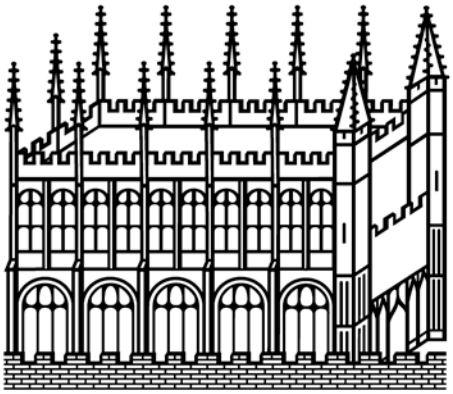

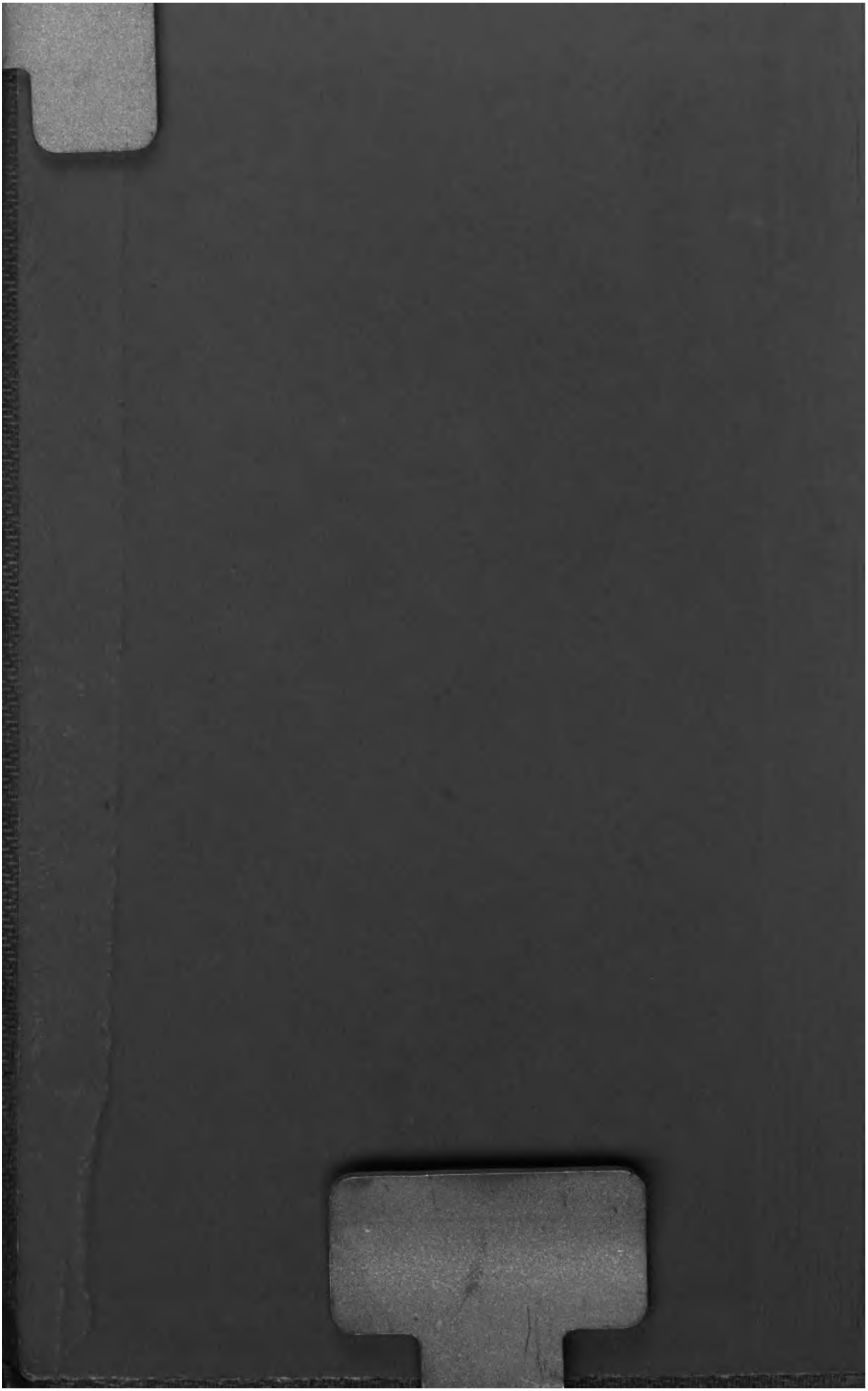

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OF

SIR THOMAS WYATT

EDITED BY ROBERT BELL

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1854

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SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS-STREET,
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SIR THOMAS WYATT.

1503—1542.

THE family of the Wyatts were originally settled at Southange in Yorkshire, where they enjoyed considerable local influence in the reign of Edward III. The first member of the family whose name seems to have acquired any historical importance was Sir Henry Wyatt, the father of the poet, a man of high principles and strict conduct. His son, reviewing his character many years after his death, says that he was deeply impressed with reverence for religion, 'that there was no man more pitiful; no man more true of his word; no man faster to his friend; no man diligenter nor more circumspect; which thing both the Kings, his masters, noted in him greatly. His attachment to the house of Lancaster brought him under the displeasure of Richard III., who cast him into prison in Scotland, where, we learn from the same authority, he was kept 'in irons and stocks' for upwards of two years, and put to the rack under the eyes of the tyrant. There is another story extant, that he was confined in the Tower, and preserved from starvation there by a cat, that used to bring him a pigeon every day from a neighbouring dovecot.[1] As soon,

[1] This curious tradition is supported by several concurrent circumstances. The epitaph inscribed on Sir Henry's monument at Boxley, in Kent, written by one of his immediate descendants, expressly refers to the fact, stating that Sir Henry 'was imprisoned and tortured in the Tower in the reign of Richard III., kept in that dungeon, when fed and preserved by a cat.' Dr. Nott tells us that many of the old inhabitants of Boxley remembered the figure of a pigeon affixed to the monument in commemoration of the circumstance; but he thinks that it was more probably an ostrich, one of the crests of the family. In addition to this record, the whole particulars are set forth in a

however, as Henry VII. succeeded to the throne, he was restored to liberty, and appointed Privy Councillor and one of the executors of the King's will. On his Majesty's death he was nominated one of the Council for the management of public affairs during the young King's minority; and at the coronation of Henry VIII. he was created a Knight of the Bath. Various honours were afterwards conferred upon him. Having distinguished himself at the battle of the Spurs, where he had a command of one hundred men, he was made a Knight Banneret on the field; in 1516, he was appointed to sit in the Star Chamber and in Chancery; and in 1519, attended Henry VIII. to Calais in the capacity of Knight Marshal. He also held the offices of Keeper of the King's Jewels and King's Ewerer; and in 1527, entertained the King at Allington Castle, in Kent, an estate he had purchased,

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MS. volume of family papers in the possession of the Rev. B. D. Hawkins, quoted by Mr. Bruce in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1850. The passage runs as follows:—'He was imprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there had not God, who sent a crow to feed his prophet, sent this his and his country's martyr a cat both to feed and warm him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and, as it were, offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and, by making much of her, won her love. After this she would come every day unto him divers times, and, when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was, 'he durst not do it better.' 'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?' 'I may well enough,' said he, the keeper, 'you are safe for that matter;' and being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise, dressed for him, from time to time, such pigeons as his accator, the cat, provided for him. Sir Henry, in his prosperity, for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of spaniels or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him.' It further appears from some memoranda compiled by Richard Wyatt, son of Mr. Serjeant Edwin Wyatt, of Quex, in the Isle of Thanet, in the same MS. volume, that there was a picture, which seemed old, in the possession of the family down to the middle of the last century representing 'a cat, with a pigeon in his claw, delivering it at the grates of the dungeon, with certain verses relating the story.' The picture, however, can be regarded only as a repetition of the legend in

together with that of the Mote in the same neighbourhood, a few years after his Majesty's accession. The latter property passed subsequently into the possession of the Earls of Romney, and was the scene of a similar royal reception in 1799, when the third Baron Romney entertained George III. on the occasion of a review of the Kentish Yeomanry.

Sir Henry Wyatt married Anne, the daughter of John Skinner, of Reigate, in Surrey, by whom he had three children, Thomas, the eldest, Henry, who lived in retirement in Kent, and Margaret, who married Sir Henry Lee.

Thomas Wyatt,[1] the poet, was born at Allington Castle, in 1503. All that is known of his youth is, that at twelve years old he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and that he took out his degrees of Bachelor and Master in 1518 and 1520.[2] His marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Lord

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another form, and affords no confirmation of its truth. The main obstacle to belief in the anecdote is, not that a prisoner was fed by the sagacious attachment of an animal, of which there are many examples, but the *modus operandi*. That a cat should convey a bird for such a purpose is sufficiently credible; but how the cat found access daily, and several times in the course of the day, to a close dungeon, in which, from the description, we can scarcely suppose there was a chimney, is not so intelligible. The same MS. bears testimony to the tortures inflicted upon Sir Henry during his confinement. 'It is said,' observes Mr. Bruce, 'that he was subjected to torture, which was inflicted by an instrument called the barnacles, which is placed by farriers on the upper lip of a horse in order to terrify and keep him quiet under the operation of bleeding. The memory of this fact is heraldically preserved in an addition to the arms borne by this branch of the Wyatts—namely, a pair of barnacles *argent*, the ring which unites them *or;* and Sir Henry transmitted the tradition in certain carpets which he caused to be manufactured, in which the figure of the barnacles was eminently conspicuous. In 1735 one of these carpets was in the possession of Francis Wyatt, heir of the family, and then seated at Quex, in the Isle of Thanet.'

[1] The name is variously spelt Wiat, Wiot, Wyot, &c. In the Harrington MS., of which Dr. Nott gives a *fac-simile* of the poet's autograph, the signature is

[2] Wood claims for Wolsey's College, Oxford, the honour of completing Wyatt's education; but, as Dr. Nott shows, that foundation

Cobham, appears to have taken place in the latter year, as in the inquisition upon his death, in 1542, his son is described as being then of age.[1]

Wood says, that after Wyatt had left college he went to travel upon the Continent. Dr. Nott rejects this statement as a 'rambling assertion,' and founds his disbelief in it on the negative testimony of Wyatt's poems, in which no allusion is made to his supposed visit to the scenes of classical antiquity, and also upon the silence of Leland, Chaloner, and Surrey. In the absence of evidence of an authentic character, the opinion of Dr. Nott would be entitled to as much weight as might be properly attached to the inference on which it rests. It is not quite clear, however, that Wyatt's poems do not convey generally an impression that he had a more intimate acquaintance with the literature and language of Italy than he could have acquired had he merely studied them in the usual way at home. The closeness of his imitations, and the idiomatic turn of expression which frequently occurs in them, might justify a supposition that his knowledge of the language had been ripened by intercourse with the people. But upon this point, whether it be worth consideration or not, it is unnecessary to lay any stress, as there is ample ground for believing that Wood's assertion is correct.

Mr. Wiffen, in his *Memoirs of the House of Russell*, establishes the fact that one of the ancestors of that family, who had been sent on an embassy to the Pope by Henry VIII., was accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Wyatt. That this Wyatt was Sir Thomas, the poet, is placed beyond doubt by the evidence of the MS. volume of family papers, for a knowledge of which the public is indebted to Mr. Bruce. The fact is stated by the grandson of Sir Thomas,

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was not incorporated till 1524, when Wyatt was married, and in the King's household.

[1] Dr. Nott says that Wyatt's son was born about 1523 or 1524, but in a note on the same page refers to the evidence of the inquisition which shows that he was born in 1521.

on the authority of Edward, the third Duke of Bedford. The occasion which led to the journey on the part of Sir Thomas is thus related:—

Sir John Russell, after lord privy seal, having his dépêche 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.

Mr. Bruce observes that this must have been in January, 1526-7. At that time Wyatt was in the household at court; to which he probably referred in saying he would 'ask leave.'

We further learn that, upon the arrival of the travellers in Rome, they were received with great distinction. Twelve miles in advance the Pope sent his own horse for the special use of the ambassador, another for Wyatt, and others for the members of the suite, in order that they might make their entry into the Imperial City with all requisite pomp; and high officials met them on the road and conducted them to their lodgings. A singular illustration of Italian hospitality speedily followed. As soon as they were established in their residence, a messenger came, accompanied by two of the chief beauties of the Court, whispering, as he introduced them, 'a plenary indulgence.' The travellers called for wine, and, after much hilarity and a gift of crowns, dismissed the ladies and their attendant. The narrative, as quoted by Mr. Bruce, now proceeds in the language of Sir Thomas's grandson.

This fashion was taken as a tast [test] how they came furnished with crowns for dépêche of that they come for. But Sir Thomas took it withal to be an Italian scorn and kind of prognostick of the event of their success. So far Edward late Earl of Bedford, of worthy memory, recounted to me of the frank love and friendship that was between his father [grandfather?[1]] and my grandfather, in those days being in the King's service together, he

[1] The interrogatory is by Mr. Bruce.

ended his relation here by reason of his being called to council. That which followed I afterwards received of two; one a gentleman, a follower then of Sir Thomas, another a kinsman of his name, some yet of good place living that heard it reported from their own mouths thus.

After much delays and expense of moneys in the court of Rome, the ambassador urging earnestly his dépêche, on letter from the King, he finally received answer of evil satisfaction, according to the expectation of the former prognostick, which signified to the King, he was suddenly called home by new letters. And on his return, in a certain place changing his horses, Sir Thomas, in his chamber on the wall drew a maze, and in it a minotaur with a triple crown on his head, both as it were falling, and a bottom of thread with certain guives and broken chains there lying by, and over this word,

Laqueus contritus est et nos liberati sumus.

This was but finished when the ambassador remounted with Sir Thomas; he in the way told him what he had left behind him in return of the scorn used to them at their arrival to Rome, and in disdain of the want of success of the King's affairs there. At it my lord laughed heartily, specially (you may suppose) after he heard his holiness and all his college of cardinals wisdoms were troubled to scan upon a draft of the emprese sent to Rome by some that advertised of the author of it. But much the King is said to have taken pleasure to hear the discourse of it at my lord's return, and it was thought an occasion to the King of his employing Sir Thomas the more in his services of importance and trust ever after.[1]

Another incident relating to Wyatt's travels is brought to light in a letter referred to by Mr. Wiffen, in which some particulars are given of Wyatt's seizure and detention by the Imperialist forces under Bourbon, on a journey he made from Turin to Rome. The English ambassador is stated to have opened a correspondence on the subject with the Court of Rome and the captors, who demanded a ransom of no less a sum than three thousand ducats; but while the negociations

[1] Mr. Bruce adds that it is stated in the memoranda of Richard Wyatt, already referred to, that a picture of the maze, 'with a centaur in the middle, and a triple crown falling off his head,' was preserved amongst the family memorials.

were pending, Wyatt effected his escape, and appeared suddenly at Bologna. The fact requires confirmation. If it occurred, it must have taken place when Wyatt was travelling with Sir John Russell, as on his subsequent visits to the Continent, he went himself in the quality of ambassador. That such an outrage could have been committed upon a gentleman in the suite of the English minister is scarcely credible; nor can it be supposed that the Duke of Bedford, in giving to Sir Thomas's grandson an account of the journey, would have omitted so remarkable a circumstance had it really happened at that time.

In, or before, 1524, Wyatt was introduced at Court, where he was received into the King's household, and attracted universal notice by his wit and his handsome person. In the Christmas of 1525, he took part in a feat of arms that was performed before the King at Greenwich; after which we hear nothing more of him till 1533, when he officiated as ewerer for his father at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, upon which occasion his friend Surrey, then about sixteen years of age, carried the fourth sword with the scabbard before the King.

To this interval may be referred most of the anecdotes that have been preserved of the repartees and facetiæ with which he is said to have delighted the King. We are told that he brought about the Reformation by a *bon mot*, and hastened the fall of Wolsey by a seasonable story. The credit assigned to him in these instances is overcharged. In both cases he merely pointed a foregone conclusion; for the determination to throw off the authority of Rome, and to depose Wolsey, must have been already taken before the young courtier ventured to jest with such dangerous subjects. The King had been expressing, in terms of well-feigned concern, the conscientious difficulties he affected to feel about his divorce from Queen Catherine, when Wyatt is reported to have exclaimed, 'Lord! that a man cannot repent him of his sin without the Pope's leave!' This way of presenting the perplexity was happy and subtle; and it is easy to understand the satisfaction his Majesty must have felt in the conversation

of a man whose wit was at once so racy and profound. A monarch who entered with relish into the broad humours of John Heywood may be readily supposed to have derived no ordinary gratification from the pungent satire of an accomplished scholar, while it was thus ingeniously employed in flattering his passions, and supplying excuses for their indulgence. The anecdote about Wolsey is imperfect, but there is enough of it in the fragment retailed by Lloyd to show that it was of the same character. Finding that the King was displeased with Wolsey, Wyatt, says Lloyd, 'ups with the story of the curs baiting the butcher's dog, which contained the whole method of that great man's ruin.'

The quality of Wyatt's 'witty sayings' is exhibited in such anecdotes as the following. While the Reformation was in progress, the clergy betrayed symptoms of discontent at the prospect of losing their lands, when Wyatt suggested to the King to 'butter the rooks' nests, and they would never trouble him;' the rooks being the great families who were thus, by a gift of the church estates, to be bribed with a vested interest in the promotion of the Reformation. On another occasion he told the King that he knew of a living of the value of £100. a-year more than enough, and asked to have it bestowed upon him. The King declaring there was no such living in England, Wyatt said that it was the Provost-ship of Eton, where the incumbent had his diet and lodging, his servants' wages, and the charges and provisions for his house defrayed, with one hundred pounds *per annum* besides. In reply to a request of the King that he would dance at one of the Court balls, Wyatt observed, that 'he who thought himself a wise man in the day-time, would not be a fool at night.' One of his common sayings was, that there were three things which should always be strictly observed: 'never to play with any man's unhappiness or deformity, for that is inhuman; nor on superiors, for that is saucy and undutiful; nor on holy matters, for that is irreligious.'

The talent for repartee cannot be justly represented by

examples. Like champagne, it must be taken at the instant, or it becomes flat and insipid. We cannot, therefore, judge fairly of Wyatt's conversational powers by such specimens as these. Yet we can gather from them a sufficient justification of the eulogium pronounced upon him, that he combined the wit of Sir Thomas More with the wisdom of Sir Thomas Cromwell. He was evidently not one of those brilliant triflers who may be described as a higher and more accomplished kind of court jesters. He jested in earnest. His jests were neither trivial nor licentious; they had thought and purpose in them, and displayed a sagacity and knowledge of the world that elevated them into apothegms. They were not merely 'witty sayings'—they were wise sayings also. That mixture of seriousness and gaiety which reflected the two prominent aspects of the age, were tempered and balanced in Wyatt by the noblest elements of character. With these advantages he united others no less admirable in themselves than rare in their combination. His political knowledge and sound judgment acquired for him a high reputation as a statesman and diplomatist; and his scholarship was in advance of most men of his time. He cultivated letters assiduously; and Camden bears testimony to the extent and accuracy of his classical attainments. He was intimate with the literatures of the Continent; spoke French, Italian, and Spanish fluently; excelled in music; and was pre-eminent for his skill and dexterity in arms. The manliness of his person, and the expressive beauty of his features, the magnificence of his style of living, and the dignity and gentleness of his manners, are themes of panegyric amongst his contemporaries. Unlike most favourites of nature and fortune he conciliated all jealousies, and carried his superiority over others with so much generosity and consideration as to fascinate rivals, and convert them into friends. He appears to have passed through an atmosphere of envy and scandal without making a single enemy. Sir Thomas Cromwell, writing to him when he was abroad, says, 'your enemies, if you have any, shall win little at your hands in

your absence.' It is not surprising that such a man should have possessed a marked ascendancy at Court; and his power with the King was so well known, that, whenever a suitor happened to succeed in his object, it was commonly said that 'he had been in Wyatt's closet.' Still more to the credit of his reputation is the use he made of his influence. He never sought to promote selfish or corrupt ends, but, indifferent to his own interests, devoted his opportunities exclusively to the service of others.

The integrity of his conduct, however, did not protect him against slander. At what period, or under what circumstances, the insinuation which imputed to him an improper intercourse with Anne Boleyn came to be whispered in the Court circles cannot be ascertained; but there is no doubt that such an accusation, vague or definite, was certainly brought against him. Dr. Nott is at some pains to relieve him from the guilt so obscurely ascribed to him, by reducing it to an attachment existing previously to Anne Boleyn's marriage; a romantic theory which he endeavours to sustain by an arbitrary interpretation of sundry expressions in Wyatt's poems. He imagines that Wyatt and Anne Boleyn may have 'mutually regarded each other with the lively tenderness of an innocent but dangerous friendship,' so long as the lady was free to listen to his verses, and encourage his passion; but that this 'lively tenderness' gave way on both sides to a sentiment of duty when the platonic mistress of the poet became his sovereign—a change which he does not hesitate to trace in the graver and more moral cast of Wyatt's subsequent writings. It is hardly necessary to say that this ingenious superstructure rests entirely upon conjectural data. In the absence of authentic evidence respecting the chronology of the poems, we have no means of determining their application; nor, if we had, are the presumed allusions to Anne Boleyn so clear as to identify her with the passages referred to by Dr. Nott. The change in the tone of Wyatt's writings must be submitted to the same test, and rejected for the same reason. In order to establish the fact of such a

change, it is indispensable to establish the period when the pieces in which it is supposed to be exhibited were written. Whether such a change—permanently affecting the spirit of Wyatt's writings—really took place is a matter of pure speculation; and, even if it could be proved, it might with greater probability be supposed to have arisen, as the most recent of Wyatt's biographers judiciously observes, 'from those great sedatives to a poetical or amorous imagination—years and experience.'

Attempts to extract autobiographical suggestions from the love sonnets of an age when gallantry was cultivated as an art, like poetry itself, should be received with caution. Under such conditions, the reality of the sentiments cannot be implicitly depended upon, and external evidence is necessary to justify us in regarding them in any more responsible light than as exercises of the imagination. To paint the ecstacies of the happy lover, or the sorrows of the unfortunate, to heap up images of delight or distress, to pursue a passion through the vicissitudes of hope and despair, were the common themes of all the poets who followed the Italian models, and reflected the characteristics of chivalry. Wyatt especially must be judged by this standard, because his imitations are obvious and extensive, and the love he depicts bears manifest traces of being drawn from the same source as his verse. Artifice and effect are everywhere visible; and we may reasonably conclude that there was as little of genuine emotion as of originality of inspiration in his poetry.

It is possible—indeed highly probable—that Anne Boleyn may have taken pleasure in Wyatt's society. A man so accomplished, and in all respects so attractive, may be supposed to have occupied a conspicuous place in her favour. His intimacy with Surrey, to whose family she was related, gives additional likelihood to this supposition. But there is no evidence whatever to show that an attachment existed at any time between them. On the contrary, all the circumstances with which we are acquainted tend rather to prove

that their intercourse never exceeded the strict limits imposed by their relative positions. In the first place, Wyatt had been married full ten years before Anne Boleyn became the King's mistress—a fact by no means conclusive, but of considerable collateral value when taken in connexion with other facts, and with Wyatt's general reputation. In the next place, it is remarkable that the scandalous assertion cannot be traced to any reliable, or even original, authority; that it is extremely loose and indefinite, supplying neither particulars, dates, nor proofs; that it is given altogether on hearsay, and repeated everywhere at second-hand; and that none of Wyatt's immediate friends make the slightest allusion to a story which, if true, must have been too prominent an incident in his life to be wholly overlooked. It is further discredited by Anne Boleyn's confession of a previous contract with the Earl of Northumberland—an important element in the case which has escaped the notice of all Wyatt's biographers. Finally, the charge may be fairly considered as having had no tenable foundation, because it was never brought against Wyatt in a formal shape, and because, at the very time when the suspicion fell upon him, he was receiving new proofs of favour from the King, who at this very period appointed him to offices of high trust and responsibility. It is in the last degree unlikely that, when the King was looking eagerly for the means of establishing Anne Boleyn's guilt to enable him to marry Jane Seymour, he would not have availed himself of the accusation against Wyatt, could it have been supported by the faintest show of evidence; and it is no less unlikely that he would have afterwards bestowed distinguished marks of confidence upon him, had he believed that he was criminally implicated with the Queen. In January 1536, Anne Boleyn was condemned for high treason on charges affecting her brother and four others; in the following May she was executed. In the April of the same year, Wyatt was knighted by the King, and in the following July appointed to a command under the Duke of Norfolk in the army that was

sent to suppress the rebellion that had broken out in Yorkshire. In 1537 he was nominated High Sheriff for Kent, by the special confidence of the King, at a time of commotion, as he tells us in his defence against Bonner; and in the same year Henry appointed him on an embassy to the Emperor Charles V., whose resentment at the treatment of Queen Catherine, and the marriage with Anne Boleyn, had led to much coldness and ill-will between the two courts. It cannot be conceived that Wyatt would have been selected for a mission which had direct reference to the Queen in whose guilt he was suspected of being involved, unless the King had been clearly satisfied of his innocence.

Shortly after Wyatt was knighted, he fell under some temporary displeasure at Court, arising out of a quarrel with the Duke of Suffolk, in consequence of which he was committed to the Tower. His imprisonment, however, had no connexion with any other circumstances, and was of short duration, as he was speedily liberated by the King, and appointed to the military command already alluded to under King the Duke of Norfolk.[1]

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[1] That the occasion upon which Wyatt was committed to the Tower was in itself trivial, and solely to be referred to the heat and impetuosity of youth, is sufficiently shown by two letters from his father to Cromwell, preserved in the State Paper Office, and referred to by Mr. Bruce in his communications respecting the Wyatt family. The first of these letters was written upon receipt of the intelligence of his son's imprisonment, and the second after his liberation. Sir Henry was then an old man, living in retirement at Allington, and the tidings of his son's misfortune were brought to him in the dead of the night. The following account of the circumstance is extracted by Mr. Bruce from the MS. volume of family papers, to which we have been indebted for other interesting particulars. 'A messenger awaked him with the news. . . . . Yet was not the old knight, though a most loving and careful father for his only [an oversight on the part of the writer, who had forgotten that there was another] son, terrified with it, but having read the letter, gave only this answer:—'If he be a true man, as I trust he is, his truth will him deliver; it is no guile:' and with this word fell asleep again very soundly until his accustomed hour, and then, with all diligence, he did that by letters to the Court he thought best. In the meantime, not further troubling himself, as the manner of heartless and unprepared men is, to no purpose.' In the first of these letters he thanks Cromwell for the pains he has

Wyatt's mission to Spain embraced several objects. The Emperor had espoused the title of the Princess Mary to the succession; but Henry insisted upon setting it aside in the event of there being any issue by Lady Jane Seymour, or, as expressed in the large provision for future contingencies laid down in Wyatt's instructions, by any other lawful wife his Majesty might 'have afterwards.' Henry also desired that a general council then in contemplation, which the Pope wished to hold at Vicenza, should be convened in Germany or Holland, in order to remove it as far as possible from the influence of papal intrigues. The disposition of the duchy of Milan, which was to revert to the Emperor on the death of Francis Sforza, formed another item of diplomatic discussion; and all these objects, keeping constantly in view the paramount end of effecting a reconciliation between the two Courts, were intrusted to the discretion and firmness of the ambassador.

Wyatt entered upon this embassy with reluctance. His private affairs had been much disordered by neglect; and being unexpectedly called upon to undertake an office that entailed a considerable outlay, he was compelled to leave them in a state of confusion. His embarrassments were subse-

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taken about his son, adding his hope that, 'whensoever it shall be the King's pleasure to deliver him, ye will show him that this punishment that he hath for this matter is more for the displeasure that he hath done to God otherwise, wherein I beseech you to advertise him to fly vice, and serve God better than he hath done.' The second letter indicates clearly that the offence was some rash speech young Wyatt had uttered, or some other equally slight ebullition of temper. 'After I had considered,' writes Sir Henry, 'to my great comfort with myself the King's great goodness toward my son, with his so favourable warnings to address him better than his wit can consider, I strait called unto me my said son, and, as I have done oft, not only commanded him his obedience in all points to the King's pleasure, but also the leaving off such slanderous fashion as hath engendered unto him not only to follow your commandments from time to time, but also in every point to take and repute you as me, and if whilst he liveth he have not this for sure printed in his heart, that I refuse him to be my son. I beseech you to continue unto him as ye have been, and I misknow him not too much, you shall not think [yourself] evil employed.' Whatever the offence may have been, it was not of a serious nature, and evidently had no reference to the imputed intercourse with Anne Boleyn.

quently increased by the heavy charges to which he was put in Spain, his expenditure greatly exceeding his allowance. It appears, however, that these circumstances were afterwards taken into consideration, and that his pay was augmented.

There were other reasons why Wyatt might have felt some hesitation in accepting the appointment. The cause he had to advocate, and the tempers he had to deal with, were not calculated to inspire him with confidence. His Lutheranism was a personal obstacle to his favourable reception. He was required to oppose the authority of the Pope upon matters in which the Pope's authority was considered supreme. He had to represent a sovereign whose sincerity could not be relied upon, and whose protection was as fickle as his humours. Wyatt, no doubt, saw these hazards and perplexities in advance; and the sequel confirmed his apprehensions. It soon became apparent that his situation was surrounded by difficulties of a peculiar kind. His official orders were contradicted by his private instructions, which required him to observe one line of conduct, while he was to appear to pursue another. These orders were additionally complicated by frequent alterations in the views he was desired to carry out; and the death of Lady Jane Seymour in October, 1537, introduced a new element into the negotiations which rendered them still more intricate. On the other hand, it was evident that the Emperor was as crafty and ambiguous on his side as Henry; that he designedly prolonged and delayed the progress of affairs; and that the language he held in his intercourse with Wyatt was intended only to mislead him. In short, both parties were watching events, and seeking to overreach each other. Wyatt conducted himself through these circumstances with consummate ability, observing the utmost caution in his communications with the Emperor, and suffering no opportunity to escape of penetrating his motives and his character, or, according to the curious language of his instructions, of endeavouring 'to fish out the very bottom of his intentions.' Without compromising his own integrity, or falsifying his convictions, he observed a wise moderation on

religious subjects, which offered a striking contrast to the indiscreet proceedings of the unprincipled Bonner, who was subsequently commissioned to join him. But he fulfilled his duty, nevertheless, with unflinching courage, by protesting explicitly on all occasions against the unwarrantable assumptions of the Pope, and spoke upon that point with so much freedom and energy, that the Emperor was obliged to interpose his influence to preserve him from the Inquisition. 'The Emperor,' says Wyatt, 'had much ado to save me; and yet that made me not hold my peace, when I might defend the King's deed against him, the Pope, and reprove his naughtiness.' Had it been possible to have brought these crooked negotiations to a satisfactory issue, Wyatt must have succeeded. As it was, he accomplished even more than might have been expected, in allaying distrusts at both sides; and we gather from the correspondence that took place between him and the ministers at home, that his proceedings received the full approbation of the King.

Early in the spring of 1538, Wyatt returned to England at the express instance of the Emperor, for the purpose of communicating his Majesty's views on the subject of the proposed marriages between Henry and the Duchess of Milan, and the Princess Mary with the Infante of Portugal: and after holding a conference in London with the King and the Spanish Ambassador, returned to Spain before the end of March. In the following May, Bonner, afterwards Bishop of London, and Haynes, at that time Dean of Exeter, were specially sent over to assist Wyatt in the prosecution of his mission. Instead of aiding him in his objects, their presence contributed to aggravate the difficulties of his situation. 'Bonner, in particular,' observes Dr. Nott, 'though a clergyman [they were both clergymen], behaved with a degree of levity that bordered on licentiousness, and manifested a disrespect for the Roman Catholic religion that was not at all consistent with his subsequent intolerant zeal in its support.' The immediate purpose in view was, either to prevent a projected interview which the Pope was labouring to bring about between Charles

and Francis, or, if that was impracticable, to attend the meeting on the part of the King of England, and endeavour to set aside any propositions that might be made to his disadvantage. The meeting was arranged to take place at Nice in June; and Wyatt, followed by Haynes and Bonner, hastened to join the conference. All that is known of the result is that he prevailed upon the Emperor to agree conditionally to some suggestions favourable to Henry's objects, the Emperor requiring that he should proceed forthwith to London for further instructions, pledging himself that nothing should be determined upon in the interim, provided he returned within fifteen or sixteen days. There seems to be no doubt that this was a mere feint to remove Wyatt out of the way, the Emperor anticipating the improbability of his being unable to return within the stipulated time, and holding himself in the meanwhile exonerated from the counsels of Haynes and Bonner, to whose abilities and interference he attached no weight whatever.

The result fulfilled these subtle calculations. Wyatt travelled post to England, but suffering some delays after his arrival, was unable to reach Villa Franca within the time. A truce had been agreed upon during his absence, and the sovereigns had separated with mutual expressions of friendship. He determined, however, to follow the Emperor, and by great exertions overtook him at Marseilles. But it was too late to effect any practical object. The Emperor continued his journey to Spain, and Wyatt, accompanied by Bonner and Haynes, rejoined him at Barcelona. So far the mission had utterly failed, and several circumstances now conspired to induce Wyatt, whose position was becoming more irksome every day, to desire his recall.

One service which he succeeded in rendering to the King at this period, procured for him the most frank and warm acknowledgments. Cardinal Pole, connected with the family of the Fitzgeralds, and a known enemy to the English interests, was secretly employed by the Pope to go into Spain and France for the purpose of cementing a union between these

powers against England. Wyatt, having obtained a knowledge of these designs, communicated them to Henry, and requested authority to enable him to counteract them. A long delay occurred in the transmission of the required instructions; but before they arrived, Wyatt had taken upon himself the responsibility of remonstrating against the reception of Pole at the Spanish Court, and had carried his point so effectually, that when the Cardinal appeared at Madrid he was coldly dismissed, without any recognition of his quality as a legate. Frustrated in his object, the Pope's emissary ultimately abandoned his project, and retired to Avignon.

This incident, which gave Wyatt increased claims to the confidence of his sovereign, was afterwards wrested to his disadvantage. Bonner had been jealous all throughout of Wyatt's ascendancy, and before his return to England, while he was discharging an embassy to which he had been appointed in Paris, gave vent to his personal animosity by privately insinuating to Cromwell that Wyatt had entered into a treasonable correspondence with Pole, and spoken disrespectfully of the King. The matter was regarded at first to be so unfounded and absurd that no notice was taken of it in the official communications with Wyatt; but it reached him through other channels, and quickened his desire to terminate his fruitless mission. He accordingly made the most earnest appeals to be recalled, urged the hopelessness of being able to render any effectual service to his Majesty in Spain, pleaded the condition of his private affairs, which more than ever required his presence in England in consequence of the recent death of his father; and demanded, in justice to his labours and his reputation, an opportunity to be heard in answer to the opprobrious charges of Bonner.

Notwithstanding these representations, he was still retained at his post on the ground that the public service required his presence in Spain; the King, however, conferring upon him, as a proof of his good will, a grant of the house of the Friars, at Alresford, in Kent, which he had solicited, and assuring him that he would continue a 'good

lord unto him'—all which expressions of approbation were conveyed in the letters of Cromwell, with additional marks of personal regard.

It was not till April, 1539, that the agreeable announcement reached him of the appointment of his successor; and early in June he set out on his return to England. His reception by the King was so gratifying that he might have rested content with it as a sufficient quittance of the malignant calumnies of Bonner; but his honour required a more explicit discharge, and in an interview with Cromwell he demanded a public inquiry. Cromwell assured him that such a proceeding was unnecessary for his vindication, as the charge had been already investigated and declared to be wholly groundless and unworthy of further consideration; and Wyatt, satisfied with this explanation, gladly retired to Allington, hoping to settle down at last in the quietude he had long yearned for.

His repose was of short duration. The Emperor, towards the close of 1539, commenced a journey through France to the Netherlands, and, as it was indispensable in reference to the political aims with which it was connected that every step of his progress should be closely observed, Wyatt was summoned from his retirement to resume the office of Ambassador Extraordinary, Mr. Tate, who had been appointed to his place, being at the same time recalled. Unwilling as he felt to embark again in these troublesome and anxious scenes, he could not decline an appointment for which he was so pre-eminently qualified by his intimate knowledge of the Emperor's character, and the personal estimation in which he was held at the court of Spain; and accordingly, in obedience to his instructions, he proceeded at once to Paris, in the November of that year. Finding that the French King was at Blois, he immediately repaired to that place, and, obtaining an interview, which he describes graphically in his first despatch to Henry, he presented his credentials. There was great jealousy entertained about his mission; and Francis, in order to delay Wyatt, and intercept his meeting with the Emperor,

issued strict orders to the postmasters, on pain of death, not to supply any persons with horses except for the service of the Emperor, the Queen of Hungary, or the French King himself. Wyatt, however, contrived to get in advance of his Majesty, notwithstanding all hindrances, and, having reached Chatelherault, there awaited the Emperor, who arrived at night on the 10th December. The next morning an interview was requested and obtained. His adventures (for such they may be called) on this service, the straits to which he was put in his efforts to obtain information and preserve his position near the person of the Emperor, and the intrigues and strategies he had to contend against, are minutely described in his despatches, sometimes addressed to the King, and sometimes to Cromwell. These communications display remarkable foresight, and subtlety of observation, and are written with an ease and freedom of expression, and a skill in portraiture, not unfrequently dramatic in its touches, that invest them with a personal interest apart from their historical value. They show, also, that he was peculiarly fitted for the somewhat anomalous mission on which he was engaged, not only by his acuteness and penetration, but by his activity and vigilance—qualities that were constantly called into action to enable him to make himself master of the situation. His first interview with the Emperor, related in a despatch to the King, was perhaps the most difficult of all, having on this occasion to account for his unexpected presence at a moment when no particular circumstances seemed to require it, and to disarm suspicion without committing himself to an explanation. It will be seen from the following passages that he managed the interview with consummate adroitness:—

Wednesday the 10th day of this same date at night, came the Emperor into Chatelherault from hunting, the Dauphin on his right hand, the Duke of Orleans on his left. That same night a gentleman came unto me to know how I was lodged, and what I lacked, with gentle offer of anything I would command. I caused the Emperor to be advertised that same night of my being there; and the next morning, about nine of the clock, I had access

unto him, where he received me, the Constable being in the chamber, very genteely, with his hat in his hand, asking for your Majesty. And after your Majesty's hearty commendations, with delivery and reading of your letters, he drew towards me again, and rehearsed unto me the effect of the same touching the revocation of Mr. Tate, and my returning to his place, telling me that I was welcome, and further, that my letters were credential. Whereupon I shewed him that your Majesty having determined to employ Mr. Tate otherways, and to return me unto him, had had advice by his ambassador, jointly with him of France residing in your court, of his passage through France, by which occasion you willed me to make more diligence than else I should, to the end I might do both offices under one; that is to say, to go toward my former determined journey, and also to congratulate this reconciliation, this confidence, this amity, between your Majesty's two chiefest friends and allies. And here, according to your Majesty's instructions, enlarged the discommodities of dissention and war with the lauds of peace, and your great allowance and rejoicing of this goodly amity. Whereunto he answered me, that he trusted it should be to the great commodity of all Christendom; and that incontinent that he had determined the voyage, he caused your Majesty to be thereof advertised, and that now going through, he thought to make good cheer with the French King, and afterwards the treaties should follow. With this came into the chamber the Dauphin and the Duke of Orleans, to whom he went toward, and put off his hat, bidding them good morrow, and again calling me toward him, told me smilingly that we should see oftener together; and as it seemed would so have dismissed me; but I began again, and told him further, that your Majesty had given me in commandment to declare and certify unto him, that where his ambassador had also shewed your Majesty that so he intended to keep firm all his capitulations and treaties already passed with you; ye most heartily thanked him, assuring him that he should always find the correspondence on your behalf. . . . . .

Again he bade me welcome, and that we should see oftener; and thus he went to mass, and forthwith to horse. He went that same night within four leagues of Loches, and I, with much ado, upon plough horse, in the deep and foul way got before that night late to Loches. I marked much earnest fashion in the talking of the things of Guilders; and conferring it in my mind with that before of Grandvela, it confirmeth me in the opinion that I have had alway, that is, that surely he mindeth more

Guilders in his heart, than he doth Milan and all Italy. And in my conscience, his coming out of Spain in this haste hath been upon the news of your Majesty's alliance with Mons. de Cleves, to prevent things that might succeed. And if that be so, the danger of his person, the hardness of the winter, and the length of the journey, declareth therein his desire. And furthermore, his large speaking therein, in manner distending his courage in that matter (that of his custom and nature is wont in his enterprises to work nimbly and closely) maketh me suspect some further assurance with France, than either of them both declareth; because they both agree in a tale of deferring the treaties till after their voyage of passing France. I wot not, by our Lord! what I may write to your Majesty of any certainty, for I see little appearance which way I may come to knowledge: all that I may do is conjecture. Here is coming few or none of my familiars: his train is the Duke of Alva, Don Henrico de Toledo, the Marquis de Aurise, Don Picho de la Cueva, the master of his horse, Monsieur de Gemound Palaux, that was with Bourbon Lashaw, Monsieur de Rye, two valets of the chamber, two secretaries, one physician, and the master of the posts: the most of these hath not more than two servants, and few so many.

My conjectures might be more certain, if it pleased your Highness that I might be so much trusted as to have advertisement of your other intelligences, and other men's conjectures, for upon them I might note some such things as should import, which else, peradventure, I should neglect. I say this same in service of your Majesty, to whose good consideration I remit the same.

At Loches he was obliged to be content with an 'evil-favored lodging and worse bedding;' but even these wretched accommodations he was not permitted to make use of, orders being issued that no ambassador should be permitted to remain, so that he was forced to proceed to Amboise. The ambassadors were evidently sent away that they might not interfere with a meeting that was to take place on the following day between the sovereigns. In a subsequent despatch to the King, Wyatt says that they were all 'driven still before, and could not but in corners lie hidden where they might hear or see anything.' He gathered some news of the imperial proceedings, notwithstanding, and was enabled to report that although a consultation was held,

nothing conclusive was agreed upon. A passage in a subsequent communication exposes one of the feints to which the Emperor was in the habit of resorting to gain time.

But chiefly of all is to be noted in the manner of the Imperialists' proceeding, that when they would win time for delays, or have a color to scat,[1] they would depend the matter upon a third person not present, as they did in treating with your Majesty for the Duchess of Milan, sometime depending the matter upon the Queen of Hungary, sometime upon Duke Frederick, sometime upon hearing from their ambassador, till they saw their purpose, and then quailled[2] the matter with that excuse that was long before in sight, and had nothing to do with the dependings that they pretended likewise with the Venetians, likewise with the Almains, and with other; so now, is to be supposed, they do with these Frenchmen.

From Amboise Wyatt proceeded to Paris, still tracking the Emperor, or in advance of him. One of the chief matters that occupied his attention was to watch the proceedings of one Robert Brauncetour, an Englishman, who had formerly passed with Cardinal Pole through France, and who, Wyatt had ascertained, now followed secretly in the imperial train to foment an intrigue against England. Wyatt considered it essential that this man should be secured, and, requesting the necessary authority, and that the French King should be required to give him up, he pledged himself that he should never escape his hands. But in the meanwhile the plan required to be carried out with great caution, lest Brauncetour should get warning, and escape. Accordingly Wyatt kept sure watch over him, as to where he lodged, where he went, and what he was doing. Having at length obtained the requisite authority for claiming that the man should be delivered up to him, he presented his letters to the King, informing him at the same time that he expected to hear of Brauncetour that night in Paris. The King at once acquiesced in the demand, and undertook that the Provost should come to Wyatt's lodgings and act under his instruc-

[1] To put on, to shower.

[2] Evaded, or shirked.

tions. The capture was effected late at night, as soon as intelligence was received of Brauncetour's arrival at his lodgings.

I myself went, (says Wyatt, writing to the King,) with the Provost without light, and coming into his chamber found Weldon with him, that was left for watch; and I told him that since he would not come to visit me, I was come to seek him; and shewed him what pains I had taken, that at the door had hurt my leg with a fall, that indeed I fear me will not be whole this month.

His colour changed as soon as he heard my voice, and with that came in the Provost, and set hand on him. I reached to have set hand upon his letters that he was writing, but he caught them before me, and flung them backward into the fire; yet I overthrew him, and catched them out. But the Provost got them. And with that he charged the Provost on the Emperor's behalf, whose servant he said he was, that his writings and himself might be delivered into his hands, or his maître d'hotel's. And with that, out of his bosom he took a bag of cerecloth with writings therein, and delivered it to the Provost, nor it availed me not to entreat to have them, nor yet, as appointed, to have him delivered me; but he left there his men to keep him; and went to the Chancellor to know his pleasure.

In the sequel Brauncetour and his papers, instead of being delivered up to Wyatt, as agreed upon, were detained by the French authorities; and when Wyatt urged the Emperor on the subject, his Majesty affected much anger at the imprisonment, without his knowledge, of one who was known to be in his service, and declared his determination to have him liberated. It was in vain to urge that the man was a traitor to the English Sovereign. The Emperor was resolved, and Brauncetour was consequently set free. The incident is a sample of the jealousies and obstacles which beset Wyatt throughout the entire period of his arduous mission, and which neither his energy, courage, nor address could wholly overcome.

Under these circumstances, he advised the King to appoint some person of greater weight and authority to treat with the Emperor on all matters between them; and, having followed the imperial progress to Brussels, he wrote to

Cromwell urgently requesting his recall. This was towards the close of January, 1540. Independently of the reasons he had for desiring to be relieved from a post which had become intolerably irksome to him, his private affairs were falling into increased confusion, arising from the heavy expenses he was forced to incur in the maintenance of his embassy. A passage in this letter enters into a curious detail of the charges he was at in Brussels.

First, my house rent standeth me after the rate little lack of one hundred pounds by the year, without stabling; besides, the least fire I make to warm my shirt by stands me a groat. In my diet money I lose in the value eight shillings and eight pence every day, for that the angel is here but worth six shillings and four pence; a barrel of beer that in England were worth twenty pence, it costs me here with the excise four shillings; a bushel of oats is worth two shillings; and other things be not unlike the rate. I beseech your lordship take not this that I am so eager upon the King that I would augment my diet, for it is so honourable it were not honest to desire it, but for because I would another should have it.

At Brussels he had another interview with the Emperor; but all the satisfaction he could get about Brauncetour was that his Majesty would consider the treaties, and see how they affected different countries, and that his ambassador should deliver his answer. On all other subjects discussed, Wyatt found it by no means easy to report the particulars of their conversation, the Emperor often interrupting him, and 'clipping his tale with imperious brave words.' Convinced by daily experience that his attendance upon the Imperial Court was as useless to his Sovereign as it was ruinous to himself, he again and again pressed his recall. From a passage in one of his letters at this time to Cromwell, it appears that he owed the King 500 marks for sueing out his livery, which he was paying off by £40. a-year, and 250 marks besides of old debts, making in all £500., which he begged his grace would take surety for the payment of, at the rate of £50. annually. He was also indebted to his brother Lee in a like amount, 'besides other infinite,' he

adds, 'that makes me weary to think on them.' He proposed to liquidate all these claims by selling off land by degrees; but begged above all things that he might be permitted to return home. The favour he asked, however, and which he incessantly continued to ask, was not granted till the following April. The Emperor had removed to Ghent, whither Wyatt accompanied him; and although a better understanding seems to have grown up between them, public affairs still hung in the same state of suspense and uncertainty. On one occasion, having communicated to the Emperor the arrival of Anne of Cleves in England, and the consequent rejoicings at Court, in which his Majesty appeared on horseback, 'although he were not so to his purpose mounted as he would desire,' Wyatt communicates the following characteristic observation made in reply by Charles.

To this he made me answer that he heartily thanked the King for his recommendations, and that he purposed shortly to send his unto him by Chappuis, for that his ambassador there was a man that desired more his liberty and ease at home. But in the meantime he prayed me to make his hearty recommendations when I wrote next. And casting a little down his eyes, he laughed, saying, 'That he knew right well that the King having been so good a man of arms as he had known and had seen him, seeing other doings, and having taken of late a wife, could not hold his hands, and that he was glad to hear so good lust and disposition in him that he would put himself sometimes on horseback.'

Notwithstanding the pleasantry of the Emperor, it became evident, towards the close of Wyatt's residence at Ghent, that his utility was at an end, and that he could no longer prosecute his mission with credit or advantage. Writing to Cromwell, he frankly stated his position.

Whereupon, if it please the King's Majesty, I am not so necessary here, but that my revocation might be the sooner, and to my great benefit. I beseech your lordship be so good lord unto me, as to beat the iron while it is hot. I begin to wax unacceptable here, and if I continue to be so thoroughly, I shall not peradven-

ture hereafter have the means to do that shall be thought at some other time meet for the King's service. And besides that, my money is gone.

Towards the end of April Wyatt received his recall, and Pate, his successor, arrived to take his place. But the unexpected appearance of the Duke of Cleves in Ghent determined him to remain a little longer, in order to prevent any prejudicial engagements being formed by that personage with the Emperor. 'As Wyatt,' observes Dr. Nott, 'acted in this instance from his own judgment, we have clear proof of the rapidity with which he conceived, and the ability with which he executed, his plans.' About the middle of May he returned to England, and was received with distinguished favour by the King.

The rest and seclusion he so ardently desired appeared once more within his reach; but, as before, he was not permitted to indulge his passion for leisure and retirement. Shortly after his return, Cromwell, the favourite of the King and the fast friend of Wyatt, fell under the royal displeasure, and was arrested at the Privy Council board. Bonner, now Bishop of London, had not forgotten that Cromwell had formerly defeated his machinations against Wyatt; and he immediately availed himself of the occasion of his downfal to renew the charges which had been already disproved. He went at once to the King, and reiterated his accusations in detail, declaring his readiness to produce evidence of Wyatt's treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole, and of certain disrespectful language he had uttered concerning the King. Bearing in recollection how recently Wyatt had given decisive proofs of his zeal in defeating the projects of Pole and his emissaries, it might be supposed that Henry would have hesitated before he proceeded to extremities on such a charge, especially as it had been previously examined and disposed of; but neither the claims of past services, nor the obligations of justice, availed to protect the friend of the fallen minister. Wyatt was immediately apprehended and committed to the Tower, where he was treated, if not with unusual rigour, as Dr. Nott

assumes from the fanciful language of an epigram he wrote while he was in confinement, certainly without the consideration that was due to his circumstances. This was either in the winter of 1540, or early in the succeeding spring. It appeared from an order transmitted to him soon after his committal, requiring him to give an account of any circumstances likely to bring him into suspicion, that the charges referred to his first embassy to the Imperial Court, and that the acts of treason alleged against him were assumed to have taken place at Nice and Villa Franca. At that time Brauncetour, with whom Wyatt had held some correspondence on indifferent matters, was not known to be a traitor; nor was Wyatt aware that the men who were associated with him in his embassy were acting as spies on his conduct, and noting down for future use the careless words that fell from him in their confidential intercourse. In answer to this requisition, Wyatt stated everything he knew bearing upon the vague inquiries addressed to him (for no particulars of his alleged guilt were specified, nor was he permitted to have any), boldly asserted his innocence, and, declaring that Bonner and Haynes were actuated by personal malice, demanded an investigation. After an interval of some months, he was brought to trial before the Privy Council, under all the disadvantages which, we gather from his statement, were incidental to that tribunal, of being prohibited from employing counsel, or of having time allowed him to prepare his defence. He met these difficulties with a gallantry of spirit that was not to be easily beaten down; and his reply upon the evidence, in which he traversed the whole of the allegations with singular clearness, wit, and courage, although necessarily delivered without any previous preparation, may be justly considered a masterpiece of close and argumentative pleading.

The history of this remarkable case has hitherto rested chiefly on the facts as they are disclosed by Wyatt's defence, no other documents connected with it having been known to exist. The general nature of the charges is exhibited in the

reply; but it was impossible to trace the affair satisfactorily from its origin to its close, for the want of some authentic statements on the other side, which should assist us to a closer view of the assertions of the accusers, of the minute details into which they descended, and the colouring they gave to them, all of which are essential to a complete knowledge of the transaction. This want the researches of Mr. Bruce have in great part supplied.[1] Amongst the Petyt MSS. in the Inner Temple library is a copy of a letter written from Blois, by Bonner to Cromwell, bearing the date of the 2nd September, 1538, containing a full relation of the grounds of his suspicions and distrust of Wyatt, and setting forth the particulars of some of his charges against him. From this letter it would seem that Cromwell had directed Bonner and Haynes to keep him informed of Wyatt's proceedings; but for what purpose, since Cromwell was all throughout the steadfast friend of the latter, it is not easy to conjecture. The only inference that can be drawn from the ambiguous passage in which Bonner alludes to Cromwell's instructions on this head, is that Bonner and Haynes, when sent out to join Wyatt in his mission, were desired to report confidentially how matters really stood at the Imperial Court, with reference to the progress of the negociations, involving, of course, more or less, a commentary on Wyatt's management of them; and that the new ambassadors, finding themselves eclipsed and set aside by their witty and brilliant colleague, availed themselves of their official privilege to wreak upon him their private spleen and jealousy. It would be irreconcileable with the known facts of the case, and with the subsequent conduct of Cromwell, to suppose that they had been employed to act as spies and eaves-droppers on an ambassador who, at this very time, enjoyed the full confidence of the King.

Bonner's letter distributes the accusations under ten separate heads, all tending to insinuate that Wyatt's vanity and

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1850.

love of pleasure disqualified him for the honest and diligent discharge of his duties; that, instead of seeking to promote the interests of his Sovereign, he was secretly promoting his own, by flattering the Emperor, and falling in with his views; and that his conduct to them, Bonner and Haynes, was marked by duplicity and reserve, that he treated them superciliously, and deceived them and kept them in the dark as to his proceedings; and that he not only spoke disrespectfully of the King, but harboured against his Majesty a feeling of implacable resentment for his imprisonment in the business of the Duke of Suffolk. Such is briefly the substance of the letter to Cromwell. The spirit in which it was drawn up will be obvious from a selection of a few of the most striking passages.

In one place Wyatt is charged with having discouraged them in their mission, and having, in an audience with the Emperor, interposed old matters to prevent them from making the representations with which they were charged. In another place, he is stated to have written a secret letter to Mason (afterwards Sir John Mason, and a Privy Councillor to Henry VIII. and Elizabeth), telling him that he (Wyatt) was made a God by the King and his Council, and that Mason was to communicate this to Bonner and Haynes, but not to show them his letter. Again, that Wyatt, having received instructions from the King to expostulate with the Emperor just before the departure of his colleagues from Barcelona, reserved his expostulations till they were gone, that they might not see how he discharged that duty, and absented himself designedly from the audience at which they took leave.

> And the morrow next after (which was Saint James's day) Mr. Wyatt himself repaired to the Emperor's lodging, and from thence to Jonkaes, a place of nuns, where the feast and solemnity was kept, talking with the Emperor all the way, and after such merry sort and fashion that expostulation was turned to oblivion.

Upon this charge of merry-making with nuns, Bonner dwells with peculiar bitterness, although his knowledge of

Wyatt's private life was so loose and general that he was unable to reduce it to a specific allegation.

I mislike that Mr. Wyatt, commonyng of his expense, seemeth greatly to charge the King, as who sayeth he spendeth his goods and sold his land to do his grace service, not having of the King's highness to bear it. Where, in very deed, if he were a good husband, the diets of iiij marks would find his house that he keepeth after a far other sort than it is kept. But the truth is, himself is given all upon pleasure, and spending unthriftly upon nuns there, that all the world knoweth this, and Mason and other of his house spend upon harlots on the other side, so that all will come to nought; his honest servants greatly pitying him, and lamenting to [one an] other that all will come to nought.

Wyatt's resentment concerning his confinement in the Tower forms a distinct head of offence.

I mislike that Mr. Wyatt, in his communication touching his legation with the Emperor, doth often call to his remembrance his imprisonment in the Tower, which seemeth so to stick in his stomach that he cannot forget it; and his manner of speaking therein is after this sort: 'God's blood! was not that a pretty sending of me ambassador to the Emperor, first to put me into the Tower, and then forthwith to send me hither? This was a way, indeed, to get me credit here. By God's precious blood, I had rather the King had sent me to Newgate, than so do.'

The imputed expressions of disrespect to the King, garnished, as usual, with oaths, are thus reported—the immediate occasion being Wyatt's failure in his attempts to bring round the King to the Emperor's overtures on the subject of his marriage:—

'By God's blood, ye shall see the King, our master, cast out at the cart's tail, and if he so be served, by God's body, he is well served.' And, as far as I remember, Mr. Haynes, Blaze, and Mason being at the table, the words were also with a more bitter addition, it is to wit, 'By God's body, I would he might be so served, and then were he well served.' He was so hot herein, and so often spake at the table hereof, the same day as I remember that we came from Barcelona, that, by the charge of my soul, my stomach boiled, and I could not keep in, but said, 'No, sure,' quoth I, 'it were not meet that his grace should be so served.' 'Not so served,' said Mr. Wyatt, 'why not so served?' 'Marry,'

quoth I, 'because the King, our master, hath heretofore shewn so much kindness, both to the Emperor and the French King, that they cannot with their honour cast him out at the cart's tail.' Mr. Wyatt, perceiving that I spake very earnestly, albeit I take it that forasmuch as his labour taketh not the effect he could be content other things should not prove of the best, he began to call himself home, and to speak of another sort, but angry surely he is that his travail bringeth forth no better issue.

Another complaint was that when Bonner and Haynes were taking their departure, Wyatt neither accompanied them out of the town, nor lent them his horses; and, finally, the long bill of indictment winds up with a sort of summary of Wyatt's character :—

To make an end of this man, and to tell your lordship what I do think of him. Witty he is, and pleasant among company, contented to make and keep cheer; but that he will either forget his imprisonment, or more regard the affairs of the King than his own glory, yea or so to consider the affairs that he will earnestly displease the Emperor or Grandvelle,* the great papist, hitherto have I nothing seen to make me believe it, and hard I ween it will be to bring such appearance that of reason I ought to believe it.

This letter touches only a part of the accusation—that which related to the conduct of Wyatt in his embassy, and in reference to his colleagues; the graver charge of having held a treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole must, therefore, have formed the subject of other communications, which have not yet been discovered. From the nature of the allegations here piled up by Bonner, it is evident that his impeachment of Wyatt originated in personal feelings. The truth seems to have been that Wyatt was disgusted with the manners and bearing of the fat and vulgar priests who were associated with him in his mission, that he was too frank and out-spoken to conceal his aversion to their society, that the Emperor wished to have as little to do with them as possible, very naturally preferring to continue his intimate relations with a man of wit and high breeding, and that while they

* Cardinal Grandvelle.

were left in their lodgings to brood over their venom, Wyatt was making a splendid appearance abroad, and mixing freely in the gaieties of the Court.

How the process was conducted before the Privy Council is not recorded; but Bonner's baseness in bringing forward the charges became apparent when the time arrived for supporting them by proofs. Unable to establish a single act of treason, he relied for a conviction upon casual words and expressions spoken at different times, if they were ever spoken, which, separated from the occasion and put together to produce the desired effect, might, by a strained interpretation, be made to amount to something like constructive disloyalty. 'It was,' exclaimed Wyatt, 'as if a man should take one of my doublet sleeves, and one of my coat, and sew them together after a disguised fashion, and then say, 'Look, I pray you, what apparel Wyatt weareth.' He rent the sophistical texture to shreds in his answer:—

> The accusation, he said, comprehendeth the indictment, and all these worshipful men's tales annexed thereunto. The length whereof, the cunning whereof, made by learned men, weaved in and out to personade you, and trouble me here and there to seek to answer that is in the one afore, and in the other behind, may both deceive you and amaze me, if God put not in your heads honest wisdom to weigh these things as much as it ought to be. So to avoid the danger of your forgetting, and my trouble in the declaration, it is necessary to gather the whole process into the chief points, and unto them to answer directly; whereby ye shall perceive what be the principles, and what be the effects which these men craftily and wittingly have weaved together, that a simple man might hardly try the one from the other. Surely, but that I understand mine own matter, I should be too much to seek and accumbered in it. But, masters, this is more of law than of equity, of leasing than of uprightness, with such intricate appearances to blind men's conscience; specially in case of men's life, where alway the naked truth is the goodliest persuasion.

Analyzing the whole of the evidence, and showing its internal weakness, and its defectiveness from the absence of the testimony of persons asserted to be personally cognizant of the criminating facts alleged, but not proved, he reduced the

accusations to two heads—a deed and a saying; the deed being the treasonable correspondence with Pole, and the saying the language used about the King. In reference to Pole, he showed that Mason, with the knowledge and sanction of Bonner and Haynes, was charged, when opportunity served, to obtain information of Pole for the King's service, and that Mason, having spoken with Pole, communicated the result to the Earl of Essex long before Bonner had founded a charge upon it; that if the employment of Mason to undermine Pole, and to 'look if he could suck anything out of him worth the King's knowledge,' were treason, they, who consented to it, and thought it good, were equally implicated in the responsibility. He also showed that he had set spies upon Pole, advertized the King of his coming to Spain, and not only prevented him from being received as Legate at the Imperial Court, but procured his dismissal; that he had detected the conspiracy of Brauncetour; and that he had never held intercourse with Pole, by word, message, or writing, except once, when he refused a present of wine 'and other gear' Pole would have sent him. Upon this head the defence was full, animated, and conclusive.

The saying imputed to him, and the personal complaints of Bonner and Haynes, were treated with an ingenuity of argument and force of ridicule that palpably exposed the absurdity of the accusation, and the malignity and meanness of his accusers. As the weight of the alleged expressions depended upon an exact statement of the words, he pointed out how materially the slightest variation in the several depositions might affect the meaning.

If they misagree in words, and not in substance, let us hear the words they vary in; for in some little thing may appear the truth, which, I dare say, you seek for conscience sake. And besides that it is a small thing in altering of one syllable either with pen or word, that may make in the conceiving of the truth much matter of error. For in this thing, 'I fear,' or 'I trust,' seemeth but one syllable changed, and yet it maketh a great difference, and may be of an hearer wrong conceived and worse reported; and, yet worst of all, altered by an examiner. Again: 'fall out,'

'cast out,' or 'left out,' maketh difference; yea, and the setting of the words one in another's place may make great difference, though the words were all one, as, 'a mill horse,' and a 'horse mill.' I beseech you, therefore, examine the matter under this sort; confer their several sayings together; confer the examinations upon the same matter; and I dare warrant ye shall find misreporting and misunderstanding.

The meaning of the phrase of being 'left out of the cart's tail,' (which he did not deny he might have used, although not in the sense imputed to him, or to Bonner or Haynes, but, if used at all, to Blage or Mason,) he thus explained:—

Ye know, my masters, it is a common proverb, 'I am left out of the cart's tail;' and it is taken upon packing gear together for carriage, that, that it is evil taken heed to, or negligently, slips out of the cart and is lost.

Showing that the phrase had application to the peace in negociation between the Emperor and the French King, from which, with good reason, he apprehended England would be excluded; he contended that he could not have used it at Barcelona, as charged against him, the truce having been actually concluded before they arrived there. It was not likely, he urged, that he would have used the future tense in reference to that which was past.

Consider the place and time, where my accusers sayeth that I should speak it, and thereby ye shall easily perceive that either they lie, and misport the tale; or else that I can [not] speak English.

Other passages in this memorable defence possess an autobiographical interest, from the light they throw upon Wyatt's temper, character, and habits. Thus, where, in answer to the charge that he entertained a grudge against the King for his imprisonment, he rehearses the proofs of confidence subsequently showered upon him by his Majesty in giving him a command in the north, having him nominated Sheriff of Kent, and then appointing him to an embassy.

I have divers times boasted thereof, and taken it for a great

declaration of my truth (for all my putting in the Tower), the confidence and the credit the King had in me after. And of this, peradventure, they have maliciously perverted some piece of my tale, if they perchance were there present, or heard of it. And that may easily appear; for their own saying is, that I should say, 'Was not this, I pray you, a pretty way to get me credit?' How think ye, masters? I suppose it was a way to get me credit. Trow ye that any man could think that I should think it was not a way to get me credit? It got me so much credit that I am in debt, yet in debt for it.

The imputation of nourishing a feeling of revenge he repels as being abhorrent to his nature. We may collect also, from what follows, that his imprisonment was solely at the instance of the Duke of Suffolk, and not, as some of his biographers have hastily stated, because he fell under the displeasure of the King.

Yea, and that it is far from my nature to study to revenge, it may appear by the many great despites and displeasures that I have had done unto me, which yet at this day is no man alive that can say that ever I did hurt him for revenging; and in this case yet much less. For it is so far from my desire to revenge, that I never imputed to the King's Highness my imprisonment; and hereof can Mr. Lieutenant here present testify, to whom I did ever impute it. Yea, and further; my lord of Suffolk himself can tell, that I imputed it to him; and not only at the beginning, but even the very night before my apprehension now last; what time (I remember) my suing unto him for his favour to remit his old undeserved evil will, and to remember 'like as he was a mortal man, so as to bear no immortal hate in his breast.' Although I had received the injury at his hand, let him say whether this be true.

As to the oaths attributed to him, he acknowledges, with the openness of a soldier, that he fell into the practice sometimes, of which his accusers had availed themselves to give a colouring of *vraisemblance* to their falsehoods.

Because I am wont sometime to rap out an oath in an earnest talk, look how craftily they have put in an oath to the matter, to make the matter seem mine; and because they have guarded a naughty garment of theirs with one of my naughty guards, they will swear, and face me down, that that was my garment.

In answer to the complaint that he had not treated them with the consideration due to them as ambassadors, that he had not lent them his horses, or accompanied them out of Barcelona, he enters into details, the recital of which must have produced a lively effect upon his audience.

First I report me to my servants, whereof some of them are gentlemen, right honest men; to their own servants; yea, and let them answer themselves. Did ye not sit always at the upper end of the table? Went we abroad at any time together, but that either the one or the other was on my right hand? Came any man to visit me, whom I made not do ye reverence, and visit ye too? Had ye not in the galley the best and most commodious places? Had any man a worse than I? Where ye were charged with a groat, was not I charged with five? Was not I for all this first in the commission? Was not I ambassador resident? A better man than either of ye both should have gone without that honour that I did you, if he had looked for it. I know no man that did you dishonour, but your unmannerly behaviour, that made ye a laughing stock to all men that came in your company, and me sometime to sweat for shame to see you. Yet let other judge how I hid and covered your faults. But I have not to do to charge you; I will not spend the time about it.

But mark! I pray you! I lent them not my horses. They never desired to go into the town, to walk or stir out of their lodging, but they had mule, or horse, or both ready for them, footcloth, and harnessed with velvet of the best that I had for mule or hackney. Marry! it was thought indeed amongst us that Bonner could have been content to have been upon a genet with a gilt harness. These men came in post, and went again in post. At their parting my servants had gotten their post horses ready. Would they have had without necessity my horse to have ridden post? I brought them to their horse. Would they I should have companied them riding in post? Children would not have played the fool so notably. Was not this a pretty article toward treason to be alleged against me by Bonner? Some man might think, that hereby a man might perceive the malice that hath moved my trouble. But yet it shall be more manifest.

Another occasion there is, that I should say, 'They were more meet to be parish priests than ambassadors.' By my truth, I never liked them, indeed, for ambassadors; and no more did the most part of them that saw them, and namely they that had to do with them.

If Bonner, who was present, observed the smile which, no doubt, broke over the assembly when Wyatt mounted him on a genet with a gilt harness, he must have felt that the issue of the cause was already decided. But a still more tempting field of ridicule yet lay open before the speaker—the assertion that he had lived viciously among the nuns of Barcelona.

To the end ye be fully persuaded and informed of the matter, there be many Nuns in the town, and most of [them] gentlewomen, which walk upon their horses; and [many] here and there talk with these ladies, and when they will, go and sit company together with them, talking in their chambers. Gentlemen of the Emperor's chamber, Earls, Lords, Dukes, use the same; and I among them. I used not the pastime in company of ruffians, but with such; or with the ambassadors of Ferrara, of Mantua, of Venice, a man of forty years old, and such vicious company.

Then, turning to Bonner, he challenged him to the proof, and, in a vein of inimitable humour, mixed with loathing and scorn, flung the scandal back upon him.

Come on now, my Lord of London, what is my abominable and vicious living? Do ye know it? or have ye heard it? I grant I do not profess chastity; but yet I use not abomination. If ye know it, tell it here; with whom? and when? If ye heard it, who is your author? Have ye seen me have any harlot in my house whilst ye were in my company? Did you ever see woman so much as dine, or sup at my table? None, but for your pleasure; the woman that was in the galley; which I assure you may be well seen; for, before you came, neither she nor any other came above the mast. But because the gentlemen took pleasure to see you entertain her, therefore they made her dine and sup with you; and they liked well your look, your carving to Madonna, your drinking to her, and your playing under the table. Ask Mason, ask Blage (Bowes is dead), ask Wolf, that was my steward; they can tell how the gentlemen marked it, and talked of it. It was a play to them, the keeping of your bottles that no man might drink of but yourself; and 'That the little fat priest were a jolly morsel for the Signora.' This was their talk; it is not my device. Ask other, whether I do lie.

The impression made by these little touches of description,

in which the sensuousness and low manners of Bonner[1] are hit off with irresistible humour, must have been considerably enhanced by the solemnity of the occasion. Wyatt was pleading against accusations that struck at his life. An adverse decision would have sent him to the scaffold. The gallantry and fearlessness of his defence, the ease and self-possession he displayed throughout, and the flashes of wit and satire with which he relieved the gravest parts of the case, acquire increased interest under the circumstances in which he was placed.

He was fully acquitted upon all the allegations; and that the result was regarded as a narrow escape from the hands of enemies who deliberately meditated his destruction, is recorded by Surrey in his sonnet to Wyatt's memory. Some there were, he says, whose breasts 'envy with hate had swollen;' and then follows an express allusion to Bonner and his confederates:—

> Some that watchèd with the murderer's knife,
> With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,
> Whose practice brake by happy end of life,
> With envious tears to hear thy cause so good.

The King, to mark his sense of Wyatt's innocence, conferred upon him early in July, 1541, immediately after his acquittal, a grant of lands in Lambeth; and in the following year made him High Steward of the manor of Maidstone, and Keeper of the King's messuage at the same place, bestowing also

[1] Bonner was the son of a poor man in Worcester; some say that he was the illegitimate son of George Savage, a priest. The meanness of his origin, which would have been honourable to one who had risen honourably to distinction, marked him through life. He was not more noted for the violence and barbarity of his disposition than for the grossness and vulgarity of his demeanour. Supple, treacherous, and unprincipled, he laboured to promote the Reformation under Henry VIII., and was one of the most malignant persecutors of the Protestants under Mary. His ungovernable temper frequently committed him to disgraceful excesses. On one occasion he acted so furiously at Rome that the Pope threatened to throw him into a caldron of melted lead. Wyatt's description of him as 'the little fat priest that would have been a jolly morsel for the Signora,' is an accurate portrait. He was short and very corpulent, and notoriously addicted to gluttony.

upon him estates of considerable value in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, in exchange for others of inferior value in Kent. It seemed throughout the whole life of Wyatt that disasters were only the heralds of good fortune, and that each new calamity was the sure presage of unlooked for benefits and advancing honours.

Released from public affairs, Wyatt sought the consolation he so much needed in the retirement of Allington. His mode of life in the short interval that elapsed before he was again summoned to the King's service may be gathered from the three Satires he addressed at this time to his friend, John Poins. These pieces are curious and valuable, not only as pictures of the habits of a country gentleman of the sixteenth century, who divided his leisure between the sports of the field and the delights of his library, but as containing a transcript of the feelings and opinions of the writer, looking back from his retreat upon the busy incidents of his career. He shows how little influence the seductions of a courtier's life really exercised over his mind, and how heartily he despised the arts, insincerities, and corruptions by which the objects of political ambition were usually attained. The honesty of his character is exhibited in the earnestness with which he protests against the worship of the great, the submission to wrongs inflicted by people in power, the affectation of sanctity, and the wresting of the law to the advancement of private interests. He avows himself a plain speaker, who would never compromise an injustice, nor recall the word of truth he had uttered; and, with reference to the licentiousness of the age, declares that there is a time in every man's life when he should renounce wine and beauty for more serious and profitable pursuits. It was at this period, also, he wrote his *Paraphrase of the Seven Penitential Psalms*, certainly not, as Dr. Nott suggests, to record his repentance for the levities of his youth, but as an expression of the religious meditations to which he surrendered his thoughts. In addition to these employments, he undertook to superintend the education of his nephew, Henry Lee, who lived with him;

so that between his domestic affairs, his poetry, and the improvements he made upon his estates, there was no lack of active occupation during his residence at Allington Castle. Leland informs us that about this time Wyatt had the command of a ship of war. The statement is exceedingly apocryphal. Such commands, it is true, were frequently given to persons wholly unacquainted with nautical matters; but if a man so distinguished as Wyatt had held an appointment of that nature, the fact would hardly fail to be corroborated by some other authority.

Wyatt was not long permitted to enjoy his repose, and the summons that called him once more into the public service cost him his life. Henry having recently agreed upon an alliance with the Emperor for the prosecution of a war against France, it became necessary to arrange the conditions of the treaty. An ambassador was accordingly sent to England for that purpose, and, landing unexpectedly at Falmouth, Wyatt was directed to use his utmost speed to meet him at that place, and conduct him to London. His zeal in the discharge of this duty at a season of the year when the weather was extremely unfavourable, and the roads in a miserable condition, proved fatal to him. Overheating himself on the journey, he was seized with a fever at Sherborne, which rendered it impossible to proceed any further. One of his intimate friends, Horsey, who lived in the immediate neighbourhood, apprised of his situation, hastened to attend him; but his kindness and solicitude were unavailing. The fever took a malignant turn, and after a few days Wyatt expired. His death occurred in the thirty-ninth year of his age; and, as the nature of his illness prevented the removal of his body to Kent, he was buried, on the 11th October, 1542, in the family vault of the Horseys in the great church at Sherborne. It is strange that, although the last offices were paid to his remains by the friend who closed his eyes, no inscription indicates the spot where he was interred.

Wyatt left an only child, his son Thomas, who, to distinguish him from his father, is generally called Sir Thomas

Wyatt the younger. The son inherited the spirit and courage of his father; but his youth was marked by excesses, and the close of his career was stained by dishonour. Implicated in the intrigues that were set on foot for placing Lady Jane Grey on the throne, he was brought to trial and condemned to the block; when, it is said, in the hope of saving his own life, he denounced the Princess Elizabeth and the Earl of Devonshire as being concerned in the rebellion. It is natural that the biographers of the father should be reluctant to give credit to this story; but there is no doubt that he was charged upon his trial with having made such a statement, and that the assertion has never been disproved. After his execution the possessions of the Wyatts were resumed by the Crown, with the exception of a small estate at Boxley, granted to Lady Wyatt for the support of her children. The attainder was removed by Queen Elizabeth; but not till the thirteenth year of her reign, when the only estate she suffered to revert to the family out of their former vast possessions was the manor of Wavering, in Kent. The long delay in according this act of mercy, and the small measure of restitution annexed to it, give a strong colour of probability to the supposition that the Queen believed in the treachery imputed to the younger Wyatt.

The character of Sir Thomas Wyatt, imperfectly developed by the scanty particulars of his life that have come down to us, may be estimated from the testimonies of his contemporaries. These panegyrics are evidently faithful. Written with touching earnestness and exact discrimination, they form a striking contrast to the crowd of similar tributes with which our early literature is overloaded. It may be justly said of them, in the language of Warton, that they 'owe more to truth than to the graces of poetry or the flattery of friendship.'

The most remarkable and complete, is the portrait of Wyatt drawn by Surrey.[1] Rarely have so many noble qualities been collected into a single character—virtue, wisdom,

[1] See Surrey's Poems.—Ann. Ed. p. 89.

beauty, strength, and courage. The 'visage stern and mild,' and the valiant body 'where force and beauty met,' are associated with the loftiest fortitude and an unsullied faith, great knowledge of mankind[1] and skill in the conduct of affairs, gentleness and courtesy of manners, and a variety of accomplishments that would have earned distinction even in a more advanced age. Everything we know of Wyatt justifies this encomium. Of a tall and commanding figure, he was one of the handsomest men of his time. His courage was an instinct of his blood,[2] which displayed itself in his boyhood, and never forsook him in situations of the most imminent peril. It was the courage not merely of personal bravery, but of endurance and resolution. The warm affections of his friends, and the unbroken confidence of his sovereign, which, to the end, heaped honours and trusts upon him, bear honourable witness to his steadfastness and integrity. Placed in positions of considerable responsibility, surrounded from his youth by dangers and temptations, and constantly exposed to calumnies in a time of turbulence and suspicion, he passed through the ordeal without a stain upon his reputation.

As a poet, Wyatt's claims have never been adequately recognized. While he has obtained the credit of having co-operated with Surrey in 'correcting the ruggedness' of English

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[1] His letters to his son, written from Spain, exhibit close observation of life; and contain a whole code of maxims for the government of conduct, based on sound religious principles.

[2] In Mr. Hawkins' MSS., quoted by Mr. Bruce, and already referred to, some anecdotes are preserved which show that intrepidity and determination were family characteristics. It is related of Lady Wyatt, the mother of the poet, that being subjected at Allington Castle to some annoyances during the absence of Sir Henry (who appears to have been frequently from home) the fearless and impetuous lady took the law into her own hands. Reports reaching her that the neighbouring Abbot of Bexley was in the habit of privately visiting her establishment for purposes not very creditable to his sanctity, she placed some of her retainers on the watch, and having obtained satisfactory proof of his delinquencies, she ordered him to be seized, carried through the gate-house, and put into the stocks in front of the castle. This indignity, inflicted on a priest, was not to be quietly endured at a time when the spiritual license was supposed to cover all scandals; and the abbot accordingly appealed for redress to

poetry, his share in the reform has not received the acknowledgment to which it appears to be entitled. Surrey, being the better poet, has carried off all the honours. Dr. Nott says that at a late period Wyatt adopted the iambic form of verse which Surrey had *at that time* introduced. Setting aside the doubtful hypothesis that Surrey was the first to introduce the iambic, the immediate question that arises out of this assertion is, At what time did he introduce it, and at what time was it adopted by Wyatt? The priority is simply a matter of dates; and, as Dr. Nott is specific and absolute in his statement, we have a right to expect that he is prepared to support it by the requisite proofs. But no such proofs are in existence. The dates when the poems were written are unknown. Wyatt's and Surrey's poems were published for the first time in Tottel's Miscellanies in 1557, ten years after the execution of Surrey, and fifteen years after the death of Wyatt. If we could even suppose, which for obvious reasons we cannot, that Tottel's editor had arranged the productions of each author in the order of their composition, it would afford us no assistance towards the determination of their relative dates. Here and there particular allusions may suggest a speculation as to the period when certain pieces were written; but that kind of evidence is not

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the Privy Council. Sir Henry's answer to the charge shows of what metal the Wyatts were formed. He turned the whole affair into a jest, and frankly told the Council that if any of their lordships had angered his wife in her own house, as the abbot had done, he verily believed she would have served them in the same manner! Educated under such auspices as these, young Wyatt early exhibited a spirit of boldness worthy of his descent. We learn from the same source, that he brought up a lion's whelp and an Irish greyhound at the castle, and made playmates of them, and that they used to wait at the gate or hall-door for his coming home, and testify their delight at his return by the most violent demonstrations. At last, as the lion's whelp grew into courage and heat, these testimonies of attachment became rather dangerous; and on one occasion he ran roaring at his young master, and flying fiercely into his bosom must have inevitably destroyed him but for the greyhound, who, leaping on his back, pulled him down, when Wyatt coolly drew out his rapier and slew the whelp on the spot. This story being afterwards repeated to Henry VIII., he observed, 'Oh, he can tame lions!'

always to be relied upon, nor does it furnish sufficiently extensive data to warrant a general inference. In the absence, therefore, of more direct testimony, we must turn to such collateral circumstances as bear upon the inquiry; and here all particulars concur in proving that Wyatt was several years antecedent to Surrey. The confusion into which Dr. Nott's tendency to substitute speculation for fact has thrown the circumstantial evidence is not a little remarkable.

Wyatt was fourteen years older than Surrey. The greater part of his poems—including the whole of his love poems—may be presumed to have been written in his youth. The subjects of these pieces can hardly be supposed to have engaged his attention after he went upon his embassy to Spain; and, according to Dr. Nott's theory, they must have been written before. Anne Boleyn became the King's mistress in 1530, when Wyatt was twenty-three years of age; and Dr. Nott says that many of his sonnets were addressed to her before she formed that connection, and that from the time of her death, which took place in 1536, his writings assumed a more grave and moral tone. This assertion, like the former, is purely conjectural; but it is important as marking the period, previously to which the writer supposes Wyatt to have produced the principal portion of his poems. It is clear that Wyatt could not have followed the example of Surrey in any of these pieces, Surrey being only thirteen years old in 1530. In his memoir of Wyatt, Dr. Nott allows that an interval of ten or perhaps fifteen years elapsed between them; but in his memoir of Surrey he makes the interval still greater, and completely disposes of the hypothesis concerning the iambics, by supposing that Surrey did not begin to write till 1541, only one year before the death of Wyatt.

That Wyatt 'co-operated' with Surrey[1] is one of those pleasant traditions which must be taken on trust. It is said that they were devoted friends, and Surrey's lines on the death of Wyatt seem to indicate a close and intimate intercourse:—

[1] Warton, *His. of En. Poetry*, iii. 29.

> But I, that knew what harboured in that head,
> What virtues rare were tempered in that breast,
> Honour the place that such a jewel bred.

Yet it is singular that not a solitary trace of their friendship has survived. We know, indeed, that Surrey was the companion of Wyatt's son, who was about four years his junior, as we find them both concerned in the frolic of breaking the citizens' windows, for which they were cited before the Privy Council, in 1543, the year after the death of Wyatt, the elder; but this is the only scrap of information respecting their connexion that has been preserved. It is on many accounts unlikely that Surrey and Wyatt held that poetical communion which has been attributed to them. It can, I think, be satisfactorily shown that no opportunities existed for its cultivation. When Wyatt wrote his early poems, Surrey had not yet begun to write. In 1537, Surrey being then about twenty years of age, Wyatt went abroad, and did not come back to England till the June or July of 1539. In the following November he was despatched on his second embassy, which detained him on the Continent till May, 1540. In the winter of that year, or the succeeding spring, he was arrested and sent to the Tower, and was not released till the ensuing June. And in the interval from that time till his death, in October, 1542, it is clear that little intercourse could have taken place between them, as early in July Surrey was committed to the Fleet, and soon after his liberation, in August, took a command under his father in the Scotch campaigns, from which he did not return till after Wyatt's death. Surrey's admiration of Wyatt's character, and the affection he felt for him, must, therefore, have been formed in his youth, and strengthened, not by personal intimacy, but by subsequent observation of his public and literary career. Under these circumstances, their literary pursuits must have been prosecuted independently of each other; and, although we may conclude that Surrey was stimulated by Wyatt's example, we cannot discover equally cogent grounds for transferring to Surrey the credit of having exerted any very material influence over Wyatt.

Dr. Nott had overlooked these facts when he stated that 'Wyatt and Surrey studied much together, and were in the habit of communicating their compositions to one another;' which is, in reality, nothing more than a conjecture, founded on the existence of certain resemblances in their works. These resemblances sometimes arise out of the choice of subjects, as, for instance, when they both translated the same sonnet of Petrarch;[1] and sometimes from a similarity in the turn of expression and the use of a current phraseology. In neither case are we warranted in inferring that they must of necessity have written in concert. The selection of two or three prominent passages for translation, or imitation, from an original of which both were ardent students, cannot be reasonably assumed as an evidence of design; and the similarity in their style and diction may be traced to a more obvious source than that of the constant communication of their compositions to each other. The idioms and particular forms that abound in their poems, and in which the chief features of resemblance consist, are common to the poets of their time.[2] The readers of Surrey and Wyatt must have observed the frequent recurrence of such expressions as 'to put in ure,' to 'bear in hand,' to 'take in worth,' and the like, drawn directly from colloquial usage; the practice of adapting the pronunciation and orthography to the rhyme and the measure; and the liberal employment of inversions and ellipses. These peculiarities impart a complexional resemblance to their productions, which might suggest a suspicion of imitation at one side or the other, if we had not proofs that this language and these forms were also the language and forms of other writers who flourished about the same period, and who were as close to Surrey as Surrey was to Wyatt. But if we are to suppose, with Dr. Nott, that there was any imitation in the case, it must be charged upon the younger and later poet.

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[1] See, and compare, *Complaint of a Lover rebuked*, Surrey's Poems [Ann. Ed.], p. 47, and *The Lover for shamefastness hideth his Desire*, in the present volume, p. 61.

[2] For examples, see Specimens of Minor Poets included in the volume with Surrey: Ann. Ed.

There were, undoubtedly, remarkable resemblances of another and a subtler kind between Wyatt and Surrey. They modelled their poetry upon the same originals; they cultivated the same class of subjects, and were the first to treat the passion of love in a refined and courtly spirit; their sympathies carried them in the same direction, and led them to prosecute the same ends; and in both there was a purity of taste and morals which rejected alike the corruptions, pedantries, and licentiousness of their age. To these sources may be referred that homogeneity of character which has linked their names together almost as inseparably as those of Beaumont and Fletcher. But a critical investigation of their poetry discovers differences which completely set aside the supposition that they formed or modified their style by communication with each other. Dr. Nott, in a subsequent passage, admits the points of contrast and difference so fully as to annihilate his previous speculation. He says that 'Wyatt's style, when compared with Surrey's, must be deemed rude and unformed;' that 'Wyatt was generally considered inferior to Surrey;' and he adds, as a proof of the fact, that 'while succeeding authors abound with passages either imitated from Surrey, or modelled upon his principles of composition, few, comparatively speaking, occur borrowed from Wyatt.' If their principles of composition were so widely different, there can be little reason to suppose that they held the literary intercourse attributed to them. It is extremely probable that occasional copies of some of their poems (which, it must be remembered, were circulated only in MS.) may have fallen into each other's hands, or even been directly communicated, when opportunity, which rarely favoured such interchanges, happened to serve. But if they studied together, or were in the habit of mutually communicating their writings, incidental evidence of the fact must have crept out somewhere, either in allusions in the poems themselves, or in reliques of their correspondence. No such evidence, however, has been found.

That Wyatt, at an early period, did not adopt the regular iambic, said to have been then introduced by Surrey, is shown

by the poems which belong to that period, and confirmed by Dr. Nott's own judgment upon them. The Satires and the Psalms were his last pieces, written at Allington, with all the advantages of leisure, retirement, and experience. The Satires are highly finished; the Psalms are the worst specimens of metrical composition he produced. In fluency, ease, and melody of versification, both are excelled by some of his early poems. The versification of the Psalms, Dr. Nott observes, 'is more crabbed and inharmonious than, perhaps, in any other part of his works; its very structure is uncertain; it seems to fluctuate between the regular iambic line, which Surrey had then introduced, and the old rhythmical line to which Wyatt had been early accustomed.' Yet these Psalms are the principal tests of the accuracy of the assertion that Wyatt had adopted the iambic from Surrey. It might be proved, on the contrary, by a multitude of examples, that he had used it long before Surrey began to write.

The comparison between them on general grounds must unhesitatingly be admitted to be largely in favour of Surrey. He was more impassioned, and had a finer sensibility and a more exact taste. But Wyatt possesses high merits of another kind. His verse is more thoughtful than Surrey's; more compressed and weighty. He had not so graceful a way of making love; but his love, nevertheless, has an air of gallantry and self-possession that captivates the imagination by different approaches. His diction is less poetical than that of Surrey; but a careful examination of his poems must reverse the judgment which has pronounced it to be more antiquated. He uses, comparatively, few expressions that are not intelligible to the modern reader. His vocabulary is extensive, and imparts constant novelty to his descriptions. His versification, incidentally harsh and refractory, is, generally, regular and sonorous. In order, however, to obtain the full music of his lines, it is necessary to remember that he drew largely on French and Italian models, and that apparently deficient syllables must be occasionally supplied by adopting foreign accents.

The charge of want of originality is not so easily answered. Wyatt was largely indebted to the French and Italian poets; and reminiscences of many writers, classical and continental, may be detected flitting through his poems. But it was no slight merit in his day to have enriched English poetry with the fruits of extensive reading; and if it diminished his claim to originality, it enabled him to give greater scope and variety to his compositions than any of his contemporaries attained. His success in transplanting into our language the forms of the Spanish, French, and Italian writers, contributed in an important degree to the subsequent improvement of our poetry. He is said to be overcharged with conceits; but, taking into consideration the sources from which he borrowed, and the age in which he wrote, it would be more just to say that he is singularly free from conceits. After the manner of Petrarch, he persecutes an image, now and then, to extremity, and sometimes involves it in obscurity; and, after the fashion of the day, which he himself helped to bring into contempt, he occasionally condescends to indulge in alliteration. But these trifling blemishes are amply expiated by conspicuous excellences. His poems are never stained by indelicacies; and if his poetical taste is not always faultless, his moral taste is irreproachable. His satires are amongst the earliest, and most admirable specimens of that style—close in texture, elastic in expression, and displaying a profound knowledge of the world. In his tender and pensive passages, there is a vein of manliness that inspires them with dignity. Nor is he deficient in grace and beauty. His Rondeaux are sparkling and animated; and he is particularly happy in the refrains with which, at the close of the verse, he returns to his subject, and gives back, as it were, the echo of the predominant sentiment.

POEMS

OF

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Songs and Sonnets.

THE LOVER FOR SHAMEFASTNESS HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.[1]

THE long love that in my thought I harbòur,
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face pressèth with bold pretence,
And there campèth displaying his bannèr.
She that me learns to love and to suffèr,
And wills that my trust, and lust's negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,
With his hardiness takes displeasure.

[1] Translated from the 109th Son. of Petrarch. Also translated by Surrey—(See Ann. Ed. p. 47)—the latter, as usual, more poetical and accurate. The metre, by observing the accents marked on the last syllables of some of the lines, will be found, with a single exception, correct, although the rhythm varies. The exception is the eighth line; and even this line becomes resolved into the regular measure by breaking up the word displeasure into four syllables—dis-ple-a-sure. It is necessary, in reading Wyatt's poetry, to keep these tests of his versification in view; and the accents marked in the above sonnet are given as a key to the whole. It should be remembered that in Wyatt's time, not only English poetry, but the language itself was in a state of transition, and that, as in Chaucer, although not to so great an extent, reference should frequently be had to the French and Italian pronunciation.

Wherewith love to the heart's forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth, and not appearèth.
What may I do, when my master fearèth,
But in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

THE LOVER WAXETH WISER, AND WILL NOT DIE FOR AFFECTION.[1]

YET was I never of your love aggrieved,
Nor never shall while that my life doth last:
But of hating myself, that date is past;
And tears continual sore have me wearied:
I will not yet in my grave be buried;
Nor on my tomb your name have fixèd fast,
As cruel cause, that did the spirit soon haste
From the unhappy bones, by great sighs stirred.
Then if a heart of amorous faith and will
Content your mind withouten doing grief;
Please it you so to this to do relief:
If otherwise you seek for to fulfil
Your wrath, you err, and shall not as you ween;
And you yourself the cause thereof have been.

THE ABUSED LOVER SEETH HIS FOLLY, AND INTENDETH TO TRUST NO MORE.

WAS never file yet half so well yfiled,
To file a file for any smith's intent,
As I was made a filing instrument,
To frame other, while that I was beguiled:
But reason, lo, hath at my folly smiled,

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[1] Petrarch, Son. 61.

And pardoned me, since that I me repent
Of my last years, and of my time misspent.
For youth led me, and falsehood me misguided.
Yet this trust I have of great apparence,
Since that deceit is aye returnable,
Of very force it is agreeable,
That therewithal be done the recompense:
Then guile beguilèd plainèd should be never;
And the reward is little trust for ever.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING STRICKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

THE lively sparks that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vaileth no defence,
Have pierced my heart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure more than once or twice.
Was never man could anything devise,
Sunbeams to turn with so great vehemence
To daze man's sight, as by their bright presence
Dazèd am I; much like unto the guise
Of one stricken with dint of lightning,
Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there;
So call I for help, I not[1] when nor where,
The pain of my fall patiently bearing:
For straight after the blaze, as is no wonder,
Of deadly noise hear I the fearful thunder.[2]

THE WAVERING LOVER WILLETH, AND DREADETH, TO MOVE HIS DESIRE.[3]

SUCH vain thought as wonted to mislead me
In desert hope, by well assurèd moan,
Makes me from company to live alone,

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[1] Ne wot—know not.

[2] So in Tottel. The line originally stood—
'Of deadly 'Nay' hear I the fearful thunder.'

[3] Petrarch, Son. 136.

In following her whom reason bids me flee.
She fleeth as fast by gentle cruelty;
And after her my heart would fain be gone,
But armèd sighs my way do stop anon,
'Twixt hope and dread locking my liberty;
Yet as I guess, under disdainful brow
One beam of ruth is in her cloudy look:
Which comforteth the mind, that erst for fear shook:
And therewithal bolded[1] I seek the way how
To utter the smart I suffer within;
But such it is, I not[2] how to begin.

THE LOVER HAVING DREAMED ENJOYING OF HIS LOVE,

COMPLAINETH THAT THE DREAM IS NOT EITHER LONGER OR TRUER.

UNSTABLE dream, according to the place,
Be steadfast once, or else at least be true:
By tasted sweetness make me not to rue
The sudden loss of thy false, feignèd grace.
By good respect, in such a dangerous case,
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas;
But madest my sprite to live, my care to encrease,
My body in tempest her delight to embrace.[3]
The body dead, the spirit[4] had his desire;
Painless was the one, the other in delight.
Why then, alas, did it not keep it right,
But thus return to leap into the fire;

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[1] Emboldened. [2] See Note, p. 63.

[3] This is Tottel's reading. The lines appear to have been originally written—

'Thou broughtest not her into this tossing mew,
But madest my sprite live, my care to renew,
My body in tempest her succour to embrace.'

In this, as in most other instances, Tottel's version is to be preferred.

[4] The word is to be pronounced as one syllable. An example occurs in a previous line, where it is written sprite.

And where it was at wish, could not remain?
Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly pain.

THE LOVER UNHAPPY BIDDETH HAPPY LOVERS REJOICE IN MAY,

WHILE HE WAILETH THAT MONTH TO HIM MOST UNLUCKY.

YE that in love find luck and sweet abundance,
And live in lust and joyful jollity,
Arise for shame, do way your sluggardy:
Arise, I say, do May some observance.[1]
Let me in bed lie dreaming in mischance;
Let me remember my mishaps unhappy,
That me betide in May most commonly;
As one whom love list little to advance.
Stephan said true, that my nativity
Mischancèd was with the ruler of May.
He guessed (I prove) of that the verity.
In May my wealth, and eke my wits,[2] I say,
Have stond so oft in such perplexity:
Joy; let me dream of your felicity.[3]

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[1] 'And let us doon to May some observance.'
CHAUCER.—*Troilus and Cressida.*

[2] Given by Dr. Nott—
'In May my wealth, and eke my *life*, I say,'
which conveys a special application of the line.

[3] This is one of the sonnets from which Dr. Nott draws presumptive evidence of Wyatt's attachment for Anne Boleyn, who was tried and executed in May 1536. Even with a more certain knowledge of the supposed circumstances, it will hardly bear out that interpretation. Wyatt speaks of May not as the month in which any particular calamity befell him, but as the month in which misfortunes commonly happened to him, as foretold at his birth by Stephan, who seems to have cast his nativity, and was doubtless an astrologer. In the Harrington MS., this person's name is written Sephane. Judicial astrology was a common article of faith. Surrey was a believer in it; and Wyatt, from this passage, may be presumed to have believed in it also. It was a popular creed down to the time of the Stuarts. Lily was examined by the Privy Council concerning the Fire of London; and Dryden had a firm faith in astrology to the end of his life.

THE LOVER CONFESSETH HIM IN LOVE WITH PHYLLIS.

IF waker[1] care; if sudden pale colour;
If many sighs with little speech to plain:
Now joy, now woe, if they my chere distain;
For hope of small, if much to fear therefore;
To haste or slack my pace to less or more,
Be sign of love, then do I love again.[2]
If thou ask whom; sure, since I did refrain
Brunet, that set my wealth in such a roar,
The unfeigned chere of Phyllis hath the place
That Brunet had; she hath, and ever shall.
She from myself now hath me in her grace;
She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all.
My heart alone well worthy she doth stay,
Without whose help scant do I live a day.

OF OTHERS' FEIGNED SORROW, AND THE LOVER'S FEIGNED MIRTH.

CÆSAR, when that the traitor of Egypt
With the honourable head did him present,
Covering his heart's gladness, did represent
Plaint with his tears outward, as it is writ.
Eke Hannibal, when fortune him outshut
Clean from his reign, and from all his intent,
Laughed to his folk, whom sorrow did torment;
His cruel dèspite to disgorge and quit.

---

[1] Wakeful.

[2] These lines are imitated from Petrarch, Son. 188. Puttenham refers to them (and misquotes them, dropping out the fifth line) as an example of the figure of *Irmus*, which leaves the sense imperfect up to the last line that completes the period. 'Here,' he says, 'all the whole sense of the ditty is suspended till ye come to the last three words, *then do I love again*, which furnisheth the song with a full and perfect grace.'—*Art of Eng. Poetry*, p. 147.

So chancèd me, that every passion
The mind hideth by colour contrary,
With feignèd visage, now sad, now merry;
Whereby if that I laugh at any season,
It is because I have none other way
To cloke my care, but under sport and play.

OF CHANGE IN MIND.

EACH man tells me I change of my devise;
And on my faith, methink it good reason
To change purpose, like after the season.
For in each case to keep still one guise,
Is meet for them that would be taken wise;
And I am not of such manner condition;
But treated after a diverse fashion;
And thereupon my diverseness doth rise.
But you, this diverseness that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate
Treat you me well, and keep you in that state;
And while with me doth dwell this wearied ghost,
My word, nor I, shall not be variable,
But always one: your own both firm and stable.

HOW THE LOVER PERISHETH IN HIS DELIGHT AS THE FLY IN THE FIRE.[1]

SOME fowls there be that have so perfect sight,
Against the sun their eyes for to defend;
And some, because the light doth them offend,
Never appear but in the dark or night:
Other rejoice to see the fire so bright,
And ween to play in it, as they pretend,
But find contrary of it, that they intend.
Alas! of that sort may I be by right;

[1] Petrarch, Son. 12.

For to withstand her look I am not able;
Yet can I not hide me in no dark place;
Remembrance so followeth me of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swoln, and unstable,
My destiny to behold her doth me lead;
And yet I know I run into the glead.[1]

AGAINST HIS TONGUE THAT FAILED TO UTTER HIS SUITS.

BECAUSE I still kept thee from lies and blame,
And to my power always thee honoured,
Unkind tongue! to ill hast thou me rendered,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In need of succour most when that I am,
To ask reward, thou standest like one afraid:
Alway most cold; and if one word be said,
As in a dream, unperfect is the same.
And ye salt tears, against my will each night
That are with me, when I would be alone;
Then are ye gone when I should make my moan:
And ye so ready sighs to make me shright,[2]
Then are ye slack when that ye should outstart;
And only doth my look declare my heart.

---

[1] Usually spelt *glede*—burning coals.

[2] Shriek. Dr. Nott observes that he knows no passage in which this word is used as it occurs here; but that it is often to be met with as a participle, and in the third person of the past tense. Spenser employs it as a substantive:—

'That with their piteous cries, and yelling *shrightes*,
They made the further shore resounden wide.'
Fairy Queen, ii., 7.

Elsewhere he uses it as a participle:—

'Down in her lap she hid her face, and loudly *shright*.'
Ib. iii., 8.

This is the form in which it generally occurs.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOUS PASSIONS IN A LOVER.[1]

I FIND no peace, and all my war is done;
I fear and hope, I burn, and freeze like ice;
I fly aloft, yet can I not arise;
And nought I have, and all the world I seize on,
That locks nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,
And holds me not, yet can I scape no wise:
Nor lets me live, nor die, at my devise,
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eye I see; without tongue I plain:
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health;
I love another, and I hate myself;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO A SHIP IN PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA.[2]

MY galley chargèd with forgetfulness,
Thorough sharp seas, in winter nights, doth pass
'Tween rock and rock; and eke my foe, alas,
That is my lord, steereth with cruelness:
And every oar,[3] a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forcèd sighs and trusty fearfulness;
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
Have done the wearied cords great hinderance:
Wreathèd with error, and with ignorance;
The stars be hid that lead me to this pain;

---

[1] Petrarch, Son. 104. [2] *Ib.*, Son. 156.

[3] 'And every *hour*' in the MSS. and printed copies. Dr. Nott judiciously alters it to *oar*. 'The original,' he observes, is '*A ciascun remo*, which suggests, and supports the emendation made in the text.'

Drownèd is reason that should me consort,
And I remain, despairing of the port.

OF DOUBTFUL LOVE.

AVISING[1] the bright beams of those fair eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft moisteth and washeth;
The wearied mind straight from the heart departeth,
To rest within his worldly paradise,
And bitter finds the sweet, under his guise.
What webs there he hath wrought, well he perceiveth:
Whereby then with himself on love he plaineth,
That spurs with fire, and bridleth eke with ice.
In such extremity thus is he brought:
Frozen now cold, and now he stands in flame:
'Twixt woe and wealth, betwixt earnest and game,
With but few glad, and many a diverse thought,
In sore repentance of his hardiness;
Of such a root, lo, cometh fruit fruitless.

THE LOVER ABUSED RENOUNCETH LOVE.

MY love to scorn, my service to retain,
Therein, methought, you usèd cruelty;
Since with good will I lost my liberty,
To follow her which causeth all my pain.[2]
Might never woe yet cause me to refrain;
But only this, which is extremity,
To give me nought, alas, nor to agree
That, as I was, your man I might remain:
But since that thus ye list to order me,
That would have been your servant true and fast,
Displease you not, my doting time is past;
And with my loss to leave I must agree:
For as there is a certain time to rage,
So is there time such madness to assuage.

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[1] Observing.

[2] This line is from the Devonshire MS. It does not appear in Tottel.

TO HIS LADY, CRUEL OVER HER YIELDING LOVER.

SUCH is the course that nature's kind hath wrought,
That snakes have time to cast away their stings:
Against chained prisoners what need defence be sought?
The fierce lion will hurt no yielden things:
Why should such spite be nursed then in thy thought
Sith all these powers are pressed under thy wings;
And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,
What mischief malice many ways it brings.
Consider eke, that spite availeth nought;
Therefore this song thy fault to thee it sings:
Displease thee not, for saying thus my thought,
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springs:
For furies that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

HOW UNPOSSIBLE IT IS TO FIND QUIET IN LOVE.[1]

EVER my hap is slack and slow in coming,
Desire increasing, ay my hope uncertain
With doubtful love, that but increaseth pain;
For, tiger like, so swift it is in parting.
Alas! the snow black shall it be and scalding,
The sea waterless, and fish upon the mountain,
The Thames shall back return into his fountain,
And where he rose the sun shall take [his] lodging,
Ere I in this find peace or quietness;
Or that Love, or my Lady, right-wisely,
Leave to conspire against me wrongfully.
And if I have, after such bitterness,
One drop of sweet, my mouth is out of taste,
That all my trust and travail is but waste.

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[1] Petrarch, Son. 44.

OF LOVE, FORTUNE, AND THE LOVER'S MIND.[1]

LOVE, Fortune, and my mind which do remember
Eke that is now, and that, that once hath ben,
Torment my heart so sore, that very often
I hate and envy them beyond all measure.
Love slayeth mine heart, while Fortune is depriver
Of all my comfort; the foolish mind then
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldome
Liveth in rest: still in displeasure[2]
My pleasant days they fleet away and pass;
And daily doth mine ill change to the worse:
And more than the half is run of my course.
Alas, not of steel, but of brittle glass,
I see that from my hand falleth my trust,
And all my thoughts are dashèd into dust.

THE LOVER PRAYETH HIS OFFERED HEART TO BE RECEIVED.[3]

HOW oft have I, my dear and cruel foe,
With those your eyes for to get peace and truce,
Proffered you my heart; but you do not use
Among so high things, to cast your mind so low.
If any other look for it, as you trow,
Their vain weak hope doth greatly them abuse:
And that thus I disdain, that you refuse;
It was once mine, it can no more be so.
If you it chafe, that it in you can find,
In this exile, no manner of comfort,
Nor live alone, nor where he is called resort;
He may wander from his natural kind.
So shall it be great hurt unto us twain,
And yours the loss, and mine the deadly pain.

---

[1] Petrarch, Son. 99.

[2] Another instance in which this word must be divided into four syllables.

[3] Petrarch, Son. 19.

THE LOVER'S LIFE COMPARED TO THE ALPS.

LIKE unto these unmeasurable mountains
Is my painful life, the burden of ire;
For of great height they be, and high is my desire;
And I of tears, and they be full of fountains;
Under craggy rocks they have barren plains:
Hard thoughts in me my woful mind doth tire;
Small fruit and many leaves their tops attire:
With small effect great trust in me remains;
The boisterous winds oft their high boughs do blast:
Hot sighs in me continually be shed;
Wild beasts in them, fierce love in me is fed:
Inmovable am I, and they steadfast;
Of restless birds they have the tune and note:
And I always plaints passing thorough my throat.

CHARGING OF HIS LOVE AS UNPITEOUS AND LOVING OTHER.[1]

IF amorous faith, a heart unfeignèd,
A sweet langoùr, a great lovely desire,
If honest will kindled in gentle fire,
If long erroùr in a blind maze chainèd,
If in my visage each thought distainèd,
Or if my sparkling voice, lower or higher,
Which fear and shame so wofully doth tire;
If a pale colour, which love hath stainèd,
If to have another than myself more dear,
If wailing or sighing continually,
With sorrowful anger feeding busily,
If burning afar off, and freezing near,
Are cause that I by love myself destroy,
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy

[1] Petrarch, Son. 188.

THE LOVER FORSAKETH HIS UNKIND LOVE.[1]

MY heart I gave thee, not to do it pain,
But to preserve it [it] to thee was taken.
I served thee, not that I should be forsaken;
But, that I should receive reward again,
I was content thy servant to remain;
And not to be payèd under this fashion.
Now, since in thee there is none other reason,
Displease thee not if that I do refrain.
Unsatiate of my woe, and thy desire;
Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault;
But, since it pleaseth thee to feign default,
Farewell! I say, departing from the fire.
For he that believeth bearing in hand,[2]
Plougheth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESS STATE.

THE flaming sighs that boil within my breast
Sometime break forth, and they can well declare
The heart's unrest, and how that it doth fare,
The pain thereof, the grief, and all the rest.
The watered eyes from whence the tears do fall,
Do feel some force, or else they would be dry;
The wasted flesh of colour dead can try,
And sometime tell what sweetness is in gall.
And he that lust to see, and to discern
How care can force within a wearied mind,
Come he to me; I am that place assigned.
But for all this, no force, it doth no harm;
The wound, alas, hap in some other place,
From whence no tool away the scar can raze.

---

[1] Imitated from two Strambotti of Serafino.—NOTT.
[2] The sense is, he who continues to believe after he is deceived.

But you, that of such like have had your part,
Can best be judge. Wherefore, my friend so dear,
I thought it good my state should now appear
To you, and that there is no great desert.
And whereas you, in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,
For trifling things I now am stricken so,
That though I feel my heart doth wound and beat,
I sit alone, save on the second day
My fever comes, with whom I spend my time
In burning heat, while that she list assign.
And who hath health and liberty alway,
Let him thank God, and let him not provoke,
To have the like of this my painful stroke.

THE LOVER LAMENTS THE DEATH OF HIS LOVE.[1]

THE pillar perished is whereto I leant,
The strongest stay of mine unquiet mind;
The like of it no man again can find,
From east to west still seeking though he went.
To mine unhap; for hap away hath rent
Of all my joy the very bark and rind:
And I, alas! by chance am thus assigned
Daily to mourn, till death do it relent.
But since that thus it is by destiny,
What can I more but have a woful heart;
My pen in plaint, my voice in careful cry,
My mind in woe, my body full of smart;
And I myself, myself always to hate
Till dreadful death do ease by doleful state.

---

[1] Petrarch, Son. 229. Petrarch, in his sonnet, bewailed the death of Colonna and Laura; and Dr. Nott conjectures that in this imitation Wyatt may have lamented the death of Cromwell.

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

FAREWELL, Love! and all thy laws for ever;
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more:
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,
To perfect wealth, my wit for to endeavour.
In blind erroùr when [that] I did persèver,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store,
But scaped forth thence, since, liberty is lever:[1]
Therefore, farewell! go trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority.
With idle youth go use thy property,[2]
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts:
For, hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

THE LOVER DESPAIRING TO ATTAIN UNTO HIS LADY'S GRACE RELINQUISHETH THE PURSUIT.

WHOSO list to hunt? I know where is an hind!
But as for me, alas! I may no more,
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore;
I am of them that furthest come behind.
Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
Draw from the deer; but as she fleeth afore
Fainting I follow; I leave off therefore,
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt
As well as I, may spend his time in vain!
And graven with diamonds in letters plain,
There is written her fair neck round about;
'Noli me tangere; for Cæsar's I am,
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.'[3]

---

[1] In the sense of better. [2] Qualities or powers.
[3] Another of the pieces in which Dr. Nott traces a reference to Anne Boleyn.

THE DESERTED LOVER CONSOLETH HIMSELF WITH REMEMBRANCE THAT ALL WOMEN ARE BY NATURE FICKLE.

DIVERS doth use, as I have heard and know,
When that to change their ladies do begin
To mourn, and wail, and never for to lynn;[1]
Hoping thereby to 'pease their painful woe.
And some there be that when it chanceth so
That women change, and hate where love hath been,
They call them false, and think with words to win
The hearts of them which otherwhere doth grow.
But as for me, though that by chance indeed
Change hath outworn the favour that I had,
I will not wail, lament, nor yet be sad,
Nor call her false that falsely did me feed;
But let it pass, and think it is of kind
That often change doth please a woman's mind.

THAT HOPE UNSATISFIED IS TO THE LOVER'S HEART AS A PROLONGED DEATH.

I ABIDE, and abide; and better abide,
After the old proverb the happy day.
And ever my lady to me doth say,
'Let me alone, and I will provide.'
I abide, and abide, and tarry the tide,
And with abiding speed well ye may.
Thus do I abide I wot alway,
N' other obtaining, nor yet denied.
Aye me! [alas!] this long abiding
Seemeth to me, as who sayeth
A prolonging of a dying death,
Or a refusing of a desired thing.
Much were it better for to be plain,
Than to say, 'Abide,' and yet not obtain.

---

[1] To cease or stop.

HE PRAYETH HIS LADY TO BE TRUE;

FOR NO ONE CAN RESTRAIN A WILLING MIND.

THOUGH I myself be bridled of my mind,
Returning me backward by force express;
If thou seek honour, to keep thy promess
Who may thee hold, but thou thyself unbind?
Sigh then no more, since no way man may find
Thy virtue to let, though that frowardness
Of Fortune me holdeth; and yet as I may guess
Though other be present thou art not all behind.
Suffice it then that thou be ready there
At all hours; still under the defence
Of time, truth, and love to save thee from offence.
Crying I burn in a lovely desire,
With my dear mistress that may not follow;
Whereby mine absence turneth me to sorrow.[1]

THE DESERTED LOVER

WISHETH THAT HIS RIVAL MIGHT EXPERIENCE THE SAME FORTUNE HE HIMSELF HAD TASTED.

TO rail or jest, ye know I use it not;
Though that such cause sometime in folks I find.
And though to change ye list to set your mind,
Love it who list, in faith I like it not.
And if ye were to me, as ye are not,
I would be loth to see you so unkind:
But since your fault must needs be so by kind;
Though I hate it I pray you love it not.

---

[1] The allusion in this sonnet Dr. Nott applies to Anne Boleyn. He thinks it intimates that if she preferred honour to ambition she was still free to refuse the proposals of the king. In order to reconcile these poems to this theory, it is necessary to beg the question all throughout.

Things of great weight I never thought to crave,
This is but small; of right deny it not:
Your feigning ways, as yet forget them not.
But like reward let other Lovers have;
That is to say, for service true and fast,
Too long delays, and changing at the last.

Rondeaux.

REQUEST TO CUPID FOR REVENGE OF HIS UNKIND LOVE.

BEHOLD, Love! thy power how she despiseth;
My grievous[1] pain how little she regardeth:
The solemn oath, whereof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath, and yet she bideth sure,
Right at her ease, and little thee she dreadeth.
Weaponed thou art, and she unarmèd sitteth:
To thee disdainful, all her life she leadeth;
To me spiteful, without just cause or measure:
Behold, Love, how proudly she triumpheth.[2]
I am in hold, but if thee pity moveth,
Go! bend thy bow, that stony hearts breaketh,
And with some stroke revenge the displeasure
Of thee, and him that sorrow doth endure,
And, as his lord, thee lowly here entreateth.
Behold, Love.[3]

---

[1] So in Tottel. The Harrington version, adopted by Dr. Nott, reads 'great.'

[2] The first two words of this line are all that are given in the Harrington MS.

[3] The Rondeaux in the Harrington MS. terminate with refrains, not printed by Tottel, but here preserved.

COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOVE UNREQUITED.

WHAT 'vaileth truth, or by it to take pain?
To strive by steadfastness for to attain
How to be just, and flee from doubleness?
Since all alike, where ruleth craftiness,
Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.
Soonest he speeds that most can lie and feign:
True meaning heart is had in high disdain.
Against deceit and cloakèd doubleness,
What 'vaileth truth, or perfect steadfastness?
Deceived is he by false and crafty train,
That means no guile, and faithful doth remain
Within the trap, without help or redress;
But for to love, lo! such a stern mistress,
Where cruelty dwells, alas, it were in vain.
What 'vaileth truth?[1]

THE LOVER SENDETH SIGHS TO MOVE HIS SUIT.[2]

GO, burning sighs, unto the frozen heart!
Go break the ice, which pity's painful dart
Might never pierce: and if that mortal prayer
In heaven be heard, at least yet I desire
That death or mercy end my woful smart.
Take with thee pain, whereof I have my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start,
And leave me then in rest, I you require.
Go, burning sighs, fulfil that I desire,

[1] There are several variations in this and most of the other pieces between Tottel's version and the MSS., but it would needlessly encumber the page to note them in detail. The general superiority of Tottel's edition consists in the presentation of a more perfect metre; and it is on that account principally followed throughout.

[2] Petrarch, Son. 120.

I must go work, I see, by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
Alas! I cannot therefore now assail her,
With pitiful complaint and scalding fire,
That from my breast deceivably doth start.[1]
Go, burning sighs!

THE LOVER SEEKING FOR HIS LOST HEART PRAYETH THAT IT MAY BE KINDLY ENTREATED BY WHOMSOEVER FOUND.

HELP me to seek! for I lost it there;
And if that ye have found it, ye that be here,
And seek to convey it secretly,
Handle it soft, and treat it tenderly,
Or else it will plain, and then appair.[2]
But pray restore it mannerly,
Since that I do ask it thus honestly,
For to lese it, it sitteth me near;
Help me to seek!

Alas! and is there no remedy:
But have I thus lost it wilfully.
I wis it was a thing all too dear
To be bestowed, and wist not where.
It was mine heart! I pray you heartily
Help me to seek!

HE DETERMINETH TO CEASE TO LOVE.

FOR to love her for her looks lovely,
My heart was set in thought right firmly,
Trusting by truth to have had redress;
But she hath made another promess,

---

[1] The MS. reads—
'That out of my breast doth strainably start.'

[2] Decay, or grow worse.

And hath given me leave full honestly.
Yet do I not rejoice it greatly;
For on my faith I loved too surely,
But reason will that I do cesse
For to love her.
Since (that in love the pains been deadly,)
Methink it best that readily
I do return to my first address;
For at this time too great is the press,
And perils appear too abundantly,
For to love her.

OF THE FOLLY OF LOVING WHEN THE SEASON OF LOVE IS PAST.

YE old mule![1] that think yourself so fair,
Leave off with craft your beauty to repair,
For it is time without any fable;
No man setteth now by riding in your saddle!
Too much travail so do your train appair
Ye old mule!
With false favoùr though you deceive the ayes,[2]
Who so taste you shall well perceive your layes
Savoureth somewhat of a keeper's stable;
Ye old mule!
Ye must now serve to market, and to fair,
All for the burthen, for panniers a pair;
For since grey hairs ben powdered in your sable,
The thing ye seek for, you must yourself enable
To purchase it by payment and by prayer;
Ye old mule!

---

[1] The term 'mule,' on which the whole satire turns, was a word used formerly to describe a woman of a licentious character.—NOTT.

[2] Eyes.

THE ABUSED LOVER RESOLVETH TO FORGET HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

WHAT no, perdie! ye may be sure!
Think not to make me to your lure,
With words and chere so contrarying,
Sweet and sower countre-weighing,
Too much it were still to endure.
Truth is tried, where craft is in ure,
But though ye have had my heartes cure,
Trow ye! I dote without ending?
What no, perdie!
Though that with pain I do procure
For to forget that once was pure;
Within my heart shall still that thing
Unstable, unsure, and wavering,
Be in my mind without recure?
What no, perdie!

THE ABSENT LOVER PERSUADETH HIMSELF THAT HIS MISTRESS WILL NOT HAVE THE POWER TO FORSAKE HIM.

IF it be so that I forsake thee,
As banished from thy company;
Yet my heart, my mind, and my affection
Shall still remain in thy perfection,
And right as thou list so order me.
But some would say in their opinion,
Revolted is thy good intention.
Then may I well blame thy cruelty,
If it be so.
But myself I say on this fashion;
'I have her heart in my possession,
And of itself cannot, perdie!
By no means love, an heartless body!'
And on my faith good is the reason,
If it be so.

THE RECURED LOVER

RENOUNCETH HIS FICKLE MISTRESS FOR HER NEW-FANGLENESS.

THOU hast no faith of him that hath none,
But thou must love him needs by reason;
For as saith a proverb notable,
Each thing seeketh his semblable,
And thou hast thine of thy condition.
Yet is it not the thing I pass on,
Nor hot nor cold is mine affection!
For since thine heart is so mutable,
Thou hast no faith!
I thought thee true without exception,
But I perceive I lacked discretion;
To fashion faith to words mutable,
Thy thought is too light and variable
To change so oft without occasion.
Thou hast no faith!

Odes.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.[1]

MY lute, awake! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And end that I have now begun:
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute! be still, for I have done.

[1] This charming piece may be justly regarded as the most perfect of Wyatt's compositions. 'The lighter poems of Wyatt,' observes Mr. Hallam, 'are more unequal than those of Surrey; but his ode to his lute does not seem inferior to any production of his noble competitor.'

As to be heard where ear is none;
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon;
Should we then sing, or sigh, or moan?
No, no, my lute! for I have done.

The rock doth not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection:
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts thorough Love's shot,
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won;
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengearce shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game of earnest pain;
Trow not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lovers plain;
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old
In winter nights, that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that I begun:
Now is this song both sung and past;
My lute! be still, for I have done.

THE LOVER REJOICETH THE ENJOYING OF HIS LOVE.

ONCE, as methought, fortune me kissed,
And bade me ask what I thought best,
And I should have it as me list,
Therewith to set my heart in rest.

I askèd but my lady's heart,
To have for evermore mine own;
Then at an end were all my smart,
Then should I need no more to moan.

Yet for all that a stormy blast
Had overturned this goodly day;
And fortune seemèd at the last
That to her promise she said nay.

But like as one out of despair,
To sudden hope revivèd I;
Now Fortune sheweth herself so fair,
That I content me wondrously.

My most desire my hand may reach,
My will is alway at my hand;
Me need not long for to beseech
Her, that hath power me to command.

What earthly thing more can I crave?
What would I wish more at my will?
Nothing on earth more would I have,
Save that I have, to have it still.

For Fortune now hath kept her promess,
In granting me my most desire:
Of my sufferance I have redress,
And I content me with my hire.

THE LOVER SHOWETH HOW HE IS FORSAKEN OF SUCH AS HE SOMETIME ENJOYED.

THEY flee from me that sometime did me seek,
With naked foot stalking within my chamber:
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not once remember,
That sometime they have put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range
Busily seeking in continual change.

Thanked be Fortune, it hath been otherwise,
Twenty times better; but once inspecial,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
And therewithal so sweetly did me kiss,
And softly said, 'Dear heart, how like you this?'

It was no dream; for I lay broad awaking:
But all is turned, thorough my gentleness,
Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness,
And she also to use new fangleness:
But since that I so kindly am servèd:
I would fain know what she hath deservèd?

THE LOVER TO HIS BED, WITH DESCRIBING OF HIS UNQUIET STATE.

THOU! restful place! reviver of my smart,
Thou labours' salve! increasing my sorrȯw;
Thou! body's ease, and troubler of my heart,
Quieter of mind, and my unquiet foe;
Forgetter of pain, rememberer of my woe;
Thou place of sleep, wherein I do but wake,
Besprent with tears, my bed, I thee forsake.

The frost, the snow, may not redress my heat,
Nor heat of sun abate my fervent cold,
I know nothing to ease my pain so great;
Each cure causeth increase by twenty fold,
Renewing cares upon my sorrows old,
Such overthwart effects in me they make:
Besprent with tears, my bed for to forsake.

But all for nought, I find no better ease
In bed or out: this most causeth my pain,
Where I do seek how best that I may please,
My lost laboùr, alas, is all in vain:
My heart once set, I cannot it refrain;
No place from me my grief away can take,
Wherefore with tears, my bed, I thee forsake.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS LOVE DOTH NOT PITY HIM.

RESOUND my voice, ye woods, that hear me plain,
Both hills and vales causing reflexion;
And rivers eke, record ye of my pain,
Which have oft forced ye by compassion,
As judges, lo, to hear my exclamation:
Among whom ruth, I find, yet doth remain;
Where I it seek, alas, there is disdain.

Oft ye, rivers, to hear my woful sound
Have stopped your course: and plainly to express
Many a tear by moisture of the ground,
The earth hath wept to hear my heaviness,
Which causeless I endure without redress.
The hugy oaks have roarèd in the wind:
Each thing, methought, complaining in their kind.

Why then, alas, doth not she on me rue?
Or is her heart so hard that no pity
May in it sink, my joy for to renew?

O stony heart! who hath thus framèd thee
So cruel, thou art cloakèd with beauty?[1]
That from thee may no grace to me proceed,
But as reward, death for to be my meed?

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIMSELF FORSAKEN.

WHERE shall I have at mine own will,
Tears to complain? where shall I fet[2]
Such sighs, that I may sigh my fill,
And then again my plaints repeat?
For though my plaint shall have none end,
My tears cannot suffice my woe:
To moan my harm have I no friend;
For fortune's friend is mishap's foe.
Comfort, God wot, else have I none,
But in the wind to waste my words;
Nought moveth you my deadly moan,
But still you turn it into bourdes.[3]
I speak not now, to move your heart,
That you should rue upon my pain;
The sentence given may not revert:
I know such labour were but vain.
But since that I for you, my dear,
Have lost that thing, that was my best;
A right small loss it must appear
To lose these words, and all the rest.
But though they sparkle in the wind,
Yet shall they shew your falsèd faith,
Which is returned unto his kind;
For like to like, the proverb saith.
Fortune and you did me advance;
Methought I swam, and could not drown:

---

[1] In the original the orthography is *beaulty*, evidently with the French pronunciation, essential to the metre, and completing the rhyme to pity, which carries the accent also on the last syllable.

[2] Fetch. [3] Jests.

Happiest of all; but my mischance
Did lift me up, to throw me down.
And you with her, of cruelness
Did set your foot upon my neck,
Me, and my welfare, to oppress;
Without offence your heart to wreck.
Where are your pleasant words, alas?
Where is your faith? your steadfastness?
There is no more but all doth pass,
And I am left all comfortless.
But since so much it doth you grieve,
And also me my wretched life,
Have here my truth; nought shall relieve,
But death alone, my wretched strife.
Therefore farewell, my life, my death;
My gain, my loss, my salve, my sore;
Farewell also, with you my breath;
For I am gone for evermore.

A RENOUNCING OF HARDLY ESCAPED LOVE.

FAREWELL the reign of cruelty!
Though that with pain my liberty
Dear have I bought, and wofully
Finished my fearful tragedy.[1]
Of force I must forsake pleasùre;
A good cause just, since I endure
Thereby my woe, which be ye sure,
Shall therewith go me to recure.
I fare as one escaped that fleeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet still feareth
Spied to be caught, and so dreadeth
That he for nought his pain leseth.

---

[1] The Harrington MS. gives a different, and certainly not a better, version of this couplet:—

'Dear have I bought, yet shall surety
Conduct my thoughts of joy needy.'

In joyful pain, rejoice my heart,
Thus to sustain of each a part.
Let not this song from thee astart;
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

THE LOVER TAUGHT, MISTRUSTETH ALLUREMENTS.

IT may be good, like it who list;
But I do doubt: who can me blame?
For oft assured, yet have I mist,
And now again I fear the same.
The windy words, the eyes' quaint game,[1]
Of sudden change, make me aghast;
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
Alas! I tread an endless maze,
That seeketh to accord two contraries;
And hope thus still, and nothing hase,[2]
Imprisonèd in liberties:
As one unheard, and still that cries;
Always thirsty, and nought doth taste;
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
Assured, I doubt I be not sure;
Should I then trust unto such surety,
That oft have put the proof in ure,
And never yet have found it trusty?
Nay, sir, in faith, it were great folly:
And yet my life thus do I waste;
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

---

[1] Tottel's line here is not so good :—

'The words that from your mouth last came.'

[2] Dr. Nott conjectures that possibly the word intended here was *halse*, to embrace. The grammar and the rhyme prohibit us from supposing the word a misprint for *have*, which would be more reconcileable with the sense of the passage.

THE LOVER REJOICETH AGAINST FORTUNE

THAT BY HINDERING HIS SUIT HAD HAPPILY MADE HIM FORSAKE HIS FOLLY.

IN faith I wot not what to say,
Thy chances been so wonderous,
Thou, Fortune, with thy divers play
That makest the joyful dolorous,
And eke the same right joyous.
Yet though thy chain hath me enwrapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And seekest by change to do me pain,
Men's minds yet mayst thou not so order;
For honesty, if it remain,
Shall shine for all thy cloudy rain.
In vain thou seekest to have me trapped;
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
In hindering me, me didst thou further;
And made a gap, where was a stile:
Cruel wills been oft put under;
Weening to lour, then didst thou smile.
Lord! how thyself thou didst beguile,
That in thy cares wouldst me have lapped;
But spite of hap, hap hath well hapt.

THE LOVER'S SORROWFUL STATE

MAKETH HIM WRITE SORROWFUL SONGS, BUT SUCH[1] HIS LOVE MAY CHANGE THE SAME.

MARVEL no more although
The songs I sing do moan;
For other life than woe,
I never provèd none.

---

[1] The word is spelt *souche* both by Tottel and in the MS. Selden thinks that the lady's name was either Souche or Chance; and Dr. Nott suggests that, if either, it was probably the Mistress Souche

And in my heart also
Is graven, with letters deep,
A thousand sighs and mo,
A flood of tears to weep.
How may a man in smart
Find matter to rejoice?
How many a mourning heart
Set forth a pleasant voice?
Play who that can that part,
Needs must in me appear,
How fortune overthwart
Doth cause my mourning chere.
Perdie there is no man,
If he saw never sight,
That perfectly tell can
The nature of the light.
Alas! how should I than,
That never taste but sour,
But do as I began,
Continually to lour.
But yet perchance some chance
May chance to change my tune;
And when such chance doth chance,
Then shall I thank fortune.
And if I have such chance,
Perchance ere it be long,
For such a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

---

whose portrait is amongst the Holbein's heads. The speculation is ingenious; but if the verses are open to a suspicion that any play upon a name was intended, the greater probability is in favour of Madame Chance, whoever she may have been. The kind of verbal pleasantry, however, conveyed in the last two verses was of frequent occurrence.

THE LOVER SENDETH HIS COMPLAINTS AND TEARS TO SUE FOR GRACE.

PASS forth, my wonted cries,
Those cruel ears to pierce,
Which in most hateful wise
Do still my plaints reverse.
Do you, my tears, also
So wet her barren heart,
That pity there may grow,
And cruelty depart.
For though hard rocks among
She seems to have been bred,
And of the tiger long
Been nourishèd and fed;
Yet shall not nature change,
If pity once win place;
Whom as unknown and strange
She now away doth chase.
And as the water soft,
Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft
Hard stones doth pierce at length:
So in her stony heart
My plaints at last shall grave,
And, rigour set apart,
Win grant of that I crave.
Wherefore, my plaints, present
Still so to her my suit,
As ye, through her assent,
May bring to me some fruit.
And as she shall me prove,
So bid her me regard;
And render love for love,
Which is a just reward.

THE LOVER'S CASE CANNOT BE HIDDEN HOWEVER HE DISSEMBLE.

YOUR looks so often cast,
Your eyes so friendly rolled,
Your sight fixèd so fast,
Always one to behold;
Though hide it fain ye would,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your heart in hold,
And where good will ye bear.
Fain would ye find a cloak
Your brenning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke
Breaks out on every side.
Ye cannot love so guide,
That it no issue win:
Abroad needs must it glide,
That brens so hot within.
For cause yourself do wink,
Ye judge all other blind;
And secret it you think,
Which every man doth find.
In waste oft spend ye wind,
Yourself in love to quit;
For agues of that kind
Will shew who hath the fit.
Your sighs you fetch from far,
And all to wry[1] your woe;
Yet are ye ne'er the narre:[2]
Men are not blinded so.
Deeply oft swear ye no;
But all those oaths are vain:
So well your eye doth shew,
Who puts your heart to pain.

[1] To turn aside; here, to divert or hide. [2] Never the nearer.

Think not therefore to hide,
That still itself betrays:
Nor seek means to provide
To dark the sunny days.
Forget those wonted ways;
Leave off such frowning chere;
There will be found no stays,
To stop a thing so clear.

THE LOVER PRAYETH NOT TO BE DISDAINED, REFUSED, MISTRUSTED, NOR FORSAKEN.

DISDAIN me not without desert,
Nor leave me not so suddenly:
Since well ye wot that in my heart
I mean ye not but honestly.
Refuse me not without cause why,
For think me not to be unjust;
Since that by lot of fantasy,
This careful knot needs knit I must.
Mistrust me not, though some there be
That fain would spot my steadfastness:
Believe them not, since that ye see
The proof is not as they express.
Forsake me not, till I deserve;
Nor hate me not, till I offend;
Destroy me not, till that I swerve:
But[1] since ye know what I intend,
Disdain me not, that am your own;
Refuse me not, that am so true;
Mistrust me not, till all be known;
Forsake me not now for no new.[2]

---

[1] It is suggested by Dr. Nott that this must mean unless, in which case it should be spelt *bot*, a word commonly used in that sense.

[2] Similar ellipses frequently occur.

THE LOVER LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE WITH SUIT FOR GRACE.

FOR want of will in woe I plain,
Under colour of soberness;
Renewing with my suit my pain,
My wanhope[1] with my steadfastness.
Awake therefore of gentleness;
Regard, at length, I you require,
The swelting pains of my desire.
Betimes who giveth willingly,
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserve;
And I that sue unfeignedly,
In fruitless hope, alas! do sterve.
How great my cause is for to swerve,
And yet how steadfast is my suit,
Lo! here ye see: where is the fruit?
As hound that hath his keeper lost,
Seek I your presence to obtain;
In which my heart delighteth most,
And shall delight though I be slain.
You may release my band of pain;
Loose then the care that makes me cry
For want of help, or else I die.
I die, though not incontinent,
By process, yet consumingly,
As waste of fire which doth relent,
If you as wilful will deny.
Wherefore cease of such cruelty,
And take me wholly in your grace,
Which lacketh will to change his place.

---

[1] Despair. Mr. Halliwell gives the following example:—

'Gode men I warne alle,
That ye in no wanhope fall.'
MS. Cantab.

THE LOVER WAILETH HIS CHANGED JOYS.

IF ever man might him avaunt
Of Fortune's friendly chere,
It was myself, I must it grant,
For I have bought it dear.
And dearly have I held also
The glory of her name,
In yielding her such tribute, lo!
As did set forth her fame.
Sometime I stood so in her grace,
That, as I would require,
Each joy I thought did me embrace,
That furthered my desire:
And all those pleasures, lo! had I,
That fancy might support;
And nothing she did me deny
That was unto my comfort.
I had, what would you more, perdie?
Each grace that I did crave;
Thus Fortune's will was unto me
All thing that I would have:
But all too rathe,[1] alas the while!
She built on such a ground:
In little space too great a guile,
In her now have I found.
For she hath turnèd so her wheel,
That I, unhappy man,
May wail the time that I did feel
Wherewith she fed me than.[2]
For broken now are her behests,
And pleasant looks she gave;

---

[1] Soon, early. Rather is the comparative, still used adverbially in the sense of sooner. An early species of apple in the West of England is called the rathe-ripe; and the primrose, from blowing early, was called the rathe-primrose.

[2] Then.

And therefore now all my requests
From peril cannot save.
  Yet would I well it might appear
To her, my chief regard;
Though my deserts have been too dear
To merit such reward.
Since Fortune's will is now so bent
To plague me thus, poor man,
I must myself therewith content,
And bear it as I can.

TO HIS LOVE THAT HATH GIVEN HIM ANSWER OF REFUSAL.

THE answer that ye made to me, my dear,
  When I did sue for my poor heart's redress,
Hath so appalled my countenance and my chere,
That in this case I am all comfortless;
Since I of blame no cause can well express.
  I have no wrong, where I can claim no right;
Nought ta'en me fro, where I have nothing had,
Yet of my woe I cannot so be quite,
Namely, since that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorrow makes me sad.[1]
  Yet none can claim, I say, by former grant,
That knoweth not of any grant at all;
And by desert, I dare well make avaunt
Of faithful will; there is nowhere that shall
Bear you more truth, more ready at your call.

---

[1] In the Harrington MS. this stanza is followed by two lines of a succeeding verse, which Wyatt left unfinished:—

'Another!—why shall liberty be bond?
True heart may not be bond but by desert.'

This is one of the passages supposed to have been applied to Anne Boleyn when the King was soliciting her.

Now good then, call again that bitter word,
That touched your friend so near with pangs of pain;[1]
And say, my dear, that it was said in bourde;
Late, or too soon, let that not rule the gain,
Wherewith free will doth true desert retain.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING TAKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

UNWARILY so was never no man caught
With steadfast look upon a goodly face,
As I of late; for suddenly, methought,
My heart was torn out of his place.
Through mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,
And down directly to my heart it ran;
In help whereof the blood thereto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wan.
Then was I like a man for woe amazed,
Or like the fowl that fleeth into the fire;
For while that I upon her beauty gazed,
The more I burned in my desire.
Anon the blood start in my face again,
Inflamed with heat, that it had at my heart,
And brought therewith, throughout in every vein,
A quaking heat with pleasant smart.
Then was I like the straw, when that the flame
Is driven therein by force and rage of wind;
I cannot tell, alas! what I shall blame,
Nor what to seek, nor what to find.

---

[1] In the Harrington MS. thus:—

'Now good then, call again that friendly word,
That sav'th your friend in saving of his pain.'

Tottel's version, notwithstanding the objections raised against it by Dr. Nott, restores the sense and renders the text clear. If the proper word were that given in the MS., the lover would not have asked his mistress to say that it was spoken in jest.

But well I wot the grief holds me so sore
In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dread,
That, but her help to health doth me restore,
This restless life I may not lead.

THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIM OF WORDS WHEREWITH HE WAS UNJUSTLY CHARGED.

PERDIE! I said it not,
Nor never thought to do:
As well as I, ye wot
I have no power thereto.
And if I did, the lot
That first did me enchain
May never slake the knot,
But strait it to my pain.
And if I did, each thing
That may do harm or woe,
Continually may wring
My heart, where so I go!
Report may always ring
Of shame on me for aye,
If in my heart did spring
The words that you do say.
And if I did, each star
That is in heaven above,
May frown on me, to mar
The hope I have in love!
And if I did, such war
As they brought unto Troy,
Bring all my life afar
From all his lust and joy!
And if I did so say,
The beauty that me bound
Increase from day to day,
More cruel to my wound!
With all the moan that may
To plaint may turn my song;

My life may soon decay,
Without redress, by wrong!
  If I be clear from thought,
Why do you then complain?
Then is this thing but sought
To turn my heart to pain.
Then this that you have wrought,
You must it now redress;
Of right therefore you ought
Such rigour to repress.
  And as I have deserved,
So grant me now my hire;
You know I never swerved,
You never found me liar.
For Rachel have I served,
For Leah cared I never;
And her I have reserved
Within my heart for ever.

THE LOVER CURSETH THE TIME WHEN FIRST HE FELL IN LOVE.

WHEN first mine eyes did view and mark
  Thy fair beauty to behold;
And when my ears listened to hark
The pleasant words that thou me told;
  I would as then I had been free
  From ears to hear, and eyes to see.
And when my lips 'gan first to move,
Whereby my heart to thee was known;
And when my tongue did talk of love
To thee that hast true love down thrown;
  I would my lips, and tongue also,
  Had then been dumb, no deal[1] to go.

[1] From the verb *deal*, to distribute, divide, allot. It means a portion or part, and implies simply a quantity. Thus we say a great deal of anything, as formerly it was common to say a small deal:—not a deal, not a bit, &c. The meaning in the text is, not to move at all.

And when my hands have handled aught
That thee hath kept in memory;
And when my feet have gone, and sought
To find, and get thee company;
  I would each hand a foot had been,
  And I each foot a hand had seen.
And when in mind I did consent
To follow this my fancy's will;
And when my heart did first relent
To taste such bait, my life to spill;
  I would my heart had been as thine,
  Or else thy heart had been as mine.[1]

THE LOVER DETERMINETH TO SERVE FAITHFULLY.

SINCE Love will needs that I shall love,
  Of very force I must agree:
And since no chance may it remove,
In wealth and in adversity,
I shall alway myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.
  Though for good will I find but hate,
And cruelty, my life to waste;
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my days unto the last;
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

---

[1] A mutilated version of this piece is given in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, under the signature of W. H. (William Hunnis) with the following additional stanza:—

'Then should I not such cause have found
To wish this monstrous sight to see;
Ne thou, alas! that madest the wound
Should not deny one remedy.
  Then should one will in both remain
  To grant one heart, which now is twain.'

For since my heart is bound to serve,
And I not ruler of mine own,
Whatso befall, till that I sterve
By proof full well it shall be known,
That I shall still myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.
Yea! though my grief find no redress,
But still increase before mine eyes;
Though my reward be cruelness,
With all the harm hap can devise;
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.
Yea! though Fortune her pleasant face
Should show, to set me up aloft;
And straight my wealth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as she doth oft;
Yet would I still myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.
There is no grief, no smart, no woe,
That yet I feel, or after shall,
That from this mind may make me go;
And whatsoever me befall,
I do profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

TO HIS UNKIND LOVE.

WHAT rage is this? what furor? of what kind?
What power, what plague doth weary thus my mind?
Within my bones to rankle is assigned
What poison pleasant sweet?
Lo! see, mine eyes flow with continual tears;
The body still away sleepless it wears;
My food nothing my fainting strength repairs,
Nor doth my limbs sustain.

In deep wide wound, the deadly stroke doth turn
To cureless scar,[1] that never shall return:
Go to! triumph! rejoice thy goodly turn;
Thy friend thou dost oppress.
Oppress thou dost, and hast of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pity can procure,
Fierce tiger fell! hard rock without recure!
Cruel rebel to love!
Once may thou love, never beloved again!
So love thou still, and not thy love obtain!
So wrathful love, with spites of just disdain,
May freat thy cruel heart!

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIS ESTATE.

I SEE that chance hath chosen me
Thus secretly to live in pain,
And to another given the fee,
Of all my loss to have the gain:
By chance assigned thus do I serve,
And other have that I deserve.
Unto myself sometime, alone,
I do lament my woful case;
But what availeth me to moan,
Since truth and pity hath no place
In them, to whom I sue and serve,
And other have that I deserve.
To seek by mean to change this mind,
Alas! I prove it will not be;

---

[1] The Harrington MS. reads 'cured scar.' Tottel, observes Dr. Nott, 'has altered the line to cureless scar, which is nonsense; of a wound it may be said that it cannot be cured, but not of a scar; a scar, it is already a proof of cure.' Yes, of a cured wound, but not of a cured scar. As scars generally remain long after the wound is cured, and frequently to the end of life, the expression 'cureless scar' has an obvious propriety which is fully supported by the context. The meaning is, that the deep wound which shall never return has left its mark in a scar that cannot be removed.

For in my heart I cannot find
Once to refrain, but still agree,
As bound by force, alway to serve,
And other have that I deserve.
  Such is the fortune that I have,
To love them most that love me least;
And to my pain to seek, and crave
The thing that other have possessed;
So thus in vain alway I serve,
And other have that I deserve.
  And till I may appease the heat,
If that my hap will hap so well,
To wail my woe my heart shall frete,
Whose pensive pain my tongue can tell;
Yet thus unhappy must I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

WHETHER LIBERTY BY LOSS OF LIFE,

OR LIFE IN PRISON AND THRALDOM BE TO BE PREFERRED.

LIKE as the bird within the cage inclosed,
The door unsparred, her foe the hawk without,
'Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for to choose standeth in doubt;
Lo! so do I, which seek to bring about,
Which should be best by determination;
By loss of life liberty; or life by prison.
  O! mischief, by mischief to be redressed!
Where pain is best, there lieth but little pleasure,
By short death better to be delivered,
Than bide in painful life, thraldom, and dolour:
Small is the pleasure, where much pain we suffer.
Rather therefore to choose me thinketh wisdom,
By loss of life liberty, than life by prison.
  By length of life yet should I live and suffer,
I do but wait on time and fortune's chance;
Oft many things do happen in one hour;

That which oppressèd me may me advance.
In time is trust, which by death's grievance
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason
By death to choose liberty, and not life by prison.
But death were deliverance, where life lengths pain,
Of these two ills let see now choose the least,
This bird to deliver that here doth plain:
What say ye, lovers? which shall be the best?
In cage thraldom, or by the hawk oppressed:
And which to choose make plain conclusion,
By loss of life liberty, or life by prison?

HE RULETH NOT, THOUGH HE REIGN OVER REALMS, THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN LUSTS.

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will; and see thou keep thee free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage:
For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the farthest Thulè,
If thy desire have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no governor.
If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning;
For he that hath each star in heaven fixed,
And gives the moon her horns, and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made thee noble in his working;
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foul lust and vice do conquer thee.
All were it so thou had a flood of gold
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;
And though with Indian stones, a thousand fold
More precious than can thyself devise,
Ycharged were thy back; thy covetise,
And busy biting yet should never let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER

GIVETH TO HIS MISTRESS HIS HEART AS HIS BEST AND ONLY TREASURE.

TO seek each where where man doth live,
The sea, the land, the rock, the clive,[1]
France, Spain, and Inde, and everywhere;
Is none a greater gift to give,
Less set by oft, and is so lief and dear,
Dare I well say, than that I give to year.[2]
I cannot give broaches nor rings,
These goldsmith work, and goodly things,
Pierrie,[3] nor pearl, orient and clear;
But for all that can no man bring
Lieffer jewel unto his lady dear,
Dare I well say, than that I give to year.
Nor I seek not to fetch it far;
Worse is it not though it be narr,
And as it is, it doth appear
Uncounterfeit mistrust to bar.
It is both whole, and pure, withouten peer,
Dare I will say, the gift I give to year.
To thee therefore the same retain;
The like of thee to have again
France would I give, if mine it were.
Is none alive in whom doth reign
Lesser disdain; freely therefore lo! here
Dare I well give, I say, my heart to year.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SORROW OF TRUE LOVERS' PARTING.

THERE was never nothing more me pained,
Nor more my pity moved,

---

[1] Cliff.

[2] This year. In some of the provincial dialects *to* is used to express *of*, *for*, and *at*.

[3] Precious stones.

As when my sweetheart her complained,
That ever she me loved.
Alas! the while!
With piteous look she said, and sight,[1]
'Alas! what aileth me?
To love, and set my wealth so light,
On him that loveth not me;
Alas! the while!
'Was I not well void of all pain,
When that nothing me grieved?
And now with sorrows I must complain,
And cannot be relieved,
Alas! the while!
'My restful nights, and joyful days,
Since I began to love
Be take from me; all thing decays,
Yet can I not remove,
Alas! the while!'
She wept and wrung her hands withal,
The tears fell in my neck:
She turned her face, and let it fall;
And scarce therewith could speak:
Alas! the while!
Her pains tormented me so sore
That comfort had I none,
But cursed my fortune more and more
To see her sob and groan,
Alas! the while!

THE NEGLECTED LOVER

CALLETH ON HIS STONY HEARTED MISTRESS TO HEAR HIM COMPLAIN ERE THAT HE DIE.

HEAVEN, and earth, and all that hear me plain
Do well perceive what care doth make me cry;
Save you alone, to whom I cry in vain;
Mercy, Madam, alas! I die, I die!

---

[1] Sighed.

If that you sleep, I humbly you require
Forbear a while, and let your rigour slake,
Since that by you I burn thus in this fire;
To hear my plaint, dear heart, awake! awake!
Since that so oft ye have made me to wake
In plaint, and tears, and in right piteous case;
Displease you not if force do now me make
To break your sleep, crying alas! alas!
It is the last trouble that ye shall have
Of me, Madam, to hear my last complaint;
Pity at least your poor unhappy slave,
For in despair, alas! I faint, I faint.
It is not now, but long and long ago
I have you served, as to my power and might
As faithfully as any man might do;
Claiming of you nothing of right, of right.
Save of your grace only to stay my life
That fleeth as fast as cloud before the wind;
For since that first I entered in this strife,
An inward death hath fret my mind, my mind.
If I had suffered this to you unware
Mine were the fault, and you nothing to blame;
But since you know my woe and all my care,
Why do I die, alas! for shame! for shame!
I know right well my face, my look, my tears,
Mine eyes, my words, and eke my dreary chere
Have cried my death full oft unto your ears;
Hard of belief it doth appear, appear.
A better proof I see that ye would have;
How I am dead, therefore, when ye hear tell
Believe it not, although ye see my grave;
Cruel! unkind! I say farewell! farewell!

HE REJOICETH THE OBTAINING THE FAVOUR OF THE MISTRESS OF HIS HEART.

AFTER great storms the calm returns,
And pleasanter it is thereby;
Fortune likewise that often turns,
Hath made me now the most happy.
The Heaven that pitied my distress,
My just desire, and my cry;
Hath made my languor to cease,
And me also the most happy.
Whereto dispairèd ye, my friends?
My trust alway in her did lie
That knoweth what my thought intends;
Whereby I live the most happy.
Lo! what can take hope from that heart,
That is assurèd steadfastly;
Hope therefore ye that live in smart,
Whereby I am the most happy.
And I that have felt of your pain
Shall pray to God continually,
To make your hope, your health retain,
And me also the most happy.

THE LOVER PRAYETH VENUS TO CONDUCT HIM TO THE DESIRED HAVEN.

THOUGH this the port, and I thy servant true,
And thou thyself dost cast thy beams from high
From thy chief house,[1] promising to renew
Both joy and eke delight, behold yet how that I,
Banished from my bliss, carefully do cry.

---

[1] An expression borrowed from judicial astrology.—Nott.

Help now Cytheræa! my lady dear.
My fearful trust, 'En vogant la Galere.'
Alas! the doubt that dreadful absence giveth!
Without thine aid assurance is there none;
The firm faith that in the water fleteth,
Succour thou therefore, in thee it is alone.
Stay that with faith, that faithfully doth moan,
Thou also givest me both hope and fear,
Remember me then, 'En vogant Galere.'
By seas, and hills elonged from thy sight,
Thy wonted grace reducing to my mind,
Instead of sleep thus I occupy the night;
A thousand thoughts, and many doubts I find,
And still I trust thou canst not be unkind,
Or else despair my comfort and my chere
Would she forthwith, 'En vogant la Galere.'
Yet, on my faith! full little doth remain
Of any hope whereby I may myself uphold;
For since that only words do me retain,
I may well think the affection is but cold.
But since my will is nothing as I would,
And in thy hands it resteth whole and clear,
Forget me not, 'En vogant la Galere.'

THE LOVER PRAISETH THE BEAUTY OF HIS LADY'S HAND.

O GOODLY hand!
Wherein doth stand
My heart distract in pain:
Fair hand, alas!
In little space
My life thou dost restrain.

O! fingers slight,
Departed right,
So long, so small, so round!

Goodly bygone,
And yet alone
Most cruel in my wound.[1]

With lilies white
And roses bright
Doth strive thy colour fair:
Nature did lend
Each finger's end
A pearl for to repair.

Consent at last,
Since that thou hast
My heart in thy demain,
For service true
On me to rue,
And reach me love again.

And if not so,
There with more woe
Enforce thyself to strain
This simple heart,
That suffered smart,
And rid it out of pain.

THAT THE EYE BEWRAYETH ALWAY THE SECRET AFFECTIONS OF THE HEART.

AND if an eye may save or slay,
And strike more deep than weapon long;
And if an eye by subtle play,
May move one more than any tongue;
How can ye say that I do wrong,
Thus to suspect without desert?
For the eye is traitor to the heart.

---

[1] The passage is obscure. One MS. reads 'goodly begone;' another version 'and yet a bone.' The meaning probably is—formerly so kind, and yet so cruel.

To frame all well, I am content
That it were done unweetingly;
But yet I say, (who will assent,)
To do but well, do nothing why
That men should deem the contrary;
For it is said by men expert,
That the eye is traitor of the heart.
But yet alas! that look, all soul,
That I do claim of right to have,
Should not methink——go seek the school,
To please all folk, for who can crave
Friendlier thing than heart witsave[1]
By look to give in friendly part;
For the eye is traitor of the heart.
And my suspect is without blame;
For as ye say, not only I
But other mo have deemed the same;
Then it is not [my] jealousy,
But subtle look of reckless eye
Did range too far, to make me smart;
For the eye is traitor of the heart.
But I your Friend shall take it thus,
Since you will so, as stroke of chance;
And leave further for to discuss,
Whether the stroke did stick or glance;
But 'scuse who can let him advance
Dissembled looks, but for my part,
My eye must still betray my heart.
And of this grief ye shall be quit,
In helping Truth steadfast to go.
The time is long that Truth doth sit
Feeble and weak, and suffereth woe;
Cherish him well, continue so;
Let him not fro' your heart astart;
Then fears not the eye to shew the heart.

---

[1] Vouchsafe.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH

THAT FAITH MAY NOT AVAIL WITHOUT THE FAVOUR OF FANTASY.

IF Fancy[1] would favour,
As my deserving shall;
My Love, my Paramour,
Should love me best of all.
But if I cannot attain
The grace that I desire,
Then may I well complain
My service, and my hire.
Fancy doth know how
To further my true heart;
If Fancy might avow
With Faith to take part.
But Fancy is so frail
And flitting still so fast,
That Faith may not prevail
To help me, first nor last.
For Fancy at his lust,
Doth rule all but by guess;
Whereto should I then trust
In truth or steadfastness.
Yet gladly would I please
The fancy of her heart,
That may me only ease
And cure my careful smart.
Therefore, my Lady dear,
Set once your Fantasy
To make some hope appear,
Of steadfast remedy.
For if he be my friend,
And undertake my woe,
My grief is at an end
If he continue so.

---

[1] Love.

Else Fancy doth not right;
As I deserve and shall,
To have you day and night,
To love me best of all.

THAT TOO MUCH CONFIDENCE SOMETIMES DISAPPOINTETH HOPE.

MY hope, alas! hath me abused,
And vain rejoicing hath me fed:
Lust and joy have me refused,
And careful plaint is in their stead;
Too much advancing slacked my speed,
Mirth hath caused my heaviness,
And I remain all comfortless.

Whereto did I assure my thought
Without displeasure steadfastly;
In Fortune's forge my joy was wrought,
And is revolted readily.
I am mistaken wonderly;
For I thought nought but faithfulness;
Yet I remain all comfortless.

In gladsome chere I did delight,
Till that delight did cause my smart,
And all was wrong when I thought right;
For right it was, that my true heart
Should not from Truth be set apart,
Since Truth did cause my hardiness;
Yet I remain all comfortless.

Sometime delight did tune my song,
And led my heart full pleasantly;
And to myself I said among—
'My hap is coming hastily.'
But it hath happèd contrary.
Assurance causeth my distress,
And I remain all comfortless.

Then if my note now do vary,
And leave his wonted pleasantness;
The heavy burthen that I carry
Hath altered all my joyfulness.
No pleasure hath still steadfastness,
But haste hath hurt my happiness;
And I remain all comfortless.

THE LOVER BEMOANETH HIS UNHAPPINESS

THAT HE CANNOT OBTAIN GRACE, YET CANNOT CEASE LOVING.

ALL heavy minds
Do seek to ease their charge;
And that that most them binds
To let at large.
Then why should I
Hold pain within my heart,
And may my tune apply,
To ease my smart.
My faithful Lute
Alone shall hear me plain,
For else all other suit
Is clean in vain.
For where I sue
Redress of all my grief;
Lo! they do most eschew
My heart's relief.
Alas! my dear!
Have I deserved so?
That no help may appear
Of all my woe!
Whom speak I to?
Unkind, and deaf of ear!
Alas! lo! I go,
And wot not where.
Where is my thought?
Where wanders my desire?

Where may the thing be sought
That I require?
  Light in the wind
Doth flee all my delight;
Where truth and faithful mind
Are put to flight.
  Who shall me give
Feathered wings for to flee?
The thing that doth me grieve
That I may see!
  Who would go seek
The cause whereby to pain?
Who could his foe beseek[1]
For ease of pain?
  My chance doth so
My woful case procure,
To offer to my foe
My heart to cure.
  What hope I then
To have any redress!
Of whom, or where, or when?
Who can express!
  No! since despair
Hath set me in this case,
In vain is't in the air
To say, Alas!
  I seek nothing
But thus for to discharge
My heart of sore sighing,
To plain at large.
  And with my lute
Sometime to ease my pain;
For else all other suit
Is clean in vain.

---

[1] Beseech.

THE MOURNFUL LOVER TO HIS HEART, WITH COMPLAINT THAT IT WILL NOT BREAK.

COMFORT thyself, my woful heart,
Or shortly on thyself thee wreak;
For length redoubleth deadly smart;
Why sighest thou, heart! and wilt not break?
To waste in sighs were piteous death;
Alas! I find thee faint and weak.
Enforce thyself to lose thy breath;
Why sighest thou, heart! and wilt not break?
Thou knowest right well that no redress
Is thus to pine; and for to speak,
Perdie! it is remediless;
Why sighest thou then, and wilt not break?
It is too late for to refuse
The yoke, when it is on thy neck!
To shake it off, vaileth not to muse;
Why sighest thou then, and wilt not break?
To sob and sigh it were but vain,
Since there is none that doth it reck;
Alas! thou dost prolong thy pain;
Why sighest thou then, and wilt not break?
Then in her sight to move her heart
Seek on thyself, thyself to wreak,
That she may know thou sufferedest smart;
Sigh there thy last, and therewith break.

THE LOVER RENOUNCES HIS CRUEL LOVE FOR EVER.

ALAS! the grief, and deadly woful smart,
The careful chance, shapen afore my shert,[1]

---

[1] 'I-stykid thorugh my trewe careful herte,
That schapen was my deth erst than my scherte.'
CHAUCER.—*Knight's Tale.*

The sorrowful tears, the sighs hot as fire,
That cruel love hath long soked from my heart!
And for reward of over great desire
Disdainful doubleness have I, for my hire.
O! lost service! O pain ill rewarded!
O! pitiful heart! with pain enlarged!
O! faithful mind! too suddenly assented!
Return, alas! sithens thou art not regarded.
Too great a proof of true faith presented,
Causeth by right such faith to be repented.
O cruel causer of undeservèd change,
By great desire unconstantly to range,
Is this your way for proof of steadfastness?
Perdie! you know, the thing was not so strange,
By former proof too much my faithfulness;
What needeth then such coloured doubleness?
I have wailed thus, weeping in nightly pain,
In sobs, and sighs, alas! and all in vain,
In inward plaint, and heart's woful torment.
And yet, alas! lo! cruelty and disdain
Have set at nought a faithful true intent,
And price hath privilege truth to prevent.
But though I starve, and to my death still mourn,
And piecemeal in pieces though I be torn;
And though I die, yielding my wearied ghost,
Shall never thing again make me return.
I wite thou . . . . of that that I have lost
To whom so ever lust for to prove most.

A COMPLAINT OF HIS LADY'S CRUELTY.

SINCE ye delight to know,
That my torment and woe
Should still increase
Without release,
I shall enforce me so,
That life and all shall go
For to content your cruelness.

And so this grievous train,
That I too long sustain,
Shall sometime cesse,
And have redress,
And you also remain,
Full pleasèd with my pain,
For to content your cruelness.
Unless that be too light,
And that ye would ye might,
See the distress,
And heaviness,
Of one slain outright,
Therewith to please your sight,
And to content your cruelness.
Then in your cruel mood
Would God! forthwith ye would
With force express,
My heart oppress,
To do your heart such good,
To see me bathe in blood,
For to content your cruelness.
Then could ye ask no more;
Then should ye ease my sore,
And the excess
Of my distress;
And you should evermore
Defamèd be therefore,
For to repent your cruelness.

OF THE CONTRARY AFFECTIONS OF THE LOVER.

SUCH hap as I am happèd in,
Had never man of truth I ween;
At me Fortune list to begin,
To shew that never hath been seen,

A new kind of unhappiness;
Nor I cannot the thing I mean
Myself express.
Myself express my deadly pain,
That can I well, if that might serve;
But when I have not help again,
That know I not, unless I sterve,
For hunger still amiddes my food
[Lacking the thing] that I deserve
To do me good.
To do me good what may prevail,
For I deserve, and not desire,
And still of cold I me bewail,
And rakèd am in burning fire:
For though I have, such is my lot,
In hand to help that I require,
It helpeth not.
It helpeth not but to increase
That, that by proof can be no more;
That is, the heat that cannot cease;
And that I have, to crave so sore.
What wonder is this greedy lust!
To ask and have, and yet therefore
Refrain I must.
Refrain I must; what is the cause?
Sure as they say, 'So hawks be taught.'
But in my case layeth no such clause;
For with such craft I am not caught;
Wherefore I say, and good cause why,
With hapless hand no man hath raught[1]
Such hap as I.

THAT RIGHT CANNOT GOVERN FANCY.

I HAVE sought long with steadfastness
To have had some ease of my great smart;

---

[1] Reached.

But nought availeth faithfulness
To grave within your stony heart.
  But hap, and hit, or else hit not,
As uncertain as is the wind;
Right so it fareth by the shot
Of Love, alas! that is so blind.
  Therefore I played the fool in vain,
With pity when I first began
Your cruel heart for to constrain,
Since love regardeth no doubtful man.
  But of your goodness, all your mind
Is that I should complain in vain;
This is the favour that I find;
Ye list to hear how I can plain!
  But though I plain to please your heart,
Trust me I trust to temper it so,
Not for to care which do revert;
All shall be one, or wealth, or woe.
  For fancy ruleth, though Right say nay,
Even as the good man kissed his cow:
None other reason can ye lay,
But as who sayeth: 'I reck not how.'

THAT TRUE LOVE AVAILETH NOT WHEN FORTUNE LIST TO FROWN.

TO wish, and want, and not obtain;
  To seek and sue ease of my pain,
Since all that ever I do is vain,
    What may it avail me!
Although I strive both day and hour
Against the stream, with all my power,
If Fortune list yet for to lower,
    What may it avail me!

If willingly I suffer woe;
If from the fire me list not go;
If then I burn to plain me so,
What may it avail me
And if the harm that I suffer,
Be run too far out of measure,
To seek for help any further,
What may it avail me!
What though each heart that heareth me plain,
Pitieth and plaineth for my pain,
If I no less in grief remain,
What may it avail me!
Yea! though the want of my relief
Displease the causer of my grief,
Since I remain still in mischief,
What may it avail me!
Such cruel chance doth so me threat
Continually inward to freat,
Then of release for to treat;
What may it avail me!
Fortune is deaf unto my call;
My torment moveth her not at all;
And though she turn as doth a ball,
What may it avail me!
For in despair there is no rede;
To want of ear, speech is no speed;
To linger still alive as dead,
What may it avail me!

THE DECEIVED LOVER SUETH ONLY FOR LIBERTY.

IF chance assigned,
Were to my mind,
By very kind
Of destiny;

Yet would I crave
Nought else to have,
But life and liberty.
Then were I sure,
I might endure
The displeasure
Of cruelty;
Where now I plain,
Alas! in vain,
Lacking my life for liberty.
For without the one,
The other is gone,
And there can none
It remedy;
If the one be past,
The other doth waste,
And all for lack of liberty.
And so I drive,
As yet alive,
Although I strive
With misery;
Drawing my breath,
Looking for death,
And loss of life for liberty.
But thou that still,
Mayst at thy will,
Turn all this ill
Adversity;
For the repair,
Of my welfare,
Grant me but life and liberty.
And if not so,
Then let all go
To wretched woe,
And let me die;
For the one or the other,
There is none other;
My death, or life with liberty.

THE LOVER CALLETH ON HIS LUTE TO HELP HIM BEMOAN HIS HAPLESS FATE.

AT most mischief
I suffer grief;
For of relief
Since I have none,
My Lute and I
Continually
Shall us apply
To sigh and moan.
Nought may prevail
To weep or wail;
Pity doth fail
In you, alas!
Mourning or moan,
Complaint or none,
It is all one,
As in this case.
For cruelty,
That most can be,
Hath sovereignty
Within your heart;
Which maketh bare
All my welfare:
Nought do ye care
How sore I smart.
No tiger's heart
Is so pervert,
Without desert
To wreak his ire;
And you me kill
For my good will:
Lo! how I spill
For my desire!
There is no love
That can ye move,
And I can prove
None other way;

Therefore I must
Restrain my lust,
Banish my trust,
And wealth away.
Thus in mischief
I suffer grief,
For of relief
Since I have none;
My Lute and I
Continually
Shall us apply
To sigh and moan.

THAT THE POWER OF LOVE IS SUCH HE WORKETH IMPOSSIBILITIES.

TO cause accord, or to agree
Two contraries in one degree,
And in one point, as seemeth me
To all man's wit it cannot be;
It is impossible!
Of heat and cold when I complain,
And say that heat doth cause my pain,
When cold doth shake me every vein,
And both at once! I say again,
It is impossible!
That man that hath his heart away,
If life liveth there, as men do say,
That he heartless should last one day
Alive, and not to turn to clay,
It is impossible!
'Twixt life and death, say what who saith,
There liveth no life that draweth breath;
They join so near, and eke i' faith,
To seek for life by wish of death,
It is impossible!

Yet Love, that all things doth subdue,
Whose power there may no life eschew,
Hath wrought in me that I may rue
These miracles to be so true,
That are impossible.

THAT THE LIFE OF THE UNREGARDED LOVER IS WORSE THAN DEATH.

WHAT death is worse than this!
When my delight,
My weal, my joy, my bliss,
Is from my sight
Both day and night,
My life, alas! I miss.
For though I seem alive,
My heart is hence;
Thus bootless for to strive
Out of presence
Of my defence
Toward my death I drive.
Heartless, alas! what man
May long endure!
Alas! how live I then;
Since no recure
May me assure
My life I may well ban.
Thus doth my torment grow
In deadly dread
Alas! who might live so;
Alive, as dead:
Alive, to lead
A deadly life in woe.

THE LOVER WHO CANNOT PREVAIL MUST NEEDS HAVE PATIENCE.

PATIENCE for my device;
Impatience for your part!
Of contraries the guise
Must needs be overthwart.
Patience! for I am true;
The contrary for you.
Patience! a good cause why!
You have no cause at all;
Trust me, that stands awry
Perchance may sometime fall.
Patience then say, and sup
A taste of Patience cup.
Patience! no force for that
Yet brush your gown again.
Patience! spurn not there at;
Lest folks perceive your pain.
Patience at my pleasure,
When yours hath no measure.
The other was for me,
This patience is for you,
Change when ye list let see,
For I have ta'en a new.
Patience with a good will
Is easy to fulfil.

WHEN FORTUNE SMILES NOT, ONLY PATIENCE COMFORTETH.

PATIENCE! though I have not
The thing that I require;
I must, of force, God wot,
Forbear my most desire,
For no ways can I find
To sail against the wind.

Patience! do what they will
To work me woe or spite;
I shall content me still
To think both day and night;
To think, and hold my peace,
Since there is no redress.
Patience! withouten blame,
For I offended nought;
I know they know the same,
Though they have changed their thought.
Was ever thought so moved,
To hate that it hath loved?
Patience of all my harm,
For Fortune is my foe;
Patience must be the charm
To heal me of my woe.
Patience without offence
Is a painful Patience.

THAT PATIENCE ALONE CAN HEAL THE WOUND INFLICTED BY ADVERSITY.

PATIENCE of all my smart!
For Fortune is turned awry:
Patience must ease my heart,
That mourns continually.
Patience to suffer wrong
Is a Patience too long.
Patience to have a nay,
Of that I most desire;
Patience to have alway,
And ever burn like fire.
Patience without desart
Is grounder of my smart.
Who can with merry heart
Set forth some pleasant song,

That always feels but smart,
And never hath but wrong?
Yet patience evermore
Must heal the wound and sore.
  Patience! to be content
With froward Fortune's train!
Patience, to the intent
Somewhat to slake my pain:
I see no remedy,
But suffer patiently.
  To plain where is none ear
My chance is chancèd so;
For it doth well appear
My Friend is turned my foe:
But since there is no defence,
I must take Patience.

THE LOVER,

HOPELESS OF GREATER HAPPINESS, CONTENTETH HIMSELF WITH ONLY PITY.

THOUGH I cannot your cruelty constrain,
  For my good will to favour me again;
Though my true and faithful love
Have no power your heart to move,
    Yet rue upon my pain!
Though I your thrall must evermore remain,
And for your sake my liberty restrain;
The greatest grace that I do crave
Is that ye would vouchsave
    To rue upon my pain!
Though I have not deserved to obtain
So high reward, but thus to serve in vain,
Though I shall have no redress,
Yet of right ye can no less,
    But rue upon my pain!

But I see well, that your high disdain
Will no wise grant that I shall more attain;
Yet ye must grant at the last
This my poor, and small request;
Rejoice not at my pain!

THAT TIME, HUMBLENESS, AND PRAYER,

CAN SOFTEN EVERYTHING SAVE HIS LADY'S HEART.

PROCESS of time worketh such wonder,
That water which is of kind so soft,
Doth pierce the marble stone asunder,
By little drops falling from aloft.
And yet a heart that seems so tender,
Receiveth no drop of the stilling tears
That alway still cause me to render,
The vain plaint that sounds not in her ears.
So cruel, alas! is nought alive,
So fierce, so froward, so out of frame,
But some way, some time may so contrive
By means the wild to temper and tame.
And I that always have sought, and seek
Each place, each time for some lucky day,
This fierce tiger, less I find her meek,
And more denied the longer I pray.
The lion in his raging furour
Forbears that sueth, meekness for his [boot];
And thou, alas! in extreme dolour,
The heart so low thou treads under thy foot.
Each fierce thing, lo! how thou dost exceed,
And hides it under so humble a face!
And yet the humble to help at need
Nought helpeth time, humbleness, nor place.

THAT UNKINDNESS HATH SLAIN HIS POOR TRUE HEART.

IF in the world there be more woe
Than I have in my heart;
Whereso it is, it doth come fro',
And in my breast there doth it grow,
For to increase my smart.
Alas! I am receipt of every care;
And of my life each sorrow claims his part.
Who list to live in quietness
By me let him beware.
For I by high disdain
Am made without redress;
And unkindness, alas! hath slain
My poor true heart, all comfortless.

THE DYING LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS MISTRESS REGARDETH NOT HIS SUFFERINGS.

LIKE as the swan towards her death
Doth strain her voice with doleful note;
Right so sing I with waste of breath,
I die! I die! and you regard it not.
I shall enforce my fainting breath,
That all that hears this deadly note,
Shall know that you dost cause my death,
I die! I die! and you regard it not.
Your unkindness hath sworn my death,
And changèd hath my pleasant note
To painful sighs that stop my breath,
I die! I die! and you regard it not.
Consumeth my life, faileth my breath,
Your fault is forger of this note;
Melting in tears a cruel death.
I die! I die! and you regard it not.

My faith with me after my death
Buried shall be, and to this note
I do bequeath my weary breath
To cry, I die! and you regard it not.

THE CAREFUL LOVER COMPLAINETH, AND THE HAPPY LOVER COUNSELLETH.

AH! Robin!
Joly Robin!
Tell me how thy Leman doth?
And thou shalt know of mine.
'My Lady is unkind, perdie!'
Alack, why is she so?
'She loveth another better than me,
And yet she will say, no.'

RESPONSE.

I find no such doubleness;
I find women true.
My Lady loveth me doubtless,
And will change for no new.[1]

LE PLAINTIF.

Thou art happy while that doth last,
But I say as I find;
That woman's love is but a blast,
And turneth like the wind.

RESPONSE.

But if thou wilt avoid thy harm,
Learn this lesson of me;
At others' fires thyself to warm,
And let them warm with thee.

---

[1] An ellipsis that frequently occurs in these poems.

LE PLAINTIF.

Such folks shall take no harm by love,
That can abide their turn;
But I, alas, can no way prove
In love, but lack, and mourn.

THE LOVER HAVING BROKEN HIS BONDAGE,

VOWETH NEVER MORE TO BE ENTHRALLED.

IN æternum I was once determed,
For to have loved and my mind affirmed,
That with my heart it should be confirmed,
In æternum.
Forthwith I found the thing that I might like,
And sought with love to warm her heart alike,
For as me thought I should not see the like,
In æternum.
To trace this dance I put myself in press,
Vain Hope did lead, and bade I should not cesse
To serve to suffer, and still to hold my peace
In æternum.
With this first rule I furthered me a pace,
That as me thought my truth had taken place,
With full assurance to stand in her grace,
In æternum.
It was not long ere I by proof had found
That feeble building is on feeble ground,
For in her heart this word did never sound
In æternum.
In æternum then from my heart I cest[1]
That, I had first determined for the best;
Now in the place another thought[2] doth rest
In æternum.

---

[1] A misprint for *kest*—cast. *Cest* means ceased. See, in a previous line in this poem, the word *cesse* for cease.

[2] Here, as in other instances, the word thought is used for love.

THE ABUSED LOVER ADMONISHES THE UNWARY TO BEWARE OF LOVE.

LO! what it is to love!
Learn ye that list to prove
At me,[1] I say;
No ways that may
The grounded grief remove,
My life alway
That doth decay;
Lo! what it is to love.
Flee alway from the snare:
Learn by me to beware
Of such a train
Which doubles pain,
And endless woe, and care
That doth retain;
Which to refrain
Flee alway from the snare.
To love, and to be wise,
To rage with good advice;
Now thus, now than,
Now off, now an,[2]
Uncertain as the dice;
There is no man
At once that can
To love and to be wise.
Such are the divers throes,
Such that no man knows
That hath not proved
And once have loved;
Such are the raging woes
Sooner reproved
Than well removed,
Such are the divers throes.

---

[1] Of me. [2] On.

Love is a fervent fire
Kindled by hot desire;
For a short pleasure
Long displeasure,
Repentance is the hire;
A poor treasure,
Without measure;
Love is a fervent fire.
Lo! what it is to love!

A REPROOF TO SUCH AS SLANDER LOVE.

LEAVE thus to slander love!
Though evil with such it prove,
Which often use
Love to misuse,
And loving to reprove;
Such cannot choose
For their refuse[1]
But thus to slander Love.
Flee not so much the snare!
Love seldom causeth care.
But by desarts
And crafty parts
Some lese[2] their own welfare.
Be true of heart;
And for no smart,
Flee not so much the snare.
To love, and not to be wise,
Is but a mad device;
Such love doth last
As sure and fast,

---

[1] Refusal.

[2] Dr. Nott says that this word occurs here in its real form—to injure or destroy. The text, however, does not require that we should depart from the signification, to lose, in which the word is almost invariably employed, according to its derivation.

As chance [up]on the dice,
A bitter taste
Comes at the last,
To love, and not to be wise.
  Such be the pleasant days,
Such be the honest ways,
There is no man
That fully can
Know it, but he that says
Loving to ban
Were folly then;
Such be the pleasant days.
  Love is a pleasant fire
Kindled by true desire;
And though the pain
Cause men to plain,
Speed well is oft the hire.
Then though some feign
And lese the gain,
Love is a pleasant fire.
  Who most doeth slander love,
The deed must alway prove.
Truth shall excuse
That you accuse
For slander, and reprove.
Not by refuse,
But by abuse,
You most do slander love!
  Ye grant it as a snare,
And would us not beware.
Lest that your train
Should be too plain
Ye colour all the care;
Lo! how you feign
Pleasure for pain,
And grant it as a snare.
  To love, and to be wise,
It were a strange device:

But from that taste
Ye vow the fast,
On cinques though run your dice,
Ambsace[1] may haste
Your pain to waste.
To love, and to be wise.
  Of all such pleasant days,
Of all such pleasant plays,
Without desart,
You have your part,
And all the world so says;
Save that poor heart
That for more smart,
Feeleth not such pleasant days.
  Such fire, and such heat,
Did never make ye sweat;
For without pain
You best obtain
Too good speed, and too great.
Whoso doeth plain
You best do feign,
Such fire, and such heat,
Who now doth slander Love?

DESPAIR COUNSELLETH THE DESERTED LOVER TO END HIS WOES BY DEATH, BUT REASON BRINGETH COMFORT.

MOST wretched heart! most miserable,
  Since thy comfort is from thee fled;
Since all thy truth is turned to fable
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
  'No! no! I live, and must do still:
Whereof I thank God, and no mo;

---

[1] A double ace, when both dice turn up the ace. From *ambo* both, and *ace*.

For I myself have at my will,
And he is wretched that weens him so.'
  But yet thou hast both had and lost
The hope, so long that hath thee fed,
And all thy travail, and thy cost;
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
  'Some other hope must feed me new:
If I have lost, I say what though!
Despair shall not therewith ensue;
For he is wretched, that weens him so.'
  The sun, the moon doth frown on thee;
Thou hast darkness in daylight stead:
As good in grave, as so to be;
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
  'Some pleasant star may shew me light;
But though the heaven would work me woe,
Who hath himself shall stand upright;
And he is wretched that weens him so.'
  Hath he himself that is not sure?
His trust is like as he hath sped.
Against the stream thou mayst not dure;
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
  'The last is worst: who fears not that
He hath himself whereso he go:
And he that knoweth what is what,
Saith he is wretched that weens him so.'
  Seest thou not how they whet their teeth,
Which to touch thee sometime did dread?
They find comfort, for thy mischief,
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
  'What though that curs do fall by kind
On him that hath the overthrow;
All that cannot oppress my mind;
For he is wretched that weens him so.'
  Yet can it not be then denied,
It is as certain as thy creed,
Thy great unhap thou canst not hide;
Unhappy then! why art thou not dead?

'Unhappy; but no wretch therefore!
For hap doth come again, and go,
For which I keep myself in store;
Since unhap cannot kill me so.'[1]

THE LOVER'S LUTE CANNOT BE BLAMED

THOUGH IT SING OF HIS LADY'S UNKINDNESS.

BLAME not my Lute![2] for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my Lute!
My Lute! alas! doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend,
To sing to them that heareth me;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute!
My Lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey;
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way;
And though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my Lute!
Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsèd faith must needs be known;
The faults so great, the case so strange;
Of right it must abroad be blown:

---

[1] Although the title of this piece refers to the despair of the lover, it seems, from several allusions in it, to bear upon the accusations of Bonner, and was probably written while Wyatt was in prison.

[2] Moore opens a song with a similar expression—

'Blame not the bard if he fly to the bowers.'

Then since that by thine own desart
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute!
Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deservèd to have blame;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same;
Buf if 'till then my fingers play,
By thy desert their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute!
Farewell! unknown; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again:
And if, perchance, this sely rhyme
Do make thee blush, at any time,
Blame not my Lute!

THE NEGLECTED LOVER

CALLETH ON HIS PEN TO RECORD THE UNGENTLE BEHAVIOUR OF HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

MY pen! take pain a little space
To follow that which doth me chase,
And hath in hold my heart so sore;
But when thou hast this brought to pass,
My pen! I prithee write no more.
Remember oft thou hast me eased,
And all my pains full well appeased,
But now I know, unknown before,
For where I trust, I am deceived;
And yet, my pen! thou canst no more.
A time thou haddest as other have
To write which way my hope to crave;
That time is past, withdraw, therefore:
Since we do lose that others have,
As good leave off and write no more.

In worth to use another way;
Not as we would, but as we may,
  For once my loss is past restore,
And my desire is my decay;
  My pen! yet write a little more.
To love in vain, who ever shall
Of worldly pain it passeth all,
  As in like case I find; wherefore
To hold so fast, and yet to fall!
  Alas! my pen, now write no more.
Since thou hast taken pain this space
To follow that which doth me chace,
  And hath in hold my heart so sore,
Now hast thou brought my mind to pass,
  My pen! I prithee write no more.

THAT CAUTION SHOULD BE USED IN LOVE.

TAKE heed by time, lest ye be spied:
  Your loving eyes can it not hide,
At last the truth will sure be tried;
    Therefore, take heed!
For some there be of crafty kind,
Though you show no part of your mind,
Surely their eyes can ye not blind;
    Therefore, take heed!
For in like case theirselves hath been,
And thought right sure none had them seen,
But it was not as they did ween,
    Therefore, take heed!
Although they be of divers schools,
And well can use all crafty tools,
At length they prove themselves but fools.
    Therefore, take heed!
If they might take you in that trap,
They would soon leave it in your lap;
To love unspied is but a hap;
    Therefore, take heed!

AN EARNEST REQUEST

TO HIS CRUEL MISTRESS EITHER TO PITY HIM, OR LET HIM DIE.

AT last withdraw your cruelty,
Or let me die at once;
It is too much extremity,
Devisèd for the nonce,
To hold me thus alive,
In pain still for to drive:
What may I more sustain,
Alas! that die would fain,
And cannot die for pain?
For to the flame wherewith ye burn,
My thought and my desire,
When into ashes it should turn
My heart, by fervent fire,
Ye send a stormy rain
That doth it quench again,
And make mine eyes express,
The tears that do redress
My life, in wretchedness.
Then when these should have drowned,
And overwhelmed my heart,
The heart doth them confound,
Renewing all my smart;
Then doth flame increase,
My torment cannot cease;
My woe doth then revive,
And I remain alive,
With death still for to strive.
But if that ye would have my death,
And that ye would none other,
Shortly then for to spend my breath,
Withdraw the one or the other;
For thus your cruelnèss
Doth let itself doubtlèss;
And it is reason why!
No man alive, nor I,
Of double death can die.

THE ABUSED LOVER REPROACHETH HIS FALSE MISTRESS OF DISSIMULATION.

TO wet your eye withouten tear,
And in good health to feign disease,
That you thereby mine eyen might blear,
Therewith your other friends to please;
And though ye think ye need not fear,
Yet so ye can not me appease;
But as ye list fawn, flatter, or glose,
Ye shall not win, if I do lose.
Prate, and paint, and spare not,
Ye know I can me wreak;
And if so be ye can so not,
Be sure I do not reck;
And though ye swear it were not,
I can both swear and speak
By God, and by this cross,
If I have the mock, ye shall have the loss.

HE BEWAILS HIS HARD FATE THAT THOUGH BELOVED OF HIS MISTRESS HE STILL LIVES IN PAIN.

I LOVE, loved; and so doth she,
And yet in love we suffer still;
The cause is strange as seemeth me,
To love so well, and want our will.
O! deadly yea! O! grievous smart!
Worse than refuse, unhappy gain!
In love who ever played this part,
To love so well, and live in pain.
Were ever hearts so well agreed,
Since love was love as I do trow;
That in their love so evil did speed,
To love so well, and live in woe.
Thus mourn we both, and hath done long,
With woful plaint and careful voice;

Alas! it is a grievous wrong,
To love so well, and not rejoice.
Send here an end of all our moan,
With sighing oft my breath is scant;
Since of mishap ours is alone,
To love so well, and yet to want.
But they that causers be of this,
Of all our cares God send them part;
That they may know what grief it is,
To love so well, and live in smart.

A COMPLAINT OF THE FALSENESS OF LOVE.

IT is a grievous smart,
To suffer pain and sorrow;
But most grieveth my heart,
He laid his faith to borrow;
And falsehood hath his faith and troth,
And he foresworn by many an oath.
All ye lovers, perdie!
Hath cause to blame his deed,
Which shall example be,
To let you of your speed;
Let never woman again
Trust to such words as man can feign.
For I unto my cost
Am warning to you all;
That they whom you trust most
Soonest deceive you shall;
But complaint cannot redress,
Of my great grief the great excess.
Farewell! all my welfare!
My shoe is trod awry.
Now may I cark and care,
To sing lullaby! lullaby![1]
Alas! what shall I do thereto?
There is no shift to help me now.

[1] The condition of the lady implied in this expression explains the application of the proverb in the previous line but one.

Who made it such offence,
To love for love again;
God wot! that my pretence
Was but to ease his pain;
For I had ruth to see his woe:
Alas! more fool! why did I so!
For he from me is gone,
And makes thereat a game;
And hath left me alone,
To suffer sorrow and shame;
Alas! he is unkind doubtlèss,
To leave me thus all comfortlèss.

THE LOVER SUETH THAT HIS SERVICE MAY BE ACCEPTED.

THE heart and service to you proffered
With right good will full honestly,
Refuse it not since it is offered,
But take it to you gentlely.
And though it be a small present,
Yet good, consider graciously,
The thought, the mind, and the intent
Of him that loves you faithfully.
It were a thing of small effect
To work my woe thus cruelly;
For my good will to be object,
Therefore accept it lovingly.
Pain, or travail; to run, or ride,
I undertake it pleasantly;
Bid ye me go and straight I glide,
At your commandment humbly.[1]
Pain or pleasure now may you plant,
Even which it please you steadfastly;

[1] To complete the intention of the line, this word should be read humble-ly, as in the fourth line gentle-ly.

Do which you list, I shall not want
To be your servant secretly.
And since so much I do desire,
To be your own assuredly;
For all my service, and my hire,
Reward your servant liberally.

OF THE PAINS AND SORROWS CAUSED BY LOVE.

WHAT meaneth this! when I lie alone
I toss, I turn, I sigh, I groan;
My bed meseems as hard as stone:
What means this?
I sigh, I plain continually;
The clothes that on my bed do lie,
Always methink they lie awry;
What means this?
In slumbers oft for fear I quake;
For heat and cold I burn and shake;
For lack of sleep my head doth ake;
What means this?
A mornings then when I do rise,
I turn unto my wonted guise,
All day after muse and devise;
What means this?
And if perchance by me there pass,
She unto whom I sue for grace,
The cold blood forsaketh my face;
What means this?[1]
But if I sit near her by,
With loud voice my heart doth cry,
And yet my mouth is dumb and dry;
What means this?

---

[1] Dr. Nott gives the line in this instance—
'What meaneth this?'
which, if adopted throughout, would remove a blemish in the measure.

To ask for help no heart I have;
My tongue doth fail what I should crave;
Yet inwardly I rage and rave;
What means this?
Thus have I passèd many a year,
And many a day, though nought appear,
But most of that that most I fear;
What means this?

THE LOVER RECOUNTETH THE VARIABLE FANCY OF HIS FICKLE MISTRESS.

IS it possible?
That so high debate,
So sharp, so sore, and of such rate,
Should end so soon, and was begun so late.
Is it possible?
Is it possible?
So cruel intent,
So hasty heat, and so soon spent,
From love to hate, and thence for to relent,
Is it possible?
Is it possible?
That any may find,
Within one heart so diverse mind,
To change or turn as weather and wind,[1]
Is it possible?
Is it possible?
To spy it in an eye,
That turns as oft as chance or die,
The truth whereof can any try;
Is it possible?
It is possible,

---

[1] Dr. Nott proposes to read—

'To change or turn as weather and *the* wind,'

on the ground that 'the fourth line is uniformly an heroic decasyllable;' but there are only two stanzas in which the fourth lines are in iambics. The rest are in different measures.

For to turn so oft;
To bring that lowest that was most aloft;
And to fall highest, yet to light soft;
It is possible!
All is possible!
Whoso list believe,
Trust therefore first and after preve;[1]
As men wed ladies by license and leave;
All is possible!

THE ABUSED LOVER

BEWAILS THE TIME THAT EVER HIS EYE BEHELD HER TO WHOM HE HAD GIVEN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.

ALAS! poor man, what hap have I,
That must forbear that I love best!
I trow, it be my destiny,
Never to live in quiet rest.
No wonder is though I complain;
Not without cause ye may be sure;
I seek for that I cannot attain,
Which is my mortal displeasure.
Alas! poor heart, as in this case
With pensive plaint thou art oppressed;
Unwise thou were to desire place
Whereas[2] another is possessed.
Do what I can to ease thy smart,
Thou wilt not let to love her still;
Hers, and not mine I see thou art;
Let her do by thee as she will.
A careful carcass full of pain
Now hast thou left to mourn for thee,
The heart once gone, the body is slain,
That ever I saw her woe is me;

[1] The old word is used, by a common license, for the sake of the rhyme. In the next poem, and in many others, where it suits his purpose, Wyatt writes *prove*.

[2] Where; as whenas, when.

Mine eye, alas! was cause of this,
Which her to see had never his fill;
To me that sight full bitter is,
In recompense of my good will.
She that I serve all other above
Hath paid my hire, as ye may see;
I was unhappy, and that I prove,
To love above my poor degree.

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

AND wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.[1]
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath loved thee so long?
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath given me thy heart
Never for to depart;
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!
And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity,
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

[1] Anger or sorrow.

HE REMEMBERETH THE PROMISE HIS LADY ONCE GAVE HIM OF AFFECTION, AND COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH HOPE.

THAT time that mirth did steer my ship,
Which now is fraught with heaviness;
And Fortune beat not then the lip,
But was defence of my distress,
Then in my book wrote my mistress;
'I am yours, you may well be sure;
And shall be while my life doth dure.'
But she herself which then wrote that
Is now mine extreme enemy;
Above all men she doth me hate,
Rejoicing of my misery.
But though that for her sake I die,
I shall be hers, she may be sure,
As long as my life doth endure.
It is not time that can wear out
With me that once is firmly set;
While nature keeps her course about
My love from her no man can let,
Though never so sore they me threat;
Yet am I hers, she may be sure;
And shall be while that life doth dure.
And once I trust to see that day,
Renewer of my joy and wealth,
That she to me these words shall say;
'In faith! welcome to me myself!
Welcome my joy! welcome my health,
For I am thine, thou mayst be sure,
And shall be while that life doth dure.'
Aye me! alas! what words were these!
Incontinent[1] I might find them so!
I reck not what smart or disease

[1] Soon or immediately.

I suffered, so that I might know
[After my passèd pain and woe]
That she were mine; and might be sure
She should be while that life doth dure.

THAT ALL HIS JOY DEPENDETH ON HIS LADY'S FAVOUR.

AS power and wit will me assist,
My will shall will even as ye list.
For as ye list my will is bent
In everything to be content;
To serve in love till life be spent;
So you reward my love thus meant,
Even as ye list.
To feign, or fable is not my mind,
Nor to refuse such as I find;
But as a lamb of humble kind,
Or bird in cage to be assigned,
Even as ye list.
When all the flock is come and gone
Mine eye and heart agree'th in one,
Hath chosen you, only, alone,
To be my joy, or else my moan,
Even as ye list.
Joy, if pity appear in place;
Moan, if disdain do shew his face;
Yet crave I not as in this case,
But as ye lead to follow the trace,
Even as ye list.
Some in words much love can feign;
And some for words give words again:
Thus words for words in words remain,
And yet at last words do obtain
Even as ye list.

To crave in words I will eschew,
And love indeed I will ensue;
It is my mind both whole and true,
And for my truth I pray you rue
Even as ye list.
Dear heart! I bid your heart farewell,
With better heart than tongue can tell;
Yet take this tale, as true as gospel,
Ye may my life save or expel
Even as ye list.

HE PROMISETH TO REMAIN FAITHFUL WHATEVER FORTUNE BETIDE.

SOMETIME I sigh, sometime I sing;
Sometime I laugh, sometime mourning
As one in doubt, this is my saying;
Have I displeased you in anything?
Alack! what aileth you to be grieved?
Right sorry am I that ye be moved.
I am your own, if truth be proved;
And by your displeasure as one mischieved.
When ye be merry then am I glad;
When ye be sorry then am I sad;
Such grace or fortune I would I had
You for to please howe'er I were bestad.
When ye be merry why should I care?
Ye are my joy, and my welfare,
I will you love, I will not spare
Into your presence, as far as I dare.
All my poor heart, and my love true,
While life doth last I give it you;
And you to serve with service due,
And never to change you for no new.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER WISHETH ALL EVIL MAY BEFALL HIM IF HE FORSAKE HIS LADY.

THE knot which first my heart did strain,
When that your servant I became,
Doth bind me still for to remain,
Always your own as now I am;
And if you find that I do feign,
With just judgment myself I damn,[1]
To have disdain.
If other thought in me do grow
But still to love you steadfastly;
If that the proof do not well show
That I am yours assuredly;
Let every wealth turn me to woe,
And you to be continually
My chiefest foe.
If other love, or new request,
Do seize my heart, but only this;
Or if within my wearied breast
Be hid one thought that means amiss,
I do desire that mine unrest
May still increase, and I to miss
That I love best.
If in my love there be one spot
Of false deceit or doubleness;
Or if I mind to slip this knot
By want of faith or steadfastness;
Let all my service be forgot,
And when I would have chief redress,
Esteem me not.
But if that I consume in pain
Of burning sighs and fervent love;
And daily seek none other gain,
But with my deeds these words to prove;

---

[1] Condemn.

Me think of right I should obtain
That ye would mind for to remove
Your great disdain.
And for the end of this my song,
Unto your hands I do submit
My deadly grief, and pains so strong
Which in my heart be firmly shut,
And when ye list, redress my wrong:
Since well ye know this painful fit
Hath last too long.

OF FORTUNE, LOVE, AND FANTASY.

IT was my choice; it was no chance
That brought my heart in other's hold;
Whereby it hath had sufferance
Longer, perdie, than reason would.
Since I it bound where it was free
Methinks, y-wis, of right it should
Accepted be.
Accepted be without refuse;
Unless that Fortune have the power
All right of love for to abuse.
For as they say one happy hour
May more prevail than right or might;
If Fortune then list for to lower,
What 'vaileth right?
What 'vaileth right if this be true!
Then trust to chance, and go by guess;
Then who so loveth may well go sue
Uncertain hope for his redress.
Yet some would say assuredly
Thou mayst appeal for thy release
To Fantasy.
To Fantasy pertains to choose!
All this I know: for Fantasy

First unto love did me induce;
But yet I know as steadfastly,
That if love have no faster knot,
So nice a choice slips suddenly;
It lasteth not.
It lasteth not, that stands by change;
Fancy doth change; Fortune is frail;
Both these to please the way is strange.
Therefore methinks best to prevail,
There is no way that is so just
As truth to lead; the other fail,
And thereto trust.

DESERTED BY HIS MISTRESS, HE RENOUNCETH ALL JOY FOR EVER.

HEART oppressed with desperate thought,
Is forcèd ever to lament;
Which now in me so far hath wrought,
That needs to it I must consent:
Wherefore all joy I do refuse,
And cruel will thereof accuse.
If cruel will had not been guide,
Despair in me had [found] no place;
For my true meaning she well espied;
Yet for all that would give no grace;
Wherefore all joy I do refuse,
And cruel will thereof accuse.
She might well see, and yet would not;
And may daily, if that she will;
How painful is my hapless lot;
Joined with despair me for to spill;
Wherefore all joy I do refuse,
And cruel will thereof accuse.

THAT NO WORDS MAY EXPRESS THE CRAFTY TRAINS OF LOVE.

FULL well it may be seen
To such as understand,
How some there be that ween
They have their wealth at hand:
Through love's abusèd band
But little do they see
The abuse wherein they be.
Of love there is a kind
Which kindleth by abuse;
As in a feeble mind
Whom fancy may induce
By love's deceitful use,
To follow the fond lust
And proof of a vain trust.
As I myself may say,
By trial of the same:
No wight can well bewray
That falsehood love can frame;
I say, 'twixt grief and game,[1]
There is no living man
That knows the craft love can.
For love so well can feign
To favour for the while;
That such as seeks the gain
Are servèd with the guile;
And some can this concile
To give the simple leave
Themselves for to deceive.
What thing may more declare
Of love the crafty kind,
Than see the wise so ware,

[1] Probably *grame*. See Note, p. 151.

In love to be so blind;
If so it be assigned;
Let them enjoy the gain,
That thinks it worth the pain.

THAT THE POWER OF LOVE EXCUSETH THE FOLLY OF LOVING.

SINCE love is such as that ye wot
Cannot always be wisely used;
I say therefore then blame me not,
Though I therein have been abused.
For as with cause I am accused,
Guilty I grant such was my lot;
And though it cannot be excused,
Yet let such folly be forgot.
For in my years of reckless youth
Methought the power of love so great;
That to his laws I bound my truth,
And to my will there was no let.
Me list no more so far to fet;
Such fruit! lo! as of love ensu'th;
The gain was small that was to get,
And of the loss the less the ruth.
And few there is but first or last,
A time in love once shall they have;
And glad I am my time is past,
Henceforth my freedom to withsave.[1]
Now in my heart there shall I grave
The granted grace that now I taste;
Thankèd be fortune that me gave
So fair a gift, so sure and fast.
Now such as have me seen ere this,
When youth in me set forth his kind;

---

[1] The addition of the preposition to the verb gives greater force to the meaning—as withhold, not merely to hold, but to hold back.

And folly framed my thought amiss,
The fault whereof now well I find;
Lo! since that so it is assigned,
That unto each a time there is,
Then blame the lot that led my mind,
Some time to live in lovè's bliss.
But from henceforth I do protest,
By proof of that that I have passed,
Shall never cease within my breast
The power of Love so late outcast:
The knot thereof is knit full fast,
And I thereto so sure professed
For evermore with me to last
The power wherein I am possessed.

THE DOUBTFUL LOVER

RESOLVETH TO BE ASSURED WHETHER HE IS TO LIVE IN JOY OR WOE.

LO! how I seek and sue to have
That no man hath, and may be had;
There is [no] more but sink or save,
And bring this doubt to good or bad.
To live in sorrows always sad,
I like not so to linger forth;
Hap evil or good I shall be glad
To take that comes, as well in worth.
Should I sustain this great distress,
Still wandering forth thus to and frò,
In dreadful hope to hold my peace,
And feed myself with secret woe?
Nay! nay! certain, I will not so!
But sure I shall myself apply
To put in proof this doubt to know,
And rid this danger readily.
I shall assay by secret suit
To show the mind of mine intent;

And my deserts shall give such fruit
As with my heart my words be meant;
So by the proof of this consent
Soon out of doubt I shall be sure,
For to rejoice, or to repent,
In joy, or pain for to endure.

OF THE EXTREME TORMENT ENDURED BY THE UNHAPPY LOVER.

MY love is like unto the eternal fire,
And I, as those which therein do remain;
Whose grievous pains is but their great desire
To see the sight which they may not attain:
So in hell's heat myself I feel to be,
That am restrained by great extremity,
The sight of her which is so dear to me.
O! puissant Love! and power of great avail!
By whom hell may be felt ere death assail!

HE BIDDETH FAREWELL TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

SINCE so ye please to hear me plain,
And that ye do rejoice my smart;
Me list no longer to remain
To such as be so overthwart:
But cursèd be that cruel heart
Which hath procured a careless mind,
For me and mine unfeignèd smart;
And forceth me such faults to find.
More than too much I am assured
Of thine intent, whereto to trust;
A speedless proof I have endured;
And now I leave it to them that lust.

HE REPENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER LOVED.

NOW must I learn to live at rest,
And wean me of my will;
For I repent where I was prest
My fancy to fulfil.
I may no longer more endure
My wonted life to lead;
But I must learn to put in ure
The change of womanhed.
I may not see my service long
Rewarded in such wise;
Nor I may not sustain such wrong
That ye my love despise.
I may not sigh in sorrow deep,
Nor wail the want of love;
Nor I may neither crouch nor creep
Where it doth not behove.
But I of force must needs forsake
My faith so fondly set;
And from henceforth must undertake
Such folly to forget.
Now must I seek some other ways
Myself for to withsave;
And as I trust by mine essays
Some remedy to have.
I ask none other remedy
To recompense my wrong;
But once to have the liberty
That I have lacked so long.

THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS NOT TO FORGET HIS STEADFAST FAITH AND TRUE INTENT.

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can;
Forget not yet!
Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!
Forget not! oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss
Forget not yet!
Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved:
Forget not this!

HE BEWAILS THE PAIN HE ENDURES WHEN BANISHED FROM THE MISTRESS OF HIS HEART.

O! MISERABLE sorrow, withouten cure!
If it please thee, lo! to have me thus suffer,
At least yet let her know what I endure,
And this my last voice carry thou thither,
Where lived my hope, now dead for ever:
For as ill grievous is my banishment,
As was my pleasure when she was present.

HE COMPARES HIS SUFFERINGS TO THOSE OF TANTALUS.

THE fruit of all the service that I serve
Despair doth reap; such hapless hap have I.
But though he have no power to make me swerve,
Yet by the fire for cold I feel I die.

In paradise for hunger still I sterve,
And in the flood for thirst to death I dry;
So Tantalus am I, and in worse pain,
Amidst my help that helpless doth remain.

THAT NOTHING MAY ASSUAGE HIS PAIN SAVE ONLY HIS LADY'S FAVOUR.

IF with complaint the pain might be expressed
That inwardly doth cause me sigh and groan;
Your hard heart, and your cruel breast
Should sigh and plain for my unrest;
And though it were of stone,
Yet should remorse cause it relent and moan.
But since it is so far out of measure,
That with my words I can it not contain,
My only trust! my heart's treasure!
Alas! why do I still endure
This restless smart and pain?
Since if ye list ye may my woe restrain.

THE LOVER PRAYETH

THAT HIS LONG SUFFERINGS MAY AT LENGTH FIND RECOMPENSE.

YE know my heart, my Lady dear!
That since the time I was your thrall
I have been yours both whole and clear,
Though my reward hath been but small;
So am I yet, and more than all.
And ye know well how I have served,
As if ye prove it shall appear,
How well, how long,
How faithfully!
And suffered wrong,
How patiently!
Then since that I have never swerved,
Let not my pains be undeserved.

Ye know also, though ye say nay,
That you alone are my desire;
And you alone it is that may
Assuage my fervent flaming fire.
Succour me then I you require!
Ye know it were a just request,
Since ye do cause my heat, I say,
If that I burn,
It will ye warm,
And not to turn,
All to my harm,
Sending such flame from frozen breast
Against nature for my unrest.
And I know well how scornfully
Ye have mistaken my true intent;
And hitherto how wrongfully,
I have found cause for to repent.
But if your heart doth not relent,
Since I do know that this ye know,
Ye shall slay me all wilfully.
For me, and mine,
And all I have,
Ye may assign,
To spill or save.
Why are ye then so cruel foe
Unto your own, that loves you so?

HE DESCRIBETH THE CEASELESS TORMENTS OF LOVE.

SINCE you will needs that I shall sing,
Take it in worth such as I have;
Plenty of plaint, moan, and mourning,
In deep despair and deadly pain.
Bootless for boot, crying to crave;
To crave in vain.

Such hammers work within my head[1]
That sound nought else unto my ears,
But fast at board, and wake a-bed:
Such tune the temper to my song
To wail my wrong, that I want tears
To wail my wrong.
Death and despair afore my face,
My days decay, my grief doth grow;
The cause thereof is in this place,
Whom cruelty doth still constrain
For to rejoice, though I be woe,
To hear me plain.
A broken lute, untunèd strings,
With such a song may well bear part,
That neither pleaseth him that sings,
Nor them that hear, but her alone
That with her heart would strain my heart
To hear it groan.
If it grieve you to hear this same,
That you do feel but in my voice,
Consider then what pleasant game
I do sustain in every part,
To cause me sing or to rejoice
Within my heart.

THAT THE SEASON OF ENJOYMENT IS SHORT,

AND SHOULD NOT PASS BY NEGLECTED.

ME list no more to sing
Of love, nor of such thing,
How sore that it me wring;
For what I sung or spake,
Men did my songs mistake.

---

[1] The image is repeated by Surrey :—

'A head, where wisdom mysteries did frame;
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain.'

My songs were too diffuse;
They made folk to muse;
Therefore me to excuse,
They shall be sung more plain,
Neither of joy nor pain.
What vaileth then to skip
At fruit over the lip
. . . . . .
For fruit withouten taste
Doth nought but rot and waste.
What vaileth under kay[1]
To keep treasure alway,
That never shall see day,
If it be not used,
It is but abused.
What vaileth the flower
To stand still and wither;
If no man it savour
It serves only for sight,
And fadeth towards night.
Therefore fear not to assay
To gather, ye that may,
The flower that this day
Is fresher than the next.[2]
Mark well I say this text:
Let not the fruit be lost
That is desired most;
Delight shall quite[3] the cost.
If it be ta'en in time
Small labour is to climb.
And as for such treasure
That maketh thee the richer,
And no deal the poorer

---

[1] This license in pronunciation is of frequent occurrence in the old poets.

[2] Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.—HERRICK.

[3] Requite.

When it is given or lent,
Methinks it were well spent.
If this be under mist,
And not well plainly wist,
Understand me who list,
For I reek not a bean;
I wot what I do mean.

THAT THE PAIN HE ENDURED SHOULD NOT MAKE HIM CEASE FROM LOVING.

THE joy so short, alas! the pain so near,
The way so long, the departure so smart
The first sight, alas! I bought too dear,
That so suddenly now from hence must part.
The body gone yet remain shall the heart
With her, the which for me salt tears doth rain;
And shall not change till that we meet again.
The time doth pass, yet shall not my love;
Though I be far, always my heart is near.
Though other change yet will not I remove;
Though other care not, yet love I will and fear;
Though other hate, yet will I love my dear;
Though other will of lightness say 'Adieu,'
Yet will I be found steadfast and true.
When other laugh, alas! then do I weep;
When other sing, then do I wail and cry;
When other run, perforced I am to creep;
When other dance, in sorrow I do lie;
When other joy, for pain well near I die;
Thus brought from wealth, alas! to endless pain,
That undeserved, causeless to remain.

THE COMPLAINT OF A DESERTED LOVER.

HOW should I
Be so pleasant,
In my semblant,
As my fellows be?
Not long ago
It chancèd so,
As I did walk alone,
I heard a man,
That now and than
Himself did thus bemoan:
'Alas!' he said,
'I am betrayed,
And utterly undone;
Whom I did trust,
And think so just,
Another man hath won.
'My service due,
And heart so true,
On her I did bestow;
I never meant
For to repent,
In wealth, nor yet in woe.
'Each western wind
Hath turned her mind,
And blown it clean away;
Thereby my wealth,
My mirth and health,
Are driven to great decay.
'Fortune did smile
A right short while,
And never said me nay;
With pleasant plays,
And joyful days,
My time to pass away.

'Alas! alas!
The time so was,
So never shall it be,
Since she is gone,
And I alone
Am left as you may see.
'Where is the oath?
Where is the troth?
That she to me did give?
Such feignèd words,
With sely bourds,
Let no wise man believe.
'For even as I,
Thus wofully,
Unto myself complain:
If ye then trust,
Needs learn ye must,
To sing my song in vain.
'How should I
Be so pleasant,
In my semblant,
As my fellows be?'

THAT FAITH IS DEAD, AND TRUE LOVE DISREGARDED.

WHAT should I say,
Since Faith is dead,
And Truth away
From you is fled?
Should I be led
With doubleness?
Nay! nay! Mistress.
I promised you,
And you promised me,
To be as true,

As I would be.
But since I see
Your double heart,
Farewell my part!
  Thought for to take,
It is not my mind;
But to forsake
[One so unkind;]
And as I find,
So will I trust;
Farewell, unjust!
  Can ye say nay,
But that you said
That I alway
Should be obeyed?
And thus betrayed,
Or that I wist!
Farewell, unkist!

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS FAITHFUL HEART AND TRUE MEANING HAD NEVER MET WITH JUST REWARD.

GIVE place! all ye that doth rejoice,
  And love's pangs hath clean forgot.
Let them draw near and hear my voice
Whom love doth force in pains to fret;
For all of plaint my song is set,
Which long hath served and nought can get.
  A faithful heart so truly meant,
Rewarded is full slenderly;
A steadfast faith with good intent
Is recompensèd craftily;
Such hap doth hap unhappily
To them that mean but honestly.
  With humble suit I have essayed
To turn her cruel hearted mind;

But for reward I am delayed,
And to my wealth her eyes[1] be blind.
Lo! thus by chance I am assigned
With steadfast love to serve the unkind.
What vaileth truth, or steadfastness,
Or still to serve without repreef![2]
What vaileth faith or gentleness,
Where cruelty doth reign as chief!
Alas! there is no greater grief
Than for to love, and lack relief.
Care doth constrain me to complain
Of Love, and her uncertainty,
Which granteth nought but great disdain,
For loss of all my liberty.
Alas! this is extremity,
For love to find such cruelty.
For love to find such cruelty
Alas! it is a careful lot;
And for to void such mockery
There is no way but slip the knot!
The gain so cold, the pain so hot!
Praise it who list, I like it not.

THE FORSAKEN LOVER

CONSOLETH HIMSELF WITH REMEMBRANCE OF PAST HAPPINESS.

SPITE hath no power to make me sad,
Nor scornfulness to make me plain.
It doth suffice that once I had,
And so to leave it is no pain.
Let them frown on that least doth gain,
Who did rejoice must needs be glad;
And though with words thou ween'st to reign,
It doth suffice that once I had.

---

[1] Printed *ears* in all the editions. The mistake is obvious.

[2] Another example of the adaptation of the orthography to the rhyme.

Since that in checks thus overthwart,
And coyly looks thou dost delight;
It doth suffice that mine thou wert,
Though change hath put thy faith to flight.
Alas! it is a peevish spite,
To yield thyself and then to part;
But since thou force thy faith so light,
It doth suffice that mine thou wert.
And since thy love doth thus decline,
And in thy heart such hate doth grow;
It doth suffice that thou wert mine,
And with good will I quite it so.
Sometime my friend, farewell my foe,
Since thou change I am not thine;
But for relief of all my woe,
It doth suffice that thou wert mine.
Praying you all that hear this song,
To judge no wight, nor none to blame;
It doth suffice she doth me wrong,
And that herself doth know the same.
And though she change it is no shame,
Their kind it is, and hath been long:
Yet I protest she hath no name;
It doth suffice she doth me wrong.

HE COMPLAINETH TO HIS HEART

THAT HAVING ONCE RECOVERED HIS FREEDOM HE HAD AGAIN BECOME THRALL TO LOVE.

AH! my heart, what aileth thee?
To set so light my liberty!
Making me bond when I was free:
Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?
When thou were rid from all distress,
Void of all pain and pensiveness,
To choose again a new mistress;
Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?

When thou were well thou could not hold:
To turn again, that were too bold;
Thus to renew my sorrows old,
Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?
Thou knowest full well that but of late,
I was turned out of Love's gate:
And now to guide me to this mate!
Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?
I hoped full well all had been done;
But now my hope is ta'en and won;
To my torment to yield so soon,
Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?

HE PROFESSETH INDIFFERENCE.

HATE whom ye list, for I care not;
Love whom ye list, and spare not;
Do what ye list, and dread not;
Think what ye list, I fear not;
For as for me I am not;
But even as one that recks not,
Whether ye hate or hate not,
For in your love I dote not;
Wherefore I pray you forget not;
But love whom ye list, for I care not.[1]

HE REJOICETH THAT HE HAD BROKEN THE SNARES OF LOVE.

TANGLED I was in Love's snare,
Oppressed with pain, torment with care;
Of grief right sure, of joy full bare,
Clean in despair by cruelty;
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

---

[1] This poem may be taken as a sample of one of the prevalent conceits in which Wyatt sometimes indulged, and which Surrey's purer taste ignored.

The woful days so full of pain,
The weary night all spent in vain,
The labour lost for so small gain,
To write them all it will not be;
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

Every thing that fair doth shew,
When proof is made it proveth not so;
But turneth mirth to bitter woe,
Which in this case full well I see;
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

Too great desire was my guide,
And wanton will went by my side,
Hope ruled still and made me bide,
Of Love's craft the extremity.
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

With feignèd words, which were but wind,
To long delays I was assigned;
Her wily looks my wits did blind;
Thus as she would I did agree.
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

Was never bird tangled in lime
That break away in better time,
Than I, that rotten boughs did climb,
And had no hurt but scapèd free.
Now ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

THE LOVER PRAYETH

THAT HIS LADY'S HEART MIGHT BE ENFLAMED WITH EQUAL AFFECTION.

LOVE doth again
Put me to pain,
And yet all is but lost.

I serve in vain,
And am certain,
Of all mislikèd most.
  Both heat and cold
Doth so me hold,
And comber so my mind;
That whom I should
Speak and behold,
It driveth me still behind.
  My wits be past,
My life doth waste,
My comfort is exiled;
And I in haste,
Am like to taste
How love hath me beguiled.
  Unless that right
May in her sight
Obtain pity and grace;
Why should a wight
Have beauty bright,
If mercy have no place.
  Yet I, alas!
Am in such case,
That back I cannot go;
But still forth trace
A patient pace,
And suffer secret woe.
  For with the wind
My firèd mind
Doth still inflame;
And she unkind
That did me bind,
Doth turn it all to game.
  Yet can no pain
Make me refrain,
Nor here and there to range;
I shall retain
Hope to obtain
Her heart that is so strange.

But I require
The painful fire,
That oft doth make me sweat;
For all my ire,
With like desire,
To give her heart a heat.
Then she shall prove
How I her love,
And what I have offered;
Which should her move,
For to remove
The pains that I have suffered.
And better fee
Than she gave me,
She shall of me attain;
For whereas she
Shewed cruelty,
She shall my heart obtain.

THE DISDAINFUL LADY REFUSING TO HEAR HER LOVER'S SUIT, HE RESOLVETH TO FORSAKE HER.[1]

NOW all of change
Must be my song,
And from my bond now must I break;
Since she so strange,
Unto my wrong,
Doth stop her ears, to hear me speak.
Yet none doth know
So well as she,
My grief which can have no restraint;
That fain would follow,
Now needs must flee,
For fault of ear unto my plaint.

[1] In the MS. of this piece, there is an observation in the margin, 'Learn but to sing it.' Most of these poems were written for the lute, which will explain much that would otherwise appear fantastical in their measures.

I am not he
By false assays,
Nor feignèd faith can bear in hand;[1]
Though most I see
That such always
Are best for to be understand.
But I that truth
Hath always meant,
Doth still proceed to serve in vain:
Desire pursueth
My time misspent,
And doth not pass upon my pain.
Of Fortune's might
That each compels,
And me the most, it doth suffice;
Now for my right
To ask nought else
But to withdraw this enterprise.
And for the gain
Of that good hour,
Which of my woe shall be relief;
I shall refrain
By painful power,
The thing that most hath been my grief.
I shall not miss
To exercise
The help thereof which doth me teach,
That after this
In any wise
To keep right within my reach.
And she unjust
Which feareth not
In this her fame to be defiled,
Yet once I trust
Shall be my lot
To quite the craft that me beguiled.

---

[1] The line should probably be,

'Nor feignèd faith *to* bear in hand.'

THE ABSENT LOVER FINDETH ALL HIS PAINS REDOUBLED.

ABSENCE, absenting causeth me to complain,
My sorrowful complaints abiding in distress;
And departing most privy increaseth my pain,
Thus live I uncomforted wrapped all in heaviness.
In heaviness I am wrapped, devoid of all solace,
Neither pastime nor pleasure can revive my dull wit,
My spirits be all taken, and death doth me menace,
With his fatal knife the thread for to kit.
For to kit the thread of this wretched life,
And shortly bring me out of this case;
I see it availeth not, yet must I be pensive,
Since fortune from me hath turned her face.
Her face she hath turned with countenance contrarious,
And clean from her presence she hath exiled me,
In sorrow remaining as a man most dolorous,
Exempt from all pleasure and worldly felicity.
All worldly felicity now am I private,
And left in desart most solitarily,
Wandering all about as one without mate;
My death approacheth; what remedy!
What remedy, alas! to rejoice my woful heart,
With sighs suspiring most ruefully;
Now welcome! I am ready to depart;
Farewell all pleasure! welcome pain and smart!

HE SEEKETH COMFORT IN PATIENCE.

PATIENCE! for I have wrong
And dare not show wherein;
Patience shall be my song,
Since truth can nothing win.
Patience then for this fit;
Hereafter comes not yet.

OF THE POWER OF LOVE OVER THE YIELDEN LOVER.

WILL ye see what wonders Love hath wrought?
Then come and look at me.
There need no where else to be sought,
In me ye may them see.
For unto that, that men may see
Most monstrous thing of kind,
Myself may best comparèd be;
Love hath me so assigned.
There is a rock in the salt flood,
A rock of such nature,
That draweth the iron from the wood,
And leaveth the ship unsure.[1]
She is the rock, the ship am I;
That rock my deadly foe,
That draweth me there where I must die,
And robbeth my heart me fro.
A bird there fleeth, and that but one,
Of her this thing ensueth;
That when her days be spent and gone,
With fire she reneweth.
And I with her may well compare
My love, that is alone;
The flame whereof doth aye repair
My life when it is gone.

HE LAMENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER CAUSE TO DOUBT HIS LADY'S FAITH.

DEEM as ye list upon good cause,
I may or think of this, or that;
But what, or why myself best knows
Whereby I think and fear not.

[1] The rock of magnet, in the salt flood, which draws the nails from the ships, was a popular story, no doubt, in Wyatt's time.—NOTT.

But thereunto I may well think
The double sentence of this clause:
'I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.'[1]
For if I thought it were not so,
Though it were so, it grieved me not;
Unto my thought it were as though
I hearkened though I hear not.
At that I see I cannot wink,
Nor from my thought so let it go;
'I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.'
Lo! how my thought might make me free,
Of that perchance it needs not.
Perchance none doubt the dread I see;
I shrink at that I bear not.
But in my heart this word shall sink,
Until the proof may better be;
'I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.'
If it be not, show no cause why
I should so think, then care I not;
For I shall so myself apply
To be that I appear not.
That is, as one that shall not shrink
To be your own until I die;
'And if that be not as I think,
Likewise to think it is not.'

---

[1] The burden of this song, Dr. Nott observes, has been adopted in a piece entitled *No Foe to a Flatterer*, in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*:—

'I would it were not as I think,
I would it were not so;
I am not blind, although I wink,
I feel what winds do blow.'

THE RECURED LOVER

EXULTETH IN HIS FREEDOM, AND VOWETH TO REMAIN FREE UNTIL DEATH.

I AM as I am, and so will I be;
But how that I am, none knoweth truly.
Be it evil, be it well, be I bond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be.

I lead my life indifferently;
I mean nothing but honesty;
And though folks judge full diversely,
I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoice, nor yet complain,
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,
And use the means since folks will feign;
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasure or pain.

Divers do judge as they do trow,
Some of pleasure and some of woe,
Yet for all that nothing they know;
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But since judgers do thus decay,
Let every man his judgment say;
I will it take in sport and play,
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God him send;
Who judgeth evil, God them amend;
To judge the best therefore intend,
For I am as I am, and so will I end.

Yet some there be that take delight
To judge folks' thought for envy and spite;
But whether they judge me wrong or right,
I am as I am, and so do I write.

Praying you all that this do read,
To trust it as you do your creed;
And not to think I change my weed,
For I am as I am, however I speed.

But how that is I leave to you;
Judge as ye list, false or true,

Ye know no more than afore ye knew,
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.
And from this mind I will not flee,
But to you all that misjudge me,
I do protest as ye may see
That I am as I am, and so will be.

Poems.

WYATT'S COMPLAINT UPON LOVE TO REASON, WITH LOVE'S ANSWER.[1]

MINE old dear enemy, my froward master,
Afore that Queen I caused to be acited
Which holdeth the divine part of our nature;
That like as gold in fire, he might be tried:
Charged with dolour, there I me presented,
With horrible fear, as one that greatly dreadeth
A wrongful death, and justice alway seeketh.
And thus I said: 'Once my left foot, Madàme,
When I was young, I set within his reign;
Whereby other than fiery burning flame
I never felt, but many a grievous pain:
Torment I suffered, anger and disdain,
That mine oppressed patience was past,
And I mine own life hated at the last.
'Thus hitherto have I my time passed
In pain and smart: what ways profitable,
How many pleasant days have me escaped,
In serving this false liar so deceivable?
What wit have words so prest and forcible,
That may contain my great mishappiness,
And just complaints of his ungentleness!

[1] Founded on Petrarch's forty-eighth Canzone.

'O! small honey! much aloes, and gall,
In bitterness, my blind life have I tasted:
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,
With fair and amorous dance, made me be traced;
And where I had my thought, and mind araised
From earthly frailness, and from vain pleasure,
Me from my rest he took, and set in error.
'God made he me regardless, than I ought,
And to myself to take right little heed:
And for a woman have I set at nought
All other thoughts, in this only to speed:
And he was only counsellor of this deed;
Whetting always my youthly frail desire
On cruel whetstone, tempered with fire.
'But oh, alas, where had I ever wit,
Or other gift given to me of nature?
That sooner shall be changed my wearied sprite
Than the obstinate will, that is my ruler:
So robbeth he my freedom with displeasure;
This wicked traitor, whom I thus accuse:
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant use.
'He hath me chased through divers regions;
Through desart woods, and sharp high mountains;
Through froward people, and through bitter passions;
Through rocky seas, and over hills and plains,
With weary travel, and laborious pains;
Always in trouble and in tediousness,
In all error, and dangerous distress.
'But neither he nor she, my other foe,
For all my flight did ever me forsake:
That though my timely death hath been so slow,
That me, as yet, it hath not overtake,
The heavenly gods of pity do it slake,
And not this his cruel extreme tyranny,
That feeds him with my care and misery!
'Since I was his, hour rested I never,
Nor look to do; and eke the wakey nights,
The banished sleep may in no wise recover.

By guile and force, over my thrallèd sprites
He is ruler; and, since there never bell strikes
Where I am that I hear not my plaints to renew:
And he himself he knoweth that I say is true.
'For never worms old rotten stock have eaten,
As he my heart, where he is alway resident,
And doth the same with death daily threaten;
Thence come the tears, and thence the bitter torment,
The sighs, the words, and eke the languishment,
That annoy both me, and peradventure other:
Judge thou, that knowest the one, and eke the other.'
Mine adversary, with such grievous reproof,
Thus he began: 'Hear, Lady, the other part;
That the plain truth, from which he draweth aloof,
This unkind man may show, ere that I part:
In his young age, I took him from that art,
That selleth words, and maketh a clattering knight,
And of my wealth I gave him the delight.
'Now shameth he not on me for to complain,
That held him evermore in pleasant game,
From his desire, that might have been his pain:
Yet only thereby I brought him to some frame,
Which now as wretchedness, he doth so blame;
And toward honour quickened I his wit,
Where as a dastard else he might have sit.
'He knoweth how great Atrides, that made Troy fret;
And Hannibal to Rome so troublous;
Whom Homer honoured, Achilles that great;
And African Scipion, the famous;
And many other, by much virtue glorious;
Whose fame and acts did lift them up above;
I did let fall in base dishonest love.
'And unto him, though he unworthy were,
I chose the best of many a million;
That under sun yet never was her peer
Of wisdom, womanhood, and of discretion;
And of my grace I gave her such a fashion,

And eke such way I taught her for to teach,
That never base thought his heart so high might reach.
'Evermore thus to content his mistress,
That was his only frame of honesty,
I stirred him still toward gentleness,
And caused him to regard fidelity;
Patience I taught him in adversity.
Such virtues he learned in my great school;
Whereof he repenteth, the ignorant fool.
'These were the same deceits, and bitter gall,
That I have used, the torment and the anger,
Sweeter than ever did to other fall.
Of right good seed ill fruit, lo, thus I gather;
And so shall he that the unkind doth further:
I nourish a serpent under my wing,
And of his nature now 'ginneth he to sting.
'And for to tell, at last, my great service;
From thousand dishonesties have I him drawen,
That, by my means, in no manner of wise
Never vile pleasure him hath overthrowen;
Where in his deed, shame hath him always gnawen,
Doubting report that should come to her ear:
Whom now he accuseth, he wonted to fear.
'Whatever he hath of any honest custom,
Of her, and me, that holds he every whit:
But, lo! yet never was there nightly phantom
So far in error, as he is from his wit
To plain on us: he striveth with the bit
Which may rule him, and do him ease and pain,
And in one hour make all his grief his gain.
'But one thing yet there is, above all other:
I gave him wings, wherewith he might upfly
To honour and fame; and, if he would, farther
Than mortal things, above the starry sky:
Considering the pleasure that an eye
Might give in earth, by reason of his love,
What should that be that lasteth still above?

'And he the same himself hath said ere this:
But now, forgotten is both that, and I
That gave her him, his only wealth and bliss.'
And at this word, with deadly shriek and cry,
'Thou gave her me,' quod I, 'but by and by
Thou took her straight from me, that woe-worth thee!'
'Not I, but price; more worth than thou,' quod he.
At last, each other for himself concluded,
I trembling still, but he, with small reverence;
'Lo! thus, as we each other have accused,
Dear lady, now we wait only thy sentence.'
She, smiling, at the whisted audience,
'It liketh me,' quod she, 'to have heard your question,
But longer time doth ask a resolution.'

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS LOVE.[1]

SO feeble is the thread that doth the burthen stay
Of my poor life, in heavy plight that falleth in decay;
That, but it have elsewhere some aid or some succours,
The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his course.
For since the unhappy hour, that did me to depart
From my sweet weal, one only hope hath stayed my life apart:
Which doth persuade such words unto my sorry mind,
'Maintain thyself, O woful sprite, some better luck to find:
For though thou be deprived from thy desired sight,
Who can thee tell, if thy return be for thy most delight?

---

[1] This piece is preserved in the Harrington MS. in Wyatt's handwriting, with these words at the beginning: 'In Spain: Petrarch.' It is a translation from the eighth Canzone, and the note determines the period about which it was written.

Or, who can tell, thy loss if thou mayst once recover,
Some pleasant hour thy woe may wrap, and thee
defend and cover.'
This is the trust that yet hath my life sustained;
But now, alas, I see it faint, and I by trust am
trained.[1]
The time doth fleet, and I see how the hours do bend
So fast, that I have scant the space to mark my coming
end.
Westward the sun from out the east scant shews his
light,
When in the west he hides him straight, within the
dark of night;
And comes as fast where he began his path awry,
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his
journey lie.
The life so short, so frail, that mortal men live here,
So great a weight, so heavy charge the bodies that we
bear,
That when I think upon the distance and the space,
That doth so far divide me from my dear desired face,
I know not how to attain the wings that I require,
To lift me up, that I might fly, to follow my desire.
Thus of that hope that doth my life something sustain,
Alas! I fear, and partly feel, full little doth remain.
Each place doth bring me grief, where I do not
behold
Those lively eyes, which of my thoughts were wont the
keys to hold.
Those thoughts were pleasant sweet, whilst I enjoyed
that grace;
My pleasure past, my present pain when I might well
embrace.
And for because my want should more my woe increase;
In watch, in sleep, both day and night, my will doth
never cease

[1] Deceived. One of the senses of the word train was stratagem, or treachery.

That thing to wish, whereof since I did lose the sight,
I never saw the thing that might in ought my faithful heart delight.
The uneasy life I lead doth teach me for to mete
The floods, the seas, the land and hills, that doth them intermete
'Tween me, and those shene lights that wonted for to clear
My darkèd pangs of cloudy thoughts, as bright as Phœbus' sphere.
It teacheth me also what was my pleasant state,
The more to feel, by such record, how that my wealth doth bate.
If such record, alas! provoke the inflamèd mind,
Which sprang that day that I did leave the best of me behind:
If love forget himself by length of absence let,
Who doth me guide, O woful wretch, unto this baited net
Where doth increase my care; much better were for me,
As dumb as stone, all things forgot, still absent for to be.
Alas! the clear crystal, the bright transparent glass
Doth not bewray the colours hid, which underneath it has,
As doth the accumbred sprite the thoughtful throes discover
Of fierce delight, of fervent love, that in our hearts we cover:
Out by these eyes it sheweth, that evermore delight
In plaint and tears to seek redress; and that both day and night.
Those new kinds of pleasures wherein most men rejoice,
To me they do redouble still of stormy sighs the voice.
For I am one of them whom plaint doth well content,
It sits me well mine absent wealth, me seems, for to lament,

And with my tears to assay to charge mine eyes twain,
Like as mine heart above the brink is fraughted full of pain:
And for because thereto, that those fair eyes to treat
Doth me provoke, I shall return my plaint thus to repeat:
For there is nothing else so toucheth me within,
Where they rule all, and I alone nought but the case, or skin.
Wherefore I shall return to them, as well, or spring
From whom descends my mortal woe, above all other thing.
So shall mine eyes in pain accompany mine heart,
That were the guides that did it lead, of love to feel the smart.
The crispèd gold that doth surmount Apollo's pride;
The lively streams of pleasant stars that under it doth glide,
Wherein the beams of love do still increase their heat,
Which yet so far, touch me so near, in cold to make me sweat:
The wise and pleasant talk, so rare, or else alone,
That gave to me the courteous gift, that erst had never none,
Be far from me, alas! and every other thing
I might forbear with better will, than that that did me bring
With pleasant word and chere, redress of lingered pain,
And wonted oft in kindled will to virtue me to train.
Thus am I forced to hear, and hearken after news:
My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful trust renews.
And yet with more delight to moan my woful case,
I must complain those hands, these arms that firmly do embrace
Me from myself, and rule the stern of my poor life;
The sweet disdains, the pleasant wraths, and eke the lovely strife,

That wonted well to tune in temper just and meet
The rage, that oft did make me err, by furor undiscreet;
All this is hid from me with sharp and ragged hills;
At others' will my long abode my deep despair fulfils;
And if my hope sometime rise up by some redress,
It stumbleth straight, for feeble faint, my fear hath such excess.
Such is the sort of hope, the less for more desire;
And yet I trust ere that I die to see that I require,
The resting-place of love, where virtue dwells and grows,
Where I desire my weary life sometime may take repose.
My Song! thou shalt attain to find that pleasant place,
Where she doth live, by whom I live: may chance to have this grace,
When she hath read, and seen the grief wherein I sterve,
Between her breasts she shall thee put, there shall she thee reserve:
Then tell her that I come; she shall me shortly see;
And if for weight the body fail, the soul shall to her flee.

THE SONG OF IOPAS, UNFINISHED.

WHEN Dido feasted first the wandering Trojan knight,
Whom Juno's wrath with storms did force in Libic sands to light;
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lasting long,
With crispèd locks, on golden harp, Iopas sang in song:
'That same,' quod he, 'that we the World do call and name,
Of heaven and earth with all contents, it is the very frame;

Or thus, of heavenly powers, by more power kept in one;
Repugnant kinds, in middes of whom the earth hath place alone;
Firm, round, of living things the mother, place, and nurse;
Without the which, in equal weight, this heaven doth hold his course:
And it is called by name the first and moving heaven.
The firmament is placèd next, containing other seven.
Of heavenly powers that same is planted full and thick,
As shining lights, which we call stars, that therein cleave and stick.
With great swift sway the first, and with his restless source,
Carrieth itself, and all those eight, in even continual course.
And of this world so round within that rolling case,
Two points there be that never move, but firmly keep their place:
The one we see alway, the other stands object
Against the same, dividing just the ground by line direct;
Which by imagination drawen from one to the other
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other:
And these be called the poles, described by stars not bright:
Arctic the one northward we see: Antarctic the other hight.
The line that we devise from the one to the other so,
As axle is, upon the which the heavens about doth go;
Which of water, nor earth, of air, nor fire, have kind;
Therefore the substance of those same were hard for man to find:
But they been uncorrupt, simple and pure, unmixed;
And so we say been all those stars that in those same be fixed.

And eke those erring seven in circles as they stray;
So called, because against that first they have repugnant way,
And smaller by-ways too, scant sensible to man,
Too busy work for my poor harp; let sing them he that can.
The widest save the first of all these nine above,
One hundred year doth ask of space, for one degree to move.
Of which degrees we make, in the first moving heaven,
Three hundred and threescore, in parts justly divided even.
And yet there is another between those heavens two,
Whose moving is so sly, so slack, I name it not for now.
The seventh heaven, or the shell, next to the starry sky,
All those degrees that gathereth up, with agèd pace so sly,
And doth perform the same, as elders' count hath been,
In nine and twenty years complete, and days almost sixteen;
Doth carry in his bowt[1] the star of Saturn old,
A threatener of all living things with drought, and with his cold.
The sixth, whom this contains, doth stalk with younger pace,
And in twelve year doth somewhat more than the other's voyage was.
And this in it doth bear the star of Jove benign,
'Tween Saturn's malice and us men, friendly defending sign.
The fifth bears bloody Mars, that in three hundred days
And twice eleven with one full year hath finished all those ways.
A year doth ask the fourth, and hours thereto six,
And in the same the day his eye, the Sun, therein he sticks.

[1] Orbit.

The third that governed is by that that governs me,
And love for love, and for no love provokes, as oft we see,
In like space doth perform that course, that did the other:
So doth the next unto the same, that second is in order.
But it doth bear the star, that called is Mercury,
That many a crafty secret step doth tread, as calcars[1] try.
That sky is last, and first next us those ways hath gone,
In seven-and-twenty common days, and eke the third of one;
And beareth with his sway the divers Moon about,
Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now her light is out.
Thus have they of their own two movings all these Seven:
One, wherein they be carried still, each in his several heaven;
Another of themselves, where their bodies been laid
In by-ways, and in lesser rounds, as I afore have said;
Save of them all the Sun doth stray least from the straight:
The starry sky hath but one course, that we have called the eight.
And all these movings eight are meant from west to east,
Although they seem to climb aloft, I say, from east to west;
But that is but by force of their first moving sky,
In twice twelve hours from east to west, that carrieth them by and by.
But mark we well also these movings of these seven,
Be not above the axletree of the first moving heaven;
For they have their two poles directly the one to the other,' &c.[2]

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[1] Astrologers.

[2] Dr. Nott observes that the description of the heavens given in this song is according to the erroneous system of Ptolemy; and conjectures that the reason why Wyatt left it unfinished was because the Copernican system was beginning to be adopted in his time.

Songs and Epigrams.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
Of gladsome chere,[1] all grief for to expel;
With sober looks[2] so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell:
Her tress also should be of crispèd gold.
With wit, and these, perchance I might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should not slide.

WHY LOVE IS BLIND.

OF purpose Love chose first for to be blind;
For he with sight of that, that I behold,
Vanquished had been against all godly kind.
His bow your hand, and truss should have unfold,
And he with me to serve had been assigned.
But, for he blind and reckless would him hold,
And still by chance his deadly strokes bestow;
With such as see, I serve, and suffer woe.

THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS INSTANT DESIRE.

DESIRE, alas! my master and my foe,
So sore altered thyself, how mayst thou see?
Sometime thou seekest, and drives me to and fro;
Sometime thou leadest, that leadeth thee and me.

[1] In Tottel's version:—
'Of lively look, all grief for to repel!'

[2] 'With right good grace.'—TOTTEL.

What reason is to rule thy subject so,
By forcèd law and mutability?
For where by thee I doubted to have blame,
Even now, by hate again, I doubt the same.

AGAINST HOARDERS OF MONEY.

FOR shamefast harm of great and hateful need,
In deep despair, as did a wretch go,
With ready cord out of his life to speed,
His stumbling foot did find an hoard, lo!
Of gold, I say, where he prepared this deed,
And in exchange he left the cord though.
He that had hid the gold, and found it not,
Of that he found, he shaped his neck a knot.

DESCRIPTION OF A GUN.[1]

VULCAN begat me; Minerva me taught; [year;
Nature my mother; craft nourished me year by
Three bodies are my food; my strength is in nought;
Anger, wrath, waste, and noise are my children dear.
Guess, friend, what I am, and how I am wrought,
Monster of sea, or of land, or of elsewhere:
Know me, and use me, and I may thee defend;
And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end.

OF THE MOTHER THAT EAT HER CHILD AT THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.[2]

IN doubtful breast whilst motherly pity
With furious famine standeth at debate,
Saith the Hebrew mother, 'O child unhappy!
Return thy blood where thou hadst milk of late;

[1] In the Harrington MS. these lines are entitled—'A Riddle ex Pandulpho.' [2] The story is related by Josephus.

Yield me those limbs that I made unto thee,
And enter there where thou were generate;
For of one body, against all nature,
To another must I make sepulture.'

TO HIS LOVE WHOM HE HAD KISSED AGAINST HER WILL.[1]

ALAS! Madam, for stealing of a kiss,
Have I so much your mind therein offended?
Or have I done so grievously amiss,
That by no means it may not be amended?
Revenge you then: the readiest way is this;
Another kiss, my life it shall have ended;
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck;
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

OF THE JEALOUS MAN

THAT LOVED THE SAME WOMAN, AND ESPIED THIS OTHER SITTING WITH HER.

THE wandering gadling in the summer tide,
That finds the adder with his rechless foot,
Starts not dismayed so suddenly aside,
As jealous despite did, though there were no boot,
When that he saw me sitting by her side,
That of my health is very crop and root.
It pleased me then to have so fair a grace,
To sting the heart, that would have had my place.

---

[1] Translated from Serafino.

TO HIS LOVE FROM WHOM HE HAD HER GLOVES.[1]

WHAT needs these threnning words, and wasted wind?
All this cannot make me restore my prey.
To rob your goods, I wis is not my mind,
Nor causeless your fair hand did I display.
Let Love be judge, or else whom next we find,
That may both hear what you and I can say.
She took from me an heart, and I a glove from her:
Let us see now, if the one be worth the other.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT DEADLY SICKNESS CANNOT HELP HIS AFFECTION.

THE enemy of life, decayer of all kind,
That with his cold withers away the green,
This other night me in my bed did find,
And offered me to rid my fever clean;
And I did grant, so did despair me blind;
He drew his bow with arrow sharp and keen,
And strake the place where Love had hit before,
And drave the first dart deeper, more and more.

OF THE FEIGNED FRIEND.

RIGHT true it is, and said full yore ago;
'Take heed of him that by the back thee claweth:'
For none is worse than is a friendly foe.
Though they seem good, all thing that thee delighteth,
Yet know it well, that in thy bosom creepeth:
For many a man such fire ofttimes he kindleth,
That with the blaze his beard himself he singeth.

---

[1] From Serafino.

COMPARISON OF LOVE TO A STREAM FALLING FROM THE ALPS.

FROM these high hills as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth down with still and subtle course;
Of this and that it gathers aye, and shall,
Till it have just down flowed to stream, and force,
Then at the foot it rageth over all:
So fareth love; when he hath ta'en a source
Rage is his rein; resistance 'vaileth none;
The first eschew is remedy alone.

OF HIS LOVE THAT PRICKED HER FINGER WITH A NEEDLE.

SHE sat and sewed that hath done me the wrong
Whereof I plain, and have done many a day;
And whilst she heard my plaint in piteous song,
She wished my heart the sampler as it lay.
The blind master whom I have served so long,
Grudging to hear that he did hear her say,
Made her own weapon do her finger bleed,
To feel if pricking were so good indeed.

OF THE SAME.

WHO hath heard of such cruelty before?
That, when my plaint remembered her my woe
That caused it, she, cruel more and more,
Wished each stitch, as she did sit and sew,
Had pricked my heart for to increase my sore:
And, as I think, she thought it had been so:
For as she thought, this is his heart indeed,
She prickèd hard, and made herself to bleed.

THE LOVER THAT FLED LOVE NOW FOLLOWS IT WITH HIS HARM.

SOMETIME I fled the fire that me so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by wind;
And now the coals I follow that be quent,[1]
From Dover to Calais, with willing mind.
Lo! how desire is both forth sprung, and spent!
And he may see, that whilom was so blind;
And all his labour laughs he now to scorn;
Meshed in the briers, that erst was only torn.

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS HEART TO THE OVERCHARGED GUN.

THE furious gun in his most raging ire,[2]
When that the bowl is rammèd in too sore,
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
Cracketh in sunder, and in the air doth roar
The shivered pieces. So doth my desire,
Whose flame increaseth aye from more to more;
Which to let out, I dare not look, nor speak;
So inward force my heart doth all to break.

HOW BY A KISS HE FOUND BOTH HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

NATURE, that gave the bee so feat a grace
To find honey of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spider out of the same place
To fetch poison, by strange alteration;

---

[1] Quenched.

[2] Thus in Tottel. It was originally written—
'Like as the cannon in his raging ire'—
afterwards altered by Wyatt to 'bombard,' and finally to—
'The furious gun in his raging ire.'

Though this be strange, it is a stranger case
With one kiss, by secret operation,
Both these at once in those your lips to find;
In change whereof, I leave my heart behind.

TO HIS LOVER TO LOOK UPON HIM.

ALL in thy look my life doth whole depend;
Thou hidest thyself, and I must die therefore;
But since thou mayst so easily help thy friend,
Why dost thou stick to salve that thou madest sore?
Why do I die since thou mayst me defend?
And if I die, thy life may last no more;
For each by other doth live and have relief,
I in thy look, and thou most in my grief.

OF DISAPPOINTED PURPOSE BY NEGLIGENCE.

OF Carthage he that worthy warrior
Could overcome, but could not use his chance;
And I likewise, of all my long endeavour,
The sharp conquest though fortune did advance,
Could not it use. The hold that is given over
I unpossess; so hangeth now in balance
Of war, my peace; reward of all my pain.
At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spain.

OF HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.[1]

TAGUS, farewell! that westward with thy streams
Turns up the grains of gold already tried;
For I with spur and sail go seek the Thames,
Gainward the sun that sheweth her wealthy pride;

[1] Written in Spain.

And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,[1]
Like bended moon, that leans her lusty side;
My King, my Country, alone for whom I live:
Of mighty Love the winds for this me give.[2]

WYATT BEING IN PRISON, TO BRYAN.

SIGHS are my food; my drink they are my tears;
Clinking of fetters would such music crave;
Stink, and close air, away my life it wears;
Poor innocence is all the hope I have:
Rain, wind, or weather judge I by mine ears:
Malice assaults that righteousness should have.
Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heal again;
But yet, alas, the scar shall still remain.

OF SUCH AS HAD FORSAKEN HIM.

LOOK! my fair falcon, and thy fellows all,
How well pleasant it were your liberty!
Ye not forsake me, that fair might ye fall.
But they, that sometime liked my company,
Like lice away from dead bodies they crawl;
Lo! what a proof in light adversity!
But ye, my birds, I swear by all your bells,
Ye be my friends, and so be but few else.

---

[1] The dream by which Brutus was led to sail for England is related by Holinshed.

[2] Tottel reads:—

'My King, my Country I seek for whom I live;
Of mighty Jove, the winds for this me give.'

THE LOVER HOPETH OF BETTER CHANCE.[1]

HE is not dead that sometime had a fall![2]
The sun returns, that hid was under cloud,
And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust good luck to me shall be allowed:
For I have seen a ship in haven fall,
After the storm had broke both mast and shroud.
The willow eke, that stoopeth with the wind,
Doth rise again, and greater wood doth bind.

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN.[3]

VENEMOUS thorns that are so sharp and keen,
Sometime bear flowers fair and fresh of hue;
Poison ofttime is put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew;
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean
May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,
I trust sometime my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joinèd with some wealth.

THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

IN Court to serve, deckèd with fresh array,
Of sugared meats feeling the sweet repast,
The life in banquets, and sundry kinds of play,
Amid the press of worldly[4] looks to waste,
Hath with it joined ofttimes such bitter taste,
That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,
In prison joys, fettered with chains of gold.

---

[1] From Serafino.

[2] Originally written:—

'I am not dead, although I had a fall.'

The alteration in the MS. is in Wyatt's own handwriting.

[3] From Serafino. [4] Selden proposed here to substitute 'lordly.'

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.[1]

STAND, whoso list, upon the slipper wheel
Of high estate; and let me here rejoice,
And use my life in quietness each dele,[2]
Unknown in court that hath the wanton toys:
In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,
And when my years be past withouten noise,
Let me die old after the common trace;
For gripes of death doth he too hardly pass,
That knowen is to all, but to himself, alas,
He dieth unknown, dasèd with dreadful face.[3]

THE LOVER SUSPECTED OF CHANGE PRAYETH THAT IT BE NOT BELIEVED AGAINST HIM.

ACCUSÈD though I be without desert,
Sith none can prove, believe it not for true:
For never yet, since that you had my heart,
Intended I to false, or be untrue.
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,
Than break one word of that I promised you;
Accept therefore my service in good part.
None is alive, that can ill tongues eschew;
Hold them as false; and let not us depart
Our friendship old in hope of any new.
Put not thy trust in such as use to feign,
Except thou mind to put thy friend to pain.

---

[1] From Seneca. [2] Portion or division.

[3] The version of this translation in the Harrington MS. differs materially from Tottel's. It runs as follows:—

'Stand whoso list, upon the slipper top
Of high estate; and let me hear rejoice,
And use my quiet without let or stop,
Unknown in court, that hath such brackish joys.
In hidden place so let my days forth pass;
That when my years be done withouten noise,
I may die aged, after the common trace:
For him death grip'th right hard by the crop,
That is much known of other, and of himself, alas
Doth die unknown, dasèd with dreadful face.'

OF DISSEMBLING WORDS.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,
Fair words enough a man shall find;
They be good cheap, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but only wind;
But well to say, and so to mean,
That sweet accord is seldom seen.

OF SUDDEN TRUSTING.

DRIVEN by desire, I did this deed,
To danger myself without cause why,
To trust the untrue, not like to speed,
To speak and promise faithfully:
But now the proof doth verify,
That whoso trusteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himself, and please his foe.

THE LADY TO ANSWER DIRECTLY WITH YEA OR NAY.

MADAM, withouten many words,
Once I am sure you will, or no:
And if you will, then leave your bourds,
And use your wit, and shew it so.
And with a beck you shall me call,
And if of one, that burns alway,
Ye have pity or ruth at all,
Answer him fair with yea or nay.
If it be yea, I shall be fain:
If it be nay, friends as before:
You shall another man obtain,
And I mine own, and yours no more.

ANSWER.

OF few words, Sir, you seem to be,
And where I doubted what I would do,
Your quick request hath causèd me
Quickly to tell you what you shall trust to.
For he that will be callèd with a beck,
Makes hasty suit on light desire:
Is ever ready to the check,
And burneth in no wasting fire.
Therefore whether you be lief or loth,
And whether it grieve you light or sore,
I am at a point: I have made an oath,
Content you with 'Nay;' for you get no more.

THE LOVER PROFESSETH HIMSELF CONSTANT.

WITHIN my breast I never thought it gain
Of gentle minds the freedom for to lose;
Nor in my heart sank never such disdain,
To be a forger, faults for to disclose:
Nor I cannot endure the truth to glose,
To set a gloss upon an earnest pain:
Nor I am not in number one of those
That list to blow retreat to every train.

THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS LOVE FOR RENTING OF THE LETTER HE SENT HER.

SUFFICÈD not, Madàme, that you did tear
My woful heart, but thus also to rent
The weeping paper that to you I sent,
Whereof each letter was written with a tear?

Could not my present pains, alas! suffice
Your greedy heart? and that my heart doth feel
Torments, that prick more sharper than the steel,
But new and new must to my lot arise?
Use then my death: So shall your cruelty,
Spite of your spite, rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such torments of the heart
Feel as I do: This shall you gain thereby.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH AND HIS LADY COMFORTETH.

Lover. IT burneth yet, alas! my heart's desire.
Lady. What is the thing that hath inflamed thy heart?
Lover. A certain point as fervent as the fire.
Lady. The heat shall cease, if that thou wilt convert.
Lover. I cannot stop the fervent raging ire.
Lady. What may I do, if thyself cause thy smart?
Lover. Hear my request, and rue my weeping chere.
Lady. With right good will; say on, lo! I thee hear.
Lover. That thing would I, that maketh two content.
Lady. Thou seekest, perchance, of me, that I may not.
Lover. Would God! thou wouldst, as thou mayst well, assent.
Lady. That I may not, the grief is mine, God wot.
Lover. But I it feel, whatso thy words have meant.
Lady. Suspect me not: my words be not forgot.
Lover. Then say, alas! shall I have help or no?
Lady. I see no time to answer yea, but no.
Lover. Say yea, dear heart! and stand no more in doubt.
Lady. I may not grant a thing that is so dear.
Lover. Lo! with delays thou drivest me still about.
Lady. Thou wouldst my death, it plainly doth appear.
Lover. First may my heart his blood and life bleed out.
Lady. Then for my sake, alas! thy will forbear.

Lover. From day to day thus wastes my life away.
Lady. Yet for the best, suffer some small delay.
Lover. Now good! say, yea: do once so good a deed.
Lady. If I said yea, what should thereof ensue?
Lover. A heart in pain, of succour so should speed:
'Twixt yea and nay, my doubt shall still renew.
My sweet! say yea, and do away this dread.
Lady. Thou wilt needs so: be it so; but then be true.
Lover. Nought would I else, nor other treasure none.
Thus hearts be won by love, request, and moan.

THE LOVER SUSPECTED BLAMETH ILL TONGUES.

MISTRUSTFUL minds be moved
To have me in suspect,
The truth it shall be proved,
Which time shall once detect.
Though falsehood go about,
Of crime me to accuse,
At length I do not doubt
But truth shall me excuse.
Such sauce as they have served
To me without desart,
Even as they have deserved,
Thereof God send them part.

OF HIS LOVE CALLED ANNA.

WHAT word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turnèd and made in twain?
It is mine Anna, God it wot,
And eke the causer of my pain;
[Who] love rewardeth with disdain;
Yet is it loved; what would you more?
It is my salve, and eke my sore.

A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GIVEN BY A LADY.

A LADY gave me a gift she had not;
And I received her gift which I took not;
She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not;
And I received it, albeit I could not.
If she give it me, I force not;
And if she take it again, she cares not.
Construe what this is, and tell not;
For I am fast sworn, I may not.[1]

THAT SPEAKING OR PROFFERING BRINGS ALWAY SPEEDING.

SPEAK thou and speed where will or power ought help'th;
Where power doth want, will must be won by wealth:
For need will speed, where will works not his kind;
And gain, thy foes thy friends shall cause thee find.
For, suit and gold, what do not they obtain?
Of good and bad the tryers are these twain.

---

[1] Of the numerous riddles in our language on the same suggestive subject, this may, probably, claim to be the earliest. It has been frequently imitated, but in no instance so closely as in the following dextrous lines by Gascoigne: —

'A lady once did ask of me
This pretty thing in privity:
Good sir, quoth she, fain would I crave
One thing which you yourself not have;
Nor never had yet in times past,
Nor never shall while life doth last.
And if you seek to find it out,
You lose your labour out of doubt.
Yet if you love me as you say,
Then give it me, for sure you may.'

T. WYATT OF LOVE.

LIKE as the wind with raging blast
Doth cause each tree to bow and bend;
Even so do I spend my time in waste,
My life consuming unto an end.
For as the flame by force doth quench the fire,
And running streams consume the rair.;
Even so do I myself desire
To augment my grief and deadly pain.
Whereas I find that what is what,
And cold is cold by course of kind,
So shall I knit an endless knot;
Such fruit is love, alas! I find.
When I foresaw those crystal streams,
Whose beauty doth cause my mortal wound,
I little thought within those beams
So sweet a venom for to have found.
I feel and see my own decay;
As one that beareth flame in his breast,
Forgetful thought to put away
The thing that breedeth my unrest.
Like as the fly doth seek the flame,
And afterward playeth in the fire,
Who findeth her woe, and seeketh her game,
Whose grief doth grow of her own desire.
Like as the spider doth draw her line,
As labor lost so is my suit;
The gain is hers, the loss is mine:
Of evil-sown seed such is the fruit.

Satires.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE,[1] WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.[2]

MY mother's maids, when they do sew and spin,
They sing a song made of the fieldish mouse:
That for because her livelode was but thin,
Would needs go see her townish sister's house.
She thought herself endured to grievous pain;
The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse,
That when the furrows swimmèd with the rain,
She must lie cold and wet, in sorry plight;
And worse than that, bare meat there did remain
To comfort her, when she her house had dight.[3]
Sometime a barley corn, sometime a bean,
For which she laboured hard both day and night
In harvest time, while she might go and glean:
And when her store was stroyèd with the flood,
Then wellaway! for she undone was clean:
Then was she fain to take, instead of food,
Sleep if she might, her hunger to beguile.
'My sister,' quod she, hath a living good;
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.
In cold and storm, she lieth warm and dry

---

[1] Suggested, probably, by Horace's *Town and Country Mouse*. Dr. Nott mentions a Scotch poem of the fifteenth century by Robert Henryson, *Of the Uplondis Mous, and the Burges Mous*, to which he thinks it not unlikely that Wyatt might also have been indebted. The mode of treating the subject in the above epistle differs essentially from both.

[2] John Poins, one of Wyatt's intimate friends, was descended from an old family in Gloucestershire, and appears to have held an appointment at Court. In 1525 he was one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber engaged in the feat of arms before the King; and was one of the persons appointed to attend the Queen into France, on the occasion of the meeting at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He died in 1558.

[3] Prepared, or set in order.

In bed of down; the dirt doth not defile
Her tender foot; she labours not as I.
Richly she feeds, and at the rich man's cost;
And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry;
By sea, by land, of delicates the most
Her cater seeks, and spareth for no peril:
She feedeth on boiled bacon-meat, and roast,
And hath thereof neither charge nor travail.
And, when she list, the liquor of the grape
Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell.'
And at this journey makes she but a jape,[1]
So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth
With her Sister her part so for to shape,
That if she might there keep herself in health,
To live a lady, while her life do last.
And to the door now is she come by stealth,
And with her foot anon she scrapes full fast.
The other for fear durst not well scarce appear;
Of every noise so was the wretch aghast.
At last she askèd softly who was there,
And in her language as well as she could,
'Peep,' quod the other, 'Sister I am here.' [loud?'
'Peace,' quod the town-mouse, 'why speakest thou so
And by the hand she took her fair and well.
'Welcome,' quod she, 'my Sister, by the rood.'
She feasted her, that joy it was to tell
The fare they had; they drank the wine so clear,
And as to purpose now and then it fell,
So cheered her with, 'How, Sister, what cheer!
Amid this joy befel a sorry chance,
That wellaway! the stranger bought full dear
The fare she had. For as she looked askance,
Under a stool she spied two steaming eyes[2]
In a round head, with sharp ears. In France
Was never mouse so feared,[3] for the unwise

---

[1] A jest. [2] Selden proposes to read here 'staring eyes.'
[3] Afeared.

Had not yseen such a beast before;
Yet had nature taught her after her guise
To know her foe, and dread him evermore.
The town-mouse fled, she knew whither to go;
The other had no shift, but wonders sore;
Feared of her life, at home she wished her though,
And to the door, alas! as she did skip,
The heaven it would, lo! and eke her chance was so,
At the threshold her sely foot did trip,
And ere she might recover it again,
The traitor cat had caught her by the hip,
And made her there against her will remain,
That had forgot her poor surety[1] and rest,
For seeking wealth, wherein she thought to reign.
Alas! my Poins, how men do seek the best,
And find the worst, by error as they stray!
And no marvel! when sight is so oppressed,
And blind the guide, anon out of the way
Goeth guide, and all in seeking quiet life.
O! wretched minds! there is no gold that may
Grant that you seek, no war, no peace, no strife:
No! no! although thy head were hooped with gold,
Serjeant with mace, with halbert, sword, nor knife,
Cannot repulse the care that follow should.
Each kind of life hath with him his disease.
Live in delights even as thy lust would,
And thou shalt find, when lust doth most thee please,
It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.
A small thing is it that may thy mind appease.
None of you all there is, that is so mad
To seek for grapes on brambles, or on briers:
Nor none I trow, that hath his wit so bad,
To set his hay[2] for coneys over rivers;
Nor ye set not a drag-net for a hare:
And yet the thing, that most is your desire,

---

[1] The security of her poverty. To fill the measure of the line, surety ought to be pronounced as a trisyllable. [2] Net.

You do mis-seek with more travail and care.
Make plain thine heart, that it be not knotted
With hope or dread; and see thy will be bare
From all effects,[1] whom vice hath never spotted.
Thyself content with that is thee assigned,
And use it well that is to thee allotted;
Then seek no more out of thyself to find
The thing that thou hast sought so long before;
For thou shalt feel it sitting in thy mind,
Mad, if ye list to continue your sore.
Let present pass, and gape on time to come,
And deep thyself in travail more and more.
Henceforth, my Poins, this shall be all and sum:[2]
These wretched fools shall have nought else of me;
But, to the great God, and to his doom,
None other pain pray I for them to be,
But when the rage doth lead them from the right,
That looking backward Virtue they may see,
Even as she is, so goodly fair and bright:
And whilst they clasp their lusts in arms across,
Grant them, good Lord, as thou mayst of thy might,
To fret inward, for losing such a loss.

OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE, WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.[3]

MINE own John Poins, since ye delight to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And fly the press of Courts, where so they go,[4]
Rather than to live thrall under the awe
Of lordly looks, wrapped within my cloak,
To will and lust learning to set a law;

---

[1] Affections, passions. Thus Surrey:—

'An eye, whose judgment none affect could blind.'

[2] The meaning appears to be—this shall be the sum of all. It should be observed, however, that the last word is written *some* in the MS.

[3] A close, abridged imitation of the tenth Satire of Alamanni.

[4] Referring to the custom of royal progresses.

It is not that because I scorn, or mock
The power of them, whom fortune here hath lent
Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke:
But true it is that I have always meant
Less to esteem them than the common sort,
Of outward things that judge in their intent
Without regard what inward doth resort.
I grant, sometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my heart. Me list not to report
Blame by honour, and honour to desire.
But how may I this honour now attain,
That cannot dye the colour black a liar?
My Poins, I cannot frame my tongue to feign,
To cloak the truth, for praise without desert
Of them that list all vices to retain.
I cannot honour them that set their part
With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long;
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.[1]
I cannot crouch, nor kneel to such a wrong,
To worship them like God on earth alone,
That are as wolves these sely lambs among.
I cannot with my words complain and moan,
And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint;
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot speak and look like as a saint;
Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure;
Call craft counsel, for lucre still to paint.
I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer,
With innocent blood to feed myself fat,
And do most hurt, where that most help I offer.
I am not he, that can allow the state
Of high Cæsar, and doom Cato to die,
That by his death did scape out of the gate
From Cæsar's hands, if Livy doth not lie,
And would not live where liberty was lost;
So did his heart the common wealth apply.

[1] An allusion seems here to be intended to Henry VIII., who is still more pointedly and severely referred to in a previous poem: see p. 107.

I am not he, such eloquence to boast,
To make the crow in singing as the swan;
Nor call the lion of coward beasts the most;
That cannot take a mouse as the cat can:
And he that dieth for hunger of the gold,
Call him Alexander; and say that Pan
Passeth Apollo in music manifold;
Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale,
And scorn the story that the Knight told:[1]
Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale;
Grin when he laughs, that beareth all the sway;
Frown when he frowns, and groan when he is pale;
On others' lust to hang both night and day.
None of these points could ever frame in me;
My wit is nought, I cannot learn the way.
And much the less of things that greater be,
That asken help of colours to devise;[2]
To join the mean with each extremity,
With a near virtue to cloke alway the vice;
And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To press the virtue that it may not rise:
As drunkenness good fellowship to call;
The friendly foe, with his fair double face,
Say he is gentle, and courteous therewithal;
Affirm that favel[3] hath a goodly grace
In eloquence; and cruelty to name
Zeal of justice, and change in time and place;
And he that suffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitiful; and him true and plain,
That raileth rechless unto each man's shame;

[1] *Canterbury Tales.*

[2] In the Harrington MS. 'colours *of* devise.'

[3] Favour—here it bears the signification of flattery. The old expression *curry-favell* (see Puttenham, pp. 154, 254) is now changed into curry favour. Mr. Douce has a curious discussion on the word in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, in which he traces it to *favell*, the name of a light bay horse, which joined with *curry*, sends us to the stable for its origin. Dr. Nott doubts this etymology, and says that the word was originally *fabell*. In some editions of Wyatt's poems, it is given in the above passage as if it were a proper name.

Say he is rude, that cannot lie and feign;
The lecher, a lover; and tyranny
To be the right of a prince's reign.
I cannot I, no, no! it will not be.
This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleeves that weigh, as thou mayst see,
A chip of chance more than a pound of wit.
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk;
And in foul weather at my book to sit;
In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalk;[1]
No man doth mark whereso I ride or go.
In lusty leas at liberty I walk;
And of these news I feel nor weal, nor woe,
Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel.[2]
No force for that,[3] for it is ordered so,
That I may leap both hedge and dyke full well.
I am not now in France to judge the wine;
With savory sauce those delicates to feel;
Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline
Rather than to be, outwardly to seem.
I meddle not with wits that be so fine;
Nor Flander's cheer lets not my sight to deem
Of black and white, nor takes my wits away
With beastliness; such do those beasts esteem.
Nor I am not, where truth is given in prey
For money, poison, and treason, at Rome
A common practice, usèd night and day;

---

[1] To pursue the game by means of a stalking-horse (sometimes a real horse, and sometimes a figure cut out), behind which the sportsman concealed himself till he got within shot of the birds, who take no alarm at the appearance of a horse without a rider. *Stalk* also means to step slowly or stealthily.

[2] The meaning of this line is obscure. Warton supposes it implies some office still held by Wyatt at Court; and Dr. Nott thinks it alludes to some temporary restraint imposed upon him by the King, confining him to Allington and its precincts. It seems more probable that the 'clog' was the constant expectation Wyatt lived under of being suddenly summoned into active service.

[3] No matter for that.

But I am here in Kent and Christendom,
Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme;
Where if thou list, mine own John Poins, to come,
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

HOW TO USE THE COURT AND HIMSELF THEREIN.[1] WRITTEN TO SIR FRANCIS BRYAN.[2]

A SPENDING hand that alway poureth out,
Had need to have a bringer-in as fast;
And on the stone that still doth turn about,
There groweth no moss: these proverbs yet do last;
Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
That length of years their force can never waste.
When I remember this, and eke the case
Wherein thou standst, I thought forthwith to write,
Bryan, to thee, who knows how great a grace
In writing is, to counsel man the right.
To thee therefore, that trots still up and down,
And never rests, but running day and night
From realm to realm, from city, street, and town:[3]
Why dost thou wear thy body to the bones?
And mightst at home sleep in thy bed of down,
And drink good ale so nappy[4] for the nones;[5]
Feed thyself fat; and heap up pound by pound.
Likest thou not this? No. Why? For swine so groins[6]

---

[1] Horace's Fifth Satire, Book ii., furnished the suggestion of this epistle. There is no other resemblance between the two pieces.

[2] One of the most accomplished men of his time, who stood high in the confidence of the King, and was employed constantly in offices of great trust. He was a contributor to Tottel's *Miscellany*. See Surrey's Poems: Ann. Ed., p. 231.

[3] We may gather from this passage a hint of Bryan's confidential employments.

[4] Generally spelt *noppy* by the old writers. The orthography in the text is more reconcileable with the derivation from *nap*, or *nappe*, a light sleep—the effect produced by strong ale.

[5] *Nonce*—purpose, occasion. The etymology is doubtful.

[6] Groine, a snout; applied by Chaucer to the snout of a pig. It seems to be used here for *grout*, to bore with the snout.

In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground,
And drivel on pearls, with head still in the manger;
So of the harp the ass doth hear the sound;
So sacks of dirt be filled up in the cloister,
That serve for less than do these fatted swine.[1]
Though I seem lean and dry, withouten moisture,
Yet will I serve my prince, my lord, and thine;
And let them live to feed the paunch that list;
So I may live to feed both me and mine.
By God! well said. But what and if thou wist
How to bring in, as fast as thou dost spend?
That would I learn. And it shall not be missed
To tell thee how. Now hark what I intend:
Thou knowest well first, whoso can seek to please,
Shall purchase friends where truth shall but offend;
Flee therefore truth, it is both wealth and ease:
For though that truth of every man hath praise,
Full near that wind goeth truth in great misease.
Use Virtue, as it goeth now-a-days,
In word alone, to make thy language sweet,
And of thy deed yet do not as thou says;
Else be thou sure, thou shalt be far unmeet
To get thy bread; each thing is now so scant.
Seek still thy profit upon thy bare feet;
Lend in no wise, for fear that thou do want,
Unless it be as to a calf[2] a cheese.
But if thou can, be sure to win a cant[3]
Of half at least. It is not good to leese.
Learn at the lad,[4] that in a long white coat,
From under the stall, withouten lands or fees,

---

[1] This is the original restored by Dr. Nott. Tottel altered the lines thus—

> 'So sacks of dirt be filled. The neat courtier
> So serves for less,' &c.

Dr. Nott supposes that the allusion to the cloister was thrown out from a fear of giving offence to Queen Mary.

[2] The Harrington MS. reads 'dog.'

[3] This word had a variety of meanings. Here it expresses a part or portion.

[4] In the MS., Kitson; supposed by Dr. Nott to be Thomas Kitson, who was knighted and Sheriff of London in 1533.

Hath leapt into the shop; who knows by rote
This rule that I have told thee here before.
Some time also rich age begins to dote;
See thou, when there thy gain may be the more,
Stay him by the arm whereso he walk or go;
Be near alway, and if he cough too sore,
What he hath spit tread out, and please him so.
A diligent knave that picks his master's purse
May please him so, that he, withouten mo',
Executor is: And what is he the worse?
But if so chance thou get nought of the man,
The widow may for all thy pain disburse.
A riveled skin, a stinking breath; what then?
A toothless mouth shall do thy lips no harm;
The gold is good: and though she curse or ban,
Yet where thee list thou mayst lie good and warm;
Let the old mule[1] bite upon the bridle,
Whilst there do lie a sweeter in thine arm.
In this also see that thou be not idle;
Thy niece, thy cousin, sister, or thy daughter,
If she be fair, if handsome be her middle,
If thy better hath her love besought her,
Advance his cause, and he shall help thy need:
It is but love, turn thou it to a laughter.
But ware, I say, so gold thee help and speed,
That in this case thou be not so unwise
As Pander was in such a like deed;[2]
For he, the fool of conscience, was so nice,
That he no gain would have for all his pain.
Be next thyself; for friendship bears no price.
Laughest thou at me? why? do I speak in vain?
No, not at thee, but at thy thrifty jest.
Wouldst thou, I should, for any loss or gain
Change that for gold that I have ta'en for best?
Next godly things, to have an honest name,
Should I leave that? Then take me for a beast.

---

[1] See *ante*, p. 82. [2] See Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*.

Nay then, farewell, and if thou care for shame,
Content thee then with honest poverty;
With free tongue, what thee mislikes, to blame,
And for thy truth, sometime adversity.
And therewithal this gift I shall thee give,
In this world now little prosperity,
And coin to keep, as water in a sieve.

Penitential Psalms.

To the Right Honourable and His Singular Good Lord, WILLIAM MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON, *Earl of Essex, Baron of Kendal, Lord Parr, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, your most bounden Orator at Commandment,* JOHN HARRINGTON, *wisheth health and prosperity with increase of virtue, and the mercy of God for ever.*

CONSIDERING the manifold duties and abundant service that I owe unto your good Lordship, right honourable and my singular good Lord, I cannot but see infinite causes why I, chiefly of all others, ought with all cheerful and ready endeavour to gratify your good Lordship by all means possible, and to apply myself wholly to the same, as one that would gladly, but can by no means be able to do accordingly as his bounden duty requireth: I cannot, I say, but see and acknowledge myself bounden, and not able to do such service as I owe, both for the inestimable benefits that your noble progenitors, and also your good Lordship hath shewed unto my parents and predecessors; and also to myself, as to one least able to do any acceptable service, though the will be at all times most ready. In token whereof, your Lordship shall at all times perceive by simple things that my little wit shall be able to invent, that if mine heart could do you any service, no labour or travail should withhold me from doing my duty: and that if busy labour and the heart might be able to pay the duty that love oweth, your Lordship should in no point find me ingrate or unthankful. And to declare this my ready will, I have dedicated unto your name this little treatise, which, after I had perused and by the advice of others (better learned than

myself) determined to put it in print, that the noble fame of so worthy a knight as was the author hereof, Sir Thomas Wyatt, should not perish but remain, as well for his singular learning as valiant deeds in martial feats, I thought that I could not find a more worthy patron for such a man's work than your Lordship, whom I have always known to be of so godly a zeal to the furtherance of God's holy and sacred Gospel, most humbly beseeching your good Lordship herein to accept my good will, and to esteem me as one that wisheth unto the same all honour, health, and prosperous success. Amen.

Your good Lordship's

Most humble at Commandment,

JOHN HARRINGTON.

PENITENTIAL PSALMS.[1]

H. S.

THE great Macedon that out of Persia chased
Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rang;
In the rich ark if Homer's rhymes he placed,
Who feignèd gests of heathen princes sang;
What holy grave, what worthy sepulture
To Wyatt's Psalms should Christians then purchase,
Where he doth paint the lively faith and pure,
The steadfast hope, the sweet return to grace
Of just David by perfect penitence;
Where rulers may see in a mirrour clear,
The bitter fruits of false concupiscence,
How Jewry bought Urias' death full dear.
In princes' hearts God's scourge y-printed deep,
Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE AUTHOR.

LOVE, to give law unto his subjects' hearts,
Stood in the eyes of Batsabé the bright;
And in a look anon himself converts,
Cruelly pleasant, before King David's sight.

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[1] Wyatt is entitled to the credit of having made the first metrical version of the Psalms in English. Marot, about 1540, aided by Beza, produced a version in French rhyme. Whether Wyatt, who is sup-

First dazed his eyes, and further-forth he starts
With venomed breath, as softly as he might;
Touches his sinews, and overruns his bones[1]
With creeping fire,[2] sparkled for the nones.

And when he saw that kindled was the flame,
The moist poison in his heart he lanced,
So that the soul did tremble with the same;
And in this brawl as he stood entranced,
Yielding unto the figure and the frame,
That those fair eyes had in his presence glanced,
The form that Love had printed in his breast,
He honoureth as a thing of thingès best.

So that, forgot the wisdom and forecast,
Which woe to realms! when that their Kings doth [lack;
Forgetting eke God's Majesty as fast,
Yea and his own; forthwith he doth to make
Urie to go into the field in haste,
Urie, I say, that was his idol's make,
Under pretence of certain victory,
For the enemies' swords a ready prey to be.

Whereby he may enjoy her out of doubt,
Whom more than God or than himself he mindeth:
And after he had brought this thing about,
And of that lust possessed himself, he findeth
That hath and doth reverse, and clean turn out
Kings from kingdoms, and cities undermineth;
He blinded thinks, this train so blind and close,
To blind all things, that nought may it disclose.

But Nathan hath spied out this treachery,
With rueful chere; and sets afore his face
The great offence, outrage, and injury
That he hath done to God, as in this case,

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posed to have written his paraphrase of the seven Penitential Psalms in the following year, ever saw Marot's version may be doubted.

[1] Limbs. [2] To be read as a dissyllable.

By murder for to cloak adultery:
He sheweth eke from heaven the threats, alas!
So sternly sore this Prophet, this Nathàn,
That all amazèd was this woful man.

Like him that meets with horror and with fear,
The heat doth straight forsake the limbès cold,
The colour eke droopeth down from his chere;
So doth he feel his fire manifold,
His heat, his lust, his pleasure all in fere
Consume and waste; and straight his crown of gold,
His purple pall, his sceptre he lets fall,
And to the ground he throweth himself withal.

The pompous pride of state and dignity
Forthwith rebates repentant humbleness:
Thinner vile cloth than clotheth poverty
Doth scantly hide and clad his nakedness:
His fair hoar beard of reverent gravity,
With ruffled hair, knowing his wickedness:
More like was he the selfsame repentance,
Than stately prince of worldly governance.

His harp he taketh in hand to be his guide,
Wherewith he offereth plaints, his soul to save,
That from his heart distills on every side.
Withdrawing him into a dark deep cave
Within the ground, wherein he might him hide,
Flying the light, as in prison or grave;
In which, as soon as David entered had,
The dark horror did make his soul adrad.

But he, without prolonging or delay
Of that, which might his Lord his God appease,
Falleth on his knees, and with his harp, I say,
Afore his breast yfraughted with disease
Of stormy sighs, deep draughts of his decay,
Dressed upright, seeking to counterpoise
His song with sighs, and touching of the strings,
With tender heart, lo! thus to God he sings.

PSALM VI.

Domine, ne in furore.

O LORD! since in my mouth thy mighty name
Suffereth itself, my Lord, to name and call,
Here hath my heart hope taken by the same;
That the repentance which I have, and shall,
May at thy hand seek mercy, as the thing
Of only comfort of wretched sinners all:
Whereby I dare with humble bemoaning,
By thy goodness, this thing of thee require:
Chastise me not for my deserving,
According to thy just conceivèd ire.
O Lord! I dread, and that I did not dread
I me repent, and evermore desire
Thee, Thee to dread. I open here, and spread
My fault to thee; but thou, for thy goodness,
Measure it not, in largeness nor in breade;
Punish it not as asketh the greatness
Of thy furour, provoked by mine offence.
Temper, O Lord! the harm of my excess
With mending will, that I for recompense
Prepare again: and rather pity me,
For I am weak, and clean without defence;
More is the need I have of remedy.
For of the whole the leche taketh no cure;
The sheep that strayeth the shepherd seeks to see.
I, Lord, am strayed; and, seke[1] without recure,
Feel all my limbs, that have rebelled, for fear
Shake in despair, unless thou me assure.
My flesh is troubled; my heart doth fear the spear;
That dread of death, of death that ever lasts,
Threateth of right, and draweth near and near.
Much more my soul is troubled by the blasts
Of these assaults, that come as thick as hail,
Of worldly vanities, that temptation casts

[1] Sick.

Against the bulwark of the fleshe frail,
Wherein the soul in great perplexity
Feeleth the senses with them that assail
Conspire, corrupt by youth and vanity:
Whereby the wretch doth to the shade resort
Of hope in Thee, in this extremity.
But thou, O Lord! how long after this sort
Forbearest thou to see my misery?
Suffer me yet, in hope of some comfort,
Fear, and not feel that thou forgettest me.
Return, O Lord! O Lord! I thee beseech,
Unto thy old wonted benignity.
Reduce, revive my soul; be thou the leche,
And reconcile the great hatred, and strife,
That it hath ta'en against the flesh—the wretch
That stirrèd hath thy wrath by filthy life.
See! how my soul doth fret it to the bones;
Inward remorse so sharpeth it like a knife,
That but Thou help the caitiff that bemoans
His great offence, it turns anon to dust.
Here hath thy mercy matter for the nones;
For if thy righteous hand, that is so just,
Suffer no sin, or strike with dampnation,
Thy infinite mercy want nedes it must
Subject matter for his operation:
For that in death there is no memory
Among the dampned, nor yet no mention
Of thy great name, ground of all glory.
Then if I die, and go whereas I fear
To think thereon, how shall thy great mercy
Sound in my mouth unto the worldès ear?
For there is none that can Thee laud, and love,
For that thou wilt no love among them there.
Suffer my cries thy mercy for to move,
That wonted is a hundred years' offence
In a moment of repentance to remove.
How oft have I called up with diligence
This slothful flesh, long afore the day,

For to confess his fault and negligence,
That to the den, for aught that I could say,
Hath still returned to shrowd himself from cold;
Whereby it suffers now for such delay,
By nightly plaints, instead of pleasures old.
I wash my bed with tears continual,
To dull my sight, that it be never bold
To stir my heart again to such a fall.
Thus dry I up among my foes in woe,
That with my fall do rise and grow withal,
And me beset even now where I am, so
With secret traps to trouble my penance.
Some do present to my weeping eyes, lo!
The chere, the manner, beauty or countenance
Of her, whose look, alas! did make me blind;
Some other offer to my remembrance
Those pleasant words, now bitter to my mind;
And some shew me the power of my armour,
Triumph and conquest, and to my head assigned
Double diadem; some shew the favour
Of people frail, palace, pomp, and richès.[1]
To these mermaids, and their baits of error
I stop my ears, with help of thy goodness;
And, for I feel it cometh alone of Thee
That to my heart these foes have none access,
I dare them bid, Avoid, wretches! and flee;
The Lord hath heard the voice of my complaint;
Your engines take no more effect in me;
The Lord hath heard, I say, and seen me faint
Under your hand, and pitieth my distress;
He shall do make my senses, by constraint,
Obey the rule that reason shall express;
Where the deceit of that your glosing bait
Made them usurp a power in all excess.
Shamed be they all that so do lie in wait

[1] The word is to be pronounced, in this instance, like *richesse* in French.

To compass me, by missing of their prey!
Shame and rebuke redound to such deceit!
Sudden confusion, as stroke without delay,
Shall so deface their crafty suggestion,
That they to hurt my health no more assay
Since I, O Lord, remain in thy protection.

THE AUTHOR.

WHOSO hath seen the sick in his fever,
After truce taken with the heat or cold,
And that the fit is past of his fervour,
Draw fainting sighs; let him, I say, behold
Sorrowful David, after his langour,
That with his tears, that from his eyes down rolled,
Pausèd his plaint, and laid adown his harp,
Faithful record of all his sorrows sharp.

It seemed now that of his fault the horror
Did make afeared no more his hope of grace;
The threat hereof, in horrible terror,
Did hold his heart as in despair a space,
Till he had willed to seek for his succour;
Himself accusing, beknowing his case,
Thinking so best his Lord for to appease,
Eased, but not yet healed, he feeleth his disease.

Now seemeth horrible no more the dark cave,
That erst did make his soul for to tremble;
A place devout, of refuge for to save
The succourless it rather doth resemble:
For who had seen so kneel within the grave
The chief pastor of the Hebrews' assemble,
Would judge it made by tears of penitence
A sacred place, worthy of reverence.

With vapoured eyes he looketh here and there,
And when he hath a while himself bethought,

Gathering his spirits, that were dismayed for fear,
His harp again into his hand he raught,
Tuning accord by judgment of his ear,
His heart's bottom for a sigh he sought;
And therewithal, upon the hollow tree,
With strainèd voice again thus crieth he.

PSALM XXXII.

Beati, quorum remissæ sunt iniquitates.

OH! happy are they that have forgiveness got
Of their offence, not by their penitence
As by merit, which recompenseth not,
Although that yet pardon hath not offence
Without the same; but by the goodness
Of Him that hath perfect intelligence
Of heart contrite, and covereth the greatness
Of sin within a merciful discharge.
And happy are they that have the wilfulness
Of lust restrained afore it went at large,
Provokèd by the dread of God's furor;
Whereby they have not on their backs the charge
Of others' faults to suffer the dolor,
For that their fault was never execute
In open sight, example of error.
And happy is he to whom God doth impute
No more his fault, by knowledging his sin:
But cleansèd now the Lord doth him repute,
As adder fresh new strippèd from his skin:
Nor in his sprite is aught undiscovered.
I, for because I hid it still within,
Thinking by state in fault to be preferred,
Do find by hiding of my fault my harm;
As he that feels his health to be hindered
By secret wound, concealèd from the charm

Of leech's cure, that else had had redress;
And feel my bones consume and wax unfirm
By daily rage, roaring in excess.
Thy heavy hand on me was so increased
Both day and night, and held my heart in press,
With pricking thoughts bereaving me my rest,
That withered is my lustiness away,
As summer heats that have the green oppressed.
Wherefore I did another way assay,
And sought forthwith to open in thy sight
My fault, my fear, my filthiness, I say,
And not to hide from Thee my great unright.
I shall, quoth I, against myself confess
Unto the Lord, all my sinful plight:
And Thou forthwith didst wash the wickedness
Of mine offence. Of truth right thus it is,
Wherefore they that have tasted thy goodness,
At me shall take example as of this,
And pray, and seek in time for time of grace.
Then shall the storms and floods of harm him miss,
And him to reach shall never have the space.
Thou art my refuge, and only safeguard
From the troubles that compass me the place.
Such joys as he that scapes his enemies ward
With loosèd bands, hath in his liberty;
Such is my joy thou hast to me prepared.
That, as the seaman in his jeopardy
By sudden light perceivèd hath the port,
So by thy great merciful property,
Within thy book thus read I my comfort:
'I shall thee teach, and give understanding,
And point to thee what way thou shalt resort
For thy address, to keep thee from wandering:
Mine eyes shall take the charge to be thy guide:
I ask thereto of thee only this thing,
Be not like horse, or mule, that men do ride,
That not alone doth not his master know,

But for the good thou dost him must be tied,
And bridled lest his guide he bite or throw.'
Oh! diverse are the chastisings of sin
In meat, in drink, in breath that man doth blow,
In sleep, in watch, in fretting still within,
That never suffer rest unto the mind
Filled with offence; that new and new begin
With thousand fears the heart to strain and bind.
But for all this, he that in God doth trust,
With mercy shall himself defended find.
Joy! and rejoice! I say, ye that be just
In Him, that maketh and holdeth ye so still:
In Him your glory always set you must,
All ye that be of upright heart and will.

THE AUTHOR.

THIS song ended, David did stint his voice;
And in that while about he with his eye
Did seek the cave; with which, withouten noise,
His silence seemed to argue, and reply.
Upon his peace, this peace that did rejoice
The soul with mercy, that mercy so did cry;
And found mercy at plentiful Mercy's hand,
Never denied, but where it was withstand.

As the servant that in his master's face
Finding pardon of his passèd offence,
Considering his great goodness and his grace,
Glad tears distils, as gladsome recompense:
Right so David, that seemèd in that place
A marble image of singular reverence,
Carved in the rock, with eyes and hands on high
Made as by craft to plain, to sob, to sigh.

This while a beam that bright sun forth sends,
That sun, the which was never cloud could hide,

Pierceth the cave, and on the harp descends:
Whose glancing light the chords did overglide,
And such lustre upon the harp extends,
As light of lamp upon the gold clean tried,
The lome whereof into his eyes did start,
Surprised with joy by penance of the heart.

He, then inflamed with far more hot affect
Of God, than he was erst of Batsabè,
His left foot did on the earth erect,
And just thereby remaineth the other knee;
To the left side his weight he doth direct;
For hope of health his harp again taketh he;
His hand, his tune, his mind eke sought this lay,
Which to the Lord with sober voice did say.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Domine, ne in furore tuo.

O LORD! as I have thee both prayed, and pray,
(Although in Thee be no alteration,
But that we men, like as ourselves, we say,
Measuring thy justice by our mutation)
Chastise me not, O Lord! in thy furor,
Nor me correct in wrathful castigation:
For that thy arrows of fear, of terror,
Of sword, of sickness, of famine, and of fire,
Stick deep in me, I, lo! from mine error,
Am plungèd up, as horse out of the mire
With stroke of spur. Such is thy hand on me
That in my flesh, for terror of thy ire,
Is not one point of firm stability;
Nor in my bones there is no steadfastness;
Such is my dread of mutability;
For that I know my frailful wickedness.
For why? my sins above my head are bound,
Like heavy weight that doth my force oppress;

Under the which I stoop and bow to the ground,
As willow plant halèd[1] by violence;
And of my flesh each not well curèd wound,
That festered is by folly and negligence,
By secret lust hath rankled under skin,
Not duly cured by my penitence.
Perceiving thus the tyranny of sin,
That with his weight hath humbled and depressed
My pride; by gnawing of the worm within
That never dieth, I live withouten rest.
So are mine entrails infect with fervent sore,
Feeding the harm that hath my wealth oppressed,
That in my flesh is left no health therefore;
So wondrous great hath been my vexation,
That it hath forced my heart to cry and roar.
O Lord! thou knowest the inward contemplation
Of my desire; thou knowest my sighs and plaints;
Thou knowest the tears of my lamentation
Cannot express my heart's inward restraints.
My heart panteth; my force I feel it quail;
My sight, my eyes, my look decays and faints.
And when mine enemies did me most assail,
My friends most sure wherein I set most trust
Mine own virtues soonest then did fail
And stand apart; reason and wit unjust,
As kin unkind, were farthest gone at need;
So had they place their venom out to thrust
That sought my death by naughty word and deed.
Their tongues reproach, their wit did fraud apply,
And I, like deaf and dumb, forth my way yede,[2]
Like one that hears not, nor hath to reply
One word again, knowing that from thine hand
These things proceed, and thou, Lord, shalt supply
My trust in Thee, wherein I stick and stand.
Yet have I had great cause to dread and fear,
That thou wouldst give my foes the over hand;

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[1] Pulled up. [2] Went.

For in my fall they shewed such pleasant chere.
And therewithal, I alway in the lash
Abide the stroke, and with me every where
I bear my fault, that greatly doth abash
My doleful chere; for I my fault confess,
And my desert doth all my comfort dash.
In the mean while mine enemies still increase,
And my provokers hereby do augment,
That without cause to hurt me do not cease;
In evil for good against me they be bent,
And hinder shall my good pursuit of grace.
Lo! now, my God, that seest my whole intent!
My Lord, I am, thou knowest, in what case;
Forsake me not! be not far from me gone!
Haste to my help! haste, Lord, and haste apace!
O Lord! the Lord of all my health alone!

THE AUTHOR.

LIKE as the pilgrim, that in a long way
Fainting for heat, provokèd by some wind,
In some fresh shade lieth down at mid of day;
So doth of David the wearied voice and mind
Take breath of sighs, when he had sung this lay
Under such shade as sorrow hath assigned;
And as the one still minds his voyage end,
So doth the other to mercy still pretend.

On sonour[1] chords his fingers he extends,
Without hearing or judgment of the sound;
Down from his eyes a stream of tears descends,
Without feeling, that trickle on the ground.
As he that bleeds in bain[2] right so intends
The altered senses to that that they are bound.

[1] Sonorous.

[2] This word, generally spelt *baine*, or *bayne*, was in common use long after Wyatt's time. Dr. Nott observes, in reference to the above passage, that he believes it was part of the practice to put the patient into a bath when he was to be blooded.

But sigh and weep he can none other thing,
And look up still unto the heavens' King.

But who had been without the cavè's mouth
And heard the tears and sighs that him did strain,
He would have sworn there had out of the south
A lukewarm wind brought forth a smoky rain.
But that so close the cave was and uncouth
That none but God was record of his pain,
Else had the wind blown in all Israel's ears
The woful plaint, and of their king the tears.

Of which some part when he up suppèd had,[1]
Like as he whom his own thought affrays,
He turns his look; him seemeth that the shade
Of his offence again his[2] force assays
By violent despair on him to lade.
Starting like him whom sudden fear dismays,
His voice he strains, and from his heart out brings
This song, that I not[3] whether he cries or sings.

PSALM LI.

Miserere mei, Deus.

RUE on me, Lord! for thy goodness and grace,
That of thy nature art so bountiful;
For that goodness, that in the world doth brace
Repugnant natures in quiet wonderful;
And for thy mercies, number without end
In heaven and earth perceived so plentiful,
That over all they do themselves extend;
For those mercies, much more than man can sin,
Do away my sins, that so thy grace offend
Ofttimes again. Wash, wash me well within,

[1] The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
Upsuppèd have, thus I my plaint renew.—SURREY.

[2] For *its*.

[3] Ne wot, know not.

And from my sin, that thus makes me afraid,
Make thou me clean, as aye thy wont hath been.
For unto Thee no number can be laid
For to prescribe remissions of offence
In hearts returned, as thou thyself hast said.
And I beknow my fault, my negligence,
And in my sight my sin is fixèd fast,
Thereof to have more perfect penitence.
To Thee alone, to Thee have I trespassed;
For none can measure my fault but thou alone;
For in thy sight, I have not been aghast
For to offend; judging thy sight as none,
So that my fault were hid from sight of man;
Thy majesty so from my mind was gone.
This know I, and repent; pardon Thou then;
Whereby Thou shalt keep still thy word stable,
Thy justice pure and clean; because that when
I pardoned am, then forthwith justly able
Just I am judged by justice of thy grace.
For I myself, lo! thing most unstable,
Formed in offence, conceivèd in like case,
Am nought but sin from my nativity.
Be not this said for mine excuse, alas!
But of thy help to shew necessity.
For, lo! Thou lovest the truth of the inward heart,
Which yet doth live in my fidelity,
Though I have fallen by frailty overthwart;
For wilful malice led me not the way,
So much as hath the flesh drawn me apart.
Wherefore, O Lord! as thou hast done alway,
Teach me the hidden wisdom of thy lore,
Since that my faith doth not yet decay.
And, as the Jews do heal the leper sore,
With hyssop cleanse, cleanse me and I am clean.
Thou shalt me wash, and more than snow therefore
I shall be white, how foul my fault hath been.
Thou of my health shalt gladsome tidings bring,

When from above remission shall be seen
Descend on earth; then shall for joy up spring
The bones, that were before consumed to dust.
Look not, O Lord! upon mine offending,
But do away my deeds that are unjust.
Make a clean heart in the midst of my breast,
With spirit upright voided from filthy lust.
From thine eyes cure cast me not in unrest,
Nor take from me thy Spirit of Holiness.
Render to me joy of thy help and rest;
My will confirm with the Spirit of Steadfastness;
And by this shall these godly things ensue,
Sinners I shall into thy ways address;
They shall return to Thee, and thy grace sue.
My tongue shall praise thy justification;
My mouth shall spread thy glorious praises true.
But of thyself, O God! this operation
It must proceed, by purging me from blood,
Among the just that I may have relation.
And of thy lauds for to let out the flood,
Thou must, O Lord! my lips first unloose.
For if thou hadst esteemèd pleasant good
The outward deeds, that outward men disclose,
I would have offered unto Thee sacrifice.
But thou delightest not in no such glose
Of outward deed, as men dream and devise.
The sacrifice that the Lord liketh most
Is spirit contrite; low heart in humble wise
Thou dost accept, O God, for pleasant host.[1]
Make Sion, Lord, according to thy will
Inward Sion, the Sion of the ghost[1]
Of heart's Jerusalem strength the walls still:
Then shalt Thou take for good the outward deeds,
As a sacrifice thy pleasure to fulfil.
Of Thee alone thus all our good proceeds.

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[1] Sacrifice.

THE AUTHOR.

OF deep secrets that David here did sing,
Of Mercy, of Faith, of Frailty, of Grace,
Of God's goodness, and of Justifying,
The greatness did so astonny himself apace,
As who might say, 'Who hath expressed this thing?
I sinner! I! what have I said? alas!
That God's goodness would in my song entreat?
Let me again consider and repeat.'

And so he doth; but not expressed by word;
But in his heart he turneth oft and poiseth
Each word, that erst his lips might forth afford:
He pants, he pauseth, he wonders, he praiseth
The Mercy, that hideth of Justice the sword:
The Justice that so his promise complisheth
For his word's sake to worthiless desert,
That gratis his grace to men doth depart.

Here hath he comfort when he doth measure
Measureless mercy to measureless fault,
To prodigal sinners infinite treasure,
Treasure celestial, that never shall default.
Yea! when that sin shall fail, and may not dure,
Mercy shall reign, 'gainst whom shall not assault
Of hell prevail: by whom, lo! at this day
Of Heaven gates Remission is the key.

And when David had pondered well and tried,
And seeth himself not utterly deprived
From light of Grace, that dark of sin did hide,
He finds his hope so much therewith revived,
He dare importune the Lord on every side;
For he knoweth well that to Mercy is ascribed
Respectless labour, importune cry, and call;
And thus beginneth his song therewithal:

PSALM CII.

Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

LORD! hear my prayer, and let my cry pass
Unto thee, Lord, without impediment.
Do not from me turn thy merciful face,
Unto myself leaving my government.
In time of trouble and adversity
Incline to me thine ear, and thine intent;
And when I call, help my necessity;
Readily grant the effect of my desire.
These bold demands do please thy Majesty;
And eke my case such haste doth well require.
For like as smoke my days are past away,
My bones dried up as furnace with the fire;
My heart, my mind is withered up like hay;
Because I have forgot to take my bread,
My bread of life, the word of Truth, I say.
And for my plaintful sighs, and for my dread,
My bones, my strength, my very force of mind
Cleaved to the flesh, and from the spirit were fled,
As desperate thy mercy for to find.
So made I me the solen[1] pelican;
And like the owl, that flieth by proper kind
Light of the day, and hath herself beta'en
To pining life out of all company.
With waker care, that with this woe began,
Like the sparrow was I solitary,
That sits alone under the houses' eaves.
This while my foes conspired continually,
And did provoke the harm of my disease.
Wherefore like ashes my bread did me savour;
Of thy just word the taste might not me please;
Wherefore my drink I tempered with liquor

[1] Single, solitary; from *solus*.

Of weeping tears, that from mine eyes did rain,
Because I knew the wrath of thy furor,
Provoked by right, had of my pride disdain.
For thou didst lift me up to throw me down,
To teach me how to know myself again;
Whereby I knew that helpless I should drown.
My days like shadow decline, and I do cry,
And Thee for ever eternity doth crown;
World without end doth last thy memory.
For this frailty, that yoketh all mankind,
Thou shalt awake, and rue this misery:
Rue on Sion! Sion, that as I find
Is the people that live under thy law.
For now is time, the time at hand assigned,
The time so long that thy servants draw
In great desire to see that pleasant day;
Day of redeeming Sion from sin's awe.
For they have ruth to see in such decay,
In dust, and stones, this wretched Sion lower.
Then the Gentiles shall dread thy name alway;
All earthly kings thy glory shall honour;
Then, when thy grace thy Sion thus redeemeth,
When thus Thou hast declared thy mighty power.
The lord his servants wishes so esteemeth
That He him turneth unto the poor's request.
To our descent this to be written seemeth,
Of all comforts as consolation best:
And they that then shall be regenerate,
Shall praise the Lord therefore. both most and least.
For He hath looked from the height of his estate;
The Lord from heaven in earth hath looked on us,
To hear the moan of them that are algate[1]
In foul bondage; to loose, and to discuss
The sons of death out from their deadly bond;
To give thereby occasion glorious
In this Sion his holy name to stond;

---

[1] For *algates*—always.

And in Jerusalem his lauds, lasting aye,
When in one Church, the people of the land,
And realms, been gathered to serve, to laud, to pray
The Lord alone, so just and merciful.
But to this samble[1] running in the way,
My strength faileth to reach it at the full.
He hath abridged my days, they may not dure
To see that term, that term so wonderful;
Although I have with hearty will, and cure,
Prayed to the Lord, take me not, Lord! away
In the midst of my years; though thine ever sure
Remain eterne, whom time cannot decay. [make;
Thou wrought'st the earth, thy hands the heavens did
They shall perish, and Thou shalt last alway;
And all things age shall wear and overtake,
Like cloth, and Thou shalt change them like apparel,
Turn and translate, and they in worth it take;
But Thou thyself the self remainest, well
That Thou wast erst, and shalt thy years extend.
Then since to this there may no thing rebel,
The greatest comfort that I can pretend,
Is, that the children of thy servants dear
That in thy word are got, shall without end
Before thy face be stablished all in fear.[2]

THE AUTHOR.

WHEN David had perceived in his breast
The Spirit of God return, that was exiled;
Because he knew he hath alone expressed
These same great things, that greater Spirit compiled;

---

[1] Assembly.

[2] I doubt whether we ought not to read 'all in fere,' altogether. The common translat on is, 'The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established in thy sight.'—NOTT.

As shawm[1] or pipe lets out the sound impressed,
By music's art forgèd tofore and filed;
I say when David had perceivèd this,
The spirit of comfort in him revived is.

For thereupon he maketh argument
Of reconciling unto the Lord's grace;
Although sometime to prophesy have lent
Both brute beasts, and wicked hearts a place.
But our David judgeth in his intent
Himself by penance, clean out of this case,
Whereby he hath remission of offence,
And ginneth to allow his pain and penitence.

But when he weigheth the fault, and recompense,
He damneth this his deed and findeth plain
Atween them two no whit equivalence;
Whereby he takes all outward deed in vain
To bear the name of rightful penitence;
Which is alone the heart returned again,
And sore contrite, that doth his fault bemoan;
And outward deed the sign or fruit alone.

With this he doth defend the sly assault
Of vain allowance of his own desert;
And all the glory of his forgiven fault
To God alone he doth it whole convert;
His own merit he findeth in default:
And whilst he pondereth these things in his heart,
His knee his arm, his hand sustained his chin,[2]
When he his song again thus did begin.

---

[1] An ancient wind instrument, similar in form to the clarionet.

[2] When Windsor walls sustained my wearied arm,
My hand, my chin, to ease my restless head.—SURREY.

PSALM CXXX.

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine.

FROM depth of sin, and from a deep despair,
From depth of death, from depth of heart's sorrow,
From this deep cave of darkness deep repair,
Thee have I called, O Lord! to be my borrow.
Thou in my voice, O Lord! perceive and hear
My heart, my hope, my plaint, my overthrow,
My will to rise: and let, by grant, appear
That to my voice thine ears do well attend.
No place so far, that to Thee is not near;
No depth so deep, that thou ne mayst extend
Thine ear thereto; hear then my woful plaint:
For, Lord, if thou observe what men offend,
And put thy native mercy in restraint;
If just exaction demand recompense;
Who may endure, O Lord? who shall not faint
At such accompt? so dread, not reverence
Should reign at large. But thou seekest rather love;
For in thy hand is Mercy's residence,
By hope whereof Thou dost our hearts eke move.
I in the Lord have set my confidence:
My soul such trust doth evermore approve.
Thy holy word of eterne excellence,
Thy mercy's promise that is alway just,
Have been my stay, my pillar, and defence.
My soul in God hath more desirous trust,
Than hath the watchman looking for the day,
For his relief, to quench of sleep the thrust.[1]
Let Israel trust unto the Lord alway,
For grace and favour are his property.
Plenteous ransom shall come with him, I say,
And shall redeem all our iniquity.

---

[1] Thrist, thirst; altered to suit the rhyme.

THE AUTHOR.

THIS word 'Redeem,' that in his mouth did sound,
Did put David, it seemeth unto me,
As in a trance to stare upon the ground,
And with his thought the height of heaven to see:
Where he beholds the Word that should confound
The word of death, by humility to be
In mortal maid, in mortal habit made,
Eternity in mortal vail to shade.[1]

He seeth that Word, when full ripe time should come,
Do way that vail by fervent affection,
Torn of[2] with death, for Death should have her doom,
And leapeth lighter from such corruption.
The glint of light that in the air doth lome
Man redeemeth; death hath her destruction;
That mortal vail hath immortality;
To David assurance of his iniquity.

Whereby he frames this reason in his heart,
That goodness, which doth not forbear his son
From death for me, and can thereby convert
My death to life, my sin to salvation,

---

[1] The Harrington MS. varies considerably in this passage:—

'Where he beholds the Word that should confound
The word of death, by humble ear to be
In mortal maid, in mortal habit made;
Eternal life in mortal vail to shade.'

Upon these lines Dr. Nott makes the following note:—'This expression [by humble ear] is taken from Psalm xl. v. 6; and allusion is made in it to a custom common with the Jewish nation, and thus described in the 15th chapter of Deuteronomy. Directions are there given about the servants, who were to be released and set at liberty at the seventh, or sabbatical year; and it is provided that if any servant, so to be set at liberty, wished to continue in his former master's service, then the following ceremony should be observed: 'If he, the servant, say unto thee, I will not go away from thee, because he loveth thee, and thine house, because he is well with thee; then shalt thou take an awl and thrust it through his ear unto the door, and he shall be thy servant for ever.''

[2] Off?

Both can and will a smaller grace depart
To him that sueth by humble supplication:
And since I have his larger grace assayed,
To ask this thing why am I then afraid?

He granteth most to them that most do crave;
And he delights in suit without respect.
Alas! my son pursues me to the grave,
Suffered by God, my sin for to correct.
But of my sin, since I may pardon have,
My son's pursuit shall shortly be reject;
Then will I crave with surèd confidence.
And thus begins the suit of his pretence.

PSALM CXLIII.

Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord! hear my request!
Complish my boon! answer to my desire!
Not by desert, but for thine own behest
In whose firm truth Thou promised mine empire
To stand stable; and after thy justice
Perform, O Lord! the thing that I require.
But not of Law after the form and guise
To enter judgment with thy thrall bondslave,
To plead his right; for in such manner wise
Before thy sight no man his right shall save.
For of myself, lo! this my righteousness
By scourge and whip, and pricking spurs, I have
Scant risen up, such is my beastliness.
For that, mine enemy hath pursued my life,
And in the dust hath soiled my lustiness;
To foreign realms, to flee his rage to rife,
He hath me forced as dead to hide my head.
And for because within myself at strife,
My heart, and spirit, with all my force were fled,
I had recourse to times that have been past,

And did remember thy deeds in all my dread,
And did peruse thy works that ever last;
Whereby I know above these wonders all
Thy mercies were. Then lift I up in haste
My hands to Thee; my soul to Thee did call,
Like barren soil, for moisture of thy grace.
Haste to my help, O Lord! afore I fall;
For sure I feel my spirit doth faint apace.
Turn not thy face from me, that I be laid
In count of them that headling down do pass
Into the pit; Shew me betimes thine aid,
For on thy grace I wholly do depend;
And in thy hand since all my health is staid,
Do me to know what way thou wilt I bend;
For unto thee I have raised up my mind.
Rid me, O Lord! from them that do entend
My foes to be; for I have me assigned
Alway within thy secret protection.
Teach me thy will, that I by thee may find
The way to work the same in affection.
For thou, my God! thy blessed Spirit upright
In laud of truth shall be my direction.
Thou for thy name, Lord, shalt revive my sprite
Within the right that I receive by Thee;
Whereby my life of danger shall be quite.
Thou hast fordone the great iniquity
That vexed my soul: Thou shalt also confound
My foes, O Lord! for thy benignity;
For thine am I, thy servant aye most bound.[1]

---

[1] The seven Penitential Psalms terminate here. The Psalm that follows is a distinct piece.

PSALM XXXVII.[1]

Noli emulari in maligna.

ALTHOUGH thou see the outrageous climb aloft,
Envy not thou his blind prosperity.
The wealth of wretches, though it seemeth soft,
Move not thy heart by their felicity.
They shall be found like grass, turned into hay,
And as the herbs that wither suddenly.
Stablish thy trust in God: seek right alway,
And on the earth thou shalt inhabit long.
Feed, and increase such hope from day to day;
And if with God thou time thy hearty song,
He shall thee give what so thy heart can lust.
Cast upon God thy will, that rights thy wrong;
Give him the charge, for He upright and just
Hath cure of thee, and eke, of thy cares all;
And He shall make thy truth to be discussed.
Bright as the sun, and thy rightwiseness shall
(The cursèd wealth, though now do it deface)
Shine like the daylight that we the noon call.
Patiently abide the Lord's assurèd grace:
Bear with even mind the trouble that he sends;
Dismay thee not, though thou see the purchase

---

[1] In the Harrington MS. the following lines are written apparently as the introduction to a contemplated poem:—

THE ARGUMENT.

Sometime the pride of my assurèd truth
Contemned all help of God and eke of man;
But when I saw man blindly how he goeth,
In deeming hearts which none but God here can,
And his dooms hid, whereby man's malice growth,
Mine Earl, this doubt mine heart doth humble than,
For error so might murder innocence;
Then sang I thus in God my confidence.

Dr. Nott conjectures that these lines were addressed to Surrey, and that they were intended as a proem to the above paraphrase of the 37th Psalm.

Increase of some; for such like luck God sends
To wicked folk.
Restrain thy mind from wrath that aye offends.
Do way all rage, and see thou do eschew
By their like deed such deeds for to commit;
For wicked folk their overthrow shall rue.
Who patiently abides, and do not flit
They shall possede the world from heir to heir;
The wicked shall of all his wealth be quit
So suddenly, and that without repair,
That all his pomp, and all his strange array
Shall from thine eye depart, as blast of air.
The sober then the world shall wield, I say,
And live in wealth and peace so plentiful.
Him to destroy the wicked shall assay,
And gnash his teeth eke with groaning ireful;
The Lord shall scorn the threatenings of the wretch,
For he doth know the tide is nigh at full
When he shall sink, and no hand shall him seech.
They have unsheathèd eke their bloody bronds,
And bent their bow to prove if they might reach
To overthrow the . . . . . .
Bare of relief the harmless to devour.
The sword shall pierce the heart of such that fonds:[1]
Their bow shall break in their most endeavour.
A little living gotten rightfully
Passeth the riches, and eke the high power
Of that, that wretches have gathered wickedly.
Perish shall the wicked's posterity,
And God shall 'stablish the just assuredly.
The just man's days the Lord doth know, and see!
Their heritage shall last for evermore,
And of their hope beguiled they shall not be,
When dismold days shall wrap the other sore.
They shall be full when other faint for food,
Therewhilst shall fail these wicked men therefore.

[1] *Fonde*, to dote upon foolishly.

To God's enemies such end shall be allowed,
As hath lamb's grease wasting in the fire,
That is consumed into a smoky cloud.
Borroweth the unjust without will or desire
To yield again; the just freely doth give,
Where he seeth need: as mercy doth require.
Who will'th him well for right therefore shall leve;
Who banish him shall be rooted away.
His steps shall God direct still and relieve,
And please him shall what life him lust essay;
And though he fall under foot, lie shall not he,
Catching his hand for God shall straight him stay:
. . . . . .
Nor yet his seed foodless seen for to be.
The just to all men merciful hath been;
Busy to do well, therefore his seed, I say,
Shall have abundance alway fresh and green.
Flee ill; do good; that thou mayest last alway,
For God doth love for evermore the upright.
Never his chosen doth he cast away;
For ever he them mindeth day and night;
And wicked seed alway shall waste to nought,
The just shall wield the world as their own right,
And long thereon shall dwell, as they have wrought.
With wisdom shall the wise man's mouth him able;
His tongue shall speak alway even as it ought,
With God's learning he hath his heart stable,
His foot therefore from sliding shall be sure!
The wicked watcheth the just for to disable,
And for to slay him doth his busy cure.
But God will not suffer him for to quail;
By tyranny, nor yet by fault unpure,
To be condemned in judgment without fail.
Await therefore the coming of the Lord!
Live with his laws in patience to prevail,
And He shall raise thee of thine own accord
Above the earth, in surety to behold
The wicked's death, that thou may it record,

I have well seen the wicked sheen like gold:
Lusty and green as laurel lasting aye,
But even anon and scant his seat was cold
When I have passed again the selfsame way;
Where he did reign, he was not to be found:
Vanished he was for all his fresh array.
Let uprightness be still thy steadfast ground.
Follow the right; such one shall alway find
Himself in peace and plenty to abound.
All wicked folk reversèd shall untwind,
And wretchedness shall be the wicked's end.
Health to the just from God shall be assigned,
He shall them strength whom trouble should offend.
The Lord shall help I say, and them deliver
From cursèd hands, and health unto them send,
For that in Him they set their trust for ever.

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UNDER this stone there lieth at rest
A friendly man, a worthy knight;
Whose heart and mind was ever prest
To favour truth, to further right.

The poor's defence, his neighbour's aid,
Most kind always unto his kin;
That stint all strife, that might be stayed;
Whose gentle grace great love did win.

A man, that was full earnest set
To serve his prince at all assays:
No sickness could him from it let;
Which was the shortening of his days.

His life was good, he died full well;
The body here, the soul in bliss
With length of words why should I tell,
Or farther shew, that well known is;
Since that the tears of more and less,
Right well declare his worthiness.

Vivit post funera Virtus.

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