde no iewell is ſo rich ne yet ſo rare,
That with the frendly hart in value may compare.
What other wealth to man by fortune may befall,
But fortunes changed chere may reue a man of all.
A frend no wracke of wealth, no cruell cauſe of wo,
Can force his frendly faith vnfrendly to forgo.
If fortune frendly fawne, and lend thee welthy ſtore,
Thy frendes conioyned ioy doth make thy ioy the more.
If frowardly ſhe frown and driue thee to diſtreſſe:
His ayde releues thy ruthe, and makes thy ſorow leſſe.
Thus fortunes pleaſant frutes by frendes encreaſed be,
The bitter ſharp and ſowre by frendes alayde to thee.
That when thou doeſt reioyce, then doubled is thy ioy,

[1] calish 1559.

And eke in cauſe of care, the leſſe is thy anoy.
Aloft if thou do liue, as one appointed here,
A ſtately part on ſtage of worldly ſtate to bere:
Thy frende as only free from fraud will thee aduiſe,
To reſt within the rule of mean as do the wiſe.
He ſeeketh to foreſee 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 caſe,
He is thy faithfull frend and thee he doth embrace.
If churliſh cheare of chance haue thrown thee into thrall,
And that thy nede aſke ayde for to releue thy fall:
In him thou ſecret truſt aſſured art to haue,
And ſuccour not to ſeke, before that thou can craue.
Thus is thy frende to thee the comfort of thy paine,
The ſtayer of thy ſtate, the doubler of thy gaine.
In wealth and wo thy frend, an other ſelf to thee,
Such man to man a God, the prouerb ſayth 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 wiſedome chuſe thy frend, with vertue him retaine:
Let vertue be the ground, ſo ſhall it not be vaine.

[To here were transposed, in the Second edition,
Some men would think of right to haue, from *p.* 61.
Such waiward waies haue some when folly stirres their braines from *p.* 197.]

Of the vanitie of mans life.

VAine is the fleting welth,
Whereon the world ſtayes:
Sithe ſtalking time by priuy ſtelth,
Encrocheth on our dayes.
And elde which creepeth faſt,
To taynte vs with her wounde:
Will turne eche blyſſe into a blaſt,
Which laſteth but a ſtounde.
Of youth the luſty floure,
Which whylome ſtoode in price:
Shall vaniſh 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 forbeare 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 ſalue 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:
Wherfore 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 ſalue you ſhape,
Wherfore 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,
Wherfore 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 ſlake.

Therfore 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.
Therfore do way your rere pretence,
That you would binde that derſt you brake,
For lo your ſalue 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 ſely childe and me,
And like the wretch whom no horrour 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, perceiueth how great a loſſe is libertye.

AH libertie now haue I learned to know,
By lacking thee what Iewell I poſſeſt.
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 ſorowes both at ones.
In contrairs ſtandeth all my loſſe and gaine,
And lo the giltleſſe cauſeth all my paine.

The teſtament of the hawthorne.

IEly 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 ſighes 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 withſaue,
To graunt my iuſt and laſt requeſt:
When that ſhe ſhall behold his graue,
That lyeth of lyfe here diſpoſſeſt,
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 vnderneth a goodly Oke,
With Iuy grene that faſt is bound:
There this my graue I haue beſpoke,
For there my ladies name do ſound:
Beſet euen as my teſtament tels:
With oken leaues and nothing els.

[1] nathelesse. 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 herſſe,
Two lampes to burne and not to queint,
Which ſhalbe token, and reherſſe
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 ſound,
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 ſend her ioy when I am gone.

The louer in diſpeire lamenteth his caſe.

ADieu deſert, how art thou ſpent?
Ah dropping teares how do ye waſhe?
Ah ſcalding ſighes, 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 raighneth and ruth doth faile,
In thankleſſe thoughts thy thoughts do wear
Thy truth, thy faith, may nought auaile,
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 aſſinde.
Thy deſteny 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 ſet in euery loft,
For their ſwete ſauours ſake.
The birdes do ſhrowd them from the cold,
In her we dayly ſee:
And men make arbers as they wold,
Vnder the pleaſant 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 blaſe:
Wherewith my ſprites be ouercome,
So long theron I gaſe.
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 ſwound.
Fie fie for ſhame ſayth fanſy 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 ſlyly 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 ſorow ſeke I reſt,
When fled is fanſies fit.
And though I be a homely geſt,
Before the bayes I ſit.
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 ſame,
Which makes ſo faire a ſhow:
I finde therin my maiſtreſſe name,
And ſe her vertues grow.

The louer complaineth his harty 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 ſekyng 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 nó 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 ſeke 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 ſame.
But, er I meant to iudge: I vewed with ſuch aduiſe.
As retchleſſe dome ſhould not inuade: the boundes of my deuiſe.
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 fanſy 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 princeſſe 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 ſeat, of her bright eyen doth dwell,
Blinde Cupide with the pricke of paine: that princes fredom ſell.
A Paradice it is: her beauty to behold,
Where natures ſtuffe ſo full is found, that natures ware is ſold.

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 ſelues on ground.
Some birdes can eate the ſtrawie corne,
And flee the lime the fowlers ſet,
And ſome are ferde of euery thorne,
And ſo therby they ſcape the net.
But ſome do light and neuer loke,
And ſeeth 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 ſeeth 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 vnkinde 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 ſhal be.
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 therfore, thy betters haue done ſo,
Who thought they had retaind 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 princeſſe er thou dye.

If chance prefer thee ſo, alas poore ſely man,
Where ſhall I ſcape thy cruell handes, or ſeke for ſuccour than?
God ſhild ſuch greedy wolues, ſhould lap in giltleſſe bloode,
And ſend ſhort hornes to hurtful heads, yat rage like lyons woode.
I ſeldome 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 ſoer and ſtoupe ſometime, as men caſt vp the lure.
The pecock hath no place, in thee when thou ſhalt liſt,
For ſome no ſoner 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 ſwete, 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 councell take of him that ought thee once his loue,
Who hopes to mete thee after this among the ſaintes 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 praiſe that flatteries tromp doth ſown[1]
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 ſought,
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 ſacred head, ſo heapt with heares of gold,
As Phebus beames for beauty farre it ſtayns,
A ſucred[1] tong, where eke ſuch ſweteneſſe ſnowes,
That well it ſemes a fountain where it flowes.
Two laughyng eyes ſo linked with pleaſyng lokes,
As wold entice a tygers hart to ſerue:
The bayt is ſwete but eager be the hookes,
For Dyane ſeeks her honour to preſerue.
Thus Arundell ſits, throned ſtill with fame,
Whom enmies trompe can not attaynt with ſhame.
My daſed head ſo daunted is with heapes,
Of giftes diuine that harber in her breſt:
Her heauenly ſhape, that lo my verſes 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 ſo ſwete, ſo chriſtall is her eyes,
Her mouth ſo ſmall, her lips ſo liuely red:
Her hand ſo fine, her wordes ſo ſwete and wiſe,
That Pallas ſemes to ſoiourne in her hed.
Her vertues great, her forme as farre excedes,
As ſunne 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 ſore :
To rid this reſtleſſe 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 ſodaynely a ſpark,
Startes out of my deſire :
And lepes into my hart,
Settyng the coles a fire.
  Then reaſon runnes about,
To ſeke forgetfull water :
To quench and clene put out,
The cauſe of all this matter.
And ſaith dead fleſh muſt nedes,
Be cut out of the core,
For rotten withered wedes,
Can heale no greuous ſore.
  But then euen ſodaynely,
The feruent heat doth ſlake :
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 ſlaine.
  Well well, I ſay no more,
Let dead care for the dead,
Yet wo is me therfore,
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 1 vol. 8vo. Thomas Wiat and others, his Famous Contemporaries. [Ed. with Memoirs by T. Sewell, M.D. Text incorrect.]

13. [1795-1807. London. A Reprint of No. **2**: with other poems by Surrey and 2 vols. 8vo. 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. TURBERVILE'S *Ovids Epistles*, 1567: G. GASCOIGNE'S *Steele Glas*, 1576: B. RICHE'S *Precepts for a State* from 'The Trauailes 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.]

14. [1812. Bristol. An edition prepared by Rev. G. F. Nott, D.D., F.S.A. 1 vol. 4to. "Just as it was completed, all but the preface, a fire destroyed the whole impression." The Thirty extra poems, by Grimald, form an Appendix, including which, the text occupies 367 pages (Brit. Mus. Press mark, 11604.ff.)

24. 1870. Aug. 15. London. 8vo. *English Reprints.* See title at *p.* 1.

II. *With other works.*

23. 1867. London. *Seven English Poetical Miscellanies.* Reproduced by J. [15 Parts] P. COLLIER. [A subscription edition limited to 50 copies. Tottel's 7 vols. 4to. *Miscellany* forms the first three parts; issued as £1, 5s. each set of three.] A reprint of No. **1**.

The Poetical Works of Surrey and Wyatt together.

15. 1815-16. London. The Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir 2 vols. 4to. T. Wyatt. Ed. by Rev. G. F. Nott, D.D. [Rather magnifical in style, but contains a large amount of information, and many poems not printed by Tottel, collected from three MS. collections.

16. 1831. London. The Poems of Surrey and Wyatt. [Ed. by Sir Harris 2 vols. 8vo. Nicholas].

The Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

10. 1717. London. Songes and Sonettes. H. Howard, Earl of Surrey. Re- 1 vol. 8vo. printed by E. Curll. 32 *pp.* Price 1*s.* [Simply the 40 poems of Surrey contained in Tottel].

12. 1728. London. 1 vol. 8vo. A re-issue of No. **10** with a fresh Title page.

17. 1854. London. *Annotated Edition of Eng. Poets.* Poetical Works of the 1 vol. 8vo. Earl of Surrey, &c. Ed. by R. Bell.

18. 1854. Boston, U.S. 1 vol. 8vo. A reprint of Vol. 1. of No. **16**.

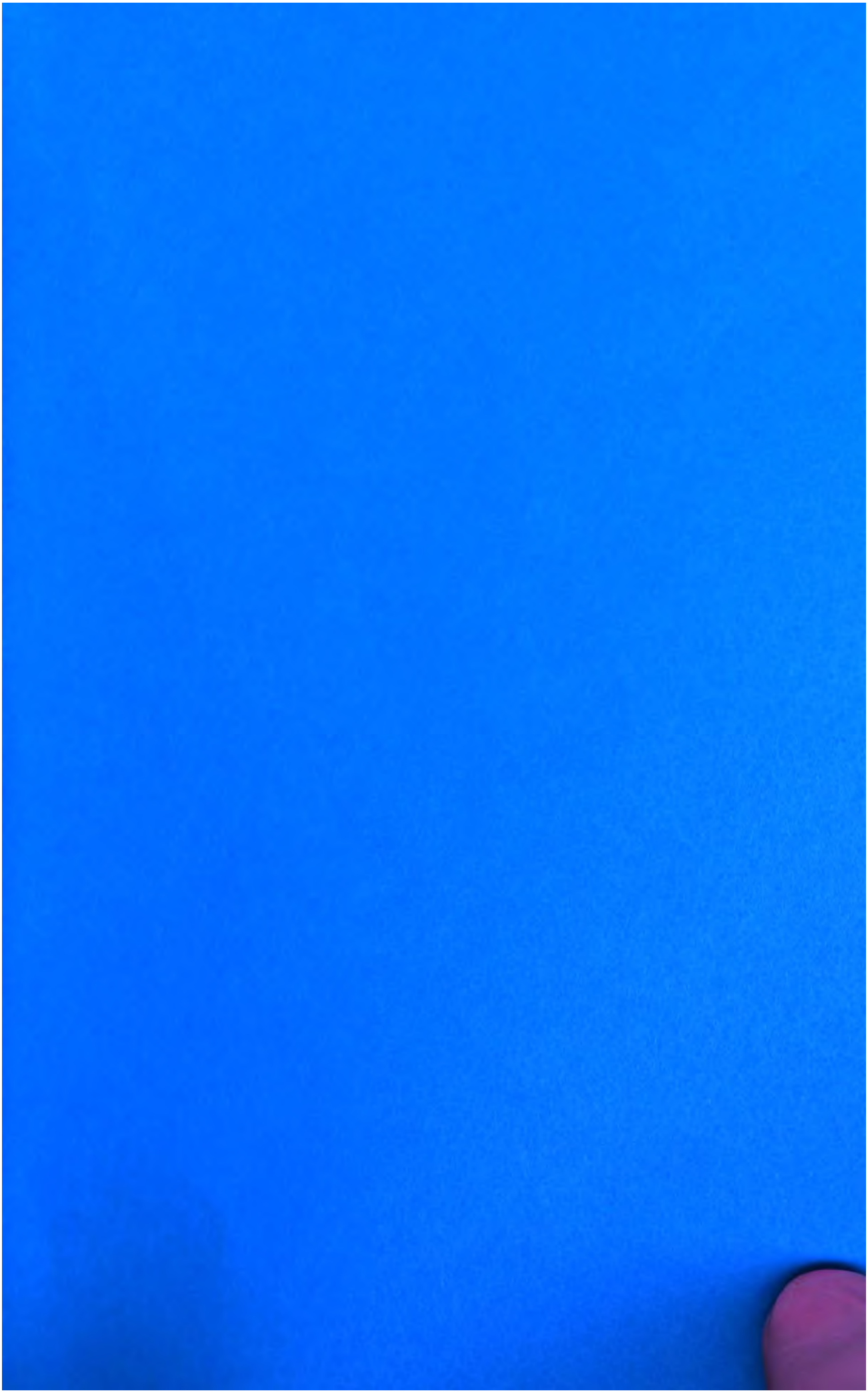
20. 1856. Edinburgh. The Poetical Works of William Shakespeare and the 1 vol. 8vo. Earl of Surrey Ed. by Rev. George Gilfillan.

22. 1866. London. *The Aldine Edition.* The Poems of Henry Howard, 1 vol. 8vo. Earl of Surrey. A reprint of Vol. 1. of No. **16**.

The Poems of Sir T. Wyatt,

11. 1717. London. A similar work to No. **10**. Reprinted by E. Curll. Price 1 vol. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

19. 1854. London. *Annotated Edition of Eng. Poets.* Poetical Works of Sir 1 vol. 8vo. T. Wyatt. Ed. by Robert Bell.

21. 1858. Edinburgh. The Poetical Works of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Ed. by 1 vol. 8vo. Rev. George Gilfillan.

Muir & Paterson, Printers, Edinburgh.