



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

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

For more information see:

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

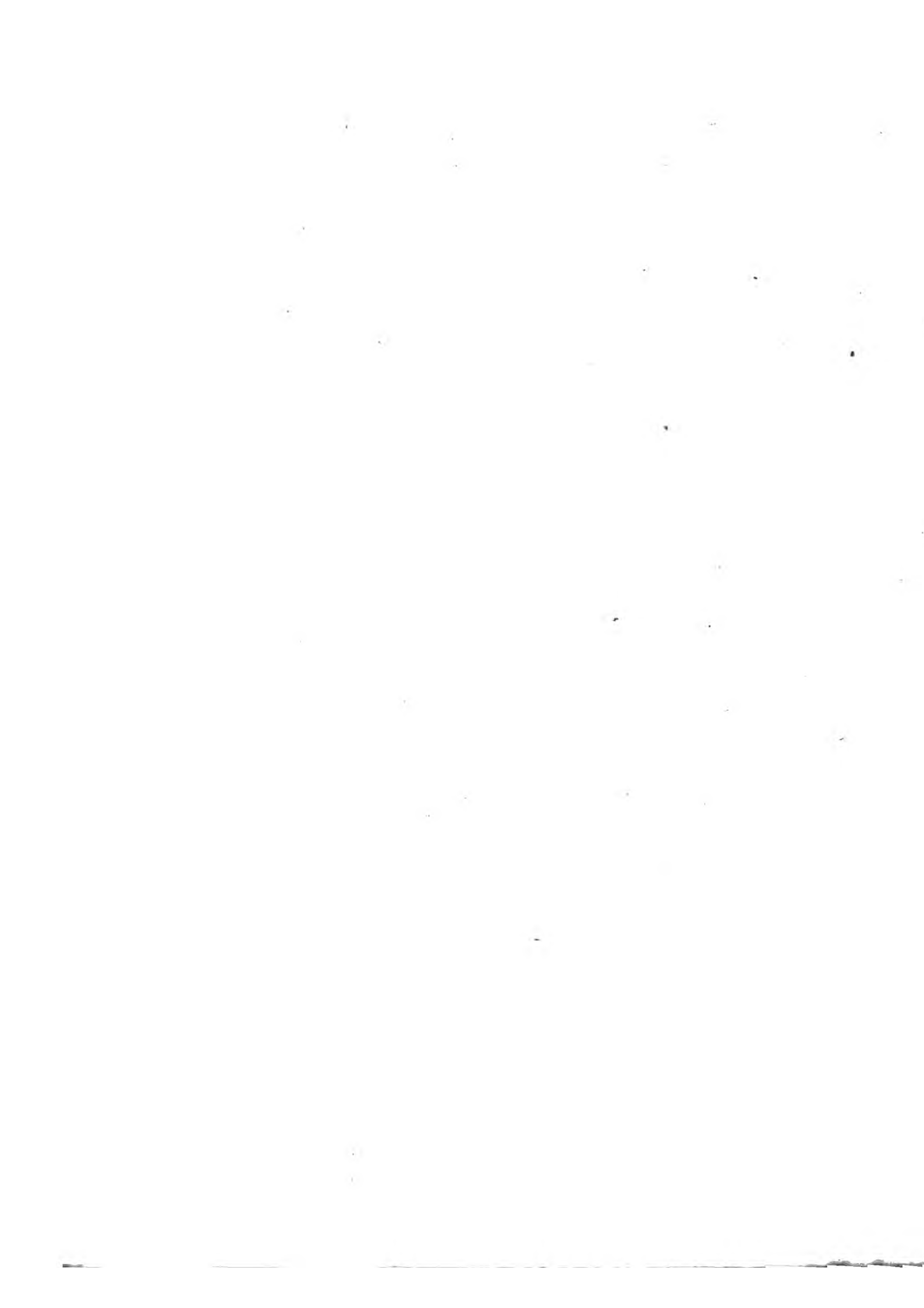


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

14







4

POEMS.

BY

RICHARD BARNFIELD.



REPRINTED,

AT THE AUCHINLECK PRESS,

BY ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

MDCCCXVI.



EARL SPENCER, PRESIDENT.
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.
EARL GOWER.
VISCOUNT MORPETH.
VISCOUNT ALTHORPE.
SIR MARK MASTERMAN SYKES, Bart.
SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, Bart.
WILLIAM BENTHAM, Esq.
WILLIAM BOLLAND, Esq.
JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.
REV. ROBERT HOLWELL-CARR.
JOHN DENT, Esq.
REV. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, F.P.
REV. JAMES WILLIAM DODD.
REV. HENRY DRURY.
FRANCIS FREELING, Esq.
HENRY FREELING, Esq.
JOSEPH HASLEWOOD, Esq.
RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

GEORGE ISTED, Esq.

ROBERT LANG, Esq.

JOSEPH LITTLEDALE, Esq.

EDWARD LITTLEDALE, Esq.

JAMES HEYWOOD MARKLAND, Esq.

JOHN DELAFIELD PHELPS, Esq.

THOMAS PONTON, Esq.

PEREGRINE TOWNLEY, Esq.

EDWARD VERNON UTTERSON, Esq.

ROGER WILBRAHAM, Esq.

George Hibbert Esq.

TO THE MEMBERS OF
THE ROXBURGHE CLUB,

THIS REPRINT

OF A SCARCE VOLUME OF POETRY,
IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE MR MALONE,

Is Dedicated and Presented,

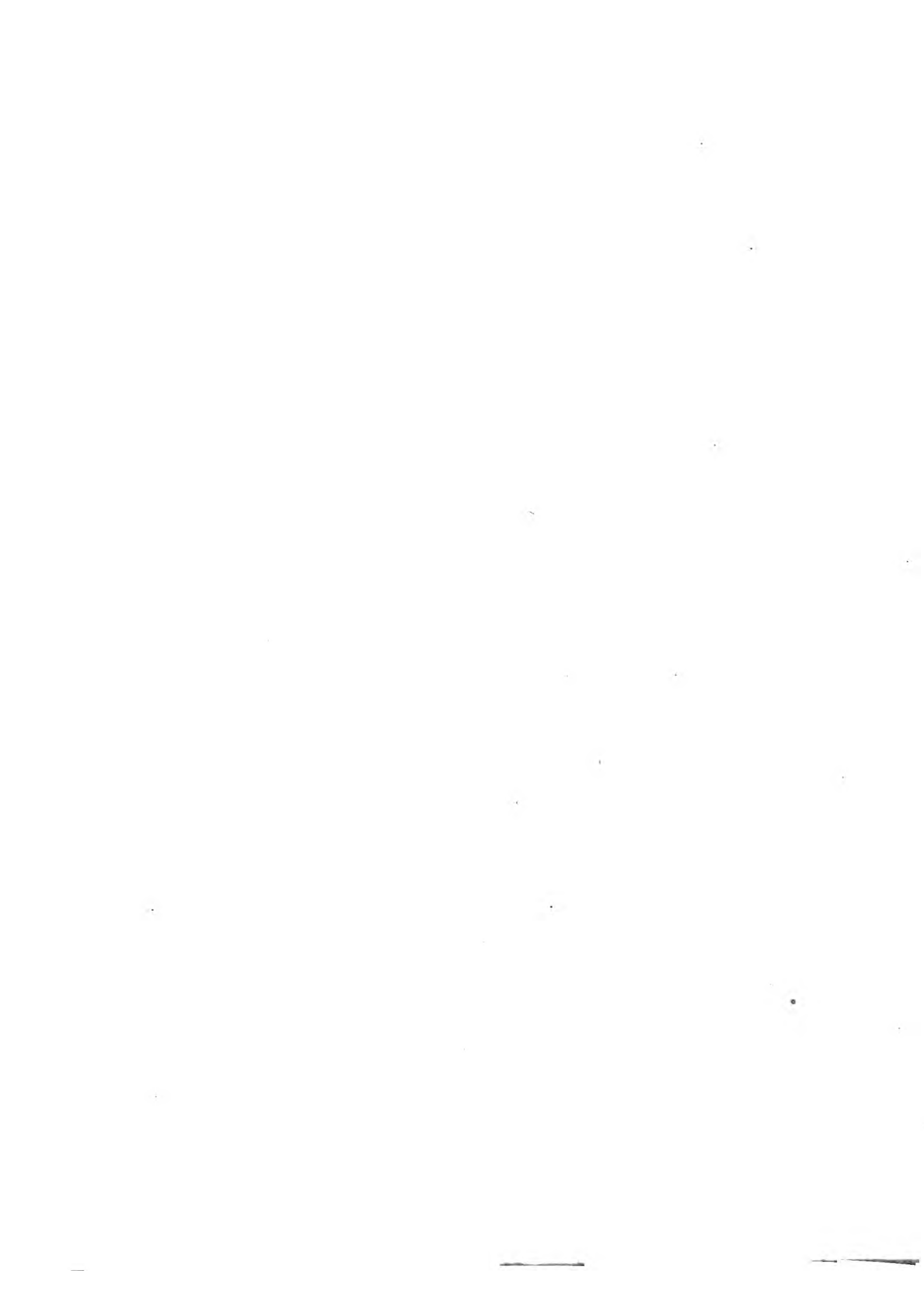
By their obedient humble Servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

June 17, 1816.







The Encomion of Lady Pecunia:
OR
The praise of Money.

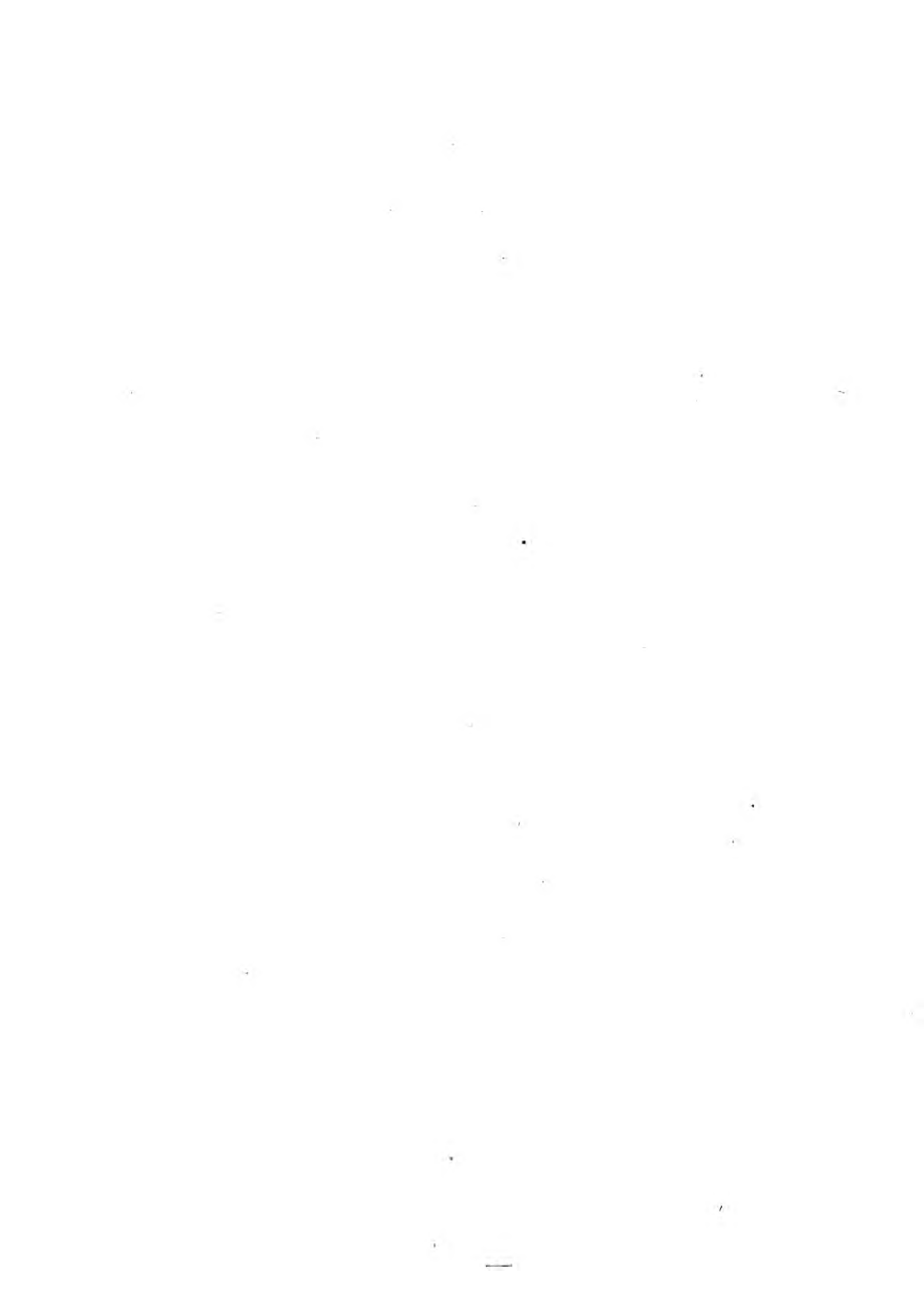
— *quærenda pecunia primum est,*
Virtus post nummos. Horace.

By Richard Barnfeild, Graduate in Oxford.



LONDON,
Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
be folde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1 5 9 8.





To the Gentlemen Readers.



Entlemen, being encouraged through your gentle acceptance of my *Cynthia*, I haue once more aduentured on your Curtesies : hoping to finde you (as I haue done hertofore) friendly. Being determined to write of somthing, & yet not resolued of any thing, I considered with my selfe, if one should write of Loue (they will fay) why, euery one writes of Loue : if of Vertue, why, who regards Vertue? To be short, I could thinke of nothing, but either it was common, or not at all in request. At length I bethought my selfe of a Subiect, both new (as hauing neuer benee written vpon before) and pleasing (as I thought) because Mans Nature (commonly) loues to heare that praised, with whose preffence, hee is most pleased.

Erasmus (the glory of *Netherland*, and the refiner of the Latin Tongue) wrote a whole Booke, in *the prayse of Folly*. Then if so excellent a Scholler, writ in praise of Vanity, why may not I write in praise of that which is profitable? There are no two Countreys, where Gold is esteemed, lesse than in *India*, and more then in *England*: the reason is, because the *Indians* are barbarous, and our Nation ciuill.

I haue giuen *Pecunia* the title of a Woman, Both for the termination of the Word, and because (as Women are) shee is lov'd of men. The brauest Voyages in the World, haue benee made for Gold: for it, men haue venterd (by Sea) to the furthest parts of the

To the Gentlemen Readers.

Earth: In the Pursue wherof, *Englands Nestor* and *Neptune* (*Haukins* and *Drake*) lost their liues. Vpon the Deathes of the which two, of the first I writ this:

*The Waters were his Winding sheete, the Sea was made his Toome;
Yet for his fame the Ocean Sea, was not sufficient roome.*

Of the latter this:

*England his hart; his Corps the Waters haue:
And that which rayfd his fame, became his grave.*

The *Prætorians* (after the death of *Pertinax*) in the election of a new Emperour, more esteemed the money of *Iulianus*, then either the vertue of *Seuerus*, or the Valour of *Pessennius*. Then of what great estimation and account, this Lady *Pecunia*, both hath bene in the Worlde, and is at this present, I leaue to your Iudgement. But what speake I so much of her praise in my Epistle, that haue commended her so at large, in my Booke? To the reading wherof, (Gentlemen) I referre you.





The prayse of Lady Pecunia.



Sing not of *Angellica* the faire,
(For whom the Palladine of *Fraunce* fell mad)
Nor of sweet *Rosamond*, olde *Cliffords* heire,
(Whose death did make the second *Henry* sad)
But of the fairest Faire *Pecunia*,
The famous Queene of rich *America*.

Goddesse of Golde, great Empresse of the Earth,
O thou that canst doo all Things vnder Heauen:
That doost conuert the saddest minde to Mirth;
(Of whom the elder Age was quite bereauen)
Of thee Ile sing, and in thy Prayse Ile write;
You *golden Angels* helpe me to indite.

You

The prayse of

You, you alone, can make my Muse to speake;
And tell a golden Tale, with siluer Tongue:
You onely can my pleasing silence breake;
And adde some Musique, to a merry Songue:
But amongst all the five, in Musicks Art,
I would not sing the *Counter-tenor* part.

The Meane is best, and that I meane to keepe;
So shall I keepe my selfe from That I meane:
Left with some Others, I be forc'd to weepe,
And cry *Peccavi*, in a dolefull Scæne.
But to the matter which I haue in hand,
The Lady Regent, both by Sea and Land.

When *Saturne* liu'd, and wore the Kingly Crowne,
(And *Ioue* was yet vnborne, but not vnbred)
This Ladies fame was then of no renoune;
(For Golde was then, no more esteem'd then Lead)
Then Truth and Honesty were onely vs'd,
Siluer and Golde were vtterly refus'd.

But

Lady Pecunia.

But when the Worlde grew wifer in Conceit,
And saw how Men in manners did decline,
How Charitie began to loofe her heate,
And One did at anothers good repine,
Then did the Aged, firft of all respect her;
And vowd from thencefoorth, neuer to reiect her.

Thus with the Worlde, her beauty did increafe;
And manie Suters had fhe to obtaine her:
Some fought her in the Wars; and some in peace;
But few of youthfull age, could euer gaine her:
Or if they did, fhe foone was gone againe;
And would with them, but little while remaine.

For why againft the Nature of her Sexe,
(That commonlie dispife the feeble Olde)
Shee, loues olde men; but young men fhee reiects;
Because to her, their Loue is quicklie colde:
Olde men (like Husbands iealous of their Wiues)
Lock her vp faft, and keepe her as their Liues.

B

The

The prayse of

The young man carelesse to maintaine his life,
Neglects her Loue (as though he did abhor her)
Like one that hardly doeth obtaine a wife,
And when he hath her once, he cares not for her:
 Shee, seeing that the young man doeth despyse her,
 Leaues the franke hart, and flies vnto the Myser.

Hee intertaines her, with a ioyfull hart;
And seemes to rue her vnderferued wrong:
And from his Prefrence, she shall neuer part;
Or if she doo, he thinks her Absence long:
 And oftentimes he sends for her againe,
 Whose life without her, cannot long remaine.

And when he hath her, in his owne possession,
He locks her in an iron-barred Chest;
And doubting somewhat, of the like Transgression,
He holds that iron-walled Prision best.
 And leaft some *rusty* sicknesse should infect her,
 He often visits her, and doeth respect her.

As

Lady Pecunia.

As for the young man (subiect vnto finne)
No maruell though the Diuell doe distresse him;
To tempt mans frailtie, which doth neuer linne)
Who many times, hath not a *Crosse* to blesse him:
But how can hee incurre the Heauens Curse,
That hath so many *Crosses* in his Purse?

Hee needes not feare those wicked sprights, that waulke
Vnder the Couerture of cole-blacke Night;
For why the Diuell still, a *Crosse* doeth baulke,
Because on it, was hangd the Lorde of Light:
But let not Myfers trust to *siluer Crosses*,
Least in the End, their gaines be turnd to losses.

But what care they, so they may hoorde vp golde?
Either for God, or Diuell, or Heauen, or Hell?
So they may faire *Pecuniaes* face behold;
And euery Day, their Mounts of Money tell.
What tho to count their Coyne, they neuer blin,
Count they their Coyne, and counts not God their fin?

The prayfe of

But what talke I of finne, to Vfurers?
Or looke for mendment, at a Myfers hand?
Pecunia, hath fo many followers,
Bootleffe it is, her Power to with-ftand.
King *Couetife*, and *Warineffe* his Wife,
The Parents were, that firft did giue her Life,

But now vnto her Praife I will proceede,
Which is as ample, as the Worlde is wide:
What great Contentment doth her Prefence breede
In him, that can his wealth with Wyfdome guide?
She is the Soueraigne Queene, of all Delights:
For her the Lawyer pleades; the Souldier fights.

For her, the Merchant venters on the Seas:
For her, the Scholler ftudies at his Booke:
For her, the Vfurter (with greater eafe)
For fillie fifhes, layes a filuer hooke:
For her, the Townfman leaues the Countrey Village:
For her, the Plowman giues himfelfe to Tillage.

For

Lady Pecunia.

For her, the Gentleman doeth raise his rents:
For her, the Servingman attends his maister:
For her, the curious head new toys invents:
For her, to Sores, the Surgeon layes his plaister.
In fine for her, each man in his Vocation,
Applies himselfe, in euerie sev'ral Nation.

What can thy hart desire, but thou mayst haue it,
If thou hast readie money to disburse?
Then thanke thy Fortune, that so freely gaue it;
For of all friends, the surest is thy purse.
Friends may proue false, and leaue thee in thy need;
But still thy Purse will bee thy friend indeed.

Admit thou come, into a place vnknowne;
And no man knowes, of whence, or what thou art:
If once thy faire *Pecunia*, shee be showne,
Thou art esteem'd a man of great Defart:
And placed at the Tables vpper ende;
Not for thine owne sake, but thy faithfull frende.

The prayfe of

But if you want your Ladies louely grace,
And haue not wherewithall to pay your fhote,
Your Hoftis preffently will ftep in Place,
You are a Stranger (Sir) I know you not:
By trufting Diuers, I am run in Det;
Therefore of mee, nor meate nor Bed you get.

O who can then, exprefse the worthie praife,
Which faire *Pecunia* iuftly doeth defarue?
That can the meaneft man, to Honor raife;
And feed the foule, that ready is to ftarue.
Affection, which was wont to bee fo pure,
Againft a golden Siege, may not endure.

Witneffe the Trade of Mercenary finne;
(Or Occupation, if you lift to tearme it)
Where faire *Pecunia* muft the fuite beginne;
(As common-tride Experience doeth confirme it)
Not *Mercury* himfelfe, with filuer Tongue,
Can fo inchaunt, as can a golden Songue.

When

Lady Pecunia.

When nothing could subdue the *Phrygian Troy*,
(That Citty through the World so much renowned)
Pecunia did her vtterly destroy:
And left her fame, in darke Obliuion drowned.
And many Citties since, no lesse in fame,
For Loue of her, haue yeilded to their shame.

What Thing is then, so well belov'd as money?
It is a speciall Comfort to the minde;
More faire then Women are; more sweet then honey:
Easie to loose, but verry harde to finde.
In fine, to him, whose Purse begins to faint,
Golde is a God, and Siluer is a Saint.

The Tyme was once, when Honestie was counted
A Demy god; and so esteem'd of all;
But now *Pecunia* on his Seate is mounted;
Since Honestie in great Disgrace did fall.
No state, no Calling now, doeth him esteeme;
Nor of the other ill, doeth any deeme.

The

The prayse of

The reason is, because he is so poore:
(And who respects the poore, and needie Creature?)
Still begging of his almes, from Doore to Doore:
All ragd, and torne; and eeke deformd in feature.
 In Countenance so changde, that none can know him;
 So weake, that every vice doeth ouerthrow him.

But faire *Pecunia*, (most diuinely bred)
For fundrie shapes, doth *Proteus* selfe surpasse:
In one Lande, she is futed all in Lead;
And in another, she is clad in Braffe:
 But still within the Coast of *Albion*,
 She euer puts, her best Apparell on.

Siluer and Golde, and nothing else is currant,
In *Englands*, in faire *Englands* happy Land:
All baser fortes of Mettalls, haue no Warrant;
Yet secretly they *slip*, from hand to hand.
 If any such be tooke, the same is lost,
 And presently is nayled on a Post.

Which

Lady Pecunia.

Which with Quick-siluer, being flourisht ouer,
Seemes to be perfect Siluer, to the shoue:
As Woemens paintings, their defects doe couer,
Vnder this false attyre, so doe they goe.
If on a woollen Cloth, thou rub the same,
Then will it straight beginne to blush, for shame.

If chafed on thy haire, till it be hot,
If it good Siluer bee, the scent is sweete:
If counterfeit, thy chafing hath begot
A ranke-smelt fauour; for a Queene vnmeete:
Pecunia is a Queene, for her Desarts,
And in the Decke, may goe for *Queene of harts*.

The Queene of harts, because she rules all harts;
And hath all harts, obedient to her Will:
Whose Bounty, fame vnto the Worlde imparts;
And with her glory, all the Worlde doeth fill:

The Queene of Diamonds, she cannot bee;
There is but one, ELIZA, thou art shee.

C

And

The prayfe of

And thou art fhee, O facred Soueraigne;
Whom God hath helpt with his Al-mighty hand:
Bleffing thy People, with thy peacefull raigne;
And made this little Land, a happy Land:
 May all thofe liue, that wifh long Life to thee,
 And all the reft, perifh eternally.

The tyme was once, when faire *Pecunia*, here
Did bafely goe attyred all in Leather:
But fince her raigne, fhe neuer did appeere
But richly clad; in Golde, or Siluer either:
 Nor reafon is it, that her Golden raigne
 With bafef Coyne, eclyps'd fould remaine.

And as the Coyne fhe hath repurifyde,
From bafef fubftance, to the pureft Mettels:
Religion fo, hath fhee refinde befide,
From Papiftrie, to Truth; which daily fettles
 Within her Peoples harts; though fome there bee,
 That cleaue vnto their wonted Papiftrie.

No

Lady Pecunia.

No flocke of sheepe, but some are still infected:
No peece of Lawne so pure, but hath some fret:
All buildings are not strong, that are erected:
All Plants proue not, that in good ground are set:
 Some tares are sowne, amongst the choicest feed:
 No garden can be cleansd of euery Weede.

But now to her, whose praise is here pretended,
(Diuine *Pecunia*) fairer then the morne:
Which cannot be sufficiently commended;
Whose Sun-bright Beauty doeth the Worlde adorne,
 Adorns the World, but specially the Purse;
 Without whose preffence, nothing can be worse.

Not faire *Hesione* (King *Priams* sifter)
Did euer shoue more Beauty, in her face,
Then can this louely Lady, if it list her
To shoue her selfe; admir'd for comely grace:
 Which neither Age can weare, nor Tyme conclude;
 For why, her Beauty yeerely is renude.

The prayse of

New Coyne is coynd each yeare, within the Tower;
So that her Beauty neuer can decay:
Which to resist, no mortall man hath Power,
When as she doeth her glorious Beames ditplay.
Nor doeth *Pecunia*, onely please the eie,
But charms the eare, with heauenly Harmonie.

Lyke to an other *Orpheus*, can she play
Vpon her *treble Harpe*, whose siluer sound
Inchaunts the eare, and steales the hart away:
Nor hardly can deceit, therein be found.
Although such Musique, some a Shilling cost,
Yet is it worth but *Nine-pence*, at the most.

Had I the sweet inchaunting Tongue of *Tully*,
That charmd the hearers, lyke the Syrens Song;
Yet could I not describe the Prayfes fully,
Which to *Pecunia* iustly doe belong.
Let it suffice, her Beauty doeth excell:
Whose praise no Pen can paint, no Tongue can tell.
Then

Lady Pecunia.

Then how shall I describe, with artlesse Pen,
The praise of her, whose praise, all praise surmounteth?
Breeding amazement, in the mindes of men:
Of whom, this present Age so much accounteth.
 Varietie of Words, would sooner want,
 Then store of plentious matter, would be scant.

Whether yee list, to looke into the Citty:
(Where money tempts the poore Beholders eye)
Or to the Countrey Townes, deuoyde of Pitty:
(Where to the poore, each place doeth almes denye)
 All Things for money now, are bought and folde,
 That either hart can thinke, or eie beholde.

Nay more for money (as report doeth tell)
Thou mayst obtaine a Pardon for thy finnes:
The Pope of *Rome*, for money will it sell;
(Whereby thy foule, no small saluation winnes)
 But how can hee (of Pride the chiefe Beginner)
 Forgiue thy finnes, that is himselfe a finner?

The prayfe of

Then, fith the Pope is fubieft vnto finne,
No maruell tho, diuine *Pecunia* tempt him,
With her faire Beauty; whose good-will to winne,
Each one contends; and fhall we then exempt him.
Did neuer mortall man, yet looke vpon her,
But ftraightwaies he became, enamour'd on her.

Yet would I wifh, the Wight that loues her fo,
And hath obtain'd, the like good-will againe,
To vfe her wifely, left ſhe proue his foe;
And fo, in ſtead of Pleaſure, breed his paine.
She may be kyft; but ſhee muſt not be *clypt*:
Left ſuch Delight in bitter gall be dypt.

The iuyce of grapes, which is a foueraigne Thing
To cheere the hart, and to reuiue the ſpirits;
Being vſde immoderatly (in ſurfetting)
Rather Diſpraiſe, then commendation merits:
Euen ſo *Pecunia*, is, as ſhee is vſed;
Good of her ſelfe, but bad if once abuſed.

With

Lady Pecunia.

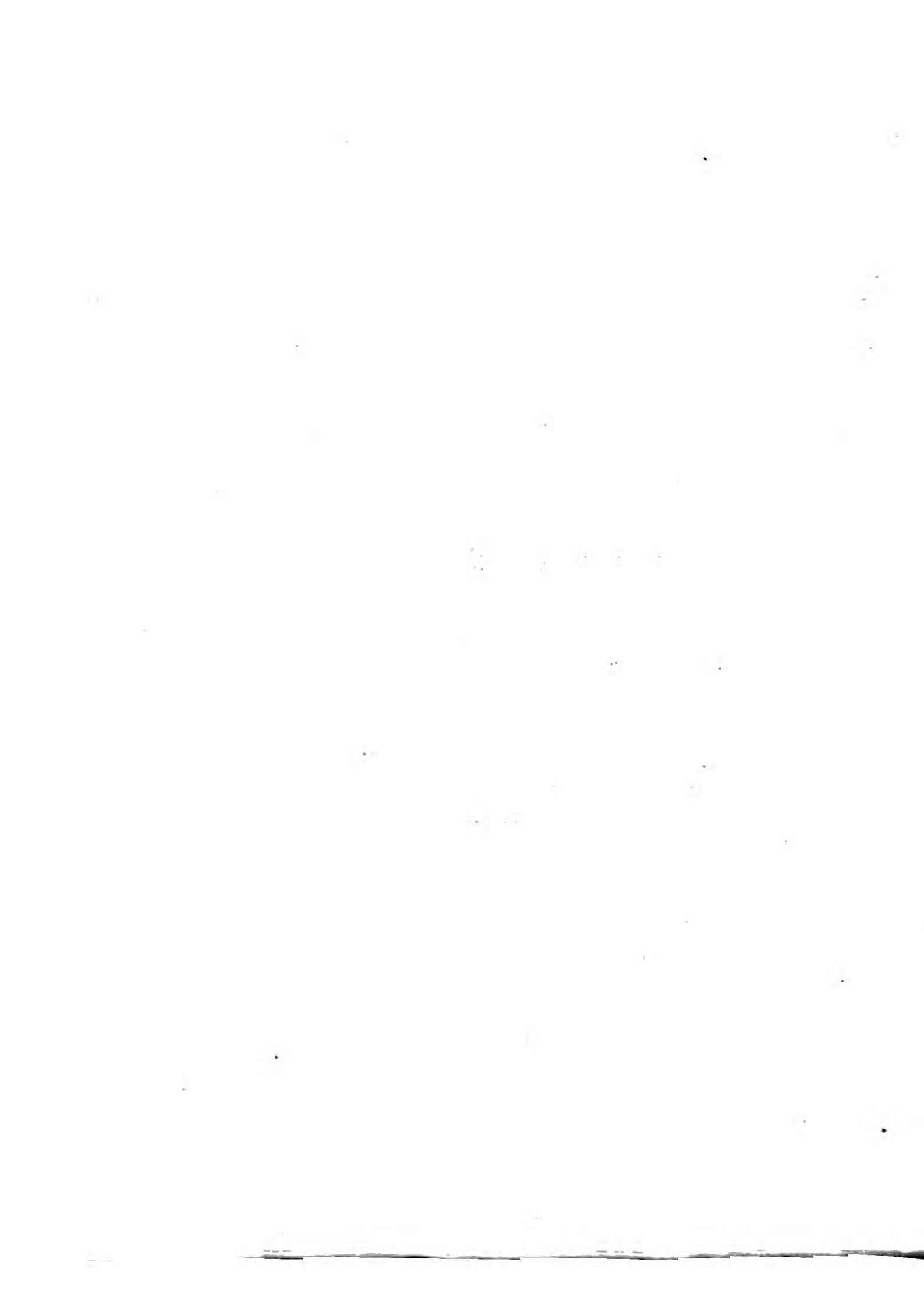
With her, the Tenant payes his Landlords rent:
On her, depends the stay of euery state:
To her, rich Prefents euery day are sent:
In her, it rests to end all dire Debate:
Through her, to Wealth, is raifd the Countrey Boore:
From her, procedes much proffit to the poore.

Then how can I, fufficiently commend,
Her Beauties worth, which makes the World to wonder?
Or end her prayse, whose prayfes haue no End?
Whose abfence brings the stoutest ftomack vnder:
Let it fuffice, *Pecunia* hath no peere;
No Wight, no Beauty held; more faire, more deere.

FINIS.

His Prayer to Pecunia.

Great Lady, fith I haue compylde thy Prayse,
(According to my skill) and not thy merit:
And fought thy Fame aboue the ftarrs to rayse;
(Had I fweete *Ovids* vaine, or *Virgils* fpirit)
I craue no more but this, for my good-will,
That in my Want, thou wilt fupplye me fill.



THE
Complaint of Poetrie,
for the Death of Liberalitie.

Viuu post funera virtus.



LONDON,
Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
be folde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1 5 9 8.

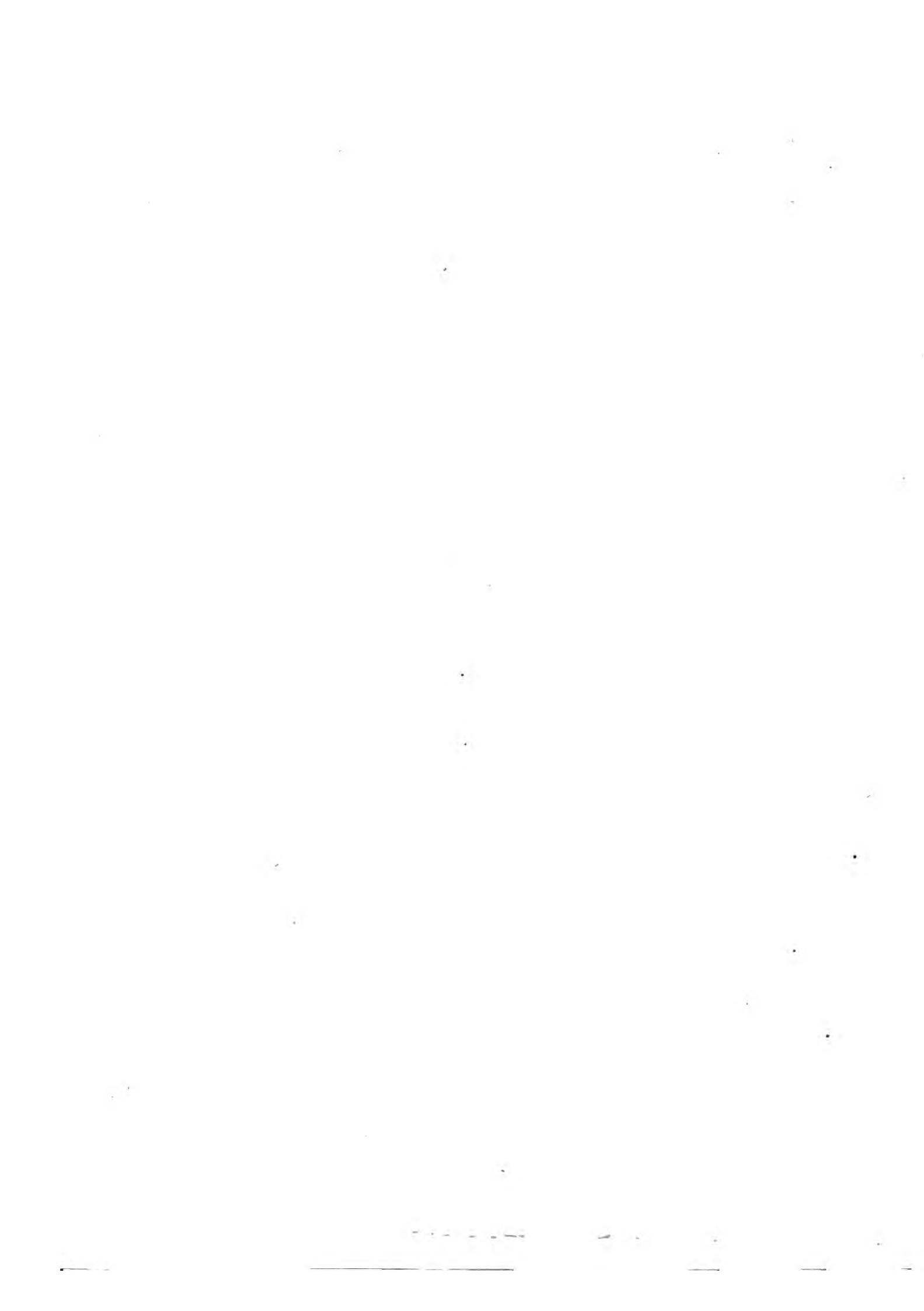




To his Worshipfull wel-willer, Mai-
ster *Edward Leigh*, of Grayes Inne.

IMage of that, whose losse is here lamented;
(In whom, so many vertues are contained)
Daine to accept, what I haue novv presented.
Though Bounties death, herein be only fained,
If in your mind, she not reuiue (with speed)
Then will I sweare, that thee is dead indeed.







THE COMPLAINT OF
Poetrie, for the Death
of Liberalitie.

WEEpe Heauens now, for you haue loft your light;
Ye Sunne and Moone, beare witnesse of my mone:
The cleere is turnd to clouds; the day to night;
And all my hope, and all my ioy is gone:
Bounty is dead, the cause of my annoy;
Bounty is dead, and with her dide my ioy.

O who can comfort my afflicted foule?
Or adde some ende to my increasing sorrowes?
Who can deliuer me from endlesse dole?
(Which from my hart eternall torment borrowes.)
When *Bounty* liu'd, I bore the Bell away;
When *Bounty* dide, my credit did decay.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

I neuer then, did write one verfe in vaine;
Nor euer went my Poems vnregarded:
Then did each Noble breaft, me intertaine,
And for my Labours I was well rewarded:
But now *Good wordes*, are ftept in *Bouties* place,
Thinking thereby, her glorie to difgrace.

But who can liue with words, in thefe hard tymes?
(Although they came from *Iupiter* himfelfe?)
Or who can take fuch Paiment, for his Rymes?
(When nothing now, is fo efteem'd as Pelfe?)
Tis not *Good wordes*, that can a man maintaine;
Wordes are but winde; and winde is all but vaine.

Where is *Mecænas*, Learnings noble Patron?
(That *Maroes* Mufe, with Bountie fo did cherifh?)
Or faire *Zenobia*, that worthy Matron?
(Whofe name, for Learnings Loue, fhall neuer perifh)
What tho their Bodies, lie full lowe in graue,
Their fame the worlde; their foules the Heauens haue.
Vile

for the death of Liberalitie.

Vile *Auaricia*, how haft thou inchaunted
The Noble mindes, of great and mightie Men?
Or what infernall furie late hath haunted
Their niggard purfes? (to the learned pen)
Was it *Augustus* wealth, or noble minde,
That euerlafting fame, to him afsinde?

If wealth? Why *Cræfus* was more rich then hee;
(Yet *Cræfus* glorie, with his life did end)
It was his Noble mind, that moued mee
To write his praife, and eeke his Acts commend.
Who ere had heard, of *Alexanders* fame,
If *Quintus Curtius* had not pend the fame?

Then fith by mee, their deedes haue been declared,
(Which elfe had perisht with their liues decay)
Who to augment their glories, haue not spared
To crowne their browes, with neuer-fading Bay:
What Art deferues fuch Liberalitie,
As doeth the peerleffe Art of Poetrie?

But

The Complaint of Poetrie,

But *Liberalitie* is dead and gone:
And *Auarice* vsurps true *Bounties* feat.
For her it is, I make this endlesse mone,
(Whose praises worth no pen can well repeat)
Sweet *Liberalitie* adiew for euer,
For *Poetrie* againe, shall see thee neuer.

Neuer againe, shall I thy prefence see:
Neuer againe, shal I thy bountie taft:
Neuer againe, shall I accepted bee:
Neuer againe, shal I be so embrac't:
Neuer againe, shall I the bad recall:
Neuer againe, shall I be lou'd of all.

Thou wast the Nurfe, whose Bountie gaue me sucke:
Thou wast the Sunne, whose beames did lend me light:
Thou wast the Tree, whose fruit I still did plucke:
Thou wast the Patron, to maintaine my right:
Through thee I liu'd; on thee I did relie;
In thee I ioy'd; and now for thee I die.

What

for the Death of Liberalitie.

What man, hath lately lost a faithfull friend?
Or Husband, is deprived of his Wife?
But doth his after-daies in dolour spend?
(Leading a loathsome, discontented life?
 Dearer then friend, or wife, haue I forgone;
 Then maruell not, although I make such mone.

Faire *Philomela*, cease thy sad complaint;
And lend thine eares, vnto my dolefull Ditty:
(Whose soule with sorrowe, now begins to faint,
And yet I cannot moue mens hearts to pittie:)
 Thy woes are light, compared vnto mine:
 You waterie Nymphes, to mee your plaints resigne.

And thou *Melpomene*, (the Muse of Death)
That neuer sing'st, but in a dolefull straine;
Sith cruell Destinie hath stopt her breath,
(Who whil'st she liu'd, was Vertues Soueraigne)
 Leaue *Hellicon*, (whose bankes so pleafant bee)
 And beare a part of sorrowe now with me.

B

The

The Complaint of Poetrie,

The Trees (for forrowe) shew their fading Leaues,
And weepe out gum, in stead of other teares;
Comfort nor ioy, no Creature now conceiues,
To chirpe and sing, each little bird forbeares.
The fillie Sheepe, hangs downe his drooping head,
And all because, that *Bounty* she is dead.

The greater that I feele my grieffe to bee,
The lesser able, am I to expresse it;
Such is the nature of extremitie,
The heart it som-thing eases, to confesse it.
Therefore Ile wake my muse, amidst her sleeping,
And what I want in wordes, supplie with weeping.

Weepe still mine eies, a Riuer full of Teares,
To drowne my Sorrowe in, that so molests me;
And rid my head of cares; my thoughts of feares:
Exiling sweet Content, that so detests me.
But ah (alas) my Teares are almost dun,
And yet my grieffe, it is but new begun.

Euen

for the Death of Liberalitie.

Euen as the Sunne, when as it leaues our fight,
Doth shine with those Antipodes, beneath vs;
Lending the other worlde her glorious light,
And difmall Darkneffe, onely doeth bequeath vs:
 Euen fo sweet *Bountie*, seeming dead to mee,
 Liues now to none, but smooth-Tongd Flatterie.

O *Adulation*, Canker-worme of Truth;
The flattring Glasse of Pride, and Self-conceit:
(Making olde wrinkled Age, appeare like youth)
Diffimulations Maske, and follies Beate:
 Pitty it is, that thou art fo rewarded,
 Whilst Truth and Honestie, goe vnregarded.

O that Nobilitie, it selfe should staine,
In being bountifull, to such vile Creatures:
Who, when they flatter most, then most they faine;
Knowing what humor best, will fit their Natures.
 What man so mad, that knowes himselfe but pore,
 And will beleue that he hath riches store.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

Vpon a time, the craftie Foxe did flatter
The foolish Pye (whose mouth was full of meate)
The Pye beleeuing him, began to chatter,
And sing for ioy, (not hauing list to eate)
 And whil'ft the foolish Pye, her meate let fall,
The craftie Foxe, did runne awaie with all.

Terence describeth vnder *Gnatoes* name,
The right conditions of a Parasfite:
(And with such Eloquence, sets foorth the fame,
As doeth the learned Reader much delyght)
 Shewing, that such a Sycophant as *Gnato*,
 Is more esteem'd, then twentie such as *Plato*.

Bounty looke backe, vpon thy goods mispent;
And thinke how ill, thou hast bestowd thy mony:
Consider not their wordes, but their intent;
Their hearts are gall, although their tongues be hony:
 They speake not as they thinke, but all is fained,
 And onely to th'intent to be maintained.

And

for the death of Liberalitie.

And herein happie, I areade the poore ;
No flattring Spanyels, fawne on them for meate :
The reason is, because the Countrey Boore
Hath little enough, for himselfe to eate :
 No man will flatter him, except himselfe ;
 And why? because hee hath no store of wealth.

But fure it is not *Liberalitie*
That doeth reward these fawning smel-feasts so :
It is the vice of Prodigalitie,
That doeth the Bankes of *Bounty* ouer-flo :
 Bounty is dead: yea so it needes must bee ;
 Or if aliue, yet is shee dead to mee.

Therefore as one, whose friend is lately dead,
I will bewaile the death, of my deere frend ;
Vppon whose Tombe, ten thousand Teares Ile shed,
Till drearie Death, of mee shall make an end :
 Or if she want a Toombe, to her defart,
 Oh then, Ile burie her within my hart.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

But (*Bounty*) if thou loue a Tombe of stone,
Oh then feeke out, a hard and stonie hart:
For were mine so, yet would it melt with mone,
And all because, that I with thee must part.
Then, if a stonie hart must thee interr,
Goe finde a Step-dame, or a Vfurder.

And sith there dies no Wight, of great account,
But hath an Epitaph compos'd by mee,
Bounty, that did all other far surmount,
Vpon her Tombe, this Epitaph shall bee:
Here lies the Wight, that Learning did maintaine,
And at the last, by AVARICE was slaine.

Vile *Auarice*, why hast thou kildd my Deare?
And robd the World, of such a worthy Treasure?
In whome no sparke of goodnesse doth appeare,
So greedie is thy mind, without all measure.
Thy death, from Death did merit to release her:
The Murtherers deseru'd to die, not *Cæsar*.

The

for the death of Liberalitie.

The Merchants wife; the Tender-harted Mother:
That leaues her Loue; whose Sonne is prest for warre;
(Resting, the one; as woefull as the other;)
Hopes yet at length; when ended is the iarre;
To see her Husband; see her Sonne againe:
“Were it not then for Hope, the hart were flaine.

But I, whose hope is turned to despaire,
Nere looke to see my dearest Deare againe:
Then *Pleasure* fit thou downe, in *Sorrowes* Chaire,
And (for a while) thy wonted Mirth refraine.
Bounty is dead, that whylome was my Treasure:
Bounty is dead, my ioy and onely pleasure.

If *Pythias* death, of *Damon* were bewailed;
Or *Pillades* did rue, *Orestes* ende:
If *Hercules*, for *Hylas* losse were quailed;
Or *Theseus*, for *Pyritbous* Teares did spend:
Then doe I mourne for *Bounty*, being dead:
Who liuing, was my hand, my hart, my head.

My

The Complaint of Poetrie,

My hand, to helpe mee, in my greateft need:
My hart, to comfort mee, in my diftrefle:
My head, whom onely I obeyd, indeed:
If she were fuch, how can my grieffe be leffe?
 Perhaps my wordes, may pierce the *Parca's* eares;
 If not with wordes, Ile moue them with my teares.

But ah (alas) my Teares are fpent in vaine,
(For she is dead, and I am left aliuie)
Teares cannot call, fweet *Bounty* backe againe;
Then why doe I, gainft Fate and Fortune ftriuie?
 And for her death, thus weepe, lament, and crie;
 Sith euery mortall wight, is borne to die.

But as the woefull mother doeth lament,
Her tender babe, with cruell Death oppreff:
Whofe life was fpotleffe, pure, and innocent,
(And therefore fure, it foule is gone to reft)
 So *Bountie*, which her felfe did vpright keepe,
 Yet for her losse, loue cannot chufe but weepe.

The

for the Death of Liberalitie.

The losse of her, is losse to many a one:
The losse of her, is losse vnto the poore:
And therefore not a losse, to mee alone,
But vnto such, as goe from Doore to Doore.
Her losse, is losse vnto the fatherlesse;
And vnto all, that are in great distresse.

The maimed Souldier, comming from the warre;
The woefull wight, whose house was lately burnd;
The fillie soule; the wofull Traueylar;
And all, whom Fortune at her feet hath spurnd;
Lament the losse of *Liberalitie* :
“ Its ease, to haue in grieffe some Companie.

The Wife of *Hector* (sad *Andromache*)
Did not bewaile, her husbands death alone:
But (sith he was the *Troians* onely stey)
The wiues of *Troy* (for him) made æquall mone.
Shee, shed the teares of Loue; and they of pittie:
Shee, for her deare dead Lord; they, for their Cittie.

C

Nor

The Complaint of Poetrie,

Nor is the Death of *Liberalitie*,
(Although my grieffe be greater than the rest)
Onely lamented, and bewaild of mee;
(And yet of mee, she was beloued best)
 But, sith she was so bountifull to all,
 She is lamented, both of great and small.

O that my Teares could moue the powres diuine,
That *Bountie* might be called from the dead:
As Pitty pierc'd the hart of *Proserpine* ;
Who (moued with the Teares *Admetus* fhead)
 Did fende him backe againe, his louing Wife;
 Who lost her owne, to saue her husbands life.

Impartiall *Parca*, will no prayers moue you?
Can Creatures so diuine, haue stony harts?
Haplesse are they, whose hap it is to proue you,
For you respect no Creatures good Defarts.
 O *Atropos*, (the cruellst of the three)
 Why hast thou tane, my faithfull friend from mee?

But

for the death of Liberalitie.

But ah, she cannot (or she will not) heare me,
Or if she doo, yet may not she repent her:
Then come (fweet Death) O why doest thou forbear me?
Aye mee! thy Dart is blunt, it will not enter.
 Oh now I knowe the cause, and reason why;
 I am immortall, and I cannot dye.

So *Cytheræa* would haue dide, but could not;
When faire *Adonis* by her side lay flaine:
So I desire the Sisters, what I should not;
For why (alas) I wish for Death in vaine;
 Death is their seruant, and obeys their will;
 And if they bid him spare, he cannot kill.

Oh would I were, as other Creatures are;
Then would I die, and so my grieffe were ended:
But Death (against my will) my life doeth spare;
(So little with the fates I am befrended)
 Sith, when I would, thou doost my fute denie,
 Vile Tyrant, when thou wilt, I will not die.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

And *Bounty*, though her body thou hast slaine,
Yet shall her memorie remaine for euer:
For euer, shall her memorie remaine;
Whereof no spitefull Fortune can bereaue her.
Then Sorrowe cease, and wipe thy weeping eye;
For Fame shall liue, when all the World shall dye.

F I N I S.



THE
Combat, betweene

Conscience and Couetousnesse,
in the minde of Man.

—*quid non mortalia pectora cogis*
Auri sacra fames? Virgil.



LONDON,
Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
be folde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1 5 9 8.

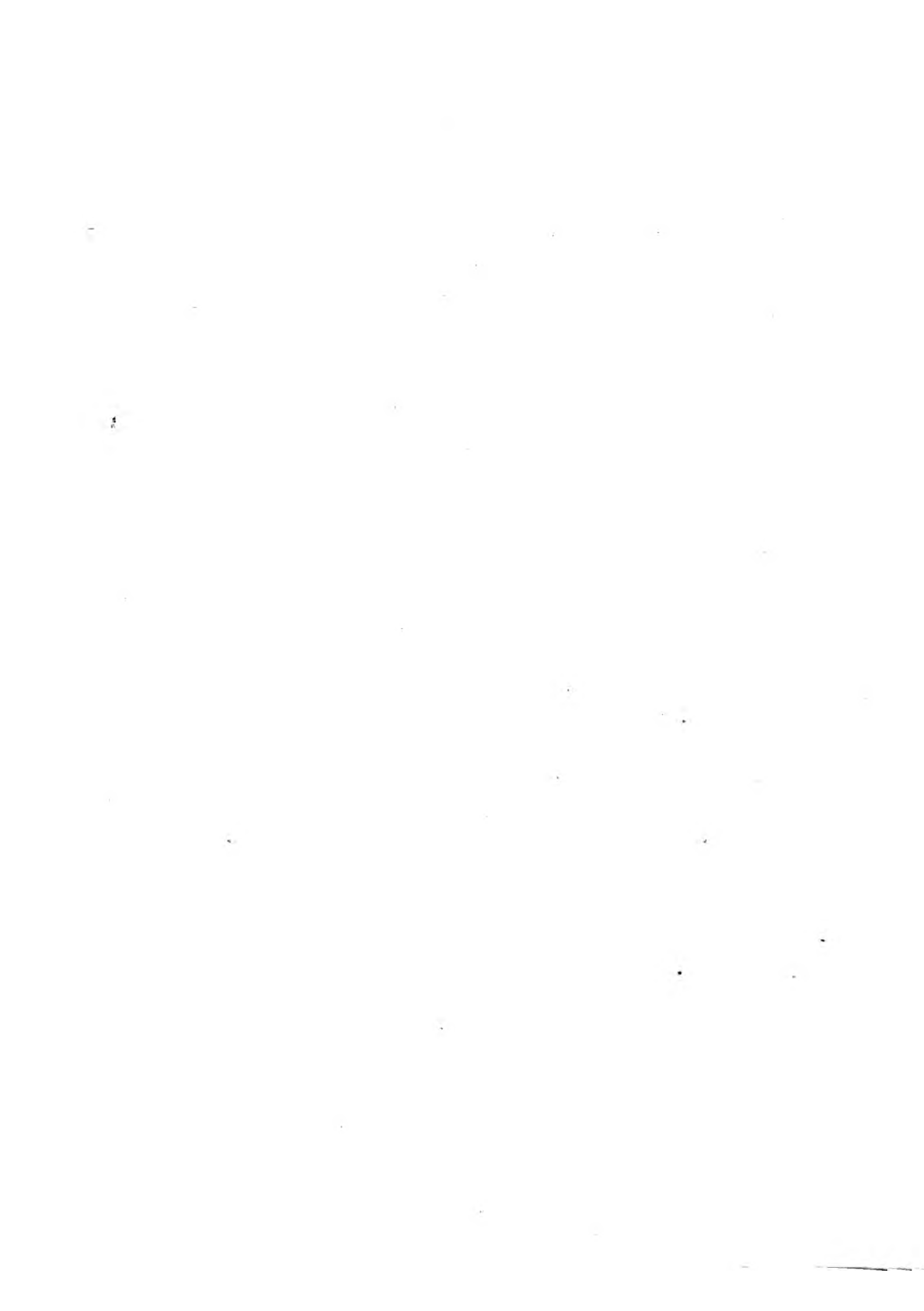




To his **W**orshipfull good friend,
Maister *Iohn Steuenton*, of *Dotbill*, in the
County of *Salop*, Esquire.

Sith Conscience (long since) is exilde the Citty,
O let her in the Countrey, finde some Pitty :
But if she be exilde, the Countrey too,
O let her finde, some fauour yet of you.







The Combat, betweene Conscience
and Couetoufnesse, in the
mind of Man.

NOw had the cole-blacke steedes, of pitchie Night,
(Breathing out Darknesse) banisht cheerfull Light,
And sleepe (the shaddowe of eternall rest)
My feuerall senses, wholly had possesst.
When loe, there was presented to my view,
A vision strange, yet not so strange, as true.
Conscience (me thought) appeared vnto mee,
Cloth'd with good Deedes, with Truth and Honestie,
Her countenance demure, and sober sad,
Nor any other Ornament shee had.
Then *Couetoufnesse* did incounter her,
Clad in a Cassock, lyke a Vfurder,
The Cassock, it was made of poore-mens skinnes,
Lac'd here and there, with many feuerall finnes:
Nor was it furd, with any common furre;
Or if it were, himselfe hee was the *fur*.
A Bag of money, in his hande he helde,
The which with hungry eie, he still behelde.
The place wherein this vision first began,
(A spacious plaine) was cald *The Minde of Man*.

D

The

The Combat, betweene

The Carle no sooner, *Conscience* had espyde,
But fwelling lyke a Toade, (puft vp with pryde)
He ftraight began againft her to inuey;
Thefe were the wordes, which *Couetife* did fey.
Conscience (quoth hee) how dar'ft thou bee fo bold,
To claime the place, that I by right doe hold?
Neither by right, nor might, thou canft obtaine it:
By might (thou knowft full well) thou canft not gaine it.
The greateft Princes are my followars,
The King in Peace, the Captaine in the Warres:
The Courtier, and the fimple Countrey-man:
The Iudge, the Merchant, and the Gentleman:
The learned Lawyer, and the Politician:
The skilfull Surgeon, and the fine Phyfician:
In briefe, all fortes of men mee entertaine,
And hold mee, as their Soules fole Soueraigne,
And in my quarrell, they will fight and die,
Rather then I fhould fuffer iniurie.
And as for title, intereft, and right,
Ile proue its mine by that, as well as might.
Though *Couetoufneffe*, were vfed long before,
Yet *Iudas* Treafon, made my Fame the more;
When *Chrift* he caufed, crucifyde to bee,
For thirtie pence, man folde his minde to mee:
And now adaies, what tenure is more free,
Then that which purchaf'd is, with Gold and fee?

Con-

Conscience and Couetoufneffe.

Conscience.

With patience, haue I heard thy large Complaint,
Wherein the Diuell, would be thought a Saint:
But wot ye what, the Saying is of olde?
One tale is good, vntill anothers tolde.
Truth is the right, that I must stand vpon,
(For other title, hath poore *Conscience* none)
First I will proue it, by Antiquitie,
That thou art but an vp-start, vnto mee;
Before that thou wast euer thought vpon,
The minde of Man, belongd to mee alone.
For after that the Lord, had Man Created,
And him in blisse-full Paradice had feated;
(Knowing his Nature was to vice inclynde)
God gaue me vnto man, to rule his mynde,
And as it were, his Gouvernour to bee,
To guide his minde, in Trueth, and Honeftie.
And where thou sayst, that man did fell his soule;
That Argument, I quicklie can controule:
It is a fayned fable, thou doost tell,
That, which is not his owne, he cannot fell;
No man can fell his soule, altho he thought it:
Mans soule is *Christs*, for hee hath dearely bought it.
Therefore vsurping *Couetise*, be gone,
For why, the minde belongs to mee alone.

The Combat, betweene Couetousnesse.

Alas poore *Conscience*, how thou art deceav'd?
As though of senses, thou wert quite bereaud.
What wilt thou say (that thinkst thou canst not erre)
If I can proue my selfe the ancienter?
Though into *Adams* minde, God did infuse thee,
Before his fall, yet man did neuer vse thee.
What was it else, but *Auarice* in *Eue*,
(Thinking thereby, in greater Blisse to liue)
That made her taste, of the forbidden fruite?
Of her Desier, was not I the roote?
Did she not couet? (tempted by the Deuill)
The Apple of the Tree, of good and euill?
Before man vsed *Conscience*, she did couet:
Therefore by her Transgression, here I proue it,
That *Couetousnesse* possesst the minde of man,
Before that any *Conscience* began.

Conscience.

Euen as a counterfeited precious stone,
Seemes to bee far more rich, to looke vpon,
Then doeth the right: But when a man comes neere,
His basenesse then, doeth euident appeere:
So *Couetise*, the Reasons thou doost tell,
Seeme to be strong, but being weighed well,

They

Conscience and Couetoufneffe.

They are indeed, but onely meere Illufions,
And doe inforce but very weake Conclufions.
When as the Lord (fore-knowing his offence)
Had giuen man a Charge, of Abftinence,
And to refraine, the fruite of good and ill:
Man had a *Conscience*, to obey his will,
And neuer would be tempted thereunto,
Vntill the Woeman, ſhee, did worke *man woe*.
And made him breake, the Lords Commaundement,
Which all Mankinde, did afterward repent:
So that thou ſeeſt, thy Argument is vaine,
And I am prov'd, the elder of the twaine.

Couetoufneffe.

Fond Wretch, it was not *Conscience*, but feare,
That made the firſt man (Adam) to forbear
To taſt the fruite, of the forbidden Tree,
Left, if offending hee were found to bee,
(According as *Iehouah* ſaide on hye,
For his ſo great Tranſgreſſion, hee ſhould dye.
Feare curbd his minde, it was not *Conscience* then,
(For *Conscience* freely, rules the harts of men)
And is a godly motion of the mynde,
To euerie vertuous action inclynde,
And not enforc'd, through feare of Punifhment,
But is to vertue, voluntary bent:
Then (ſimple Trul) be packing preſſentlie,
For in this place, there is no roome for thee.

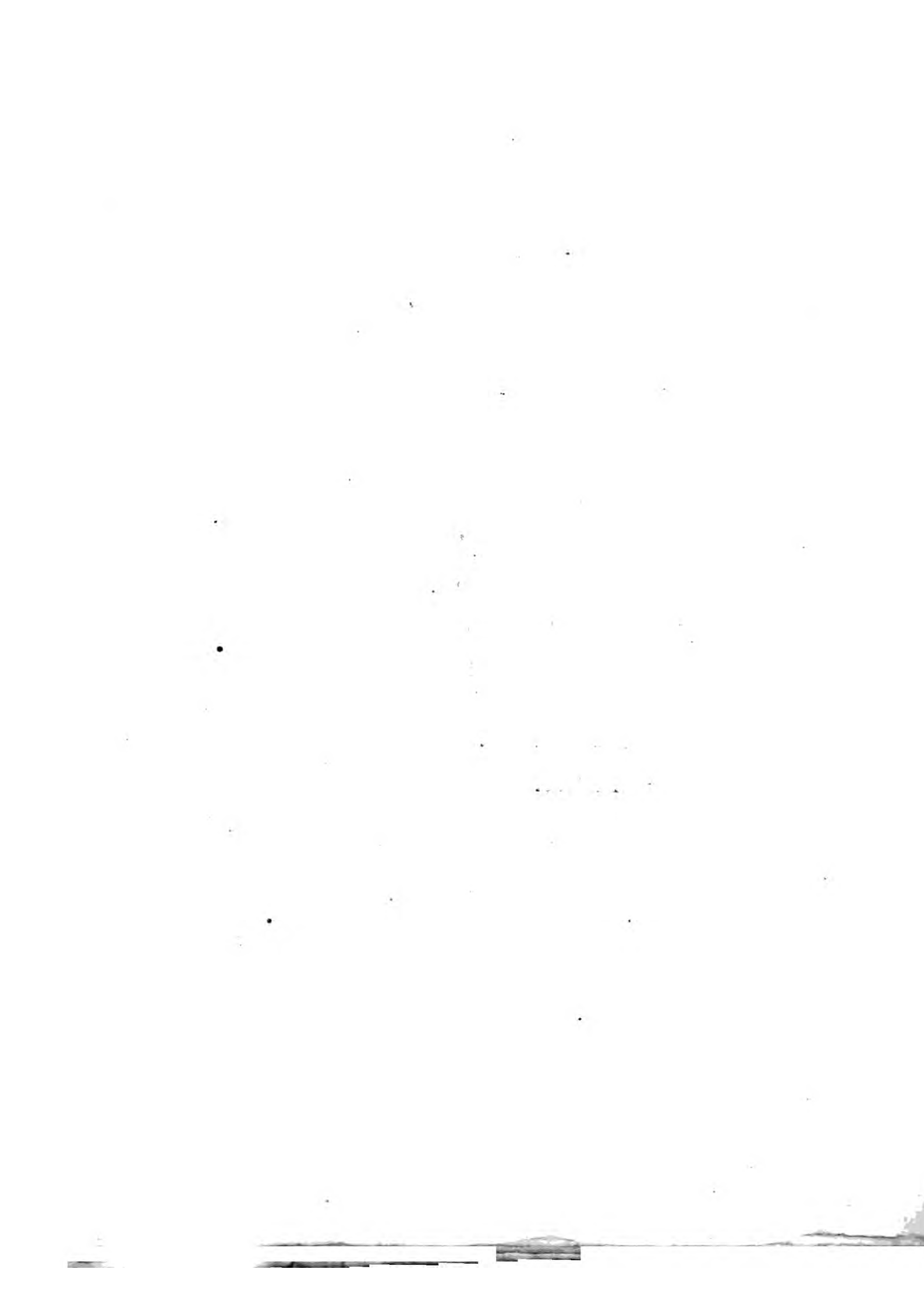
The Combat, betweene Conscience.

Aye mee, (distressed Wight) what shall I doe?
Where shall I rest? Or whither shall I goe?
Vnto the rich? (woes mee) they, doe abhor me:
Vnto the poore? (alas) they, care not for me:
Vnto the Olde-man? hee; hath mee forgot:
Vnto the Young-man? yet hee, knowes me not:
Vnto the Prince? hee; can dispence with mee:
Vnto the Magistrate? that, may not bee:
Vnto the Court? for it, I am too base:
Vnto the Countrey? there, I haue no place:
Vnto the City? thence, I am exilde:
Vnto the Village? there; I am reuilde:
Vnto the Barre? the Lawyer there, is bribed?
Vnto the Warre? there, *Conscience* is derided:
Vnto the Temple? there; I am disguised:
Vnto the Market? there, I am despised:
Thus both the young aud olde, the rich and poore,
Against mee (silly Creature) shut their doore.
Then, sith each one seekes my rebuke and shame,
Ile goe againe to Heauen (from whence I came.)
This faide (me thought) making exceeding mone,
She went her way, and left the Carle alone,
Who vaunting of his late-got victorie,
Aduaunc'd himselfe in pompe and Maiestie:
Much like a Cocke, who hauing kild his foe,
Brisks vp himselfe, and then begins to crow.
So *Couetise*, when *Conscience* was departed,

Conscience and Couetoufneffe.

Gan to be proud in minde, and hauty harted:
And in a stately Chayre of state he fet him,
(For *Conscience* banisht) there was none to let him,
And being but one entrie, to this Plaine,
(Whereof as king and Lord, he did remaine)
Repentance cald, he causd that to be kept,
Left *Conscience* should returne, whilst as he slept:
Wherefore he causd it, to be wacht and warded
Both night and Day, and to be strongly guarded:
To keepe it safe, these three he did intreat,
Hardnesse of hart, with *Falshood*, and *Deceat*:
And if at any time, she chaunc'd to venter,
Hardnesse of hart, denide her still to enter.
When *Conscience* was exilde the minde of Man,
Then *Couetise*, his gouernment began.
This once being seene, what I had seene before,
(Being onely seene in sleepe) was seene no more;
For with the sorrowe, which my Soule did take
At sight hereof, forthwith I did awake.

FINIS.



Poems:

In diuers humors.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas. Virgil.



LONDON,
Printed by G.S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
be folde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.



To the learned, and accomplisht Gentleman, Maister *Nicholas Blackleech*, of
Grayes Inne.

To you, that know the tuch of true Conceat;
(Whose many gifts I neede not to repeat)
I vwrite these Lines: fruits of vnriper yeares;
Wherein my Muse no harder Censure feares:
Hoping in gentle Worth, you will them take;
Not for the gift, but for the giuers sake.



SONNET. I.

To his friend Maister R. L. In praise of
Musique and Poetrie.

If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needs (the Sister and the Brother)
Then must the Loue be great, twixt thee and mee,
Because thou lou'ft the one, and I the other.

Dowland to thee is deare; whose heauenly tuch
Vpon the Lute, doeth rauish humane sense:
Spenser to mee; whose deepe Conceit is such,
As pasing all Conceit, needs no defence.

Thou lou'ft to heare the sweete melodious found,
That *Phæbus* Lute (the Queene of Musique) makes:
And I in deepe Delight am, chiefly drownd,
When as himselfe to finging he betakes.

One God is God of Both (as Poets faigne)
One Knight loues Both, and Both in thee remaine.

SONNET. II.

Against the Dispraysers of Poetrie.

Chaucer is dead; and *Gower* lyes in grave;
The Earle of *Surrey*, long agoe is gone;
Sir *Philip Sidneis* soule, the Heauens haue;
George Gascoigne him before, was tomb'd in stone.

Yet, tho their Bodies lye full low in ground,
(As euery thing must dye, that earft was borne)
Their liuing fame, no Fortune can confound;
Nor euer shall their Labours be forlorne.

And you, that discommend sweete Poetrie,
(So that the Subiect of the same be good)
Here may you see, your fond simplicitie;
Sith Kings haue fauord it, of royall Blood.

The King of *Scots* (now liuing) is a Poet,
As his *Lepanto*, and his *Furies* shoue it.

A Remembrance of some English Poets.

L iue *Spenser* euer, in thy *Fairy Queene*:
Whose like (for deepe Conceit) was neuer seene.
Crownd mayst thou bee, vnto thy more renowne,
(As King of Poets) with a Lawrell Crowne.

And *Daniell*, praised for thy sweet-chast Verse:
Whose Fame is grav'd on *Rofamonds* blacke Herfe.
Still mayst thou liue: and still be honored,
For that rare Worke, *The White Rose and the Red.*

And *Drayton*, whose wel-written Tragedies,
And sweete Epistles, soare thy fame to skies.
Thy learned Name, is æquall with the rest;
Whose stately Numbers are so well adrest.

And *Shakespeare* thou, whose hony-flowing Vaine,
(Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth obtaine.
Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece* (sweete, and chaste)
Thy Name in fames immortall Booke haue plac't.
Liue euer you, at least in Fame liue euer:
Well may the Bodye dye, but Fame dies neuer.

An Ode.

A S it fell vpon a Day,
In the merrie Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a groue of Myrtles made,
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring:

Euery

An Ode.

Euery thing did banish mone,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her Breast vp-till a Thorne;
And there sung the dolefulst Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
Teru Teru, by and by:
That to heare her so complaine,
Scarce I could from Teares refraine:
For her griefes so liuely showne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine;
None takes Pitty on thy paine:
Senselesse Trees, they cannot heere thee;
Ruthlesse Beares, they wil not cheer thee.
King *Pandion*, hee is dead:
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe singe,
Carelesse of thy forrowing.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,
Thou and I, were both beguilde.
Euerie one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miserie:
Words are easie, like the winde;
Faithfull friends are hard to finde:
Euerie man will bee thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But if store of Crownes be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

An Ode.

If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull, they will him call:
And with such-like flattering,
Pitty but hee were a King.
If he bee adict to vice,
Quickly him, they will intice.
If to Woemen hee be bent,
They haue at Commaundement.
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renoune:
They that fawnd on him before,
Vse his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeed,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:
If thou sorrowe, hee will weepe;
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe:
Thus of euerie griefe, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a Part.
These are certaine Signes, to knowe
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.

Written, at the request of a Gentleman,
vnder a Gentlewomans Picture.

E Ven as *Apelles* could not paint *Campaspes* face aright,
Because *Campaspes* Sun-bright eyes did dimme *Apelles* sight:
Euen so, amazed at her sight, her sight, all sights excelling,
Like *Nyobe* the Painter stoode, her sight his sight expelling,
Thus Art and Nature did contend, who should the Victor bee,
Till Art by Nature was supprest, as all the worlde may see.

An Epitaph vpon the Death, of Sir Philip Sidney,
Knight: Lord-gouernour of Vlissing.

That *England* lost, that Learning lov'd, that euery mouth commended,
That fame did praise, that Prince did raise, that Countrey so defended,
Here lyes the man: lyke to the Swan, who knowing shee shall die,
Doeth tune her voice vnto the Spheares, and scornes Mortalitie.
Two worthie Earls his vncl's were; a Lady was his Mother;
A Knight his father; and himselfe a noble Countesse Brother.
Belov'd, bewaild; aliue, now dead; of all, with Teares for euer;
Here lyes Sir *Philip Sidneis* Corps, whom cruell Death did seuer.
He liv'd for her, hee dyde for her; for whom he dyde, he liued:
O graunt (O God) that wee of her, may neuer bee depriv'd.

An Epitaph vpon the Death of his Aunt,
Mistresse Elizabeth Skrymsher.

Loe here beholde the certaine Ende, of euery liuing wight:
No Creature is secure from Death, for Death will haue his Right.
He spareth none: both rich and poore, both young and olde must die;
So fraile is flesh, so short is Life, so sure Mortalitie.
When first the Bodye liues to Life, the soule first dies to sinne:
And they that loofe this earthly Life, a heauenly Life shall winne,
If they liue well: as well she liv'd, that lyeth Vnder heere;
Whose Vertuous Life to all the Worlde, most plainly did appeere.
Good to the poore, friend to the rich, and foe to no Degree:
A Prefident of modest Life, and peerlesse Chastitie.
Who louing more, Who more belov'd, of euerie honest mynde?
Who more to Hospitalitie, and Clemencie inclinde
Then she? that being buried here, lyes wrapt in Earth below;
From whence wee came, to whom wee must, and bee as shee is now,
A Clodd of Clay: though her pure soule in endlesse Blisse doeth rest;
Ioying all Ioy, the Place of Peace, prepared for the blest:
Where holy Angells sit and sing, before the King of Kings;
Not mynding worldly Vanities, but onely heavenly Things.
Vnto which Ioy, Vnto which Blisse, Vnto which Place of Pleasure,
God graunt that wee may come at last, t'inioy that heauenly Treasure.
Which to obtaine, to liue as shee hath done let vs endeour;
That wee may liue with Christ himselfe (above) that liues for euer.

A Comparifon of the
Life of Man.

Mans life is vvell compared to a feaft,
Furnifht with choice of all Varietie:
To it comes Tyme; and as a bidden gueft
Hee fets him downe, in Pompe and Maieftie;
The three-folde Age of Man, the Waiters bee:
Then with an earthen voyder (made of clay)
Comes Death, & takes the table clean away.

FINIS.



MS. NOTICE BY MR MALONE.

“ Brazen Nose Coll. November 27, 1589. Richard Barnefield, Stafford, gen. fil. ætat. 15.” Matriculated. Regtm. Universitat. Oxon.

Richard Barnefield, therefore, was born in 1574. I know not when he died. He is not mentioned by Anthony Wood.

In 1594, or 1595, he published *The Affectionate Shepherd*, which he calls his first work. In 1595, a poem entitled *Cynthia*, with certain Sonnets, and *The Legend of Cassandra*, dedicated to William, Earl of Derby. See this latter piece in the small volume of old Poetry, bound in Morrocco.

That he took a degree at Oxford, (probably in 1593) appears from the title page of his *Praise of Money*.

HÆC AUTEM *VOBIS* NON INCASSUM, TANQUAM
NUGAS INANES EFFUTIO. THEOD. CYREN.

REPRINTED AT THE AUCHINLECK PRESS,
BY JAMES SUTHERLAND, FOR ALEXAN-
DER BOSWELL, IN THE YEAR M. DCCC.
AND SIXTEEN.

