

## PART II

## Exposition to Ward's 1926 Edition

Captain Bernard M. Ward's 1926 edition of *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres* from the 1573 original is reprinted at pages 111-294. He copied the original spelling throughout except where these changes were made for smoother reading: —

1. The interchangeable letters "i," "j," "u," and "v," and the old form of the long "s," have been modernized.
2. Whenever an abbreviation occurs by a stroke over the preceding letter the word has been printed in full (e.g., "cōtent" has been printed "content," and "ſcience" as "pretence").
3. Original punctuation has been followed except where obvious errors have been corrected.
4. "Faults escaped" (*Errata*) are incorporated into the text.

*A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres* (Q1=1573) actually opened with two plays, *Supposes* and *Jocasta*. In the original edition of 1573 these two plays occupied pp. 1-163, followed by the colophon "Printed by Henry Binneyman for Richard Smith." The pagination skips to page 201. As the signatures start again on this page with A.i. it is evident we are dealing with two books bound up together; the second one being *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres* (Q1=1573) proper. Therefore Captain Ward omitted *Supposes* and *Jocasta* in his 1926 edition of *Flowres*.

*A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres* (Q1=1573) proper, opened with two letters. The second, signed "G.T.", is immediately followed by the long prose and verse tale called *The Adventures of Master F.I.* This tale consisted of thirteen poems, all signed "F.I.", and linked together by a long prose story, each portion of which was signed "G.T." Owing to the length of this prose section (93 pages in the original), and because it is out of place in a poetical anthology, Captain Ward omitted sections of the prose portions in his 1926 reprint, retaining only enough to explain the poems. Following is a list of the prose omissions (which Captain Ward indicated by ellipses) from *The Adventures of Master F.I.* (page and line numbers refer to the 1573 edition of *Flowres*): —

p. 207, line 14 to p. 211, line 12	p. 238, line 18 to p. 242, line 7
p. 212, line 27 to p. 218, line 3	p. 244, line 10 to p. 245, line 22
p. 218, line 34 to p. 223, line 4	p. 246, line 10 to p. 258, line 14
p. 225, line 3 to p. 225, line 24	p. 260, line 5 to p. 287, line 24
p. 226, line 20 to p. 235, line 31	p. 288, line 27 to p. 289, line 12
p. 290, line 3 to p. 291, line 18	

The prose portions omitted by Captain Ward, and the variations between *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres* (Q1=1573), *The Posies of George Gascoigne* (Q2=1575), and *The Pleasantest Workes of George Gascoigne* (Q3=1587) can be found in John W. Cunliffe's Appendix to Vol. I, *Complete Works of George Gascoigne* [1969 reprint of 1909 edition, Greenwood Press, N.Y.]. Unfortunately, Cunliffe transcribed and modernized the "F.I." of *Flowres* (Q1=1573) as "F.J." throughout his Appendix, and therefore missed this most significant alteration and variation. [Cf., the facsimiles in this volume between pp. 25-6 showing the initials "F.I." found in the original edition of *Flowres* and Cunliffe's transcription of *Posies*.]

Gathered partly (by translation) in the fyne outlandish Garðins of Euripides, Ouid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others; and partly by invention, out of our owne fruitlefull Or-  
chardes in Englande;

A Hundreth sundrie Flowres bounde  
vp in one small Poesie

Yelding sundrie fveete faours of Tragi-  
cal, Comical, and Morall Discour-  
ses, bothe pleasaunt and profitable to the  
well fymlyng notes of learned Readers.

Meritum petere, graue.

AT LONDON,  
Imprinted for Richard Smith.

## The contents of this Booke.

First an excellente and pleasante upon five sundry theames given to  
Comedie entituled Supposes. him by five sundry Gentlemen in

The second, the wofull tragedie five sundry meeters.  
of Jocasta, conteining the utter subversion of Thebes.

Thirdly, a pleasant discourse of the adventures of master F. I. con-  
teyning excellent letters, sonets, Lays, Ballets, Rondlets, Verlayes  
and verses.

Fourthly, divers excellent de-  
vises of sundry Gentlemen.

Fiftly, certayne devises of mas-  
taine Bourcher lately slayne in Ze-  
ter Gascoyne, conteyning his ano-  
thamie, his arraignemente, his Gascoines devise of a maske.  
praye of mistresse Bridges now Gascoines wodmanship.  
Lady Sands, then his praise of Gascoines gardening.  
Zouch late the Lady Grey of Wil-  
ton Gascoines last voyage into Hol-  
land in Marche. 1572

Gascoyne his passion.

Gascoines libell of divorce.

tresse

Gascoines praise of his mis-  
Gascoines Lullable.

Gascoines Recantation.

Gascoines five notable devises

upon five sundry theames given to  
him by five sundry Gentlemen in  
is *opus habet*.  
Gascoines good morrowe.  
Gascoines good night.  
Gascoines counsell to Douglas  
Dive.

Gascoines counsell to Barthol-  
mew Wythipole.  
Gascoines Epitaph upon Cap-

laine, called the tale of thestone.  
Gascoines devise of a maske.

Gascoines last voyage into Hol-

land in Marche. 1572

Lastly the dolorous discourse of

Dan Bartholmew of Bathe, wherin

is conteyned histriumphes, his dis-  
course of love, his extreme passion,  
his libell of request to Care, his last  
will and testament, his farewell.  
Last of all the reporter.

## The Printer to the Reader

 Hath bin an old saying, that whiles two  
doggs do strive for a bone, the thirde may  
come and carie it away. And this proverbe  
may (as I feare) be wel verefied in me which

take in hand the imprinting of this poetical  
Poesie. For the case seemeth doubtful, and

cunningly discharged himselfe of any such misliking, as the

graver sort of greyhearded judges mighte (perhaps) con-  
ceive in the publication of these pleasant Pamphlets. And  
nexte unto that learned preamble, the letter of. G. T. (by  
whome as seemeth, the first copie hereof was unto the  
same. H. W. delivered, doth with no lesse clerkly cunning  
seeke to perswade the readers, that he (also) woulde by  
no meanes have it published. Now I feare very muche

(all these words notwithstanding) that these two gentle-  
men were of one assent compact to have it imprinted:  
And yet, finding by experiance that nothing is so wel hand-  
led now adayes, but that some malicious minds may ei-  
ther take occasion to mislike it themselves, or else finde  
means to make it odious unto others: They have there-  
fore (each of them) politiquely prevented the daunger of  
misreport, and suffered me the poore Printer to runne a-  
way with the palme of so perillous a victorie. Notwith-  
standing, having wel perused the worke, I find nothing  
therein amisse (to my judgemente) unlesse it be two or  
three wanton places passed over in the discourse of an a-  
morous enterprise: The which for as much as the words  
are cleanly (although the thing ment be somewhat natu-  
rall

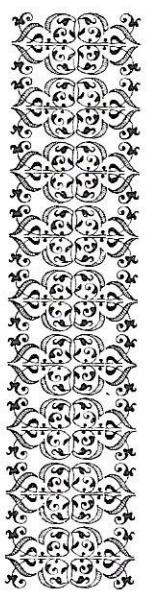
## To the gentle Reader

rall) I have thought good also to let them passe as they came to me, and the rather because (as master H.W. hath well alleadged in his letter to the Reader) the well minded man may reap some commoditie out of the most frivoles works that are written. And as the venomous spider will sucke poison out of the most holesome herbe, and the industrious Bee can gather hony out of the most stinking weed: Even so the discrete reader may take a happie example by the most lascivious histories, although the captious and harebraind heads can neither be encouraged by the good, nor forewarned by the bad. And thus muche I have thought good to say in excuse of some sa- vours, which may perchance smell unpleasantly to some noses, in some part of this poeticall poesie. Now it hath with this fault a greater commoditie than common poe- sties have ben accustomed to present, and that is this, you shall not be constreined to smell of the floures therein con- tained all at once, neither yet to take them up in such or- der as they are sorted: But you may take any one flowre by it selfe, and if that smell not so pleasantly as you wold wish, I doubt not yet but you may find some other which may supplie the defects thereof. As thus, he which wold have good morall lessons clerly handled, let him smell to the Tragedie translated out of Euripides. He that wold laugh at a pretty conceit closely conveyed, let him peruse the comedie translated out of Ariosto. He that would take example by the unlawfull affections of a lover be- stowed uppon an unconstant dame, let them reade the report in verse, made by Dan Bartholmew of Bath, or the discourse in prose of the adventures passed by master F.I. whome the reader may name Freeman Jones, for the better understanding of the same: he that would see any particular pang of love lively displayed, may here ap- prove

## concerning this worke

prove every Pamphlet by the title, and so remaine con- tented. As also divers godly hymnes and Psalmes may in like manner be founde in this record. To conclude, the worke is so universall, as either in one place or other, any mans mind may therewith be sa- tisfied. The which I adventure (under pretext of this promise) to present unto all indifferent eyes as followeth.

(::)



# A discourse of the adventures passed by Master F.I.

H. W. to the Reader.



*N August last*  
passed my familiar friend Master G.T. bestowed upon me y<sup>e</sup> reading of a written Booke, wherin he had collected divers discourses & verses, invented upon sundrie occasions, by sundrie gentlemen (in mine opinion) right commendable for their capactie. And here withal my said friend charged me, that I should use them only for mine owne particular commodtie, and effsones safely deliver the originall copie to him againe, wherein I must confesse my selfe but halfe a marchant, for the copie unto him I have safely redelivered. But the worke (for I thought it worthy to be published) I have entreated my friend A.B. to imprint: as one that thought better to please a number by common commodtie then to feede the humor of any private parson by necedesse singularitie. This I have adventured, for thy contentation (learned Reader.) And further have presumed of my selfe to christen it by the name of *A hundred sundrie Flowers*: In which poetical posie are set forth many trifling fantasies, humorall passions, and straunge affects of a Lover. And therin (although the wiser sort wold turne over the leafe as a thing altogether fruitlesse) yet I my selfe have reaped this commodtie, to sit and smile at the fond devises of such as have enchayned them selves in the golden fettters of fantasie, and having bewrayed them selves

selves to the whole world, do yet conie&ture y<sup>t</sup> they walke  
unseen in a net. Some other things you may also finde  
in this Booke, which are as voyde of vanitie, as the first  
are lame for gouvernement. And I must confesse that  
(what to laugh at the one, & what to learne by the other)  
I have contrary to the chardge of my said friend G. T.  
procured for these trifles this day of publication. Wherat  
if the au<sup>t</sup>hors onely repyne, and the number of other  
learned mindes be thankfull: I may then boast to have  
gained a bushell of good will, in exchange for one pynt of  
peevish choler. But if it fal out contrary to expectation that  
the readers judgements agree not with myne opinion in  
their commendacions, I may theen (unlesse their curtesies  
supplie my want of discretion (with losse of some labour,  
accomp<sup>t</sup> also the losse of my familiar friendes, in doubt  
whereof, I cover all our names, and referre you to the  
well written letter of my friende G. T. next following,  
whereby you may more at large consider of these occasi-  
ons. And so I commend the praise of other mens travailes  
together with the pardon of mine owne rashnes, unto the  
well willing minds of discrete readers. From my lodg-  
ing nere the Strande the xx. of January. 1572.

H. W.

*The letter of G. T. to his very friend  
H. W. concerning this work.*

**D**Emembryng the late conference passed be-  
twene us in my lodging, and how you see-  
med to esteeme some Pamphlets, which I  
did there shew unto you faire above their  
worth in skill, I did straightwaye con-  
clude the same your judgement to procede  
of two especial causes, one (and principlall) the stedfast  
good will, which you have ever hitherto sithens our first  
familia-

familiaritie borne towardses mee. An other (of no lesse  
weight) the exceeding zeale and favour that you beare to  
good letters. The which (I agree with you) do no lesse  
bloome and appeare in pleasaunt ditties or compendious  
Sonets, devised by green youthful capacities, than they do  
fruitlefully florish unto perfection in the ryper workes of  
grave and grayheared writers. For as in the last, the  
yonger sort may make a mirror of perfecte life: so in the  
first, the most frosty bearded *Philosopher*, maye take just  
occasion of honest recreation, nor altogether without hol-  
some lessons, tending to the reformation of manners.  
For who doubteth but that Poets in their most feyned  
fables and imaginacions, have metaphorically set forth  
unto us the right rewardes of vertues, and the due pun-  
ishments for vices? Marie in dede I may not compare  
Pamphlets unto Poems, neither yet may justly advant  
for our native countrimen, that they have in their verses  
hitherto (translations excepted) delivered unto us any  
such notable volume, as have bene by Poets of antiqui-  
tie, left unto the posterite. And the more pitie, that a-  
mongst so many toward wittes no one hath bene hither-  
to encouraged to followe the trace of that worthy and fa-  
mous Knight *Sir Geffrey Chancer*, and after many pretie  
devisees spent in youth, for the obtayning a worthles victorie,  
might consume and consummate his age in discri-  
bining the right pathway to perfect felicite, with the due  
preseruation of the same. The which altho<sup>gh</sup> some may  
judge over grave a subiect to be handled in stile metrical,  
yet for that I have found in the verses of eloquent Latini-  
stes, learned Greeks, & pleasant *Italians*, sundried directi-  
ons, whereby a man may be guided toward that attayning  
of that unspeakable treasure, I have thus farre lamented,  
that our countreymen, have chosen rather to winne  
a passover praise by the wanton penning of a few loving  
layes, than to gayne immortall fame, by the Clarkely  
handling

[c]

handlinge of so profitable a Theame. For it quicknes of invencion, proper vocables, apt Epythetes, and store of monasillables may help a pleasant brayne to be crowned with Lawrell. I doubt not but both our countreymen & countrie language might be entronised amone the olde foreleaders unto the mount *Helicon*. But nowe let mee returne to my first purpose, for I have wandred somewhat beside the path, and yet not cleane out of the way. I have thoughtgood (I say) to presenty you with this written booke, wherein you shall find a number of *Sonets*, layes, letters, Ballades, Rondlets, verlayes and verses, the workes of your friend and myne Master *F. I.* and divers others, the which when I had with long travayle confusedly gathered together, I thought it then *Operopretium*, to reduce them into some good order. The which I have done according to my barreyne skill in this written Booke, commanding it unto you to read and to peruse, and desiring you as I onely do adventure thus to participate the sight therof unto your former good will, even so that you will by no means make the same common: but after your owne recreation taken therin y<sup>t</sup> you wil safely redeliver unto me the originall copie. For otherwise I shall not onely provoke all the aucthors to be offended with mee, but further shall leese the oportunitie of a greater matter, halfe and more graunted unto mee already, by the willing consent of one of them. And to be playne (with you my friend) he hath written (which as farre as I can learne) did never yet come to the reading or perusinge of any man but himselfe: two notable workes. The one called, the *Sundry blets of love*. The other of his owne invencion entituled. *The clyming of an Eagles nest*. These things (and especially the later) doth seeme by the name to be a work worthy the reading. And the rather I judge so because his fantasie is so occupied in the same, as that contrary to his wonted use, he hath hitherto withhelde it from

it from sight of any his familiars, untill it be finished, you may gesse him by his *Nature*. And therfore I requier your secrerie herein, least if he hear the contrary, we shall not be able by any meanes to procure these other at his handes. So fare you wel, from my Chamber this tenth of August. 1572.

*Toures or not bis owne.*

*G. T.*

**W**HEN I had with no small entreatie obtayned of Master *F. I.* and sundry other toward young gentlemen, the sundry copies of these sundry matters, then aswell for that the number of them was great, as also for that I found none of them, so barreyne, but that (in my judgment) had in it *Abiquid Salis*, and especially being considered by the very proper occasion whereupon it was written (as they them selves did always with the verse rehersed unto me the cause y<sup>t</sup> then moved them to write) I did with more labour gather them into some order, and so placed them in this register. Wherein as neare as I could gesse, I have set in the first places those which Master *F. I.* did compyle. And to begin with this his history that ensueth, it was (as he declared unto me) written upon this occasion. Thesaid *F. I.* chaunced once in the north partes of this Realme to fall in company of a very fayre gentlewoman whose name was Mistresse *Elinor*, unto whom bearinge a hottie affe<sup>t</sup>cion, he first adventured to write this letter following.

*G. T.*

**M**istresse I pray you understand that being altogether a straunger in these parties, my good hap hath bene to behold you to my (no small) contentation, and my evill happ accompanies the same, with such imperfection of my deserts, as that I finde always a readie repulse in mine

owne forwardnesse. So that consideringe the naturall clymate of the countrie, I must say that I have found fire in frost. And yet comparing the inequalitie of my deserts, with the least part of your worthines, I feel a continuall frost, in my most fervent fire. Such is the extremitie of my passions, the which I could never have bene content to committe unto this telltale paper, weare it not that I am destitute of all other helpe. Accept therefore I beseeke you, the earnest good will of a more trustie (than worthy) servaunt, who being thereby encouraged, may supplie the defectes of his abilitie with readie triall of duetfull loyalty.

And let this poore paper (besprent with salt teares, and blownen over with skalding sighes) bee saved of you as a safegarde for your sampler, or a bottome to winde your sowing silke, that when your last needfull is wrought, you maye returne to readingthereof and consider the care of hym who is

*More yores than his oxene.*

*F. I.*

THIS letter by hir received (as I have hard him say) hir answer was this: She tooke occasion one daye, at his request to daunce with him, the whiche doinge, shee bashfully began to declare unto him, that she had read over the writinge, which he delivered unto hir, with like protestation, that (as at deliverie thereof, shee understode not for what cause he thrust the same into hir bosome,) so now she coulde not perceyve thereby any parte of his meaning, nevertheless at last seemed to take upon hir the matter, and though she disabled hir selfe, yet gave him thankes as etc. Whereupon he brake the braule, and walkinge abroade devised immediatly these fewe verses followinge.

*G. T.*

Fayre

Fayre Bersabe the bright once bathing in a Well,  
With deawe bedimmd King Davids eyes that ruled  
Israel.

And Salomon him selfe, the source of sapience,  
Against the force of such assaultes could make but small  
defence:

To it the stoutest yeld, and strongest feele like woo,  
Bold Hercules and Sampson both, did prove it to be so,  
What wonder seemeth then? when starres stand thicke in  
skies,

If such a blasing starre have power to dim my dazzled eyes?

*Lenvoie.*

To you these fewe suffise, your wittes be quicke and good,  
You can coniect by chaunge of hew, what humoires feede  
my blood.

*F. I.*

I Have heard the Aughthor say, that these were the first  
verses that ever he wrote uppon like occasion. ....  
And therupon recompting hir wordes, he compiled these  
following, whiche he termed *Terza sequenza*, to sweet  
Mystres SHE.

*G. T.*

Of thee deare Dame, three lessons would I learne,  
(As soone as shee a candle can discerne)  
To play with flame, till shee bee burnt thereby?  
Or what may move the Mouse to byte the bayte  
Which strykes the trappe, that stops hir hungry breth?  
What calles the Byrd, where snares of deepe deceit  
Are closely coucht to draw hir to hir death?  
Consider well, what is the cause of this,  
And though percase thou wilt not so confesse,  
Yet deepe desire, to gayne a heavenly blisse,

May

May drowne the mynd in dole and darke distresse:  
Oft is it seene (whereat my hart may bleede)  
Fooles playe so long till they be caught in deed.

It is a heaven to see them hop and skip,  
And seeke all shifftes to shake their shackles of:

It is a world, to see them hang the lip,

Who (earst) at love, were wont to skorne and skof.

But as the Mouse, once caught in crafty trap,  
May bounce and beate, agaynst the boorden wall,  
Till shee have brought hir head in such mishape,

That doune to death hir fainting lymbes must fall:  
And as the Flye once singed in the flame,

Cannot commaund hir wings to wave away:

But by the heele, shee hangeth in the same

Till cruelle death hir hasty journey stay.

So they that seeke to breake the linkes of love

Stryve with the stremme, and this by payne I prove.

For when I first beheld that heavenly hewe of thyne,

Thy stately stature, and thy comly grace,

I must confess these dazzled eyes of myne

Did wincke for feare, when I first viewd thy face:

But bold desire, did open them agayne,

And bad mee looke till I had lookt to long,

I pitted them that did procure my Payne,

And lovd the lookes that wrought me all the wrong:

And as the Byrd once caught (but woorks her woe)

That stryves to leave the lymed twigges behind:

Even so the more I strave to parte thee fro,

The greater grief did growe within my minde:

Remedies then must I yeeld to thee,

And crave no more, thy servant but to bee

*Tyll then and ever. HE. F.I.*

When

**W**HEN he had wel sorted this sequence, he sought opportunity to leave it where she might finde it before it were lost. .... Mistresse (quod he) my wordes in dede are straunge, but yet my passion is much straunger, and thereupon this other day to content mine owne fantase I devised a *Sonet*, which although it be a peece of Cocklorells musicke, and such as I might be ashamed to publish in this company, yet because my truth in this aunswere may the better appeare unto you, I pray you vouchsafe to receive the same in writing: and drawing a paper out of his packet, presented it unto hir, wherein was written this *Sonet*.

*G. T.*

**L**OVE, hope, and death, do stire in me such strife,  
As never man but I led such a life.  
First burning love doth wound my hart to death,  
And when death comes at call of inward griefe  
Colde lingering hope, doth feede my fainting breath  
Against my will, and yeedes my wound relief:  
So that I live, but yet my life is such,  
As death would never greve me halfe so much.  
No comfort then but only this I tast,  
To salve such sore, such hope will never want,  
And with such hope, such life will everlast,  
And with such life, such sorrowes are not skant.  
Oh straunge desire, O life with torments tost  
Through too much hope, mine onely hope is lost.

*Even HE.*

*F.I.*

**T**HIS *Sonet* was highly commended, and in my judge-  
ment it deserveth no lesse. I have heard *F.I.* saye,  
that he borrowed th' invention of an *Italian*: but were it  
a translation or invention (if I be Judge) it is both pretty  
and

and pithy . . . . If it please you to followe (quod he) you shall see that I can jest without joye, and laugh without lust, and calling the musitions, caused them softly to sound the *Tympanell*, when he clearing his voyce did *Alla Napolitana* applie these verses following, unto the measure.

*G. T.*

**I**N prime of lustie yearres, when Cupid caught me in,  
And nature taught the way to love, how I might best  
begin:  
To please my wandring eye, in beauties tickle trade,  
To gaze on eche that passed by, a carelesse sporte I made.  
With sweete entising bayte, I fisht for many a dame,  
And warmed me by many a fire, yet felt I not the flame:  
But when at last I spied, that face that please me most,  
The coales were quicke, the woode was drie, and I began to  
toste.

And smyling yet full oft, I have beheld that face,  
When in my hart I might bewayle mine owne unluckie  
case:  
And oft againe with jokes that might bewray my grieve,  
I pleaded hard for just reward, and sought to find reliefe.  
What will you more? so oft, my gazing eyes did seeke  
To see the Rose and Lilly strive uppon that lively cheeke:  
Till at the last I spied, and by good profe I found,  
That in that face was paynted playne, the pearcer of my  
wound.

Then (all to late) agast, I did my foote retire,  
And sought with secret sighes to quench my greedy skald-  
ing fire:  
But lo, I did prevayle assmuche to guide my will,  
As he that seekes with halting heel, to hop against the hill.

Or

Or as the feeble sight, woulde serche the sunny beame,  
Even so I found but labour lost, to strive against the  
streame.  
Then gan I thus resolve, since liking forced love,  
Should I mislike my happie choice, before I did it prove?

And since none other joye I had but hir to see,  
Should I retire my deepe desire? no no it woulde not bee:  
Though great the duetie were, that she did well deserve,  
And I poore man, unworthie am so worthie a wight to serve.  
Yet hope my comfort stayd, that she would have regard  
To my good will, that nothing crav'd, but like for just  
reward:  
I see the Faucon gent sometimes will take delight,  
To seeke the sollace of hir wing, and dally with a kite.

The fayrest Woulf will chuse the foulest for hir make,  
And why? because he doth endure most sorrowe for hir  
sake:  
Even so had I like hope, when dolefull dayes were spent  
When weary wordes were wasted well, to open trueentent.  
When fluddes of flowing teares, had washt my weeping  
eyes,  
When trembling tongue had troubled hir, with loud la-  
menting cries:  
At last hir worthy wil would pitie this my playnt,  
And comfort me hir owne poore slave, whom feare had  
made so faint.

{Wherefore I made a vow, the stonie rocke should start,  
Ere I presume, to let hir slippe out of my faithfull hart.

[d]

*Lenvoie*

*Lenvoie.*

And seeke out care, to be the carving knyfe,  
To cut the thred that lingreth such a life.

F. I.

And when she sawe by proofe, the pith of my good will,  
She tooke in worth this simple song, for want of  
better skill:

And as my just deserts, hir gentle hart did move,  
She was content to answere thus: I am content to love.

F. I.

These verses are more in number than do stand with  
contentation of some judgements, and yit the occa-  
sion throughly considered, I can commend them with the  
rest . . . . Wherefore, in the morning rysing very earely  
(although it were farre before his Mistres hower) he cool-  
ed his choller by walking in the Gallery neare to hir lodg-  
ing, and therein this passion compiled these verses follow-  
ing.

G. T.

A Cloud of care hath covred all my coste,  
And stormes of stryfe doo threaten to appeare:  
The waves of woo, which I mistrusted moste,  
Have broke the bankes wherein my lyfe lay cleere:  
Chippes of ill chaunce, are fallen amyd my choyce,  
To marre the mynd, that ment for to rejoyce.  
  
Before I sought, I found the haven of hap,  
Wherein (once found) I sought to shrowd my ship,  
But lowring love hath lift me from hir lap,  
And crabbed lot beginnes to hang the lip:  
The droppes of darke mistrust do fall so thick,  
They pearce my coate, and touch my skin at quick.  
  
What may be sayd, where truth cannot prevayle:  
What plea may serve, where will it selfe is Judge?  
What reason rules, where right and reason fayle:  
Remedies then must the giltlesse trudge:

And

Dame *Cynthia* hir selfe (that shines so bright,  
And deyneth not to leave hir loftie place:  
But only then, when *Phæbus* shewes his face  
Which is hir brother borne and lendlens hir light,) Disdaynd not yet to do my Lady right:  
To prove that in such heavenly wightes as she,  
It fitteth best that right and reason be.  
For when she spied my Ladies golden rayes,  
Into the cloudes,  
Hir head she shroudes,  
And shamed to shine where she hir beames displayes.  
  
Good reason yet, that to my simple skill,  
I should the name of *Cynthia* adore:  
By whose high helpe, I might beholde the more  
My Ladies lovely lookes at mine owne wil,  
With deepe content, to gare, and gaze my fil:  
Of courteousie and not of darke disdaine,

Dame

This is but a rough meeter, and reason, for it was de-  
vised in great disquiet of mynd, and written in rage,  
yet have I scene much worse passe the musters, yea and  
where both the Lieutenant and Provost Marshall were  
men of rype judgement: and as it is, I pray you let it passe  
here . . . . ¶ The occasion (as I have heard him rehearse)  
was by encounter that he had with his Lady by light of  
the moone: and forasmuch, as the moone in middes of  
their delights did vanish away, or was overspred with a  
cloud, thereupon he tooke the subiect of his theame. And  
thus it ensueth, called a mooneshine Banquet.

G. T.

Dame *Cymbia* disclose my Lady playne.  
She did but lende hir light (as for a lyte)  
With friendly grace,

To shewe hir face,

That els would shew and shine in hir dispight.

Dan *Phæbus* he with many a lowring loke,  
Had hir behelde of yore in angry wise:  
And when he could none other meane devise  
To stayne hir name, this deepe deceit he toke  
To be the bayte that best might hide his hoke:  
Into hir eyes his parching beames he cast,  
To skorche their skinnes, that gazz'd on hir full fast:  
Whereby when many a man was sonne burnt so  
They thought my Queene,

The sonne had beene

With skalding flames, which wrought them all that wo.

And thus when many a looke had lookt so long,

As that their eyes were dimme and dazled both:

Some fainting hartes that were both leude and loth  
To loke againe from whence that error spong,  
Gan close their eye for feare of further wrong:  
And some againe once drawne into the maze,  
Gan leudly blame the beames of beauties blaze:  
But I with deepe foresight did sone espie,  
How *Phæbus* ment,

By false entent,  
To喇ander so hir name with craultie.

Wherefore at better leisure thought I best,  
To tri the treason of his trecherie:  
And to exalt my Ladies dignitie  
When *Phæbus* fled and drew him downe to rest  
Amid the waves that walter in the west.  
I gan behold this lovely Ladies face,

Wheron

Whereon dame nature spent hir gifts of grace:  
And found therein no parching heat at all,  
But such bright hew,  
As might renew,  
An Aungels joyes in reigne celestiall.

The courteouse Moone that wisht to do me good,  
Did shine to shew my dame more perfectly,  
But when she sawe hir passing jollitie,  
The Moone for shame, did blush as red as blood,  
And shronke aside and kept hir hornes in hood:  
So that now when Dame *Cymbia* was gone,  
I might enjoye my Ladies lokes alone,  
Yet honoured still the Moone with true intent:

Who taught us skill,  
To worke our will,  
And gave us place, till all the night was spent.

F. I.

THis Ballade, or howsoever I shall terme it, percase  
you will not like, and yet in my judgement it hath  
great good store of deepe invention, and for the order of  
the verse, it is not common. I have not heard many of  
like proporcion, some will accomt it but a dyddeldeome:  
but whoso had heard F. I. sing it to the lute, by a note of  
his owne devise, I suppose he would esteme it to bee a  
pleasaunt dyddeldeome, and for my part, if I were not  
parciall, I would saye more in commendacion of it than  
now I meane to do, leaving it to your and like judge-  
mentes ..... After he grew more bold and better ac-  
quaynted with his Mistresse disposition, he adventured  
one Fryday in the morning to go unto hir chamber, and  
theruppon wrote as followeth: which he termed a Fry-  
dayes Breakfast.

G. T.

That

**T**Hat selfe same day, and of that day that hower,  
When she doth raigne, that mockt Vulcan the Smith:  
And thought it meete to harbor in hir bower,  
Some gallant gest for hir to dally with.

That blessed hower, that blist and happie daye,  
I thought it meete, with hastic steppes to go

Unto the lodge, wherein my Lady laye,  
To laugh for joye, or ells to weepe for wo.

And lo, my Lady of hir wonted grace,  
First lent hir lippes to me (as for a kisse:)

And after that hir bodye to embrace,  
Wherin dame nature wrought nothing amisse.

What followed next, gesse you that knowe the trade,  
For in this sort, my Frydayes feast I made.

*F. I.*

**T**HIS *Sonet* is short and sweet, reasonably well, accord-  
ing to the occasion, etc. Many dayes passed thes two  
lovers with great delight, their affayres being no lesse  
politiquely governed, then happilye attchived. And sure-  
lye I have heard *F. I.* affirm in sadde earnest, that hee did  
not onely love hir, but was furthermore so ravished in Ex-  
tasies with continual remembrance of his delights, that he  
made an Idol of hir in his inward conceypte. So seemeth  
it by this challenge to beautie, which he wrote in hir prayse  
and uppon hir name.

*G. T.*

**B**EAUTIE shut up thy shop, and trusse up all thy trash,  
My *Nell* hath stolen thy fynest stufte, and left thee in  
the lash:

Thy market now is marred, thy gaynes are gone god wot,  
Thou hast no ware, that may compare, with this that I  
have got.

As for thy paynted pale, and wrinckles surfled up:

*Are*

Are deare inough, for such as lust to drinke of ev'ry cup:  
Thy bodies bolstred out, with bumbast and with bagges,  
Thy rowles, thy Ruffes, thy caules, thy coyfes, thy Jer-  
kins and thy jagges.

Thy curling and thy cost, thy frisling and thy fare,  
To Court to court with al those toyes, and there set forth

such ware

Before their hungrie eyes, that gaze on every gest:  
And chuse the cheapest chaffayre still, to please their fan-  
sie best.

But I whose stedfast eyes, could never cast a glance,  
With wandring loke, amid the prease, to take my choise

by chaunce  
Have wonne by due dessert, a piece that hath no peere,  
And left the rest as refuse all, to serve the market there:

There let him chuse that list, there catche the best who can:  
A painted blazing bayte may serve, to choake a gazing man.

But I have slipt thy flower, that freshestis of hewe:  
I have thy corne, go sell thy chaff, I list to seeke no new:  
The wyndowes of myne eyes, are glaz'd with such delight,  
As ech new face seemes full of faultes, that blaseth in my

sight:  
And not without just cause, I can compare her so,  
Loe here my glove I challenge him, that can, or dare say  
no.

Let *Thesens* come with clubbe, or *Paris* bragge with brand,  
To prove how fayre their *Hellen* was, that skourg'd the  
Grecian land:

Let mighty *Mars* himselfe, come armed to the field:  
And vaunt dame *Venus* to defend, with helmet speare, and  
shield

This hand that had good hap, my *Hellen* to embrace,  
Shal have like lucke to foyl hir foes, and daunt them with  
disgrace.

*How*

How farre hir lovelie lookes do steyne, the beauties of  
them both.

And that my *Hellen* is more fayre then *Paris* wife,  
And doth deserve more famous praise, then *Venus* for hir  
life.

Which if I not perfourme, my life then let me leese,  
Or elles be bound in chaines of change, to begge for  
beauties fees.

F. I.

By this challenge I gesse, that either he was than in an  
extasie, or els sure I am now in a lunacie, for it is a  
proud challenge made to *Beaute* hir selfe, and all hir com-  
panyons . . . . this for your delight I do adventure and  
to return to the purpose, he sought more certaynely to  
please his Mistresse *Elynor* with this *Sonet* written in hir  
praye as followeth.

G. T.

THE stately Dames of Rome, their Pearles did weare,  
About their neckes to beautifie their name:

But she (whome I do serve) hir pearles doth beare,  
Close in hir mouth, and smiling shewes the same.  
No wonder then, though ev'ry word she speakes,  
A Jewell seeme in judgement of the wise,  
Since that hir sugred tongue the passage breakes,  
Betweene two rocks, bedeckt with pearles of price.  
Hir haire of gold, hir front of Ivory,  
(A bloody hart within so white a brest)  
Hir teeth of Pearle, lippes Ruble, christall eye,  
Needes must I honour hir above the rest:  
Since she is fourmed of none other mould,  
But Rubie, Christall, Ivory, Pearle, and Golde.

F. I.  
Of

OF this *Sonet* I am assured that it is but a translation,  
for I myself have seene the invention of an Italian  
. . . . And hereupon (before the fal of the Buck) devised  
this *Sonet* following, which at his home coming he presented  
unto his mistresse.

G. T.

AS some men say there is a kind of seed  
Wherewith I thought to trye if I could breed  
A brood of buddes, well sharped in the prick:  
And by good proofe of learned skill I found,  
(As on some speciall soyle all seedes best frame)  
So jelouse braynes do breed the battleground,  
That best of all might serve to beare the same.  
Then sought I foorth to find such supple soyle,  
And cald to mynd thy husband had a brayne,  
So that percase, by travayll and by toyle,  
His fruitful front might turne my seed to gayne:  
And as I groped in that ground to sowe it,  
Start up a horne, thy husband could not blow it.

F. I.

THIS *Sonet* treateth of a strang seede, but it tasteth most  
of Rye, which is more common amongst men nowa-  
days: well, let it passe, amongst the rest, and he that  
liketh it not turn over the leaf to another . . . . accusing  
his owne guylte consciente to be infected with jelosie, [he]  
did compyle this translation of *Aristoteles* xxxi. song as  
followeth.

WHAT state to man, so sweete and pleasaunt were,  
As to be tyed, in lincks of worthy love?  
What life so blist and happie might appere,  
As for to serve *Cupid* that God above?  
If our mindes were not sometimes infect,

With

With dread, with feare, with care, with cold suspect:  
With deepe dispayre, with furious frensie,  
Handmaydes to hir, whom we call jellosie.

For ev'ry other sop of sower chaunce,  
Which lovers tast amid their sweete delight:  
Encreaseth joye, and doth their love aduance,  
In pleasures place, to have more perfecte plignt.  
The thirstie mouth thinkes water hath good taste,  
The hungrie jawes, are pleas'd, with ech repaste:  
Who hath not prov'd what dearth by warres doth growe,  
Cannot of peace the pleasaunt plenties knowe.

And though with eye, we see not ev'ry joye,  
Yet may the mind, full well support the same,  
An absent life long led in great annoye  
When presence comes cloth turne from grieve to game,  
To serve without reward is thought great Payne,  
But if dispayre do not therewith remayne,  
It may be borne, for right rewardes at last,  
Followe true service, though they come not fast.

Disdaynes, repulses, finally echeyll,  
Eche smart, eche Payne, of love eche bitter tast,  
To thinke on them gan frame the lovers will,  
To like eche joye, the more that comes at last:

But this infernal plague if once it toutche,  
Or venome once the lovers mind with grutch,  
All festes and joyes that afterwards befall,  
The lover comptes them light or nought at all.

This is that sore, this is that poysoned wound,  
The which to heale, nor salve, nor oyntments serve,  
Nor charme of wordes, nor Image can be found,  
Nor observance of starres can it preserve,  
Nor all the art of Magicke can prevayle,

Which

Which *Zoroastes* found for our avayle.  
Oh cruell plague, above all sorrowes smart,  
With desperate death thou sleast the lovers hart.

And me even now, thy gall hath so enfeß,  
As all the joyes which ever lover found,  
And all good haps, that ever *Troylus* seeß,  
Atchived yet above the luckles ground:  
Can never sweeten once my mouth with mell,  
Nor bring my thoughts, againe in rest to dwell.  
Of thy mad moodes, and of naught else I thinke,  
In such like seas, faire *Brudamant* did sincke.

*F. I.*

**T**HIS is the translation of *Ariosto* his xxxxi. song, all but the last staffe, which seemeth as an allegory applied to the rest. It will please note but learned eares, hee was tyed to the invention, troubled in mynd, etc. So I leave it to your judgement and returne to *F. I.*..... One daye amongst the rest [he] found opportunitie to thrust a letter in his bosome, wherein he had earnestly requested another mooneshyne banquet or frydayes breakfast to recomfort his dulled spirits, whereunto the Dame yeeded this answer in writing, but of whose endyting judge you.

*G. T.*

**I**Can but smyle at your simplicity, who burden your friends with an impossibility. The case so stode as I could not though I would. Wherefore from henceforth eyther learne to frame your request more reasonably, or else stand content with a flat repulse.

*SHE.*

*F. I.* liked this letter but a little: and being thereby driven into his accustomed vayne, he compiled in verse this

this answere following, uppon these woordes conteined in hir letter, *I could not though I would.*

G. T.

**I** Could not though I would: good Lady say not so,  
Since one good word of your good wil might soone re-  
desse my wo,

Where would is free before, there could can never fayle:  
For profe, you see how gallies passe where ships can beare  
no sayle,

The weary mariner when skies are overcast,  
By ready will doth guyde his skill and wins the haven at  
last,

The pretty byrd that sings with pricke against hir breast,  
Doth make a vertue of hir need, to watche when others  
rest.

And true the proverbe is, which you have layed apart,  
There is no hap can seeme to hard unto a willing hart.

Then lovely Lady myne, you say not as you should,  
In doubtful termes to aunswere thus: I could not though I  
would.

Yes, yes, full well you know, your can isquicke and good:  
And wilfull will is eke too swift to shed my giltlesse  
blood.

But if good will were bent as prest as power is,  
Such will would quickly find the skil to mend that is  
amisse.

Wherefore if you desire to see my true love spilt,  
Command and I will slea my self, that yours may be the  
gilt.

But if you have no power to say your servaunt nay,  
Write thus: I may not as I would, yit must I as I may.

F. I.

Thus

**T**Hus *F. I.* replied upon his Mistres aunswere, hoping therby to recover some favour at hir hands ..... The Lady seemed little to delight in his dallyng, but cast a glance at hir secretary, and therwith smyled, when as the Secretary and dame *Pergo* burst out into open laughter. The which *F. I.* perceyving, and disdayning hir ingratitudo, was forced to depart, and in that fantasie compyled this *Sonet*.

G. T.

**W**ith hir in armes that had my hart in holde,  
I stooode of late to plead for pittie so:

And as I did hir lovelie lookes beholde,  
She cast a glance uppon my ryvall foe.

His flering face provoked hir to smyle,  
When my salte teares were drowned in disdayne:

He glad, I sad, he laught, (alas the while)  
I wept for woe: I pyn'd for deadlie payne.

And when I sawe none other boote prevayle,  
But reasons rule must guide my skilfull minde:

Why then (quod I) olde proverbes never fayle,  
For yet was never good Cat out of kinde.

Nor woman true but even as stories tell,  
Wonn with an egge, and lost againe with shell.

*F. I.*

**T**His *Sonet* declarereth that he began now to accompt of hir as she deserved, for it bath a sharpe conclusion, and it is somewhat too generall ..... And if I did so (quod she) what than? Whereunto *F. I.* made none answere, but departed with this farewell. *My losse is mine owne, and your gayne is none of yours, and sooner can I recover my losse, than you enjoye the game which you gape after.* And when he was in place solitary, he compiled these following for a fynall end of the matter.

G. T.

And

**A**nd if I did what then?  
Are you agreev'd therfore?

The Sea hath fishe for every man,  
And what would you have more?

Thus did my Mistresse once,  
Amaze my mind with doubt:

And popt a question for the nonce,  
To beate my braynes about.

Whereto I thus replied,

Eche fisherman can wishe,  
That all the Sea at every tyde,  
Were his alone to fishe.

And so did I (in vaine,)  
But since it may not be:

Let such fishe there as finde the gaine,  
And leave the losse for me.

And with such lucke and losse,  
I will content my selfe:

Till tydes of turning time may tossc,  
Such fishers on the shelfe.

And when they sticke on sandes,  
That every man may see:

Then will I laugh and clappe my handes,  
As they doe now at mee.

F. I.

**I**t is time now to make an end of this thrifflless Historie, wherein although I could wade much further, as to declare his departure, what thanks he gave his *Hope*, etc. Yet I will cease, as one that had rather leave it unperfet than make it to plaine. I have past it over with quod he and quod she, after my homely manner of writing, using sundry

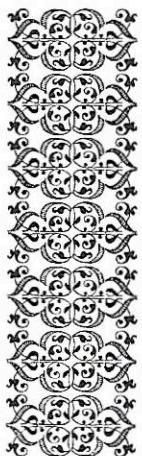
sundry names for one person, as the Dame, the Lady, Mistresse, etc. The Lorde of the Castle, the Master of the house, and the hosse: nevertheless for that I have scene good aucthors terme every gentlewoman a Lady, and every gentleman *domine*, I have thought it no greater faulte then pettie treason thus to entermyngle them, nothing doubting but you will easelly, understand my meaning, and that is asmuch as I desire. Now henceforwards I will trouble you no more with such a barbarous style in prose, but will only recite unto you sundry verses written by sundry gentlemen, adding nothing of myne owne onely a tytle to every Poeme, whereby the cause of writing the same may the more evidently appear: Neyther can I declare unto you who wrote the greatest part of them, for they are unto me but a posie presented out of sundry gardens, neither have I any other names of the flowers, but such short notes as the aucthors themselves have delivered

thereby if you can gresse them,  
it shall no waye offend me.

I will begin with this  
translation as  
followeth.

(:)

G. T.



*A translation of*  
*Ariosto allegorized.*

*W*hen worthy *Bradamant*, had looked long in vain,

To see her absent love and Lord, *Ruggier*: returne  
againe:

Upon hir lothed bed hir lustlesse limbs did cast,  
And in deceitfull dreames she thought, she saw him come

at last.

But when with open armes, she ran him to embrace,  
With open eyes she found it false, & thus complain'd hir

case.

That which me please (quod she) was dreames which fancy  
drew,

But that which me torments (alas) by sight I find it true.

My joye was but a dreame, and soone did fade away,

But my tormenting cruell cares, cannot so soone decaye.

Why heare I not and see, since now I have my sences?

That which infained fading dreames, appered by pretences.

Or whereto serve mine eyes, if sights they so mistake?

As seeme to see each joy in sleepe, & woe when they awake.

The sweete & slumbering sleepe, did promise joy & peace,

But these unpleasaunt sights do rayse, such warres as

never cease.

The sleape I felt was false, and seem'd to ease my grief,

But that I see is all to true, and yeedles me no relief.

If truth annoy me then, and fayned fancyes please me,

God graunt I never heare nor see, true thing for to dis-

ease me.

If sleeping yeld me joy, and waking worke me woe,

God graunt I sleape, & never wake, to ease my torment so.

O happy slumbering soules, whom one dead drowsy sleepe

Six monethes (of yore) in silence shuttle, with closed eyes

did keepe.

Yet can I not compare, such sleepe to be like death,

Nor yet such wakin, as I wake, to be like vitall breath.

For why my let doth fall, contrary to the rest,

I

sundrie Gentlemen.

I dème it death when I awake, & life while I do rest.  
Yet if such sleepe be like to death in any wise,  
O gentle death come quick at call, & close my drery eyes.  
Thus sayd the worthy dame, whereby I gather this,  
No care can be compard to that, where true love parted is.

*Lenvie.*

Lo Lady if you had but halfe like care for mee,  
That worthy *Bradamant* had then hir own *Ruggier* to see:  
My readie will should be so prest to come at call,  
You should have no such sight or dreame to trouble you  
withall.  
Then when you list commaund, I wil & come in hast,  
There is no hap shal hold me backe, good will shal roun so  
fast.  
*Si fortunatus infelix.*

*Written upon a reconciliation be-  
tweene two frendes*

**T**HE hatefull man that heapeþ in his mynde,  
Cruell revenge of wronges forepast and done,  
May not (with ease) the pleasaunt pathway finde,  
Of friendly verses which I have now begone,  
Unlesse at first his angry brest untwinde,  
The crooked knot which canckred choller knit,  
And then recule with reconciled grace.  
Likewise I find it sayed in holy write,  
If thou entend to turne thy fearefull face,  
To God above: make thyne agreement yet,  
First with thy Brother whom thou didst abuse,  
Confesse thy faultes thy frowardnes and all,  
So that the Lord thy prayer not refuse.  
When I consider this, and then the brall,  
Which raging yowth (I will not me excuse)  
Did whilome breedē in mine unmellowed brayne,

[f]

I

I thought it meete before I did assay,  
To write in ryme the double golden gayne,  
Of amite: first yet to take away  
The grutch of grief, as thou doest me constrainye.  
By due desert whereto I now must yeeld,  
And drowne for aye in depth of *Lethe* lake,  
Disdaynfull moodes whom frendship cannot weeld:  
Pleading for peace which for my parte I make  
Of former strife, and henceforth let us write  
The pleasant fruities of faythfull friends delight.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

¶Two gentlemen did roon three courses at the ryng for  
one kyssy, to be taken of a fayre gentlewoman being then pre-  
sent; with this condicion: that the winner shold have the kyssy,  
and the loser be bound to write some verses uppon the gayne  
or losse therof. Now it fortuned so that the wyunner triumphed  
saying, he much lamented that in his youth he had not seene  
the warres. Wherupon the loser compiled these following  
in discharge of the condicion above rehearsed.

**T**HIS vayne avayle which thou by *Mars* hast woon,  
Should not allure thy flytting mynd to feed:  
Where sturdie Steedes in depth of daungers roon,  
With guts welgnawen by clappes that Cannons yeeld.  
Where faythlesse friends by warfare waxen ware,  
And roon to him that geveth best rewarde:  
No feare of lawes can cause them for to care,  
But robe and reave, and steale without regard  
The fathers cote, the brothers steede from stall:  
The deere friends purse shall picked be for pence,  
The native soyle, the parents left and all,  
With *Tanttra Tant*, the campe is marching hence.  
But when bare beggrie bids them to beware,  
And late repentaunce rules them to retyre.

Like

Like hyvelesse Bees they wander here and there,  
And hang on them (who earst) might dread their yre.  
This cutthrote life (me seemes) thou shouldest not like,  
And shoon the happie haven of meane estate:  
High *Yore* (perdie) may send what thou doest seek,  
And heape up poundes within thy quiet gate.  
Nor yet I would that thou shouldst spend thy dayes,  
In idenesse to teare a golden time:

Like country loutes which compt none other prayse,  
But grease a sheepe and learne to serve the swine.  
In vayne were then the giftes which nature lent,  
If *Pans* so preasse to to passe Dame *Pallas* lore:  
But my good friend let thus thy youth be spent,  
Serve God thy Lord, and prayse him evermore.  
Search out the skill which learned bookees do teach,  
And serve in feeld when shadowes make thee sure:  
Hold with the head, and rowe not past thy reach,  
But plead for peace which plenty may procure.  
And (for my life) if thou canst roon this race,  
Thy bagges of coyne will multiply apace.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

¶Not long after the writing hereof: he departed from  
the company of his sayd friend (whom he entirly loved)  
into the west of England, and feeling himselfe so consu-  
med by wemens craft that he doubted of a safe retorne:  
wrote before his departure as followeth.

**T**HE feeble thred which *Lachesis* hath spoon,  
To drawe my dayes in short abode with thee,  
Hath wrought a webb which now (welneare) is done,  
The wale is worne: and (all to late) I see  
That linging life doth dally but in vaine,  
For *Arropas* will cut the twist in twayne.

## The devises of

sundrie Gentlemen.

I not discerne what life but lothsome were,  
When faithfull friends are kept in twayne by want:  
Nor yet perceyve what pleasure doth appeere,  
To deep desires where good successe is skant.  
Such spight yet showes dame fortune (if she frowne,)  
The haughty harts in high mishaps to drowne.

Hot be the flames which boyle in friendly mindes,  
Cruell the care and dreadfull is the doome:  
Slipper the knot which traſt of time untwynds,  
Hatefull the life and welcome were the toome.  
Blest were the day which migh devower such youth,  
And curst the want that seekes to choke such trueth.

This wayling verse I bathe in flowing teares,  
And would my life might end with these my lynes:  
Yet strive I not to force into thine eares,  
Such fayned plaintes, as fickell fayth resignes.  
But high forſight in dreames hath stopt my breath,  
And cauſd the Swanne to sing before his death.

For lo these naked walles do well declare,  
My latest leave of thee I taken have:  
And unknownen coastes which I must seeke with care  
Do well divine that there shalbe my grave.  
There shall my death make many for to mone,  
Skarce knowne to them, well knowne to thee alone.

This bowne of thee (as last request) I crave,  
When true report shal sounde my death with fame:  
Vouchsafe yet then to go unto my grave,  
And there first write my byrth and then my name.  
And how my life was shortned many yeares,  
By wemens wyles as to the world appears.

And

And in reward of graunt to this request,  
Permit O God my toung these wordes to tell:  
(When as his pen shall write upon my chest)  
With shriking voyce mine owne deare friend farewell.  
No care on earth did seeme so much to me,  
As when my corps was forſt to part from thee.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

He wrote to same friend from  
Excester, this Sonet following.

**A** Hundreth sonnes (in course but not in kind)  
Can witnesse well that I possesse no joye:  
The feare of death which fretteth in my mynd  
Consumes my hart with dread of darke anoye.  
And for ech sonne a thousand broken sleepes,  
Devide my dreames with fresh recourse of cares:  
The youngest sister sharpe her sheare she kepes,  
To cut my thred and thus my life it weares.  
Yet let such dayes, such thousand restlesse nighthes,  
Spit forth their spite, let fatees eke shewe their force:  
Deathes daunting dart where so his buffets lights,  
Shall shape no change within my friendly corsse:  
But dead or live, in heaven, in earth, in hell  
I wilbe thine where so my carkase dwell.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

¶ He wrote to the same friend from Fountaine belle  
caſſi in Fraunce, this Sonet in commendation of the said  
house of Fountaine bel'eaſu.

**N**ot stately *Troy* though *Priam* yet did live,  
Could now compare *Fountaine bel'eaſu* to passe:  
Nor *Syriane* towers, whose loftie steppes did  
ſtrive,  
To clymbe the throne where angry *Saturne* was.

For

For outward shew the ports are of such price,  
As skorne the cost which Cesar spilt in Roome;  
Such works within as stayne the rare devise,  
Which whilome he *Apelles* wrought on toome.  
Swift *Tiber* floud which fed the Romayne pooles,  
Puddle to this where Christall melts in stremes,  
The pleasaunt place where *Muse* kept their schooles,  
(Not parcht with *Phaeb*e, nor banisht from his beames)  
Yeeld to those Dames, nor sight, nor fruite, nor smell,  
Which may be thought these gardens to excell.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

¶ He wrote unto a Skotish Dame whom  
he chose for his Mistresse in the  
frensch Court, as followeth.

¶ Ady receyve, receyve in gracieous wise,  
This ragged verse, these rude ill skribled lynes:  
Too base an obje<sup>t</sup> for your heavenly eyes,  
For he that writes his freedome (lo) resignes  
Into your handes: and freely yeelds as thrall  
His sturdy necke (earst subje<sup>t</sup> to no yoke)  
But bending now, and headlong prest to fall,  
Before your feete, such force hath beauties stroke.  
Since then myne eyes (which skornd our English) dames  
In forrayne courtes have chosen you for fayre,  
Let be this verse true token of my flames,  
And do not drench your owne in deepe dispayre.  
Onely I crave (as I nill change for new)  
That you vouchsafe to thynke your servaunt frew.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

¶ Written to a gentlewoman who had refused him and  
chosen a husband (as he thought) much inferior to himself, both  
in knowledge byrth and parsonage. Wherin he bewrayeth both  
their names in cloudes, and how she was woon from him with  
sweete gloves and broken rings.

I

¶ Cannot with thy grieve, although thou worke my woe  
Since I protest to be thy friend, I cannot be thy foe:  
But if thinges done and past, might wel be cald againe,  
Then woulde I wishe the wasted wordes, which I have  
spent in vain:

¶ Were it untold to thee, in earnest or in game,  
And that my doubtfull musing mind, had never thought  
the same.

¶ For whyles I thee beheld, in carefull thoughts I spent  
My liking lust, my lucklesse love which ever trulyment  
And whyles I sought a meane, by pitie to procure,  
Too late I found that gorged haukes, do not esteme y<sup>e</sup> lure.  
This vauntage hast thou then, thou mayst wel brag & boast  
Thou mightst have had a lusty lad, of stature with the  
most,

¶ And eke of noble mind: his vertues nothing base,  
Do well declare that descends, of auncient worthy race.  
Save that I not his name, and though I could it tell,  
My friendly pen shall let it passe, bycause I love him wel.  
And thou hast chosen one of meaner parentage,  
Of stature small & therwithall, unequall for thine age.  
His thewes unlike the first, yet hast thou hot desire,  
To play thee in his flitting flames, God graunt they prove  
not fyre.

¶ Him holdest thou as deare, and he thy Lord shall bee,  
(Too late alas) thou louest him, that never loved thee.  
And for just prooфе hereof, marke what I tell is true,  
Some dismold day shall change his mind, and make him  
seeke a new.

¶ Then wilt thou much repent thy bargaine made in hast,  
And much lament those parfumd gloves, which yeeld  
such sower tast.  
And eke the falsed faith, which lurkes in broken ringes,  
Though hand in hand say otherwise, yet do I know such  
things.

¶ Then

Then shalt thou sing and say, farewell my trusty Squier,  
Wold god my mind had yeelded once, unto to thy just desire.  
Thus shalt thou waile my want, and I thy great unrest,  
Which cruel *Cupid* kindled hath, within thy broken brest.  
Thus shalt thou find it griefe, which earst thou thoughtest  
game,

And I shal hear y<sup>e</sup> weary newes, by true reporting fame.  
Lamenting thy mishap, in source of swelling teares,  
Harding my hart w<sup>t</sup> cruel care, which frozen fancy beares.  
And though my just deserte, thy pitie could not move,  
Yet will I wash in wayling words, thy careles childish love.  
And say as *Troylus* sayd, since that I can no more,  
Thy wanton wil did waver once, and wo is me therfore.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

*In prayse of a gentlewoman who thought she were  
not very fayre, yet was she as hard  
favored as might be.*

**F**men may credite give, to truer reported fames,  
Who douts but stately Roome had store of lusty loving  
Dames?  
Whose eares have bene so deafe, as never yit heard tell  
How farre the fresh *Pompeia*, for beautie did excell.  
And golden *Marcus* he, that swayde the Romaine sword,  
Bare witnessse of *Boemia*, by credite of his word.  
What neede I mo reherse? since all the world did know  
How high y<sup>e</sup> flouds of beauties blase, within those walles  
did flowe.  
And yet in all that choyce a worthy Romaine Knight,  
*Antonius* who coinerred proude Egypt by his might.  
Not all to please his eye, but most to ease his minde,  
Chose *Cleopatra* for his love, & left the rest behinde.  
A wondrous thing to read, in all his victory,  
He snapt but hir for his owne share, to please his fantasic.  
She

She was not faire God wot, y<sup>e</sup> country breeds none bright,  
Well maye we judge hir skinne the soyle, bycause hir  
teeth were white.

Percease hir lovely lookes, some prayses did deserve,  
But brown I dare be bold she was, for so y<sup>e</sup> solle did serve.  
And could *Antonius* forsake the fayre in Roome?

To love this nutbrowne Lady best, was this an equall  
doome?

I dare wel say dames there, did beare him deadly grudge,  
His sentence had bene shortly sayed, if *Fauyne* had bene  
judge.

For this I dare avow, (without vaunt be it spoke)  
So brave a knight as *Anthony*, held al their necks in yoke.  
I leave not *Lucrece* out, believe in hir who list,

I thinkes he would have lik'd his lure, & stooped to his fist.  
What mov'd the chieftain then, to lincke his liking thus?  
I wold some Romaine dame were here, the question to  
discusse.

But I that read hir life, do find therin by fame,  
How cleare hir curtisie did shine, in honour of hir name.  
Hir bountie did excell, hir trueth had never peere,  
Hir lovely lookes, hir pleasant speech, hir lusty loving chere.  
And all the worthy giftes, that ever yet were found,  
Within this good Egyptian Queen, did seeme for to abound.  
Wherfore he worthy was, to win the golden fleec,  
Which scornd the blasing sterres in Roome, to conquere  
such a peece.  
And she to quite his love, in spite of dreadfull death,  
Enshrinde with Snakes within his tombe, did yeeld hir  
parting breath.

*Allegoria.*

**F**fortune favord him, then may that man rejoice,  
And think himself a happy man by hap of happy choice.  
Who loves and is below d of one as good, as true,  
As kind as *Cleopatra* was, and yet more of bright hewe.  
Hir

[g]

Hir eyes as grey as glasse, hir teeth as white as mylke,  
 A ruddy lippe, a dimpled chyn, a skinne as smoth as silke.  
 Awight what could you more y<sup>t</sup> may content mans mind,  
 And hath supplies for ev'ry want that any man can find.  
 And may himselfe assure, when hence his life shall passe,  
 She wilbe stong to death with snakes, as *Chopatrua* was.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

¶ He began to write by a gentlewoman who passed  
 by him with hir armes set bragging by hir sides, and left  
 it unfinished as followeth.

**W**ere my hart set on hoygh as thine is bent,  
 Or in my brest so brave and stout a will:

Then (long ere this) I could have bene content,  
 With sharpe revenge thy carelesse corps to kyll.

For why thou knowest (although thou know not all)  
 What rule, what reigne, what power, what segnory,

Thy melting mind did yeeld to me (as thrall)

When first I pleasd thy wandring fantasie.

What lingring lookes bewray'd thyne inward thought,  
 What pangs were publiscy by perplexite,

Such reakes the rage of love in thee had wrought  
 And no gramecy for thy curtesie.

I list not vaunt, but yet I dare avowe  
 (Had bene my barnelesse hart as hard as thyne)

I could have bound thee then for sterting now,  
 In bonds of bale, in pangs of deadly pyne.

For why by proofe the field is eath to win,  
 Where as the chieffeynes yeeld themselves in chaynes:

The port or passage playne to enter in  
 Where porters list to leave the key for gaines.

But did I then devise with crueltie,  
 (As tyrants do) to kyll thy yeelding pray?

Or

Or did I bragge and boast triumphantly,  
 As who should say, the field were myne that day?  
 Did I retire my self out of thy sight  
 To beate (a fresh) the bulwarks of thy brest?  
 Or did my mind in choyse of change delight,  
 And render thee as refusid with the rest?  
 No Tygre no: the Lion is not lewd,  
 He shewes no force on seely wounded sheepe, &c.

Whiles he sat at the dore of his lodging, devysing these  
 verses above rehearsed, the same Gentlewoman passed  
 by agayne, and cast a longe looke towards him, wher-  
 by he left his former invention and wrote thus.

**H**ow long she lookt that lookt at mee of late,  
 As who would say, hir lookes were all for love:

When God he knowest they came from deadly hate,  
 To pinch me yit with pangs which I must prove.

But since my lookes hir liking may not move,  
 Looke where she likes: for lo this looke was cast,

Not for my love, but even to see my last.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

*An other Sonet written by the same Gentlewoman*  
 upon the same occasion.

**I**Lookt of late and saw thee looke askance  
 Upon my dore to see if I satt there,  
 As who should say: If he be there by chance,  
 Yet may he think I looke him every where.  
 No cruell no, thou knowst and I can tell,  
 How for thy love I layd my lookes a side:  
 Though thou (percase) hast looke and liked well  
 Some new found looks amid this world so wide.  
 But since thy lookes my love have so enchaaynd  
 That in my lookes thy liking now is past:

Looke

Looke where thou likest, and let thy hands be staynd,  
In true loves bloud which thou shalt lack at last.  
So looke so lack, for in theis toyes thus tost,  
My lookes thy love, thy lookes my life have lost.

*Siforunatus infelix.*

Enough of this Dame. And let us peruse his other doings  
which have come to my hands, in such disordred or-  
der, as I can best set them down. I will now then pre-  
sent you with a Sonet written in prayse of the brown  
beautie, which he compyed for the love of Mistresse  
E.P. as foloweth.

**T**HE thrifles thred which pampered beauty spinnes,  
In thraldom binds the foolish gazing eyes:  
As cruell Spyders with their crafty ginnes.  
In worthlesse webbes doe snare the simple Flies.

The garments gay, the glittering golden gite,  
The tysing talk which floweth from *Pallas* poolies:  
The painted pale, the (too much) red made white,  
Are smyling baytes to fishe for loving fooles.  
But lo, when eld in toothlesse mouth appeares,  
And whoary heares in steed of bauties blaze:  
Than Had I wist, doth teach repenting yeaeres,  
The tickle track of craftie *Cupides* maze.  
Twixt faire and foule therfore, twixt great and small,  
A lovely nutbrowne face is best of all.

*Siforunatus infelix.*

*Written by a Gentlewoman in court, who (when shee  
was there placed) seemed to disdain him, con-  
trary to a former profession.*

**W**HEN daunger kepes the dore, of lady beauties bowre,  
When jelouse toys have chased Trust out of hir stron-  
gest towre:  
Then faith and troth may flie, then falshod winsthe field

Then

Then feeble naked faultless harts, for lack of sence must  
And then prevailles as much to hop against the hil, (yeld,  
As seeke by suite for to apease a foward Ladies will.  
For othes and soleme vowes, are wasted then in vain,  
And truth is compted but a toy, when such fond fancies reign.  
The sentence sone is said, when will it self is Judge,  
And quickly is the quarel pickt when ladies list to grudge.  
This sing I for my selfe, (which wrote this weary song)  
Who justly may complain my case, if ever man had wrong.  
A Lady have I serv'd, a Lady have I lov'd,  
A Ladies good will once I had, hir ill will late I prov'd.  
In country first I knew hir, in countrie first I caught hir,  
And out of country now in court, to my cost have I sought  
hir.

In court where Princes reign, hir place is now assyng.  
And well were worthy for the roome, if she were not un-  
kind.

There I (in wonted wise) did shew my self of late,  
And found y<sup>t</sup> as the soile was chang'd, so love was turnd  
to hate.

But why? God knowes, not I: save as I said before,  
Pitie is put from porters place, & daunger keepes the dore.  
If counting then have skill, to chaunge good Ladies so,  
God send ech wilful dame in court, som word of my like wo  
That with a troubled head, she may both turne and tosse.  
In restlesse bed when she should sleepe & feele of love y<sup>e</sup> losse.  
And I (since porters put me from my wonted place)  
And deepe deceit hath wrought a wyle to wrest me out of  
Will home againe to cart, as fitter were for me, (grace:  
Then thus in court to serve and starve, wher such proud  
porters be.

*Siforunatus infelix.*

From this I will skip to certaine verses written to a Gentlewoman  
whom he liked very well, and y<sup>t</sup> had never any oportunity to  
discover his affection, being always brydded by jelouse lookes,  
which attended them both, and therfore gessing by hir looks,  
that she partly also liked him: he wrot in a booke of hirs as fo-  
loweth.

Thou

Looke as long as you list, but surely if I take you  
looking, I will looke with you.

**T**Hou with thy lookes on whom I looke full ofte,  
And find therin great cause of deepe delight:

Thy face is faire, thy skin is smooth and softe,  
Thy lippes are sweet, thine eyes are cleere and bright,

And every part seemes pleasant in my sight.

Yit wote thou well, those lookes have wrought my wo,

Because I love to looke upon them so.

For first those lookes allur'd myne eye to looke,  
And streight myne eie stird up my hart to love:  
And cruelle love with deepe deceitfull hooke,  
Chokt up my mind whom fancie cannot move,  
Nor hope releve, nor other helpe behove:  
But still to looke, and though I looke too much,  
Needs must I looke, because I see none such.

Thus in thy lookes my love and life have hold,  
And with such life my death drawes on apace:  
And for such death no medicine can be told,  
But looking still upon thy lovely face,  
Wherein are painted pite, peace, and grace.  
Then though thy lookes should cause me for to dye,  
Needs must I looke, because I live therby.

Since then thy lookes my lyfe have so in thrall,  
As I can like none other lookes but thine:  
Lo here I yeeld my life, my love, and all  
Into thy hands, and all things else resigne,  
But libertie to gaze upon thyne eyen.  
Which when I doe, then think it were thy part,  
To looke again, and linke with me in hart.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

With these verses you shall judge the quick capity of the Lady: for she wrot therunder this short answer.

Looke

**T**Hou with thy lookes on whom I looke full ofte,  
And find therin great cause of deepe delight:

Thy face is faire, thy skin is smooth and softe,  
Thy lippes are sweet, thine eyes are cleere and bright,

And every part seemes pleasant in my sight.

Yit wote thou well, those lookes have wrought my wo,

Because I love to looke upon them so.

And for a further profe of this Dames quick understanding, you shall now understand, that soone after this answer of hirs, the same Author chaunced to be at a supper in her company, where were also hir brother, hir husband, and an old lover of hirs by whom she had bin long suspected. Nowe, although there wanted no delicate wands to content them, yet their chief repast was by entreglancing of lookes. For G. G. being stroong with hot affection, could none otherwise relieve his passion but by gazing. And the Dame of a courteous inclination deigned (now and then) to require the same with glancing at him. Hir old lover occupied his eyes with waching, and hir brother perceyving all this could not absteyne from winking, wherby he might put his Sister in remembrance, least she should too much forget himself. But most of all his husband beholding the first, and being evill pleased with the second, scarce contented with the third, and misconstruing the fourth, was constreynd to play the fifth part in froward frowninge. This royall banquet thus passed over, G. G. knowing that after supper they should passe the tyme in propounding of Riddles, and making of purposes: contrayred all this concept in a Riddle as followeth. The which was no sooner pronounced, but she could perfectly perceyve his intent, and draue out one nayle with another, as also ensew-  
eth.

*His Riddle.*

**I**Cast myne eye and saw teneies at once,  
All seemely set upon one lovely face:  
Two gaz'd, two glanc'd, two watched for the nonce,  
Two winked wyles, two fround with froward grace.  
Thus every eye was pitched in his place.

And every eye which wrought eche others wo,  
Said to itself, alas why lookt I so?  
And every eye for jelouse love did pine,  
And sigh'd and said, I would that eye were mine.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

In

Content your self you shall find (there) no more.  
But take your Lemmans henceforth were you lust,  
For I will shew my letters where I trust.

In all this lovely company was none that could and  
would expound the meaning herof. At last the Dame herself  
answered on this wise. Sir, quod she, because your dark speech  
is much too curious for this simple companie, I wilbeso bold  
as to quit one question with an other. And when you have  
answered myne, it maye fall out peradventure, that I shall  
somewhat the better judge of yours.

*Hir Question.*

What thing is that which swims in blisse,  
And yit consumes in burning grief:  
Which being plast where pleasure is,  
Can yit recover no relief.  
Which sees to sigh, and sighes to see,  
All this is one, what may it bee?

He held himselfe herwith contented: and afterwardes when  
they were better acquainted, he chaunced once (groping in  
hir pocket) to find a letter of hir old lovers: and thinking it  
wer better to wincke than utterly to put out his eyes, seem-  
ed not too understand this first offence: but soone after find-  
ing a lemmen (the which he thought he saw hir old lemmen  
put there) he devised therof thus, and delivered it unto hir in  
writing.

**I** Groped in thy pocket pretty peat,  
And found a Lemman which I looked not:  
So found I once (which now I must repeat)  
Both leaves and letters which I liked not.  
Such hap have I to find and seeke it not,  
But since I see no faster meanes to bind, then  
I will (henceforth) take lemmans as I find them.

*The Dame within very short space did answer  
it thus.*

*He wrote (at his friends request) in prayse of a Gentlewoman, whose name was Phillip, as followeth.*

**O** Fall the byrds that I do know,  
Phillip my sparow hath no peare:  
For sit thee high or lye thee low,  
Be thee far off, or be thee neare,  
There is no bird so fayre, so fyne,  
Nor yit so fresh as this of myne.

Come in a morning merely  
When Phillip hath ben lately fed,  
Or in an evening soberly,  
[h]

Con-

**A** Lymone (but no Lemmane) Sir you found,  
For Lemmans bear their name to broad before:  
The which since it hath given you such a wound,  
That you seeme now offended very sore:

When

When Phillip list to goe to bed:  
It is a heaven to heare my phippe,  
How she can chirpe with chery lippe.

She never wanders far abrode,  
But is at hand when I doe call:  
If I commaund she layes on lode,  
With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all.  
She chants, she chirpes, she maks such cheere,  
That I beleeve she hath no peere.

And yit besides all this good sport,  
My Phillip can both sing and daunce:  
With newfond toyes of sundry sort,  
My Phillip can both prycke and prance:  
As if you say but fend cut phippe,  
Lord how the peat will turne and skippe.

Hir fethers are so fresh of hew,  
And so well proyned every day:  
She lacks none oyle, I warrant you:  
To trimme hir tayle both tryck and gay.  
And though hir mouth be somewhat wyde,  
Hir tonge is sweet and short beside.

And for the rest I dare compare,  
She is both tender, sweet and soft:  
She never lacketh daynty fare,  
But is well fed and feedeth oft:  
For if my phip have lust to eate,  
I warrant you Phip lacks no meat.

And then if that hir meat be good,  
And such as like do love alway:  
She will lay lips theron by the rood,

And

And see that none be cast away:  
For when she once hath felt a fitte,  
Phillip will crie still, yit, yit, yit.

And to tell truthe he were to blame,  
Which had so fyne a Byrde as she,  
To make him all this goodly game,  
Without suspect or jellousie:  
He were a churle and knew no good,  
Would see hir Faynt for lacke of food.

Wherfore I sing and ever shall,  
To praise as I have often prov'd,  
There is no byrd amongst them all,  
So worthy for to be belov'd.  
Let others prayse what byrd they will,  
Sweete Phillip shalbe my byrd still.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

*Now to begin with another man, take these verses written  
to be sent with a ryng, wherein were engraved  
a Patrich in a Merilines foote.*

**T**HE Partridge in the pretie Merilines foote,  
Who feelles hir force supprest with fearefulnessse,  
And findes that strength nor strife can do hir boote,  
To scrape the danger of hir deepe distresse:  
These wofull wordes may seeme for to rehersse  
Which I must write in this waymenting verse.  
  
What helpeth now (sayeth she) dame natures skill,  
To die my fethers like the dustie ground?  
Or what prevayles to lend me winges at will  
Which in the ayre can make my bodie bound?  
  
Since

Since from the earth the dogges me drave perforce,  
And now aloft the Hauke hath caught my corse.

If chaunge of coollors, could not me convey,  
Yet mought my wings have scapt the dogges despite:  
And if my wings did fayle to fly awaye,  
Yet mought my strength resist the Merlynes might.  
But nature made the Merlyne mee to kyll,  
And me to yeeld unto the Merlinnes will.

My lot is like (deere Dame) beleve me well,  
The quiet life which I full closely kept:  
Was not content in happie state to dwelle,  
But forth in haste to gaze on thee it lept.  
Desire the dogge did spring me up in haste,  
Thou wert the Hauke, whose tallents caught me fast.

What should I then, seeke meanes to flye away?

Or strive by force, to breake out of thy feete?

No, no, perdie, I may no strength assay,  
To strive with thee ywiss, it were not meete.

Thou art that Hauke, whom nature made to hent me,  
And I the Byrd, that must therwith content me.

And since Dame nature hath ordayned so,  
Hir happie heast I gladly shall embrace:  
I yeeld my will, although it were to wo,  
I stand content to take, my grieve for grace:  
And sealte it up within my secrete hart,  
Which seale receive, as token of my smart.

*Spreta tamen vivunt.*

*To a Dame which challenged the author because he held his head always downe, and looked not uppon her in his wonted wise.*

You

**Y**OU must not wonder, though you thinke it straunge,  
To see me hold my lowring head so lowe:  
And that mine eyes, take no delight to rauge,  
About the gleames, which on your face do growe.

The Mouse which once hath broken out of trappe,  
Is seldome tysed with the trustlesse bayte:  
But lieth aloofe, for feare of more mishappe,  
And feedeth still in doubt of deepe discept.  
The skorched flye, which once hath scapt the flame,  
Will hardly come, to play againe with fire:  
Wher by I learne, that grevous is the game,  
Which followes fancie dazled by desire.  
So that I wincke, or els hold downe my head,  
Bycause your blazing eyes, my bale have bred.

*Spreta tamen vivunt.*

*A loving Lady being wounded in the spring time, and now gallded eftsones with the remembrance of the spring, doth therfore thus bewayle.*

**T**HIS tenth of March when *Aries* receyv'd,  
Dame *Phæbus* rayes, into his horned head:  
And I my selfe, by learned lore perceyv'd,  
That *Ver* approacht, and frostie wynter fled.  
I crost the *Thames*, to take the cherefull ayre,  
In open feedes, the weather was so fayre.

And as I rowed, fast by the further shore,  
I heard a voyce, which seemed to lament:  
Wherat I stay'd, and by a stately dore,  
I left my Boate, and up on land I went,  
Till at the last by lasting payne I found,  
The wofull wight, which made this dolefull sound.

In

## The devises of

In pleasaunt garden (placed all alone)  
 I sawe a Dame, who sat in weary wise,  
 With scalding sighes, she utred all hir mone,  
 The ruefull teares, downe rayned from hir eyes:  
 Hir lowring head, full lowe on hand she layed,  
 On knee hir arme: and thus this Lady sayed.

Alas (quod she) behold echē pleasaunt greene,  
 Will now renew, his sommers livery,  
 The fragrant flowers, which have not long bene seene,  
 Will florish now, (ere long) in bravery:  
 The tender buddes, whom colde hath long keptin,  
 Will spring and sproute, as they do now begin.

But I (alas) within whose mourning mynde,  
 The graffes of grief, are onely given to growe,  
 Cannot enjoy the spring which others finde,  
 But still my will, must wyther all in woe:  
 The cold of care, so nippes my joyes at roote,  
 No sunne doth shine, that well can do them boote.

The lustie *Ver* which whillome might exchange  
 My grieve to joy, and then my joyes encrease,  
 Springs now elsewhere, and showes to me but strange,  
 My winters woe, therfore can never cease:  
 In other coasts, his sunne full clere doth shyne,  
 And comfort lends to ev'ry mould but myne.

What plant can spring that feeles no force of *Ver*?  
 What flower can florish, where no sunne doth shyne?  
 These Bales (quod she) within my breast I beare,  
 To breake my barke, and make my pyth to pyne:  
 Needs must I fall, I fade both roote and rynde,  
 My braunches bowe, at blast of ev'ry wynde.

This

## sundrie Gentlemen.

This sayed: she cast a glance and spied my face,  
 By sight wherof, Lord how she chaunged hew?  
 So that for shame, I turned backe a pace  
 And to my home, my selfe in hast I drew:  
 And as I could hir wooffull wordes rehers,  
 I set them downe in this waymenting verse.

Now Ladies you, that know by whom I sing,  
 And feele the wynter, of such frozen wylls:  
 Of curtesie, yet cause this noble spring,  
 To send his sunne, above the highest hillies:  
 And so to shyne, uppon hir fading sprayes,  
 Which now in woe, do wyther thus always.

*Spreta lumen vivunt.*

*The careful lover comred with pleasure,*  
 thus complayneth.

**N**ow have I found the way, to weepe & wayle my fill,  
 Now can I end my dolefull dayes, & so content my  
 will.

The way to weepe inough, for such as list to wayle,  
 Is this: to go abord y<sup>e</sup> ship, where pleasure beareth sayle.  
 And thereto marke the jests, of every joyfull wight,  
 And with what wynde and wave they fleete, to nourish  
 their delight.

For as the striken Deare, that seeth his fellowes feede,  
 Amid the lustie heard (unhurt) & feeleshim selfe to bleede.  
 Or as the seely byrd, that with the Bolte is brusd,  
 And lieth a loofe among the leaves, of al hir peeres refusd,  
 And heares them sing full shrill, yet cannot she rejoice,  
 Nor frame one warbling note to passe, out of hir mourn-  
 full voyce.  
 Even so I find by proofe, that pleasure doubleth payne,  
 Unto a wretched wounded hart, which doth in woe re-  
 maine.

I passe where pleasure is, I heare some for sing joye,  
 I seesom laugh, some other daunce, in spight of dark annoy.  
 But out alas my mind, amends not by their myrrh,  
 I deeme al pleasures to be paine, that dwel above y<sup>e</sup> earth.  
 Such heavy humors feede, y<sup>e</sup> bloud that lends me breath,  
 As mery medicines cannot serve, to kepe my corps from  
 (death.

*Spreta tamen vivunt.*

¶ The lover being disdaynfully abjected by a dame  
 of high calling, who had chosen (in his place) a playe fel-  
 lowe of baser condicione: doth therfore determine to step  
 a side, and before his departure giveth hir this farewell  
 in verse.

**T**Hy byrth, thy beautie, nor thy brave attyre,  
 (Disdainefull Dame, which doest me double wrong)  
 Thy high estate, which sets thy hart on fire,  
 Or new found choyce, which cannot serve thee long,  
 Shall make me dread, with pen for to rehersse,  
 Thy skittish deedes, in this my parting verse.

For why thou knowest, and I my selfe can tell,  
 By many vowes, how thou to me wert bound:  
 And how for joye, thy hart did seeme to swell,  
 And in delight, how thy desires were drownd.  
 When of thy will, the walles I did assayle,  
 Wherin fond fancie, fought for mine avayle.

And though my mind, have small delight to vaunt,  
 Yet must I vowe, my hart to thee was true:  
 My hand was alwayes able for to daunt,  
 Thy slaundrous fooes, and kepe their tongues in mew.  
 My head (thoough dull) was yet of such devise,  
 As might have kept thy name alwayes in price.

And

[I]

*Spreta tamen vivunt.*

For thou hast caught a proper paragon,  
 A theefe, a coward, and a Peacocke foole:  
 An Asse, a mylksoop, and a minion,  
 Which hath none oyle, thy furious flames to coole,  
 Such one he is, a pheare for thee most fit,  
 A wandring guest, to please thy wavering wit.

A theefe I compt him, for he robes us both,  
 Thee of thy name, and me of my delight:  
 A coward is he noted where he goeth,  
 Since every child, is matcht to him in might.  
 And for his pride no more, but marke his plumes,  
 The which to princke, he dayes and nights consumes.

The rest thy selfe, in secret sort can judge,  
 He rydes not me, thou knowest his sadell best:  
 And though these tricks of thine, mought make me grudge  
 And kyndle wrath, in my revenging brest:  
 Yet of my selfe, and not to please thy mind,  
 I stand content, my rage in rule to bind.

And farre from thee now must I take my flight,  
 Where tongues may tell, (and I not see) thy fall:  
 Where I may drincke these dragges of thy despight,  
 To purge my Melancholick mind withall.  
 In secrete so, my stomacke will I sterve,  
 Wishing thee better than thou doest deserve.

An

*An absent Dame thus complayneth.*

Uch like the seely Byrd, which close in cage is pent,  
So sing I now, not notes of joye, but layes of deepe lament.  
And as the hooded Hauke, which heares the Partrich spring,  
Who though she feele hir self fast tyed, yet beats hir battynge  
So strive I now to showe, my feble froward will,  
Although I know my labour lost, to hop against the Hill.  
The droppes of darke disdayne did never drench my hart,  
For well I know I am belov'd, if that might ease my smart.  
Ne yet the privy coales, of glowing Jellosie,  
Could ever kindle needlesse feare, within my fantasie.  
The rigor of repulse, doth not renew my playnt,  
Nor choyce of change doth move my mone, nor force me thus to  
Only that pang of Payne, which passeth all the rest, (Faynt.  
And canker-like doth fret the hart, within the giltesse brest.  
Which is if any bee, most like the panges of death,  
That present griefe now grypeth me, & strives to stop my breath.  
When friendes in mind may meete, and hart in hart embrace,  
And absent yet are fayne to playne, for lacke of time and place:  
Then may I compt, their love like seede, that soone is sowne,  
Yet hacking droppes of heavenly dew, with weedes is overgrown.  
The Greyhound is agreev'd, although he see his game,  
If still in slippe he must be stayde, when he would chase the same.  
So fares it now by me, who know my selfe belov'd  
Of one the best, in eche respect, that ever yet was prov'd.  
But since my lucklesse lot, forbids me now to taste,  
The dulcet fruites of my delight, therfore in woes I wast.  
And Swallow like I sing, as one enforced so,  
Since others reap the gaineful crop, which I with pain did sowe.  
Yet you that marke my song, excuse my Swallowes voyce,  
And beare with hir unpleasent tunes which cannot well rejoice.  
Had I or lucke in love, or lease of libertie, (would be.  
Then should you heare some sweeter notes, so cleere my throte  
But

*¶ This question being propounded by a Dame unto the writer  
therof, to wit, why be should write Spreta tamen vivunt,  
be unswereþ thus.*

**D**Espyed things may live, although they pyne in Payne:  
And things ofte trodden under foote, may once yit rise again.  
The stone that lieth full lowe, may clime at last full hye:  
And stand aloft on stately tow'rs, in sight of every eye.  
The cruell axe which felles the tree that grew full streight:  
Is worne with rust, when it renewes, and springeth up on height.  
The rootes of rotten Reedes in swelling seas are seene:  
And when ech tyde hath toste his worst, they grow againe full greene.  
Thus much to please my self, unpleasantly I sing:  
And shrinch to ease my mourning minde, in spyre of envies sting.  
I am now set full light, who earst was dearely lov'd:  
Some newfound choyce is more esteemd, than y<sup>t</sup> which wel was prov'd  
Some *Diomed* is crept into Dame *Cressydes* hart:  
And trustie *Troylus* now is taught in wayne to playne his part.  
What resteth then for me? but thus to wade in wo:  
And hang in hope of better chaunce, when chaunge appointeth so.  
I see no sight on earth, but it to Chaunge enclines:  
As little clowds oft overcast, the brightest sunne that shines.  
No Flower is so fresh, but frost can it deface:  
No man so sure in any seate but he may leese his place.  
So that I stand content (thoughe much against my mind)  
To take in worth this lothsome lot, which luck to me assynd,  
And trust to see the time, when they that now are up:  
May feele the whirle of fortunes wheele, and tast of sorrows cup.  
God knoweth I wish it not, it had ben bet for mee:  
Still to have kept my quiet chayre in hap of high degree.  
But since without recure, Dame Chaunge in love must reign:  
I now

But take it thus in gree, and marke my playnsong well,  
No hart feeleſſ, so much hurt as that: which doth in absence dwell.

I now wish chaunge that sought no chaunge, but constant did remain.  
And if such chaunge do chaunce, I vow to clap my hands,  
And laugh at them which laught at me; lo thus my fancy stands.

*Spreta tamen vivunt.*

*A strange passion of another Author.*

**A** Mid my Bale I bath in blisse,  
I swim in heaven, I sink in hell:  
I find amends for every misse,  
And yit my moane no tonge can tell.  
I live and love, what would you more?  
I dye to think to part from thee.  
As never lover liv'd before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,  
So jest I oft and feel no joye:  
My ease is builded all on trust,  
And yit mistrust breedes myne anoye.  
I live and lack, I lack and have:  
I have and misse the thing I crave.

These things seeme straunge, yit ar they trew  
Believe me (sweete) my state is such:  
One pleasure which I would eschew,  
Both slakes my grief, and breedes my gruch.  
So doth one pain which I would shoon  
Renew my joyes where grief begoon.

Then like the Larke that past the night  
In heavy sleepe with cares opprest:  
Yit when shée spies the pleasant light,  
She sends sweete notes from out hir brest.  
So sing I now because I think  
How joyes approach, when sorrowes shrink.

And as faire *Philomena* ageine

Can

Can watch and singe when other sleepe:  
And taketh pleasure in hir payne,  
To wray the woo that makes hir weepe.  
So sing I now for to bewray  
The lothsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee (deare wench) I write,  
That know'st my mirth but not my moane:  
I pray God graunt thee deepe delight,  
To live in joyes when I am gone.  
I cannot live, it will not be:  
I dye to think to part from thee.

*Ferenda Natura.*

*The lover leaning onely to his Ladies promises, and finding them to fayle, doth thus lament.*

**T**He straightest tree that growes upon one only roote:  
If that roote fayle, will quickly fade, no props can do it boote.  
I am that fading plant, which on thy grace did growe:  
Thy grace is gone wherefore I mone, and wither all in woe.  
The tallest ship that sayles, if shee to Ancors trust:  
When ancors slip and cables breake, hir helpe lyes in the dust.  
I am the ship my selfe, myne Ancor was thy faith:  
Which now is fled, thy promise broke, and I am driven to death.  
Who clymeth oft on hie, and trusts the rotten bowe:  
If that bowe break may catch a fall such state stand I in now.  
Me thought I was aloft, and yit my seate full sure:  
Thy hart did seeme to me a rock which ever might endure.  
And see, it was but sand, whom seas of subtiltie:  
Have sokeed so with wanton waves, that faith was forst to flye.  
The Fluds of flicklenesse have undermyned so,  
The first foundation of my joy, that myrrh is ebb'd to wo.  
Yit at lowe water markes, I lye and wayte my time:

To

## The devises of

## sundrie Gentlemen.

To mend the breach, but all in vayn, it cannot passe the prime.  
For when the primeflud comes which all this rage begon:

Then waves of will do work so fast, my piles are overron.

Dutie and diligence which are my workmen there,

Are glad to take up tooles in haste and run away for feare.

For fancie hath such force, it overfloweth all:

And whispering tales do blow the blasts that make it ryse and fall.

Thus in theis tempests tost, my restless life doth stand:

Because I builded on thy words, as I was borne in hand.

Thou wert that onely stake, whereby I ment to stay:

Alas, alas, thou stoodst so weake, the hedge is borne away.

By thee I thought to live, by thee now must I dye:

I made thee my Phisicion, thou art my mallady.

For thee I longd to live, for thee now welcome death:

And welcome be that happie pang, that stops my gasping breath.

Twice happie were that axe, would cut my rootes down right:

And sacred were that swelling sea, which would consume me quight.

Blest were that bowe would break to bring downe clyming yowth,

Which craks aloft, and quakes full oft, for feare of thine untruth.

*Ferenda Natura.*

*The constancie of a lover hath thus sometymes  
ben briefly declared.*

**T**HAT selfe same tonge which first did thee entreat  
To linke thy liking with my lucky love:

That trustie tongue must now these words repeate,

*I love the stylle*, my fancie cannot move.

That dreadlesse hart which durst attempt the thought  
To win thy will with myne for to consent,

Maintaines that vow which lovein me first wrought,

*I love thee still* and never shall repent.

That happy hand which hardly did touch

Thy tender body, to my deepe delight:

Shall serve with sword to prove my passion such

*As*

*As loves thee still*, much more than it can write.  
Thus love I still with tonge, hand, hart and all,  
And when I chaunge, let vengeance on me fall.

*Ferenda Natura.*

Now I must desire you with patience to hearken unto the works  
of another writer, who though he may not compare with the rest  
passed, yit such things as he wrote upon sundrie occa-  
sions, I will rehearse, beginning with this  
prayse of a Countesse.

**D**Esire of Fame would force my feeble skill,  
To prayse a Countesse by hir dew desert:

But dread of blame holds back my forward will,

And quencht the coales which kindled in my hart.

Thus am I plonged twene dread and deepe desire,

To paye the dew which dutie doth require.

And when I call the mighty Gods in ayd

To further forth some fine invention:

My bashefull spirits be full ill affrayd

To purchase payne by my presumption.

Such malice regnes (sometimes) in heavenly mynd,

To punish him that prayseth as he fynds.

For *Pallas* first whose filed flowing skill,  
Should guyde my pen some pleasant words to write:

With angry mood hath fram'd a foward will,

To dashe devise as oft as I endite.

For why? if once my Ladies gifts were knownen,

*Pallas* should loose the prayses of hir own.

And bloudy Mars by chaunge of his delight

Hath made *Joves* daughter now myne enemie:

In whose conceipt my Countesse shines so bright,

That *Venus* pynes for burning jelousie.

*She*

## The devises of

She may go home to *Vulcane* now agayne:  
For *Mars* is sworne to be my Ladies swayne.

Of hir bright beames *Dan Phœbus* stands in dread,  
And shames to shine within our *Horizon*:  
Dame *Cynthia* holds in her horned head,  
For feare to loose by like comparison.

Lo thus shee lives, and laughes them all to skorne:  
Countesse on earth, in heaven a Goddessesse borne.

And I sometimes hir servaunt, now hir friend,  
Whom heaven and earth for hir (thus) hate & blame:  
I have yit presumed in friendly wise to spend,  
This ragged verse in honor of hir name.  
A simple gift, compared by the skill:  
Yt what may seeme so deare as such good will.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

*The lover declarereth his affection, together  
with the cause thererof.*

**W**Hen first I thee beheld in coulors black and whyt,  
Thy face in forme wel framed w<sup>t</sup> favor blooming stil:  
My burning brest in cares did choose his chief delight,  
With pen to painte thy prayse, contrary to my skill.  
Whose worthinesse compar'd with this my rude devise,  
I blush and am abash, this work to enterprise.

But when I call to mind thy sundry gifts of grace,  
Full fraught with maners meeke in happy quiet mind:  
My hasty hand forthwith doth scribble on apace,  
Least willing hart might think, it ment to come behind.  
Thus do both hand and hart these carefull meetres use,  
Twixt hope and trembling feare, my deutie to excuse.  
Wherfore accept these lines, and banish dark disdayn,

Be

## sundrie Gentlemen.

Be sure they come from one that loveth thee in chief:  
And guerdon me thy friend in like with love agayne,  
So shalt thou well be sure to yeeld me such relief,  
As onely may redresse my sorrowes and my smart:  
For profe whereof I pledge (deare Dame) to thee my hart.  
*Meritum petere, grave.*

*Another shorier discourse to the same  
effeſſe.*

**I**F ever man yit found the Bath of perfect blisse,  
Then swim I now amid the Sea where nought but pleasure is.  
I love and am beloved (without vaunt be it told)  
Of one more fayre than shee of *Greece* for whom proud *Troy* was sold.  
As bountifull and good as *Cleopatra* Queene:  
As constant as *Penelope* unto hir make was scene.  
What would you more? my pen unable is to write  
The least desart that seemes to shine within this worthy wight.  
So that for now I cease, with hands held up on hye,  
And crave of God that when I chaunge, I may be forst to dye.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

*The lover disdaynefully rejected contrary to former pro-  
mise, thus complayneth.*

**T**He deadly dropes of darke disdayn,  
Which dayly fall on my desarte.  
The lingring suite long spent in vayne,  
Wherof I feele no fruit but smart:  
Enforce me now theis words to write:  
Not all for love, but more for spyte.  
The which to thee I must rehearce,  
Whom I did honor, serve and trust,  
And though the musick of my verse

[k]

Be

Be plainsong tune both true and just:  
Content thee yit to hear my song,  
For else thou doest me doobble wrong.

I must alledge, and thou canst tell  
How faithfull I vowed to serve,  
And how thou seemdst to like me well:  
And how thou saydst I did deserve  
To be thy Lord, thy Knight, thy King,  
And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now (thou cruell one)  
Condemyne desert to deepe dispayre?  
Is all thy promise past and gone?  
Is faith so fled into the ayre?  
If that be so, what rests for mee?  
But thus in song to say to thee.

If *Cressedes* name were not so knownen,  
And written wyde on every wall:  
If bruite of pryd were not so blowen  
Upon *Angelica* withall:  
For hault disdain thou mightst be she,  
Or *Cressyde* for inconstancie.

And in reward of thy deserft,  
I hope at last to see thee payed:  
With deepe repentance for thy part,  
Which thou hast now so lewdly playd.  
*Medoro* he must be thy make,  
Since thou *Orlando* doest forsake.

Such is the fruit that groweth always  
Upon the root of rype disdain:  
Such kindly wages *Cupide* payes,

Where

Where constant harts cannot remayne.  
I hope to see thee in such bands,  
When I may laugh and clappe my hands.

But yet for thee I must protest,  
Thou art as true as is the best,  
That ever came of *Cressedes* lyne:  
For constant yet was never none,  
But in unconstance alone.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

*An absent lover (parted from his Lady by  
Sea) thus complaineth.*

**B**oth deepe and dreadfull were the Seas,  
Which held *Leander* from his love,  
Yet could no doubts his mind appease,  
Nor save his life for hir behove:  
But giltlesse bloud it selfe would spyll,  
To please the waves and worke his will.

O greedie gulfe, O wretched waves,  
O cruell floods, O sinke of shames,  
You hold true lovers bound like slaves,  
And keepe them from their worthy Dames:  
Your open mouth gapes evermore,  
Till one or both be drownd therfore.

For prooфе wherof my selfe may sing,  
And shrich to pearce the loftie skies,  
Whose Lady left me languishing,  
Upon the shore in wooffull wise:  
And crost the Seas out of my sight,  
Wherby I lost my chief delight.

She

## The devises of

## sundrie Gentlemen.

She sayd that no such trustlesse flood,  
Should keepe our loves (long time) in twayne:  
She sware no bread should do hir good,  
Tyll she might see my selfe againe.  
She said and swore these words and mo,  
But now I find them nothing so.

What resteth then for me to doo,

Thou salt sea foome come say thy mind?  
Should I come drowne within thee too,

That am of true *Leanders* kind?

And headlong cast this corps of mine,  
Into those greedy guttes of thine?

No cruel, but in spite of thee,

I will make Seas where earst were none,  
My teares shall flowe in full degree,

Tyll all my myrth may ebbe to mone.  
Into such droppes I meane to melt,

And in such Seas my selfe to swelt.

*Lenviie.*

¶ Yet you deere Dame for whom I fade,  
Thus sterving still in wretched state:  
Remember once your promise made,  
Perfourme it now though all to late.  
Come home to *Mars* who may you please,  
Let *Vulcane* bide beyond the Seas.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

*A Lady being both wronged by false suspect,*  
and also wounded by the durance  
of hir husband, doth thus  
bewray hir grief.

Give

**G**Ive me my Lute in bed now as I lye,  
And lock the doores of mine unluckie bower:

So shall my voyce in mournefull verse descrie,  
The secrete smart which causeth me to lower.

Resound yow walles an Echo to my mone,

And thou cold bed wherin I lye alone:

Beare witnesse yet what rest thy Lady takes,

When other sleepe which may enjoy their makes.

In prime of youth when *Cupid* kindled fire,  
And warmd my wil with flames of fervent love:  
To further forth the fruite of my desire,  
My freends devisd this meane for my behove.  
They made a match according to my mind,  
And cast a snare my fansie for to bind:  
Short tale to make the deed was almost doon,  
Before I knew which way the worke begoon.

And with this lot I did my selfe content,  
I lent a lyking to my parents choyse:  
With hand and hart I gave my free consent,  
And hung in hope for ever to rejoice.  
I liv'd and lov'd long time in greater joy,  
Then she which held kyng *Priams* sonne of *Troy*:  
But three lewd lots have chang'd my heaven to hel  
And those be these, give eare & mark them well.

First slander he, which alwayses bearreth hate,  
To happy harts in heavenly state that byde:  
Can play his part to stirre up some debate,  
Wherby suspect into my choyse might glyde.  
And by his meanes the slime of false suspect,  
Did (as I feare) my dearest friend infect.  
Thus by these twayn long was I plungd in pain,  
Yet in good hope my hart did still remaine.

But

But now (aye me) the greatest grief of all,  
(Sound loud my Lute, and tell it out my tongue)  
The hardest hap that ever might befall,

The onely cause wherfore this song is song,  
Is this alas: my love, my Lord, my Roy,  
My chosen pheare, my gemme, and all my joye,  
Is kept perforse out of my dayly sight,  
Wherby I lacke the stay of my delight.

In loftie walles, in strong and stately towers,  
(With troubled mind in solitary sorte,  
My lovely Lord doth spend his dayes and howers,  
A weary life devoyde of all disport.  
And I poore soule must lie here all alone,  
To tyre my trueth, and wound my wil with mone:  
Such is my hap to shake my blooming time,  
With wynters blastes before it passe the prime.

Now have you heard the summe of all my grief,  
Wherof to tell my hart (oh) rends in twayne:  
Good Ladies yet lend you me some relief,  
And beare a parte to ease me of my paine.  
My sortes are such, that wayng well my trueth,  
They might provoke the craggy rocks to rueth,  
And move these walles with teares for to lament,  
The lothsome life wherin my youth is spent.

But thou my Lute, be still now take thy rest,  
Repose thy bones upon this bed of downe:  
Thou hast dischargd some burden from my brest,  
Wherfore take thou my place, here lie thee downe.  
And let me walke to tyre my restlesse minde,  
Untill I may entreate some curteous wynd:  
To blow these wordes unto my noble make,  
That he may see I sorrowe for his sake.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

*Eyther*

*Eyther a needelesse or a bootelesse compari-*  
son betwene two letters.

**O** Fall the letters in the christis crosse rowe,  
I feare (my sweete) thou lovest *B*. the best,  
And though there be good letters many mo,  
As *A.O.G.N.C.S.* and the rest,  
Yet such a liking bearest thou to *B*,  
That fewe or none thou thinnkest like it to be.

And much I muse what madnesse should thee move,  
To set the Cart before the comely horse:  
Must *A*. give place to *B*. for his behove?  
Are letters now so changed from their course?  
Then must Ilearne (thoough much unto my paine,)  
To read (a new) my christ crosse rowe againe.

When I first leard, *A*. was in high degree,  
A capraine letter, and a vowell too:  
Such one as was awayes a helpe to *B*,  
And lent him sound and taught him what to doo.  
For take away the vowels from their place,  
And how can then the consonants have grace?  
Yet if thou like a consonant so well,  
Why should not *G*. seeme better farre than *B*?  
*G*. spelletth God, that high in heaven doth dwell,  
So spell we Gold and all good thinges with *G*.  
*B*. serves to spell bold, bawdy, braysick, bolde,  
Blacke, browne, and bad, yea worse than may be tolde.  
In song, the *G*. cliffe keepes the highest place,  
Where *B*. sounds awayes (or too sharpe or) flat:  
In *G*. *sol*, *re*, *ut*: trebles have trimme grace,

*B.*

*B.* serves the base and is content with that.  
Believe me (sweete) *G.* giveth sound full sweete,  
When *B.* cries buzz, as is for bases meete.

But now percase thou wilt one *G.* permit,  
And with that *G.* thou meanest *B.* to joyne:  
Alas, alas, me thinkes it were not fit,  
(To cloke thy faulte) such fine excuse to coyne.  
Take dooble *G.* for thy most loving letter,  
And cast of *B.* for it deserves no better.

Thus have I played a little with thy *B.*  
Wheroft the brand is thine, and mine the blame:  
The wight which woundes thy wondring will is he,  
And I the man that seeke to salve thy name:  
The which to thinke, doth make me sigh sometime,  
Though thus I strive to jest it out in ryme.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

*An absent lover doth thus encourage his Lady*  
to contine new constant.

**C**ontent thy selfe with patience perforce,  
And quench no love with dropes of darke mistrust:  
Let absence have no power to divorce,  
Thy faithfull freend which meaneth to be just.  
Beare but a while thy constance to declare,  
For when I come one ynch shall breake no square.

Wherfore deare friend, thinke on the pleasures past,  
And let my teares, for both our paynes suffise:  
The lingring joyes, when as they come at last,  
Are bet then those, which passe in posting wise.  
And I my selfe, to prove this tale is true,  
In hast, post hast, thy comfort will renew.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

*A letter devised for a young lover.*

I must confesse that promise did me bind,  
For to have seen thy seemely selfe ere now:  
And if thou knewst what greeves did galde my mynde,  
Bycause I could not keepe that faithfull vowe:  
My just excuse, I can my selfe assure,  
With little payne thy pardon might procure.

But

**R**eceive you worthy Dame this rude & ragged verse,  
Lend willing eare unto y'e tale, which I shal now rehearse.  
And though my wittles words, might move you for to smile  
Yet trust to that which I shal tel, & never mark my stile.  
Amongst

But call to mind how long *Ulysses* was,  
In llingring absence, from his loving make:  
And how she deigned then hir dayes to passe,  
In solitary silence for his sake.  
Be thou a true *Penelope* to me,  
And thou shalt soone thine owne *Ulysses* see.

Amongst five hundredth Dames, presented to my *view*,  
I find most cause by due desert, to like the best of you.  
I see your beautie such, as seemeth to suffice, (eyes.  
To bind my hart in lincks of love, by judgment of mine  
And but your bountie quench, the coales of quicke desire,  
I fear y<sup>t</sup> face of youres wil set, ten thousand harts on fire.  
But bountie so aboundes, above all my desert,  
As y<sup>t</sup> I quake & shrink for fear, to shew you of my smart.  
Yet since mine eye made choyce, my hart shal not repent,  
But yeeld it self unto your will, & therewith stand content.

God knowth I am not great, my power it is not much,

The greater glory shal you gain, to shew your favor such.

And what I am or have, all that I yeeld to you, (true.

My hand & sword shal serve awaies, to provemy toung is

Then take me for your owne, & so I wilbe still, (will.

Believe me now, I make this vow, in hope of your good

Which if I may obtein, God leave me when I change,

This is the tale I ment to tell, good Lady be not strange.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

A body brusd with many a beastly broyle,  
A present pleasure passing on a pace,  
And paynting playne the path of penitence,  
A frolick favour soyl'd with foule disgrace,  
When hoarie heares should clayme their reverence.  
Such is the fruite that growes on gadding trees,  
Such kynd of mell most moveth busie Bees.

*For Lucius he,*

Esteeming more one ounce of present sporte,  
Than elders do a pound of perfect witte:

Fyrst to the bowre of Beautie doth resort,

And there in pleasure passed many a fitte,  
His worthy race he (recklesse) doth forget,

With small regard in great affayres he reeles,

No counsell grave nor good advice can set,

His braynes in brake that whirled still on wheeles.

For if *Bithema* could have helde him backe,

From *Venus* Court where he now nouslyled was,

His lustie limbes had never founde the lacke

Of manly shape: the figure of an *Asse*,

Had not been blazed on his bloud and bones,  
To wound his will with tormentes all attonce.

*But Fotys she,*

Who sawe this Lording whited with the cuppe,

Of vaine delight wherof he gan to tast:

Pourde out apace and fild the Mazor up,

With dronken dole, yea after that in hast.

She greasd this gest with sauce of Sorcery,

And fed his mind with knacks both queynt and strange:

Lo here the treason and the trechery,

Of gadding gyrls when they delight to raunge.

For *Lucius* thinking to become a foule,

Became a foole, yea more than that, an *Asse*,

A bobbing blocke, a beating stocke, an owle,

Well wondred at in place where he did passe:

And

**T**His *Apuleius* was in Affricke borne,  
And tooke delight to travayle *Thessaly*,  
As one that held his native soyle in skorne,  
In foraine coastes to feede his fantasie.  
And such a gaine as wandering wits find out,  
This yonker woon by will and weary toyle,  
A youth mispent, a doting age in doubt.

## The devises of

And spent his time his travayle and his cost,  
To purchase paine and all his labour lost.

*Yet I poore I,*

Who make of thee my *Folys* and my freend,  
In like delights my youthfull yeares to spend:  
Do hope thou wilt from such sower sauce defend,

*David thy King.*

*Meritum petere, grave.*

## A Ryddle.

Lady once did aske of me,

This pretie thing in privete:

Good sir (quod she) fayne would I crave,

One thing which you your selfe not have:

Nor never had yet in times past,

Nor never shall while life doth last.

And if you seeke to find it out,

You loose your labour out of doubt:

Yet if you love me as you say,

Then give it me, for sure you may.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

*To a gentlewoman who blamed him for writing his friendly advise in verse unto another lover of hirs.*

Lady once did aske of me,

This pretie thing in privete:

Good sir (quod she) fayne would I crave,

One thing which you your selfe not have:

Nor never had yet in times past,

Nor never shall while life doth last.

And if you seeke to find it out,

You loose your labour out of doubt:

Yet if you love me as you say,

Then give it me, for sure you may.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

## sundrie Gentlemen.

And toucht the same without reproch, was I therfore to blame?  
And if (of great good will) I gave my best advise,

Then thus to blame without cause why, me thinkes thou art not wise.

Amongst old written tales, this one I beare in mind,

A simple soule much like my selfe, did once a serpent find,

Which (almost dead for colde) lay moyling in the myre

When he for pittie toke it up and brought it to the fyre.

No sooner was the Snake, cured of his grief,

But streight she sought to hurt the man, that lent hir such relief.

Such Serpent seemeth thou, such simple soule am I,

That for the weight of my good will, am blam'd without cause why.

But as it best beseemes, the harmelesse gentle hart,

Rather to take an open wrong, than for to playne his part:

I must and will endure, thy spite without repent,

The blame is myne, the tryumph thine, and I am well content.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

*An uncurious farewell to an uncon-*

*stant Dame.*

*To what you want, you (wanton) had at will,*  
*A stedfast mind, a faythfull loving hart:*

*If what you speake you would perfourme it still,*  
*If from your word your deede could not revert.*

*If youthfull yeeres your thoughts did not so rule,*  
*As elder dayes may skorne your friendship frayle:*

*Your doubled fansie would not thus recule,*  
*For peevish pride which now I must bewayle.*

*For Cressyde fayre did Troylus never love,*

*More deare than I esteemd your framed cheare:*

*Whose wavering wayes (since now I do them prove)*  
*By true report this witnessse with me beare:*

*That if your friendship be not too deare bought,*

*The price is great, that nothing gives for nought.*

*Meritum petere, grave.*

*A lover ofien warred, and once again driven into fantasti-  
call flames by the chase of company, doth thus  
bewayle his misfortunes.*

**I** That my race of youthful yeares had roon  
Alwayes untyed, and not (but once) in thrall,  
Even I which had the fieldes of freedome woon,  
And liv'd at large, and playde with pleasures ball:  
Lo now at last am tane againe and taught,  
To tast such sorowes, as I never sought.

I love, I love, alas I love in deede,  
I crie alas, but no man pitties me:

My woundes are wyde, yet seeme they not to bleede,  
And hidden woundes are hardly heald we see.  
Such is my lucke to catch a sodeyne clape,  
Of great mischaunce in seeking my good happe.

My mourning mind which dwelt and dyed in dole,  
Sought company for sollace of the same:  
My cares were cold, and craved comforts coale,  
To warme my wile with flakes of frendly flame.  
I sought and found, I crav'd and did obreyne,  
I woon my wish, and yet I got no gaine.

For whiles I sought the cheare of company,  
Fayre fellowship did woonted woes revive:  
And craving medicine for my malladie,  
Daune pleasures plaster provd a corosive.  
So that by myrth, I reapt no fruite but mone,  
Much worse I feare than when I was alone.

The cause is this, my lot did light too late,  
The Byrdes were floweren, before I found the nest:

The

The steede was stollen, before I shut the gate,  
The cates consumd, before I smelt the feast.  
And I fonde foole with empie hand must call,  
The gorged Hauke, which likes no lure at all.

Thus still I toyle, to till the barreynel land,  
And gropre for grapes among the bramble bries:  
I strive to sayle and yet I sticke on sand,  
I deeme to live, yet drogne in deepe desires.  
These lots of love, are fitte for wanton will,  
Which findes too much, yet must be seeking still.

*Merium petere, grave.*

*The lover encouraged by former examples, determineth  
to make vertue of necessitie.*

**W**hen I record within my musing mind,  
The noble names of wightes bewicht in love:  
Such sollace for my selfe therin I find,

As nothing may my fired fansie move:  
But paciently I will endure my wo,  
Because I see the heavens ordayne it so.

For whiles I read and ryfle their estates,  
In ev'ry tale I note mine owne anoye:  
But whiles I marke the meanings of their mates,  
I seeme to swimme in such a sugred joye,  
As did (percase) entise them to delight,  
Though turnd at last, to drudges of sower despite.

Peruse (who list) *Dam Davids* perfect deedes,  
There shal he find the blot of *Berzabe*,  
Wheron to thinke, my heavie hart it bleedes,  
When I compare my love like hir to be:

*Urias*

## The devises of

*Urias* wife, before myne eyes that shynes,  
And *David* I, from dutie that declines.

Then *Sahomon* this princely Prophets sonne,  
Did *Pharao*s daughter make him fall or no?  
Yes, es, perdie, his wisedome could not shoon,  
Hir subtil snares, nor from hir counsell go.  
I nam (as he) the wisest wight of all,  
But well I wot, a woman holdes me thrall.

So am I like the proude *Asirian* Knight,  
Which blasphem'd God, and all the world defid:  
Yet could a woman overcome his might,  
And daunt his force in all his pompe and pride.  
I *Holyferne*, am dronken brought to bead,  
My love like *Judith*, cutting of my head.

If I were strong, as some have made accompt,  
Whose force is like to that which *Sampson* had?

If I be bold, whose courage can surmount,  
The hart of *Hercules*, which nothing dread?  
Yet *Dahiz*, and *Deyanyraes* love,  
Did teach them both, such pangs as I must prove.

Well let these passe, and thinke on *Nasses* name,  
Whose skilfull verse did flowe in learned stile:  
Did he (thinke you) not dote uppon his Dame?  
*Corona* fayre, did she not him beguile?

Yes God he knowes, for verse nor pleasaunt rymes,  
Can constant keepe, the key of *Cressides* crimes.

So that to end my tale as I began,  
I see the good, the wise, the stoute, the bolde:  
The strongest champion and the learnedst man,  
I have bene and be, by lust of love controld.

Which

## sundrie Gentlemen.

Which when I thinke, I hold me well content,  
To live in love, and never to repent.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

*The absent lover (in ciphers) discipbering  
bis name, doth crave some spedie  
relief as followeth.*

**L**'*Escu d'amour*, the shield of perfect love,  
The shield of love, the force of steadfast faith,  
The force of fayth which never will remove,  
But standeth fast, to byde the broots of death:  
That trustie targe, hath long borne of the blowes,  
And broke the thrusts, which absence at me throwes.

In dolefull dayes I lead an absent life,  
And wound my will with many a weary thought:  
I plead for peace, yet sterue in stormes of strife,  
I find debate, where quiet rest was sought.  
These panges with mo, unto my paine I prove,  
Yet beare I all upon my shield of love.

In colder cares are my conceipts consumd,  
Than *Dido* felt when false *Enneas* fled:  
In farre more heat, than trusty *Troylus* fumd,  
When craftie *Cresyde* dwelt with *Diomed*.  
My hope such frost, my hot desire such flame,  
That I both fryse, and smoulder in the same.

So that I live, and dye in one degree,  
Healed by hope, and hurt againe with dread:  
Fast bound by fayth when fansie would be free,  
Untyed by trust, though thoughts enthrall my head.  
Reviv'd by joyes, when hope doth most abound,  
And yet with grief, in depth of dollors drownd.

[m]

In

## The devises of

In these assaultes I feele my feebled force  
Begins to faint, thus weried still in woes:  
And scarcely can my thus consumed corse,  
Hold up this Buckler to beare of these blowes.  
So that I crave, or presence for relief,  
Or some supplie, to ease mine absent grief.

*Lenwie.*

To you (deare Dame) this dolefull plaint I make,  
Whose onely sight may sone redresse my smart:  
Then shew your selfe, and for your seruauntes sake,  
Malke hast post hast, to helpe a faythfull harte.  
Mine owne poore shield hath me defended long,  
Now lend me yours, for elles you do me wrong.

*Meritum petere, gracie.*

I will now deliver unto you so many more of Master Gascoignes Poems as have come to my hands, who hath never beeene dayntie of his doings, and therefore I conceale not his name: but his word or posie he hath often changed and therfore I will deliver his verses with such sundrie poesies as I received them. And first I will begin with Gascoigns Anatomie.

**T**O make a lover knowne, by playne Anatomie,  
You lovers all that list beware, lo here beholde you me.  
Who though mine onely lookes, your pittie wel might move,  
Yet every part shall play his part to paint the pangs of love.  
If first my feeble head, have so much matter left,  
If sunsies raging force have not his feeble skill bereft,  
These locks that hang unkempt, these hollowe dazzled eyes,  
These chatteringteeth, this trembling tongue, weltewed with carefull  
These wan  $\mathcal{E}$  wrinchedcheeks, wel wasth  $w^b$  waves of wo, (cries.  
May stand for patterne of a ghost, where so this carkasse go.  
These shoulders they susteyne, the yoke of heavie care,  
And on my brused broken backe, the burden must I beare.  
These

## sundrie Gentlemen.

These armes are braunfalne now, with beating on my brest,  
This right hand weary is to write, this left hand craveth rest:  
These sides enclose the forge, where sorow playes the smith,  
And hot desire, hath kindled fire, to worke his mettall with.  
The anvile is my hearte, my thoughts they strike the stroke,  
My lights & lungs like bellows blowe, & sighs ascend for smoke.  
My secrete parts are so with secrete sorowe soken,  
As for the secrete shame therof, deserves not to be spoken.  
My thighes, my knees, my legs, and last of all my feete,  
To serve a lovers turne, are so unable and unmeete,  
That scarce they can beare up this restlesse body well,  
Unlesse it be to see the houre, wherin my love doth dwell,  
And there by sight eftsoones to feede my gazing eye,  
And so content my hungrie corps tyll dolours doe me die:  
Yet for a just rewarde of love so dearly bought,

I pray you say, lo this was he, whom love had worne to nought.

*Ever or never.*

**A**T Beauties barre as I did stande,  
When false suspecte accused mee,  
*George* (quod the Judge) holde up thy hande,  
Thou art arayngde of Flatterie:  
Tell therfore howe thou wylte be tryde?  
Whose judgement here wilte thou abyde?

My lorde (quod I) this lady here,  
Whome I esteeme above the rest,  
Dothe knowe my guylte if any were:  
Wherefore hir doome shall please mee beste,  
Let hir be Judge and Jurour bothe,  
To tri mee giltlesse by myne othe.

Quod Beautie, no, it sitteth not,  
A Prince hir selfe to judge the cause:

Here

## The devises of

Here is oure Justice well you wote,  
Appointed to discusse our lawes:  
If you will guiltlesse seeme to goe,  
God and your countrey quritte you so.

Then crafte the cryer call'd a queste,  
Of whome was falshode formoste feere,  
A packe of pickethankes were the rest,  
Whiche came false witnessse for to beare,  
The Jurie such, the Judge unjust,  
Sentence was sayde I shoulde be trust.

Jealous the Jayler bounde me fast,  
To heare the verdite of the bill,  
*George* (quod the the Judge) now thou art cast,  
Thou muste goe hence to heavie hill,  
And there be hangde all but the head,  
God reste thy soule when thou art dead.

Downe fell I then upon my knee,  
All flatte before dame beauties face,  
And cryed, good Ladie pardon me,  
Whiche here appeale unto your grace,  
You knowe if I have ben untrue,  
It was in too muche praysing you.

And though this Judge doe make suche haste,  
To shewd with shame my giltlesse bloud:  
Yet lette your pite firske be plaste,  
To save the man that ment you good,  
So shall you shewe your selfe a Queene,  
And I may be your servant seene.

(Quod beautie) well: because I guesse  
What thou doest meane henceforth to bee,

Although

## sundrie Gentlemen.

Although thy faultes deserve no lesse  
Than Justice here hath judged thee,  
Wylte thou be bounde to stint all stryfe,  
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?

Yea madame (quod I) that I shall,  
Lo faith and truthe my suerties:  
Why then (quod she) come when I call,  
I aske no better warrantise.  
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,  
At her commaunde when she doth call,  
*Ever or Never.*

Gascoignes prayse of *Bridges*, nowe  
Ladie *Sandes*.

IN Court who so demaundes what dame doth most excell,  
For my conceit I must needs say, faire *Bridges* beares y<sup>e</sup> bel:  
Upon whose lively cheeke, to prove my judgement true,  
The Rose and Lillie seeme to strive for equall change of hew:  
And therwithall so well her graces all agree,  
No frowning cheere dare once pressure in her sweet face to bee.  
Although some lavishe lippes, which like some other best,  
Will say the blemishe on her browe disgraceth all the rest:  
Thereto I thus replie, God wotte they little knowe  
The hidden cause of that mishap, nor how the harm did grow.  
For when dame nature first had framde her heavenly face,  
And thoroughly bedecked it with goodly gleames of grace.  
It lyked her so well: Lo here (quod she) a peece,  
For perfect shape that passeth all *Apelles* worke in *Greece*.  
This bayt may chaunce to catche the greatest god of love,  
Or mightie thundring *Jove* himself that rules the rost above:  
But out, alas, those wordes were vaunted all in vayne,  
And some unseen wer present there (pore *Bridges*) to thy pain,  
For *Cupide* craftie boy, close in a corner stode,

Not

Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir, I gesse it did him good.  
 Yet when he felte the flame gan kndle in his brest,  
 And herd dame nature boast by hir, to break him of his rest,  
 His hot newe chosen love he chaunged into hate,  
 And sodeynly with myghtie mace, gan rap hir on the pate.  
 It greeved Nature muche to see the cruelle deede:  
 Me seemes I see hir how she wept to see hir dearling bleede.  
 Wel yet (quod she) this hurt shal have some helpe I trowe,  
 And quick with skin she coverd it, y<sup>t</sup> whiter is than snow.

Wherwith *Dan Cupide* fled, for feare of further flame,  
 When angell like he saw hir shine, whome he had smit with  
 Lo thus was *Bridges* hurt, in cradel of hir kynd, (shame.  
 The coward *Cupide* brake hir brow to wreke his wounded  
 The skarstil there remains, no force, therelit let it be, (mynd,  
 There is no cloude that can eclipse so bright a sunne as she.  
*Ever or Never.*

Gascoignes prayse of *Zouche* late the Lady  
 Greye of Wilton.

**T**Hese rustic walles whome cankred yeares deface,  
 The comely corps of seemly *Zouche* enclose,  
 Whose auncient stocke derivde from worthie race,  
 Procures hir prayse, wher so the carkas goes:  
 Hir angels face declares hir modest mynde,  
 Hir lovely looks the gazing eyes allure,  
 Hir deedes deserve some endlesse prayse to fynde,  
 To blaze suche brute as ever might endure.  
 Wherfore my penne in trembling feare shall staye,  
 To write the thing that doth surmounte my skill,  
 And I will wishe of God both night and day,  
 Some worthier place to guyde hir worthie will.  
 Where princes peers hir due deserues maye see,  
 And I content hir servant there to bee.  
*Ever or Never.*

Gas-

**I**Smile sometimes although my griefe be great,  
 To heare and see these lovers paint their paine,  
 And how they can in pleasurent rimes repeate,  
 The passing pangs, whiche they in fancies faine.

But if I had such skill to frame a verse  
 I could more paine than all their pangs rehersse.

Some say they find nor peace, nor power to fight,  
 Which seemeth strange: but stranger is my state:  
 I dwell in dole, yet sojorne with delight,  
 Reposed in rest, yet wracked with debate.  
 For flatte repulse, might well apease my will  
 But fancie fights, to trie my fortune still.

Some other say they hope, yet live in dread,  
 They friese, they flame, they flie alofte, they fall,  
 But I nor hope with happe to raise my hed,  
 Nor feare to stoupe, for why my gate is small.  
 Nor can I friese, with coldle to kill my harte,  
 Nor yet so flame, as might consume my smarte.

How live I then, which thus drawe foorth my daies?  
 Or tell me how, I found this fever first?  
 What fits I feele? what distance? what delays?  
 What griefe? what ease? what like I best? what worst?  
 These things they tell, which seeke redresse of paine,  
 And so will I, although I coumpt it vaine.

I live in love, even so I love to live,  
 (Oh happie state, twice happie he that finds it)  
 But love to life this cognisance doth give,  
 This badge this marke, to every man that minds it,  
 Love lendeth life, which (dying) cannot die,

Nor

## The devises of

Nor living live: and such a life lead I.

Yet grant with me that *Gascoignes* passion past.  
*Ever or Never.*

## sundrie Gentlemen.

The sunny dayes which gladdeth the saddest wights,  
Yet never shine to cleare my misty Moone,

No quiet sleepe, amidd the mooneshine nights  
Can close mine eies, when I am wo by gone.

Into such shades my peevish sorrow shrowdes,  
That Sunne and Moone, are still to me in clowdes.

And feverlike I feede my fancie still,  
With such repast, as most empaires my helth,  
Which fever first I caught by wanton will,  
When coles of kind did stirre my bloud by stelth:  
And gazing eies, in bewtie put such trust  
That love enflamed my liver all with lust.

My fits are like the fever E<sup>t</sup>tyck fits,  
Which one day quakes within and burns without,  
The next day heate within the boosom sits,  
And shivering cold the body goes about.  
So is my harte most hote when hope is cold,  
And quaketh most when I most heate behold.

Tormented thus without delais I stand,  
Alwaies in one and evermore shal be,  
In greatest grieve when helpe is nearest hand,  
And best at ease if death might make me free:  
Delighting most in that which hurts my hart,  
And hating change which might renue my smart.

*Leuyole.*

Yet you dere dame: to whome this cure perteines,  
Devise betimes some drammes for my disease,  
A noble name shall be your greatest gaines,  
Whereof be sure, if you will worke mine ease.  
And though fonda fooles set forth their fitts as fast,

Yet

*Gascoignes libell of Divorce.*

**D**IVORCE me now good death, from love and llingring life,  
That one hath ben my concubine, that other was my wife.  
In yonth I lived with love, she had my lusty dayes,

In age I thought with lingering lif to stay my wandering ways,

But now abusde by both, I come for to complaine  
To thee good death, in whome my helpe doth wholly now remain,

My libell to behold: wherein I do protest,  
The processe of my plaint is true, wherein my griefe doth rest.

First love my concubine, whome I have kept so trimme,  
Even she for whome I seemd of yore, in seas of joy to swim:

To whome I dare avow, that I have served as well,  
And played my part as gallantly, as he that beares the bell:

She cast me off long since, and holds me in disdaine,  
I cannot pranke to please hir now, my vaunting is but vaine.

My writhled cheeke bewray, that pride of heate is past,  
My stagring stepps eke tell the truth, that nature fadeth fast.

My quaking crooked joyns, are combred with the cramp,  
The boxe of oilie is wasted well, which once did feede my lampe,

The greenesse of my yeares, doth wither now so sore,  
That lusty love leapes quite away, and liketh me no more,

And love my leman gone, what liking can I take?

In lothsome life that crooked croane, although she be my make?

She cloyes me with the cough, hir comforte is but cold

She bids me give mine age for aimes, where first my yonth was sold

No day can passe my head, but she beginnes to brail,  
No mery thoughts conceived so fast, but she confounds them all.

When I pretend to please, she overthwarts me still,  
When I wold faynest part with her, she overwayes my will.

Be judge then gentle death, and take my cause in hand,  
Consider every circumstance, marke how the case doth stande.

Percease

[n]

## The devises of

Percase thou wilt alledge, that cause thou canst none see,  
But that I like not of that one, that other likes not me:

Y<sup>e</sup> gentle judge give eare, and thou shalt see me prove,

My concubine incontinent, a common whore is love.

And in my wife I find, such discord and debate,

As no man living can endure the torments of my state.

Wherfore thy sentence say, divorce me from them both,

Since only thou maist right my wrongs, good death now be not loth

But cast thy pearcing dart, into my panting brest,

That I may leave both love & life, & thereby purchase rest.

*Hand ihus sapio.*

*Gascoignes praise of his Mystryes.*

**T**He hap which *Paris* had, as due for his dessert,

Who favorde *Venus* for hir face, & skornde *Menervas* arte:

May serve to warne the wise, y<sup>e</sup> they no more esteeme

The glistering glosse of bewties blaze, than reason should it

Dan *Priams* yonger son, found out y<sup>e</sup> fairest dame, [deeme.

That ever troade on *Troyame* mold, what followed of the same?

I list not brute hir bale, let others spread it foorth,

But for his part to spek my mind his choice was little worth

My meaning is but this, who marks the outward shewe

And never gropes for grafts of grace which in y<sup>e</sup> mind shuld grow:

My chance upon such choise as trusty *Troylus* had

And dwel in dole as *Paris* did, when he wold fayne be glad.

How happy then am I? whose happy hath bin to finde

A mistresse first that doth excell in vertues of the minde,

And yet therewith hath joind such favoure and such grace,

As *Pandars* niece if she wer here wold quickly give hir place,

Within whose worthy brest, dame Bounty seekes to dwel,

And saith to beawty, yeeld to me, since I do thee excell.

Betwene whose hevenly eies, doth right remorse appeare,

And pittie placed by the same, doth much amend hir cheere.

Who in my dangers deepe, did deigne to do me good,

Who

## sundry Gentlemen.

Who did releeve my hevie heart, and sought to save my bloud,  
Who first encreast my friends, and overthrew my foes,  
Who loved all them that wisht me well, and liked none but those.

O ladies give me leave, I praise hir not so farre,

Since she doth passe you all, as much, as *Tyuan* staines a starre.

You hold such servants deare, as able are to serve,

She held me deare, when I poore soule, could no good thing deserve.

You set by them that swim in all prosperitie.

She set by me when as I was in great calamitie.

You best esteeme the brave, and let the purest passe,

She best esteemed my poore good will, all naked as it was.

But whether am I went? what humor guides my braine?

I seeke to wey the wool sacke down, with one poore pepper graine.

I strive to row against the tide, I hoppe against the hill.

Then let these fewe suffice, she *Helene* stains for hew,

*Dydo* for grace, *Cressyde* for cheere, and is as *Thisbye* true.

Yet if you furder crave, to have hir name displaide,

Dame *Favor* is my mistres name, dame *Fortune* is hir maid.

*Gascoignes Lullabie.*

**S**ing lullabie, as women do,  
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,

And lullabie can I sing to

As womanly as can the best.

With lullabie they still the childe,

And if I be not much beguilde,

Full many wanton babes have I

Which must be stilld with lullabie.

First lullaby my youthfull yeaeres,  
It is now time to go to bed,

For crooked age and hoarie heares,

Have

Have wonne the haven within my head:  
 With Lullabye then youth be still,  
 With Lullabye content thy will,  
 Since courage quayles, and coomes behynde,  
 Goe sleepe, and so beguyle thy mynde.

Next Lullabye my gazing eyes,  
 Whiche woonted were to glaunce apace:  
 For every glasse maye nowe suffise,  
 To shewe the furrowes in my face:  
 With Lullabye then wynke a whyle,

Lette no fayre face, nor beautie bryghte  
 Entice you eft with vayne delyght.  
 And Lullabye my wanton will,  
 Lette reasons rule nowe reigne thy thought,  
 Since all too late I fynde by skill,  
 Howe deare I have thy fansies bought:  
 With Lullabye nowe take thyne ease,

With Lullabye thy doubtes appease:  
 For trust to this, if thou be still,  
 My bodie shall obeye thy will.  
 Eke Lullabye my loving boye,  
 My little Robyn take thy rest,  
 Sync e Age is colde, and nothyng coye,  
 Keepe close thy coyne, for so is beste:  
 With Lullabye bee thou content,  
 With Lullabye thy lustes relente,  
 Lette others paye whiche have mo pence,  
 Thou arte to poore for suche expense.

Thus Lullabye my youth, myne eyes,  
 My will, my ware and all that was,

I can

I can no mo delayes devise,  
 But welcome Payne, lette pleasure passe:  
 With Lullabye nowe take your leave,  
 With Lullabye youre dreames deceyve,  
 And when you rise with waking eye,  
 Remembre *Gascoignes* Lullabye.

*Ever or Never.**Gascoignes Recantation.*

**N**Owe must I needes recant the wordes whiche once I spake,  
 Fondefansie fumes so nyemys nose, I needes must smell the  
 And better were to beare a faggot from the fire, (smoke:  
 Than wilfully to burne and blaze in flames of vayne desire.  
 You Judges then give eare, you people marke me well  
 I say, bothe heaven and earth record the tale which I shall tell,  
 And knowe that dreade of death, nor hope of better hap,  
 Have forced or persuaded me to take my turning cap,  
 But even that mighty Jove of his great clemencie,  
 Hath given me grace at last to judge the truth from heresie:  
 I say then and professse, with free and faithfull harte,  
 That womens vowes are nothing else but snares of secret smart:  
 Their beauties blaze are baytes which seeme of pleasant taste,  
 But who devoures the hidden hooke, eates poyson for repast:  
 Their smyling is deceipt, their faire wordes traynes of treason,  
 Their witte alwayes so full of wyles, it skorneth rules of reason.  
 Percease some present here, have hearde my selfe of yore,  
 Both teach and preach the contrary, my fault was then the more:  
 I graunt my workes were these, first one *Anatomie*,  
 Wherin I paynted every pang of loves perplexitie:  
 Nexte that I was araignde, with *George* holde up thy hande,  
 Wherin I yeelded Beauties thrall, at hir commaunde to stande:  
 Myne eyes so blynded were, (good people marke my tale)  
 That once I soong, *I Babbe in Blisse*, amidde my wearie *Bale*:  
 And many a frantike verse, then from my penne did passe,

In

In waves of wicked heresie so deepe I drowned was,  
All which I nowe recante, and here before you burne  
Those triffling bookees, from whose leud loremy tippet here I turne,  
And hencefoorth will I write, howe madden is that mans mynde,  
Which is entyst by any trayne to trust in womankynde.

I spare not wedlocke I, who list that state aduaunce,  
Aske *Astolfe* king of *Lumbardie*, how trim his dwarf could daunce.  
Wherefore faire Ladies you, that heare me what I saye,  
If you hereafter see me slippe, or seeme to go astraye:  
Or if my toung revolte from that whiche nowe it sayth,  
Then plague me thus, *Believe it not*, for this is nowe my fayth.

*Hand ihus sapi.*

I have herde master Gascoignes memorie commended by  
these verses following (the which were written upon this occasi-  
on. He had (in middest of his youth) determined to abandone  
all vaine delights and to retourne unto Greyes Inne, there to un-  
dertake againe the study of the common lawes. And being requir-  
ed by fivesundrie gentlemen to wrighte in verseso somewhat worthy  
to be remembred, before he entred into their felowship, he compi-  
led these five sundry sortes of metre upon fivesundrie theame  
whiche they delivered unto him, and the firste was at request of  
Francis Kinwelmarsh who delivered him this theame. *Adua-  
ces fortuna iuvat*. And thereupon he wrote thys Sonnet follo-  
wing.

**T**ry yielding feare, or canced villanie,  
In *Cesars* haughtie heart had tane the charge,  
The walles of *Rome* had not bene rearde so hye,  
Nor yet the mightye empire lefte so large.  
If *Mendans* could have rulde his will  
With fowle reproch to loose his faire delight,  
Then had the stately towres of *Troy* stood still,  
And *Greekes* with grudge had dronke their owne despight.  
If dread of drenching waves or feare of fire,

Had

Had stayde the wandring Prince amidde his race,  
*Ascanius* then, the frute of his desire  
In *Lavine* lande had not possessed place,  
But true it is, where lottes doe light by chaunce,  
There Fortune helps the boldest to aduaunce.  
*Sic tuti.*

The nexte was at request of *Antoine Kynwelmarsh*,  
who delivered him this theame, *Satis sufficit*, and  
thereupon he wrote as followeth.

**T**he vaine excesse of flattering Fortunes gifte,  
Envenometh the mind with vanitie,  
And beates the restlesse braine with endlesse driftes  
To stay the staffe of worldly dignitie:  
The beggar stands in like extremitie.  
Wherefore to lacke the most, and leave the least,  
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

By too too much *Dan Greus* caught his death,  
And bought with bloud the price of glittering gold,  
By too too little many one lacks breath  
And strivis in streetes a mirroure to behoide:  
So pride for heate, and povret pynes for colde.  
Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leavethe least,  
I coumpt enough as good as any feaste.

**T**ore makes no sore, lo this seemes contrarye,  
And mothe meryer is a Proverbe eke,  
But store of sores maye make a maladie,  
And one too many maketh some to seeke,  
When two be mette that bankette with a leek:  
Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leave the least,  
I coumpte enough as good as any feast.

The

The ryche man surfeteth by gluttonie,  
Whyche feedeth still, and never standes content,  
The poore agayne he pines for penurie,  
Whiche lives with lacke, when all and more is spente:  
So too much and too little bothe bee shente.  
Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leave the least,  
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The Conquerour with uncontented swaye,  
Doth rayse up rebels by his avarice,  
The recreaunt dothe yeede hymselfe a praye,  
To forrayne soyle by slouth and cowardyse:  
So too muche and too little, both be vyce.  
Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leave the least,  
I coumpte enough as good as any feast.

If so thy wyfe be too too fayre of face,  
It drawes one guest (too manie) to thyne inne:  
If she be fowle, and foysted with disgrace,  
In other pillowes prickst thou many a pinne:  
So fowle prove fooles, and fayrer fall to sinne.

Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leave the least,  
I coumpte enough as good as any feast.

And of enough, enough, and nowe no more,  
Bycause my braynes no better can devise,  
When things be badde, a small summe maketh store,  
So of suche verse a fewe maye soone suffice:  
Yet still to this my wearie penne replyes,  
That I sayde last, and though you lyke it least,  
It is enough, and as good as a feast.

*Sic nul.*

*John*

*John Vaughan* delivered him his theame. *Magnum  
verigal/partimonia*, whereupon  
he wrote thus.

**T**

He common speech is, spend and God will send,  
But what sends he? a bottell and a bagge,  
A staffe, a wallet and a wofull ende,  
For such as list in bravery so to bragge.

Then if thou covet coine enough to spend,  
Learn first to spare thy budget at the brinke,

So shall the bottome be the faster bound:  
But he that list with lavish hand to linke,

(In like expence) a pennie with a pound,  
May chance at last to sitte aside and shrinke

His harbraind head without dame deinties dore.  
Hick, Hobbe and Dick with cloutes upon their knee,  
Have many times more goonhole groates in store,  
And change of crownes more quicke at call than he,  
Which let their lease and tooke their rent before.

For he that rapes a royall on his cappe,  
Before he put one penny in his pursse,  
Had neede turne quicke and broch a better tappe,  
Or else his drinke may chance go downe the wursse.

I not denie but some men have good hap,  
To climbe alofte by scales of courtly grace,  
And winne the world with liberaltie:  
Yet he that yerkis old angells out apace,  
And hath no new to purchase digntie,  
When orders fall, may chance to lacke his grace.

For haggard hawkes mislike an emptie hand:  
So stiffly some sticke to the mercers stall,  
Till sutes of silke have swet out all their land.  
So ofte thy neighbours banquet in thy hall,  
Till Davie *Debet* in thy parlor stande,  
And bids thee welcome to thine owne decay.

[o]

I

## The devises of

## sundry Gentlemen.

I lyke a Lyons lookes not woorth a leeke  
 When every Foxe beguyles him of his praye:  
 What sauce but sorowe serveth him a weeke,  
 Whiche all his cates consumeth in one daye?  
 Fyrste use thy stomacke to a stonde of ale,  
 Before thy Malmesey come in Marchantes bookees,  
 And rather weare (for shifte) thy shirte of male,  
 Than teare thy silken sleeves with teynter hookees.  
 Put feathers in thy pillowes greate and small,  
 Lettethem beprinctt with plumes that gape for plummes,  
 Heape up bothe golde and silver safe in hooches,  
 Catche,snatche,andscratchefor scrapings and for crummes,  
 Before thou decke thy harte (on highe) with brooches.  
 Lette firste thyne one hande holde fast all that commes,  
 Before that other learnie his letting flie:  
 Remember still that softe fyre makes sweete malte,  
 No haste but good (who meanes to multiplie:)  
 Bought wytte is deare, and drest with sowre salte,  
 Repentaunce commes to late, and then saye I,  
 Who spares the first and keepes the laste unspent,  
 Shall fynde that Sparing yelde a goodly rent.

*Sic tuti.*

*Alexander Nevile* delivered him this theame, *Sat cito, si sat bene*, whereupon he compiled these seven Sonnets in sequence, therin bewraying his owne *Nivis cito*: and therwith his *Nix bene*, as followeth.

**I**N haste poste haste, when fyrste my wandring mynde,  
 Behelde the glistening Courte with gazing eye,  
 Suche deepe delyghtes I seemde therein to fynde,  
 As myght beguyle a graver guest than I.  
 The stately pompe of Princes and their peeres,  
 Did seeme to swimme in floudes of beaten golde,  
 The wanton worlde of yong delightfull yeeres,

Was

Was not unlyke a heaven for to beholde,  
 Wherein did swarne (for every saint) a Dame,  
 So faire of hue, so freshe of their attire,  
 As might excell dame *Cimbria* for Fame,  
 Or conquer *Cypide* with his owne desire.  
 These and suche lyke were baytes that blazed still  
 Before myne eye to feede my greedie will.

2 Before myne eye to feede my greedie will,  
 Gan muster eke myne olde acquainted mates,  
 Who helpte the dishe (of wayne delighte) to fill  
 My emptie mouthie with dayntie delicates:  
 And foolishe boldenesse tooke the whippe in hande,  
 To lashe my lyfe into this trustlesse trace,  
 Till all in haste I leaptie aloofe from lande,  
 And hoyste up soyle to catche a Courtly grace:  
 Eche linging daye did seeme a worlde of woe,  
 Tyll in that haplesse haven my head was broughte:  
 Waves of wanhope so lost mee too and and fro,  
 In deepe despaire to drowne my dreadfull thoughte:  
 Eche hour a daye, eche daye a yeaere did seeme,  
 And every yeaere a worlde my wyll did deeme.

3 And every yeaere a worlde my will dyd deeme,  
 Till lo, at laste, to Courte nowe am I come,  
 A seemely swayne, that myght the place beseeme,  
 A gladsome guest embraste of all and some:  
 Not there contente with common dignitie,  
 My wandring eye in haste, (yea poste post haste)  
 Behelde the blazing badge of braverie,  
 For wante wherof, I thought my selfe disgraste:  
 Then pcevish pride pufft up my swelling harte,  
 To further foorth so hottie an enterpryse:  
 And comely cost beganne to playe his parte,  
 In praysing patternes of mine owne devise:

Thus

Thus all was good that myghte be got in haste,  
To prinke me up, and make mee higher plaste.

<sup>4</sup> To prinke mee up and make mee higher plaste,  
All came to late that taryed any tyme,  
Pilles of provision pleased not my taste,  
They made my heeles too heavie for to clyme:  
Mee thought it beste that boughes of boystrous oke,  
Shoulde fyrste be shread to make my feathers gaye,  
Tyll at the last a deadly dinting stroke,  
Brought downe the bulke with edgetooles of decaye:  
Of every ferme I then lette fye a lease,  
To feede the pursse that payde for peeviousnesse,  
Till rente and all were falne in suche disease,  
As scarce coulde serve to maynteyne cleanlynesse:  
The bough, the bodie, fyne, ferme, lease and lande,  
All were too little for the merchauntes hande.

5 All were too little for the merchantes hande,  
And yet my braverye bigger than his booke:  
But when this hottie accompte was coldelye scande,  
I thoughte highte tyme aboute me for to looke:  
With heavie cheare I caste my heade abacke,  
To see the fountayne of my furious race,  
Comarde my losse, my living, and my lacke,  
In equall balanc with my jolye grace,  
And sawe expences grating on the grounde  
Lyke lumps of leade to presse my pursse full ofte,  
When lyghte rewarde and recompence were founde,  
Fleeting lyke feathers in the wynde alofte:  
These thus comparede, I lefte the Courte at large,  
For why? the gaynes doth seldomme quitt the charge.

For why? the gaynes doth seldomme quitt the charge,  
And so saye I, by prooffe too dearely boughte,

My

My haste made waste, my brave and braysick barge,  
Did floate to faste, to catche a thing of nought:  
With leysure, measure, meane, and many mo,  
I moughte have kepte a chaire of quiet state,  
But hastie heades can not bee settled so,  
Till crooked Fortune give a crabbed mate:  
As busye braynes muste beate on tickle toyes,  
As rashe invention breedes a rawe devise,  
So sodaine falles doe hinder hastie joyes,  
And as swifte baytes doe fleetest fyshe entice,  
So haste makes waste, and therefore nowe I say,  
*No haste but good*, where wysedome makes the waye.

*No haste but good*, where wysedome makes the waye,  
For prooffe whereof wee see the silly snayle,  
Who sees the Souldiers carcasse cast awaye,  
With hottie assaulte the Castle to assayle,  
By lyne and leysure clymes the loftie wall,  
And winnes the turrets toppe more cunningly,  
Than doughtie Dicke, who ioste his lyfe and all,  
With hoysting up his heade too hastily:  
The swiftest bitche brings foorth the blyndest whelpes,  
The hottest Fevers coldest crampes ensue,  
The nakedest neede hathe ever latest helps:  
With *Neyle* then I fynde this proverbe true,  
That *Haste makes waste*, and therefore still I saye,  
*No haste but good*, where wysedome makes the waye.

*Sic tuli.*

*Richard de Courtois* (the last of the five) gave him this  
theame, *Durum aneum & miserable anum*, and  
thereupon he wrote in this wyse.

**W**hen peerelesse Princes courtes were free from flatterie,  
The Justice from unequal doome, the queste from perjurie,  
The

The pillers of the state, from proude presumption,  
The clearkes from heresie, the Commons from rebellion:  
Then righte rewardes were given, by swaye of due deserfe,  
Then vertues dearlings might be plaste aloft to play their parte:  
Then might they coumpt it true, that hath ben sayd of olde,  
The children of those happye dayes were borne in beds of golde,  
And swaddled in the same: the Nurse that gave them sucke,  
Was wyse to Liberaltie, and leman to Good lucke.  
When *Cesar* woon the fielde, his captains caught the townes,  
And every painful souldiours purse was crammed full of crownes.  
*Licentia* for good lawes, loste his owne libertie,  
And thoughte it better to preferre common commoditie.  
But nowe the tymes are turnde, it is not as it was,  
The golde is gone, the silver sunke, and nothing left but brasse.  
To see a king encroache, what wonder should it seeme,  
When commons cannot be content, with countrie *Dyadeeme*?  
The Prince may dye a babe, trust up by trecherie,  
Where vaine ambition doth move trustlesse nobilitie.  
Errours in pulpit preach, where faith in preesthood failes,  
Promotion (not devotion) is cause why cleargie quailles.  
Thus is the stage stakk out, where all these partes be plaide,  
And I the prologue should pronounce, but that I am afraide.  
First *Cayphas* playes the priest, and *Hervde* sits as king,  
*Pythlate* the Judge, *Judas* the Jurour verdi&te in doth bring,  
Vayne tatting plaiers the vice, well cladde in rich array,  
And pore Tom Troth is laught to skorn, w<sup>t</sup> garments nothing gay.  
The woman wantonnesse, she coomes with ticing traine,  
Pride in hir pocket playes bo peepe, and bawdrie in hir braine.  
Hir handmaides be deceipte, daunger, and dalliance,  
Riot and Revell follow hir, they be of hir alliance:  
Nexte these commes in SimmeSwash, to see what sturre theykeepe.  
Clyme of y<sup>e</sup> Clough then takes his heedles, tis time for him to creep:  
To packe the pageaunt up, commes Sorowe with a song,  
He says these jestes can get no grotes, & al this geare goth wrong:  
Iyst pride without cause, why he sings the treble parte,

The

The meane he mumbles out of tune, for lack of life and hart:  
Cost lost, the counter Tenor chantereth on apace,  
Thus all in discords stands the cliffe, and beggrie sings the base.  
The players loose their paines, where so few pens are stirring,  
Their garments weare for lacke of gains, & fret for lacke of furring  
When all is done and past, was not part plaidie but one,  
For every player plaidie the foole, till all be spent and gone.  
And thus this foolish jest, I put in dogrell rime,  
Because a crosier staffe is best, for such a crooked time.  
*Sic Tuli.*

And thus an end of these five theames, wherein hath bene  
noted, that as the theames were sundrie and altogether divers, so  
Master Gascoigne did accomplishie them in five sundrie sortes of  
metre, yea and that seemeth most strange, he devised all these ad-  
mounting to the number of C C L VIII. verses, riding by the  
way, writing none of them until he came at the end of his Jour-  
ney, the which was no longer than one day in riding, one day in  
taryng with his friend, and the third in returning to Greys Inne,  
a small time for such a task, neyther wold I willingly under-  
take the like. The meetres are but rough in many places, and yet  
are they true (*cum licentia poetica*) and I must needes confess,  
that he hath more commonly bene over curious in delegation,  
then of haughtie stile in his dilatations. And therefore let us passe  
to the rest of his works.

Gascoignes gloze upon this text,  
*Dominus iis opus habet.*

**M**Y recklesse race is runne, greene youth and pride be past,  
My riper mellowed yeares beginne to follow on as fast.  
My glancing looks are gone, which wonted were to prie  
In every gorgeous garish glass that glistred in mine eie.  
My sight is now so dimme, it can behold none such,  
No mirroure but the merrie meane, can please my fansie muche.  
And in that noble glasse, I take delight to view,  
The fashions of the wonted worlde, compared by the new.

For

## The devises of

For marke who list to looke, each man is for him selfe,  
 And beates his braine to hord & heape this trash & worldly pelfe.  
 Our hands are closed up, great gifts go not abroade,  
 Few men will lend a locke of heye, but for to gaine a loade.  
 Give Gave is a good man, what neede we lash it out,  
 The world is wondrous fearefull now, for danger bids men doubte.  
 And aske how chanceth this? or what meanes all this meede?  
 Forsooth the common answer is, because *the Lord hath neede*.  
 A noble jest by gisse, I find it in my glasse,  
 The same freehold our Savioure Christ, conveyed to his asse.  
 A text to trie the truth, and for this time full fitte,  
 For where should we our lessons learne, but out of holy write?  
 First marke our only God, which ruleth all the rost,  
 He sets aside all pompe and pride, wherein fond wordlings boast.  
 He is not fedde with calves, as in the dayes of old,  
 He cures but little for their copes, that glistier all of gold.  
 His traine is not so great, as filthy Sathanis band,  
 A smaller heard may serve to feede, at our great masters hande.  
 He likes no numbered prayers, to purchase popish meede,  
 He askes no more but penitence, thereof *Our Lorde hath neede*:  
 Next marke the heathens Gods, and by them shall we see,  
 They be not now so good fellowes, as they were wont to be.  
*Jove, Mars, and Mercurie, Dame Venus and the rest,*  
 They banquet not as they were wont, they know it were not best:  
 They shrinke into the cloudes, and there they serve our neede,  
 As planets and signesmoveable, by destenies decreede.  
 So kings and princes both, have lefte their halles at large,  
 Their privie chambers cost enough, they cut off every charge:  
 And when an offfice falles, as chance sometimes may be,  
 First keepe it close a yere or twayne, then geld it by the fee.  
 And give it out at last, but yet with this proviso,  
 (A bridle for a brainsickle Jade) *durante bene placito*.  
 Some think these ladders low, to climbe alofte with speede:  
 Well let them creepe at leisure then, for sure *the Lord hath neede*.  
 Dukes Earles and Barons bold, have learnt like lesson nowe,  
 They

## sundrie Gentlemen.

They breake up house and come to courte, they live not by y<sup>e</sup> plow.  
 Percease their roomes be skant, not like their stately boure,  
 A field bed in a corner coucht, a pallad on the floure.  
 But what for that? no force, they make thereroof no boast,  
 They feede themselves with delicates, and at the princes cost.  
 And as for all their men, their pages and their swaynes,  
 They cloke them up with chynes of beefe, to multiply their gaines.  
 Themselves lie neere to looke, when any leafe doth fall,  
 Such croomes were wont to feede poore gromes, but now y<sup>e</sup> Lords  
 And why? oh sir, because, both dukes & lords have neede, (licke al.  
 I mock not I, my text is true, beleive it as your creede.  
 Our prelates and our priests, can tell this text with me,  
 They can hold fast their fattest fermes, and let no lease go free.  
 They have both wife and childe, which may not be forgot,  
 The scriptures say *the Lord hath neede*, & therefore blame them not.  
 Then come a little lower, unto the countrey knight,  
 The squier and the gentleman, they leave the countrey quite,  
 Their halles were all to large, their tables were to long,  
 The clouted shose came in so fast, they kepte to great a throng,  
 And at the porters lodge, where lubbers wont to feede,  
 The porter learnes to answeare now, hence hence *the Lorde bathe neede*.  
 His gests came in to thicke, their diet was to great,  
 Their horses eate up all the hey, which should have fed his neat:  
 Their teeth were farre to fine, to feede on porke and souse,  
 Five flockes of sheepe could scarce mainteine good mutton for his  
 And when this count was cast, it was no biding here, (house.  
 Unto the good towne is he gone, to make his friends good cheere.  
 And welcome there that will, but shall I tell you how?  
 At his owne dish he feedeth them, that is the fashion now,  
 Side bordes be laid aside, the tables end is gone,  
 His cooke shall make you noble cheere, but ostler hath he none.  
 The chargers now be changde, wherein he wont to eate,  
 And olde frute dish is bigge enough to holde a jointe of meate,  
 A salad or a sauce, to tast your cates with all,  
 Some strange devise to feede menseies, mens stomachs now be small.  
 And

And when the tenuantes come to paye their quarters rent,  
They bring some fowle at Midsummer, & a dish of Fish in Lent,  
At Christmasse a capon, at Mighelmasse a goose:  
And somwhat else at Newyeres tide, for feare their lease fli loose.  
Good reason by my trouth, when Gentlemen lacke groates,  
Let Plowmen pinch it out for pence, and patch their russet coates:  
For better Fermers fast, than Manour houses fall,  
The Lord hath need, then says the text, bring old Asse, colt and all.  
Well lowest now at laste, let see the countrey loute,  
And marke how he doth swink & sweate to bring this gear about:  
His feastings be but fewe, cast whipstocks cloute his shooen,  
The wheaten loafe is locked up, as soone as dinners doone:  
And where he wouthe to keepe a lubber, two or three,  
Now hath he learnd to keepe no more but Sim his sonne and he,  
His wyfe and Mawde his mayde, a boy to pitche the carte,  
And turne him up at Hallontyde, to feele the wynters smarte:  
Dame Alyson his wyfe doth knowe the price of meale,  
Hir bridecakes be not halfe so bigge as she was wont to steale:  
She weare no silver hookes, she is content with wursse,  
Hir pendants and hir silver pinnes she putteth in hir pursse.  
Thus learne I by my glasse, that merrie meane is best,  
And he moste wise that fynds the meane to keepe his tackling best.  
Perhaunce some open mouth will mutter nowe and than,  
And at the market tell his mate, our landlords a zore man:  
Heracketh up our rentes, and keepes the best in hande,  
He makes a wondrous deale of good out of his owne meane land:  
Yea let suche pelters prate, saint *Needam* be their speede,  
We neede no text to answer them, but this, *The Lord hath neede*.

*Ever or never.**Gascoignes good morrow.*

**Y**OU that have spente the silentte nighte  
In sleepe and quiet reste,  
And joyce to see the cheerefull lighte

That ryseth in the East:  
Nowe cleere your voyce, nowe cheare your heart,  
Come helpe me nowe to sing:  
Eche willyng wight come beare a parte,  
To prayse the heavenly King.

And you whome care in prison keepes,  
Or sicknesse dothe suppress,  
Or secrete sorrowe breakes youre sleepes,  
Or dolours doe distresse:  
Yet beare a parte in dolefull wyse,  
Yea thinke it good accorde,  
And acceptable sacrifice,  
Eche sprite to prayse the Lorde.

The dreadfull night with darksomesse  
Had over spread the lyght,  
And sluggishe sleepe with drowsynesse,  
Had overpreste our myght:  
A glasse wherein we maye beholde  
Eche storme that stoppes our breath,  
Our bedde the grave, oure cloathes lyke mold,  
And sleepe lyke dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly nyghte did laste,  
But for a little space,  
And heavenly daye nowe nighte is paste,  
Doth shewe his pleasant face:  
So muste we hope to see Gods face,  
At laste in heaven on hie,  
When wee have chaung'd this mortall place,  
For Immortalitie.

And of suche happens and heavenly joyces,  
As then wee hope to holde,

That

All

## The devises of

All earthly sightes, all worldly toyes,  
Are tokens to beholde:  
The daye is lyke the daye of doome,  
The sunne, the Sonne of man,  
The skyes the heavens, the earth the toombe  
Wherein wee reste till than.

## sundry Gentlemen.

## The Raynbewe bending in the skye,

Bedeckte with sundrye hewes,  
Is lyke the seate of God on hye,  
And seemes to tellle these newes:  
That as thereby he promised  
To drowne the worlde no more,  
So by the bloud whiche Christe hath shad,  
He will oure health restore.

## The mistie clowdes that fall sometyme,

And overcaste the skyes,  
Are lyke to troubles of oure tyme,  
Whiche doe but dimme oure eyes:  
But as suche dewes are dried up quite,  
When *Phaebus* shewes his face,  
So are suche fansies put to flighte,  
Where God dothe guyde by grace.

The carrioun Crowe, that lothesome beast,  
Whiche cryes agaynst the rayne,  
Bothe for hir hew and for the reste,  
The Devil resembleth playne:  
And as with goonnes we kill the Crowe,  
For spoyleyng oure reliefe,  
The Devil so must wee overthrowe,  
With goonshot of beliefe.

The little Byrdes whiche syng so sweete,

Are

Are lyke the angels voyce,  
Whiche render God his prayses meeke,

And teache us to rejoyce:  
And as they more esteeme that myrthe,

Than dreade the nightes anoye,  
So muste wee deeme oure dayes on earthe,

But hell to heavenly joye.

Unto whiche Joyes for to attayne,  
God graunte us all his grace,

And sende us after worldly payne,  
In heaven to have a place.

Where wee may still enjoy that lyght,

Whiche never shall decaye:

Lord for thy mercie lende us myghte  
To see that joyfull daye.

*Hand i'is sapio.*

*Gascoignes good nyghte.*

**W** Henthough hast spent the linging day in pleasure and delight,  
Or after toyle and wearie way, dolt seeke to rest at night:  
Unto thy paynes or pleasures past, addeth this onelabouryet,  
Eresleep close up thyne eyet of faste, donot thy God forget,  
But searche within thy secret thoughts what deeds did thee befall:  
And if thou fynde amisse in ought, to God for mercie call:  
Yea though thou fynd nothing amisse, which thou canst cal to mind  
Yet evermore remember this, there is the more behynde:  
And thinke howe well soever it be, that thou hast spent the day,  
It came of God, and not of thee, so to dire&te thy waye.  
Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes, and pleasure in this payne,  
Thy lyfe shal clese thy corne from weeds, & thine shal be y<sup>o</sup> graine:  
But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye, will venture for to winke,  
Before thy wading wyll maye trye, how far thy soule may sink,  
Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft & smoothe is made,

Maye

## The devises of

## sundrie Gentlemen.

May heap more harm upon thy head, than blows of ennies blade.  
Thus if this payne procure thine ease, in bed as thou doste lye,  
Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing thus soberly:  
I see that sleepe is lent mee here, to ease my wearie bones,  
As death at last shall eke appeare, to ease my greevous grones.

My dayly sports, my paunch full fed, have cause me drousie eye,

As carelesse lyfe in quiet led, mighte cause my soule to dye:

The strekking arms, the yauning breath, which I to bedward use,

Are patternes of the pangs of death, when lyfe will me refuse:

And of my bed eche sundrie parte in shadowes doth resemble

The sundry shapes of deth, whose dart shal make my flesh to tremble,

My bed it self is lyke y<sup>e</sup> grave, my sheetes y<sup>e</sup> winding sheete,

My clothes the mouldie which I must have to cover me most meet:

The hungrie fleas which friske so fresh, to worms I can compare,

Which greedily shal gnaw my flesh, and leave the bones ful bare:

The waking Cocke that early crowes to weare the nyght away,

Putts in my mynde the trumpe that blowes before the latter day.

And as I ryse up lustily, when sluggish sleepe is paste,

So hope I to ryse joyfully, to Judgement at the laste.

Thus will I wake, thus will I sleepe, thus will I hope to ryse,

Thus will I neyther wayle nor weepe, but sing in goodly wyse.

My bones shall in this bed remayne, my soule in God shall trust,

By whom I hope to ryse agayne from death and earthly dust.

*Hand iethis sapio.*

These good Morowe and good nyght, together with his Passion,  
his Libell of divorce, his Lullabye, his Recantation, his De profun-  
dis, and his farewell, have verie sweete notes adapted unto them:  
the which I would you should also enjoy as well as my selfe. For  
I knowe you will delight to heare them. As also other verie good  
notes whyche I have for dyvers other Ditties of other mens de-  
vysc whiche I have before rehersed.

Gascoignes *De profundis*.

The

The occasion of the wrighting hereof (as I have herde Master Gascoigne say) was this, riding alone by London way, and London, his minde mused upon the dayes past, and therewithall he gan accuse his owne conscience of mucche time misspent, when a great shoure of rayne did overtake him, and he being unprepared for the same, as in a Jerken without a cloake, the wether beeing very faire and unlikely to have changed so: he began to accuse himselfe of his carelesnesse, and therupon in his good disposition compiled firsly this sonet, and afterwardes, the translated Psalme of *De profundis* as here followeth.

**T**He Skies gan scowle, o'recast with mistie cloudes,  
When (as I rode alone by London way,  
Clokelesse, unclad) thus did I sing and say:  
Behold quoth I, bright *Tian* how he shroudes  
His hed abacke, and yelds the raine his reach,  
Till in his wrath, *Dan Jove* have soust the soile,  
And washt me wretch which in his travaille toile,  
But holla (here) cloth rudenesse me apeach,  
Since *Jove* is Lord and king of mighty power,  
Which can commande the sunne to shew his face,  
And (when him list) to give the raine his place.  
Why do not I my very muses frame,  
(Although I be well soused in this shoure,)  
To wrighte some verse in honor of his name?

Gascoignes councell to *Douglas Dive* written upon this occasion. She had a booke wherein she had collected sundry good ditties of diverse mens doings, in which booke she would needs entreate him to write some verses. And thereupon he wrote as followeth.

**T**O bind a bushe of thornes amongst swete smelling floures,  
May make the posie seeme the worse, and yett the fault is ours:  
For

## The devises of

## sundrie Gentlemen.

For throw away the thorne, and matke what will ensew,  
 The posie then will shewe it selfe, sweete, faire, and freshe of hew.  
 A puttocke set on pearche, fast by a falcons side,  
 Will quickly shew it selfe a kight, as time hath often tride.  
 As just reward to recompence my rash attempts withall,  
 Thou bidst, and I must bowe, thou wilt that I shall write,  
 Thou canst command my very muse some verses to endite,  
 And yet perdis, thy booke is fraughte with learned verse,  
 Such skill as in my musing minde I can none like rehers.  
 What followes then for me? but if I must needes write,  
 To set downe by the falcons side, my selfe a sillie kight.  
 And yet the sillie kight, well weyed in each degree,  
 May serve sometimes (as in his kinde) for mans commoditie.  
 The kight can weede the worme, from corne and costly seedes,  
 Out of the stately streetes, the kight can cleanse the filth,  
 Asmen can cleynse the worthlesse weedes, from fruitful falled tilth.  
 And onely set aside the hennes poore progenie,  
 I cannot see who can accuse the kight for fellonie.  
 The falcon, she must feede on partritch, and on quaille,  
 A pigeon, plover, ducke and drake, hearne, lapwing, teale & raile,  
 Hir hungrie throte devours both foode and deintie fare,  
 Wherby I take occasion, thus boldly to compare.  
 And as a silly kight, (not falcon like that flie,  
 Nor yet presume, upon my frends request,  
 I frendly yet presume, to shew my skill, then take it for the best.  
 In barreine verse to shew my skill, then take it for the best,  
 And *Doughty Douglass* thou, that arte of faulcons kinde,  
 Give willing care yet to the kight, and beare his words in mind.  
 Serve thou first God thy Lord, and praise him evermore,  
 Obey thy Prince and love thy make, by him set greatest store.  
 Thy Parents follow next, for honor and for awe,  
 Thy frends use alwayses faithfully, for so commands the lawe.  
 Thy seemely selfe at laste, thou shalte likewise regard,  
 And

And of thy selfe this lesson learne, and take it as reward:  
 That loke how farre deserthes, may seeme in thee to shine,  
 So farre thou maist set out thy selfe, without empeach or crime.  
 For this I dare avow, without selse love (alight).  
 It can scarce be that vertue dwell, in any earthly wight.  
 But if in such selfe love, thou seeme to wade so farre,  
 As fall to fowle presumption, and judge thy selfe a starre,  
 Beware betimes and thinke, in our *Etymologie*,  
 Such faults are plainly called pride, and in french *Surqudrye*.  
 Lo thus can I pore kight, adventure for to teach,  
 The falcon flie, and yet forewarne, she row not past hir reach.  
 Thus can I weede the worme, which seeketh to devoure  
 The seeds of vertue, which might grow within thee every houre.  
 Thus can I kill the mowle, which else would overthrow  
 The good foundation of thy fame, with every little blowe.  
 And thus can I convey, out of thy comely brest,  
 The sluttish heapes of peevish pride, which might defile the rest.  
 Perchance some falcons fli, which will not greatly grutch,  
 To learne thee first to love thy selfe, and then to love to mutch.  
 But I am none of those, I list not so to range,  
 I have mans meate enougah at home, what need I then seeke change.  
 I am no peacocke I: my fethers be not gay,  
 And though they were, I see my feete suche fonde affeetes to stay,  
 I list not set to sale a thing so litle worth,  
 I rather could kepe close my creast, than seeke to set it forth.  
 Wherefore if in this verse, which thou commands to flowe,  
 Thou chaunce to fall on construynge, whereby some doubts may  
 Yet grant this only boone, peruse it twice or thrise,  
 Digest it well eare thou condemne the depth of my devise. (grow,  
 And use it like the nut, first cracke the outward shell,  
 Then trie the kirmell by the tast, and it may please thee well.  
 Do not as barbers do, which wash beards curiously,  
 Then cut them off, then cast them out, in open streetes to lie.  
 Remember therewithall, my muze is tied in chaines,  
 The goonshot of calamitie hath battred all my braines.

And

And though this verse scape out, take thou therat no marke,  
It is but like a hedlesse fly, that tumbleth in the darke.  
It was thine owne request, remember so it was,  
Wherefore if thou dislike the same, then licence it to passe  
Into my brest againe, from whence it flew in hast,  
Full like a kight which not deserves by falcons to be plast:  
And like a stubbed thorne, which may not seeme to serve,  
To stand with such sweet smelling floures like praises to deserve.  
Yet take this harmellesse thorne, to picke thy teeth withall,  
A tooth picke serves some use perdi, although it be but small.  
And when thy teeth therewith, be piked faire and cleane,  
Then bend thy tong no worse to me, than mine to thee hath bene.

*Ever or Never.*

Gascoignes councell given to master *Bartholomew W-*

*thipoll* a little before his latter journey to

Geane. 1572.

**M**le owe good *Bat*, before thou hoise up saile,  
To make a furrowe in the foaming seas,  
Content thy selfe to heare for thine availle,  
Such harmellesse words, as ought thee not displease.  
First in thy journey, gape not over much,  
What? laughest thou, *Batte*, because I write so plaine?  
Bleeve me now it is a friendly touch,  
To use few words where friendship doth remaine.  
And for I finde, that fault hath runne to fast,  
Both in thy flesh, and fancie to sometime,  
Me thinks plaine dealing biddeth me to cast  
This bone at first amid my dogrell rime.  
But shall I say, to give thee grave advise?  
(Which in my hed is (God he knowes) full geazon?)?  
Then marke me well, and though I be not wise,  
Yet in my rime, thou maist perhaps find reason.  
First every day, beseech thy God on knee,

So

So to direfte thy staggering steppes alwaye,  
That he whiche every secrete thoughte doth see  
Maye holde thee in, when thou wouldest goe astray:  
And that he deigne to sende thee safe retoure,  
And quicke dispatche of that whyche is thy due:  
Lette this my *Bate* bee bothe thy prime and houre,  
Wherein also commende to *Nosre Dieu*,  
Thy good Companion and my vere frende,  
To whom I shoulde (but tyme woulde not permitte)  
Have taken payne some ragged ryme to sende  
In trustie token, that I not forget  
His curtesie: but this is debte to thee,  
I promysde it, and nowe I meane to pay:  
What was I saying? sira, will you see  
Howe soone my wittes were wandering astraye?  
I saye, praye thou for thee and for thy mate,  
So shipmen sing, and though the note be playne,  
Yet sure the musike is in heavenly state,  
When frendes sing so, and knowen not howe to fayne.  
Then nexte to GOD, thy Prince have still in mynde,  
Thy countreys honour, and the common wealth:  
And flee from them, whiche fled with every wynde  
From native soyle, to forraine coastes by stealth:  
Theyr traynes are truthellesse, tending still to treason,  
Theyr smoothed tongues are lyned all with guyle,  
Their power slender, scarsly worthe two peason,  
Their malice mucle, their wittes are full of wyle:  
Eschue them then, and when thou seest them, saye,  
*Du, du, sir K*, I maye not come at you,  
You caste a snare youre countrey to betraye,  
And woulde you have me truste you nowe for true?  
Remember *Batte* the foolishe blinkeyed boye  
Which was at *Rome*, thou knowest whom I meane,  
Remember eke the preatie beardlesse toye,  
Wherby thou foundst a safe retурne to *Geane*,

Do

## The devises of

## sundry Gentlemen.

Doe so againe: (God shielde thou sholdst have neede,) But rather so, than to forsware thy selfe:

A loyall hearte, (beleieve this as thy Creede) Is evermore more woorth than worldly pelfe.

And for one lesson, take this more of mee, There are three Ps almoste in every place, From whence I counsell thee alwayes to flee, And take good heede of them in any case,

The first is poyon, perillous in deede

To suche as travayle with a heavie purse:

And thou my *Batte* beware, for thou haste neede, Thy pursse is lynde wyth paper, whyche is wurse:

Thy billes of credite will not they thinkst thou,

Be bayte to sette *Italyan* handes on woorke?

Yes by my faye, and never worsse than nowe,

When every knave hath leysure for to lurke,

And knoweth thou commest for the shelles of Christe:

Beware therefore, where ever that thou go,

It maye fall out that thou shalte be entiste

To suppe sometimes with a *Magnifice*,

And have a *þico* foysted in thy dishe,

Because thou sholddest disgese thy meate the better:

Beware therefore, and rather feede on fishe,

Than learne to spell fyne fleshe with suche a Letter.

Some may presente thee with a pounde or twayne

Of Spanishe soape to washe thy lynnyn white:

Beware therefore, and thynke it were small gayne,

To save thy shirte, and caste thy skinne off quite:

Some cunning man maye teache thee for to ryde,

And stuffe thy saddle all with Spanishe wooll,

Or in thy stirrops have a toys so tyde,

As bothe thy legges maye swell thy buskins full:

Beware therefore, and beare a noble porte,

Dynke not for thyriste before an other taste:

Lette none outlandishe Taylor take disporte

To

To stuffe thy doublet full of suche Bumbaste,  
As it maye caste thee in unkindely sweate,  
And cause thy haire per companie to glyde,  
Straunger's are fyne in many a propre feate:  
Beware therefore, the seconde *P.* is *Pryde*,  
More perillous than was the fyrste by farre,  
For that infecþes but onely bloud and bones,  
This poysons all, and myndes of men dothe marre,  
It fyndeth nookes to creepe in for the nones:  
Fyrste from the mynde it makes the hearte to swell,  
From thence the fleshe is pampred every parte,  
The haire is curle or frisled up by arte:  
Believe mee *Batte*, oure Countreymen of late  
Have caughte suche knackes abroade in forayne lande,  
That moste men call them *Devils incarnate*,  
So singular in theyr conceiptes they stande:  
Nowe sir, if I shall see your maistershippe  
Come home disgysde and cladde in queynt araye,  
As wyth a pyketoothe byting on youre lippe,  
Youre brave *Mustachios* turnde the *Turky* waye,  
A Coptanckt hatte made on a Flemmishe blocke,  
A nyghtgowne cloake downe trayling to your toes,  
A slender slope close couched to youre docke,  
A curtold slipper, and a shorte sylke hose:  
Bearing youre Rapier poynte above the hilt,  
And looking bigge lyke *Marquise of al Beef*,  
Then shall I comrype your toyle and travayle spite,  
Because my seconde *P.* with you is cheef.  
But forwardes nowe, although I stande a whyle,  
My hindmoste *P.* is worsse than bothe these two,  
For it bothe soule and bodie dothe defyle,  
With foulre faultes than bothe those other doo.  
Shorte tale to make, this is a double *P*,  
(God shielde my *Batte*, shoulde beare it in his breast)  
And

And with a dashe it spellet *Papistrie*,  
A perlous *P*, and woorsse than bothe the reste:  
Nowe though I finde no cause for to suspec $\hat{e}$   
My *Batte* in this, bycause he hath ben tryde,

Yet since the polshorne Prelates can infete  
Kings, Emperours, Princes, and the worlde so wyde.  
And since theyr brazzen heaven beares such a glosse,  
As moste that travayle come home per *Papisti*,  
Or else muche woorsse (whyche is a heavie losse)  
Drowned in errors lyke an *Atheist*:  
Therefore I thoughtte it meete to warne my frende  
Of this foule *P*, and so an ende of *Ps*.

Nowe for thy diet marke my tale to ende,  
And thanke me then, for that is all my fees.

See thou exceede not in three double *VS*,  
The fyrste is Wyne, whiche maye enflame thy bloud,  
The seconde, Women, such as haunte the stewes,  
The thirde is Wilfulness, whiche dooth no good.  
These three eschue, or temper them alwayes:  
So shall my *Batte* prolong his youthfull yeeres,  
And see long *George* agayne, with happie dayes,  
Who if he bee as faythfull to his feeres,

As hee was wonte, wyll dayly praye for *Batte*,  
And for *Penconde*: and if it fall oute so,  
That *James a Parrye* doo but make good that,  
Whiche he hath sayde: and if he bee (no, no)  
The beste companyon that long *George* can fynde,  
Then at the *Spaue* I promyse for to bee  
In *Auguste* nexte, if God turne not my mynde,

Where as I woulde bee glad thy selfe to see:  
Tyll then farewell, and thus I ende my song,  
Take it in gree, for else thou doest mee wrong.

*Haud ictus sapio.*

Gascoignes

Gascoignes Epitaph uppon capitaine *Bourbier* late slayne  
in the warres in *Zelande*, the whiche hath bene termed  
the tale of a stone as followeth.

**F**Y<sup>E</sup> Captaines fie, your tongs are tied to close,  
Your souldiers eke by silence purchase shame:  
Can no man penne in metre nor in prose,  
The lite, the death, the valiante acts, the fame,  
The birth, behavioure, nor the noble name,  
Of such a feere as you in fight have lost?  
Alas such paines would quickly quite the coff.

*Bourbier* is dead, whome each of you did knowe,  
Yet no man writes one word to painte his praise,  
His sprite on high, his carkasse here belowe,  
Do both condemne your doting idle dayes:  
Yet ceasse they not to sound his worthy wayes,  
Who lived to die, and died againe to live,  
With death deere bought, he did his death forgive.

He might for birth have boasted noble race,  
Yet were his manners meeke and alwayes milde,  
Who gave a gesse by gazing on his face,  
And judge thereby, might quickly be beguilde:  
In field a lion and in towne a childe,  
Fierce to his foe, but courteous to his friende.  
Alas the while, his life so soone shold end?

To serve his Prince his life was ever prest,  
To serve his God, his death he thought but dew,  
In all attempts as frowarde as the best,  
And all to forwards whiche we all may new,  
His life so shewed, his death eke tried it true:  
For where Gods foes in thickest prease did stande,  
*Bourbier* caught bane with bloudy sword in hande.

And

## The devises of

And marke the courage of a noble harte,  
When he in bedde lay wounded wondrous sore,  
And heard allarme, he soone forgot his smarte,  
And callde for armes to shewe his service more:  
I will to field (quoth he) and God before.  
Which sayde, he sailde into more quiet coast,  
Still praysing God, and so gave up the ghost.

Now muze not reader though we stones can speake,  
Or write sometimes the deedes of worthy ones,  
I could not hold although my harte should breake,  
Bycause here by me buried are his bones,  
But I must tell this tale thus for the nones.  
When men crie mumme and keepe such silence long,  
Then stones must speake, els dead men shall have wrong.

*Finis 9<sup>a</sup> Marmaduke Marblestone.*

Gascoignes devise of a maske for the right honorable Viscount Mountacute, written (as I have heard Master Gascoigne himselfe declare) upon this occasion, when the sayde L. had prepared to solemnise two marriages betwene his sonne and heire and the daughter of sir William Dorner knight, and betwene the sonne and heire of sir William Dorner, and the daughter of the saide L. Mountacute: there were eighte gentlemen (all of bloud or alliance to the saide L. Mountacute) which had determined to present a maske at the day appoynted for the sayd mariage, and so farre they had proceeded therin, that they had already bought furniture of silks, &c and had caused their garments to be cut to the Venetian fashion. Nowe then they began to imagine that (without some speciall demonstration) it would seeme somewhat obscure to have Venetians presented rather than other countrey men. Whereupon they entreated Master Gascoigne to devise some verses to be uttered by an Actor wherein mighte be some discourse convenient to render a good cause of the Venetians presence. Master Gascoigne calling to minde that there is a noble house of the Mountacutes in Itale, and therewithall that the L. Mountacute here doth quarter the coate of an ancient english gentleman called Mountherme, and hath the inheritance of the sayde house, did thereupon devise to bring in a Boy of the age of twelve or xiiiij. yeres, who shoulde fayne that he was a Mountherme by the fathers side, and a Mountacute by the mothers side, and that

## sundrie Gentlemen.

that his father being slayne at the last warres against the Turke, and he there taken, he was recovered by the Venetians in their last victorie, and with them sayling towards Venice, they were driven by tempest uppon these coasts, and so came to the mariage uppon report as followeth, and the said Boy pronounced the devise in this sorte.

**W**Hat wonder you my Lords? why gaze you gentlemen? And wherefore marvaile you *mez Dames*, I pray you tell me Is it so rare a sight, or yet so strange a toy, then?

Amongst so many noble peers, to see one *Pouer Boy*? Why? boyes have bene allowed in every kind of age, As *Ganymede* that pretie boy, in Heaven is *Jove* his page. *Cupid* that mightie God although his force be feare, Yet is he but a naked boy, as Poets do rehearse.

And many a pretty boy a mighty man hath proved, And served his Prince at all assyses deserving to be loved. *Percay my strange attire* my glittering golden gite, Doth either make you marvell thus, or move you with delite. Yet wonder not my Lords, for if your honours please, But even to give me eare awhile, I will your doubts apease.

And you shall know the cause, wherefore these robes are worne, And why I go outlandishlike, yet being english borne. And why I thus presume, to presse into this place, And why I (simple boy) am bold to looke such men in face.

First then you must perstande, I am no stranger I, But english boy, in England borne, and bred but even hereby. My father was a knight *Moun Hermer* was his name, My mother of the *Mountacutes*, a house of worthy fame.

My father from his youth was trained up in field, And always toke his chiefe delight, in helmet speare and shielde, *Soldado* for his life, and in his hapie dayes.

The thundering fame which blew about the world so wide, Now that the christian enemie, the Turke that prince of pride, Addressed had his power, to swarne uppon the seas, With gallies, foists, and such like ships, wel armde at all assays, And

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## sundry Gentlemen.

And that he made his vault, the gredy fishe to glut,  
 With grobs of christians carkasses, in cruell pieces cut.  
 These newes of this report, did pierce my fathers eares,  
 But never touched his noble harte, with any sparke of feares.  
 For well he knew the trade of all the *Turkishe* warres,  
 And bad amongst them shed his bloud at many cruell jarres.  
 In *Rhodes* his race begon, a slender tall yong man,  
 Where he by many martial feats, his spurres of knighthod wan.  
 Yea though the peece was lost, yet won his honoure still,  
 And evermore against the *Turkes* he warred by his will.  
 At *Chios* many know, how hardily he fought,  
 And howewith streames of stryving bloud, his honoure dearehee  
 At length enforst to yeld with may captaines mo, (bought.  
 Ye bought his libertie with lands and let his goodes ago.  
*Zebynes* of glistening golde, two thousand was his price,  
 The which to pay his lands must leape, for else he were unwise.  
 Believe me now my lords although the losse be mine,  
 Yet I confesse them better soldē, than like a slave to pine.  
 For lands may come againe, but libertie once lost,  
 Can never finde such recompence, as countervaiiles the cost.  
 My selfe now know the case, who like my fathers lot,  
 Was like of late for to have lost my libertie god wot.  
 My father (as I say) enforste to leave his lande  
 In mortgage to my mothers kinne, for ready coine in hande,  
 Can now uppon these newes, which earst I did rehearse,  
 Prepare himselfe to save his pawne or else to leese his pheares,  
 And first his rausome paide, with that which did remaine,  
 He rigged up a proper *Barke* was called *Leffon Britayne*.  
 And like a venturer (besides him seemely selfe),  
 Determined for to venture me and all his worldly pelfe.  
 Perhaps some hope of gaine perswaded so his minde,  
 For sure his hauty harte was bent, some great exployte to finde,  
 How so it were, the winds now hoysted up our sayles,  
 We furrowing in the foming floudes, to take our best availles.  
 Now hearken to my words, and marke you well the same,  
 For

For now I will declare the cause wherfore Ihither came.  
 My father (as I say) had set up all his rest,  
 And tost on seas both day and night, disdayning idlenessse,  
 We leffe our forelands end, we past the coast of *France*,  
 We reacht the cape of *Finesne* our course for to advance.  
 We past *Marracchus* streights, and at the last desried,  
 The fertile coasts of *Cyprus* soile, which I my selfe first spied.  
 My selfe (a foreward boy) on highest top was plast,  
 And there I sawe the *Cyprian* shoare, whereto we sailde in hast.  
 Which when I had declared unto the masters mate,  
 He lepte for joy and thanked God, of that our happy state.  
 „ But what remaines to man, that can continue long?  
 „ What sunne can shine so cleare and bright but clouds may rise  
 Which sentence soone was proved, by our unhappy hap, (among?)  
 We thought our selves full nere our frendes, & light in enemies lap.  
 The *Turke* y<sup>t</sup> tirant he, with siege had girte the walles,  
 Of famouse *Famagosta* then and sought to make them thrals.  
 And as he lay by lande, in strong and stately trench,  
 So was his power prest by sea, his christian foes to drenche.  
 Upon the waltring waves, his foistes and gallies fleet,  
 More forrest like than orderly, for such a man most meeete.  
 This heavie sight once seene, we turnd our course a pace,  
 And set up all our sailes in haste, to give such furie place.  
 But out alas, our wills, and winds were contrarie,  
 For raging blasts did blowe us still uppon our enimie.  
 My father seeing then, whereto he needes must go,  
 And that the mighty hand of God, had it appointed so,  
 Most like a worthy knight (thogh certeine of his death)  
 Can cleane forget al wailing words as lavish of his breath.  
 And to his christian crew, this (too shorte) tale be told,  
 To comfort them which seemd to faint, & make the coward bolde,  
 „ Fellowes in armes, quoth he, althogh I beare the charge,  
 „ And take upon me chieftaines name, of this unhappy barge,  
 „ Yet are you all my pheares, and as one compaine,  
 „ We must like true companions, toghether live and die,

„ You

## The devises of

## sundry Gentlemen.

„ You see quoth he our foes, with furious force at hand,  
 „ And in whose hands our handfull heare unable is to stand.  
 „ What resteth then to do, should we unto them yeld?  
 „ And wilfully receive that yoke, which christians cannot weld.  
 „ No sure, hereof be sure, our lives were so unsure,  
 „ And though we live, yet so to live, as better death endure.  
 „ To heare those hellish fends in raging blasphemie,  
 „ Defyse our only savioure, were this no miserie?  
 „ To see the fowle abuse of boyes in tender yeares,  
 „ The which I knowe must needes abhor all honest christians  
 „ To see maides ravished, wives, women forst by feare, (eares.  
 „ And much more mischiefe than this time can let me utter here.  
 „ Alas, quoth he, I tell not all, my tong is tide,  
 „ But all the slaveries on the earth we should with them abide.  
 „ How much were better than to die in worthy wise,  
 „ And so to make our carcasses, a willing sacrifice?  
 „ So shall we pay the debt, which unto God is due,  
 „ So shall you die in his defence, who deind to die for you.  
 „ And who with hardy hand most turkish tikes can quell,  
 „ Let him accompt in conscience, to please his maker well.  
 „ You see quoth he, my sonne, wherewith he lookte on me,  
 „ Whom but a babe, yet have I brought, my partner here to be,  
 „ For, him I must confesse, my harte is pensive now,  
 „ To leave him living thus in youth, to die I know not how.  
 „ But since it pleaseth God, I may not murmurre I,  
 „ If God had pleased we both should live, and as god wil we die.  
 Thus with a braying sigh, his noble tong he staid,  
 Commaunding all the ordinance, in order to be laide.  
 And placing all his men in order for to fight,  
 Fell grovelling first uppon his face, before them all in sight.  
 And when in secret so he whispered had a while,  
 He rauseide his bed with cherefull looke, his sorrowes to beguile:  
 And with the rest he prayde, to God in heaven on hie,  
 Which ended thus, *Thou only Lord, canst helpe in miserie.*  
 This said, behold, the Turkees enclosde us round about,

And

And seemd to wonder that we durst resist so great a rout.  
 Wherat they doubt not long, for though our power was slender,  
 We sent them signes by Canon shot, that we ment not to render.  
 Then might we see them chafe, then might we heare them rage,  
 And all at once they bent their force, about our sillie cage.  
 Our ordinance bestowed, our men them selves defend,  
 On everie side so thicke beset, they might not long contend.  
 But as their capitaine wild, each man his force did strayne,  
 To send a Turke (some two or three) unto the hellishe trayne.  
 And he him selfe which sawe, he might no more abide,  
 Did thrust amid the thickest throng, and so with honoure died.  
 With him there died likewise, his best approved men,  
 The rest did yeld as men amazz, they had no courage then.  
 Amongst the which my selfe, was tame by Turks alas,  
 And with the Turks a turkish life, in *Turkie* must I passe.  
 I was not done to death for so I often cravde,  
 But like a slave before the Gates, of *Famagusta* savde.  
 That peece once put to sacke, I thither was conveyed,  
 And under safegard evermore, I sillie boye was stayed.  
 There did I see such sights as yet my hart do pricke,  
 I sawe the noble *Bragadine*, when he was fleyd quick.  
 First like a slave enforst to beare to every breach,  
 Two baskets laden full with earth *Mustaffa* did him teach.  
 By whome he might not passe before he kisse the ground,  
 These cruell torments (yet with mo) that worthy soldiier found.  
 His eares cut from his head, they set him in a chaire,  
 And from a maine yard hoisted him alofte into the aire,  
 That so he might be shewed with cructie and spight,  
 Unto us all, whose weeping eies did much abhorre the sight.  
 Alas why do I thus with wofull words rehearce,  
 These werie newes which all our harts with pittie needs muste  
 Well then to tell you foorth, I still a slave remaind, (pearce?  
 To one, which *Preybasti* hight, who held me still enchaind.  
 With him I went to Seas into the gulfe of *Pant*,  
 With many christians captives mo, which did their freedom want.  
 There

## The devises of

'There with the Turkish tirannie we were enforst to stay,  
 For why? they had advise, that the *Venetian* fleet,  
 Did flote in *Argostell* then with whome they haopt to meeete.  
 And as they waltered thus with tides and billowes tost,  
 Their hope had hap, for at the last they met them to their cost.  
 As in *Octobre* last uppon the seventh day,  
 They found the force of christian knignts addresset in good aray.  
 And shall I trie my tong to tell the whole discourse,  
 And how they did encounter first and how they joynd in force?  
 Then harken now my lords, for sure my memorie,  
 Doth yet record the very plot of all this vi&torie.  
 The christian crew came on, in forme of battaile pight,  
 And like a cresent cast them selves preparing for to fight.  
 On other side the Turkes, which trusted power to much,  
 Disorderly did spread their force, the will of God was such.  
 Well, at the last they met, and first with canrons thunder,  
 Each other sought with furious force to slit their ships in sunder.  
 The Barkes are battered sore, the galles gald with shot,  
 The hulks are hit and every man must stand unto his lot.  
 The powder sendes his smoke into the cruddy skies,  
 The smoulder stops our nose with stench, the sunne offends our  
 The pots of lime unsleakt, from highest top are cast, (eies,  
 The parched peas are not forgot to make them slip as fast.  
 The wilde fire works are wrought and cast in foemens face,  
 The grapping hooks are strettched foorth, y<sup>e</sup> pikes are pusht apace.  
 The halberts hew on hed, the browne bills bruze the bones,  
 The harquebush doth spit his spight, with prety percing stones.  
 The drummes crie dub a dub, the braying trumpets blow,  
 The whistling fifes are seldomme herd, these sounds do drowne them  
 The voice of warlike wights, to conforte them that faint, (so.  
 The pitous plaints of golden harts, which wer w<sup>t</sup> feares attaint.  
 The groning of such ghosts as gasped now for breath,  
 The pruiers of the better sort, prepared unto death,  
 And to be short, each grieve which on the earth may growe,  
 Was eath and easie to be found, uppon these flouds to flowe.

If

## sundrie Gentlemen.

If any sight on earth, may unto hell resemble,  
 Then sure this was a hellishe sight, it makes me yet to tremble,  
 And in this bloudie fyght, when halfe the day was spent,  
 It pleased God to helpe his flocke, which thus in pound was pent.  
 The generall for *Spayne*, gan galde that Galley sore,  
 Wherin my *Prvy Bassa* was, and grievede it more and more:  
 Upon that other side, with force of swoorde and flame,  
 The good *Venetian* generall dyd charge upon the same.  
 At length they came aboarde, and in his raging pride,  
 Stroke of this Turkish captains hed, which blasphemd as it dide:  
 Oh howe I feele the bloud now tickle in my brest, (blest  
 To think what joy then pierst my heart, and how I thought me  
 To see that cruell Turke whiche helde me as his slave  
 By happie hande of Christians his payment thus to have:  
 His head from shoulders cut, upon a pyke did stande,  
 The whiche *Don John of Austria* helde in his triumphant hand.  
 The boldest *Bassa* then, that did in lyfe remayne,  
 Gan tremble at the sight hereof for privy grieve and payne.  
 Thus when these fierce had fought from morning untill night,  
 And of the Turkish trayne were eight score Galey stane,  
 Fifteene soonk, five and twentie burnt, & brought unto their bane,  
 Of Christians set at large were fourteene thousand soules,  
 Turks twentie thousandde registred in *Bezezbub* his rolles.  
 Thus have you nowe my Lords, the summe of all their fyght,  
 And trust it all for true I tell, for I was still in sight:  
 But when the seas were calme, and skyes began to cleare,  
 When foes were all or dead or fled, and victors did appeare,  
 Then every christian sought amongst us for his frende,  
 His kinsman or companion some succour them to lende:  
 And as they ransackte so, lo God his will it was,  
 A noble wyse *Venetian* by me did chaunce to passe:  
 Who gazing on my face, dyd seeme to like mee well  
 And what my name, and whence I was, commaunded me to tel:  
 I nowe whiche waxed bolde, as one that scaped had,

From

## The devises of

## sundrie Gentlemen.

From deepest hell to highest heaven, began for to be glad:

And with a lyvely spryte, began to pleade my case,

And hid not from this worthie man, myne auncient worthy race:

And tolde my fathers name, and howe I did descende

From *Montacutes* by mothers side, nor there my tale did ende:

But furthermore I tolde my fathers late exploye,

And how he lefte landes, goodes and lyfe, to pay *son Dieu son droit*.

Nor of my selfe I craved so credited to bee,

For lo ther were remayning yet, *These four whom here you see*,

Whiche all were Englishe borne, and knew I had not lyed,

And were my fathers souldiours eke, and saw him how he dyed.

This grave *Venetian* who hearde the famous name

Of *Montacutes* rehersed there, which long had ben of fame

In *Italy*, and he of selfe same worthie race,

Can streight w<sup>t</sup> many courteous words in armes me to embrace,

And kissed mee on cheeke, and bad me make good cheere,

And thanke the myghtie God for that whiche hapned there,

Confessing that he was himselfe a *Montacute*,

And bare the selfe same armes that I did quarter in my scute:

And for a further prooffe, he shewed in his hat,

This token whiche the *Montacutes* do beare always, for that

They covet to be knowne from *Capel* where they passe,

For ancient grutch which long ago tween those two houses was.

Then tooke me by the hande, and ledde me so aboarde

His galley: where there were yfeere, full many a comely Lorde:

Of whome eight *Montacutes* did sitt in hyghest place,

To whome this first declared first my name, and then my race:

Lo lordings here (quod he) a babe of our owne bloods,

Whom *Turks* had tane, his father slain, w<sup>t</sup> losse of landes and goods:

See how God favours us, that I should fynde hym nowe,

I straunge to him, he straunge to mee, wee met I know not how:

But sure when I him sawe, and gazed in his face,

Me thought he was a *Montacute*, I chose him by his grace:

Herewith he dyd rehers my fathers valyant deede,

For losse of whome each *Montacute*, did seeme in hart to bleede.

They

[s]

And

They all embrast me then, and streight as you may see,

In comely garments trimde me up, as brave as brave may bee:

I was in sackcloath I, nowe am I cladde in golde,

And weare suche robes as I my selfe take pleasure to beholde.

Amongst their other giftes, *this Token they me gave*,

And bad me lyke a *Montacute* my selfe alway behave.

Nowe hearken then my Lordes, I staying on the seas,

In consort of these lovely Lordes, with comfort and with ease,

Determined with them in *Italy* to dwell,

And there by trayne of youthfull yeaeres in knowledge to excell:

That so I might at laste reedifye the walles,

Whiche my good father had decayde by tossing fortunes balles:

And while they slice the seas to their desired shore,

Beholde a little gale began, encresing more and more:

At last with raging blast, whiche from Southeast did blowe,

Can send our sayles upon these shores, whiche I full wel did know:

I spyed the Chalkie Clyves upon the Kentishe coast,

Wherby our lande hight *Albyn*, as *Brutus* once did boast,

Whiche I no sooner sawe, but to the rest I sayde,

*Siate di buona voglia*, My lordes be well apayde:

I see by certayne signes these tempestes have us caste,

Upon my native countrey coastes with happie hap at laste:

And if your honours please this honour me to doo,

In Englishe havens to harbour you, & see our Cities too:

Lo *London* is not farre, where as my friends woulde be

Right glad, with favour to requite your favour shewed to mee:

Vouchsafe my Lordes (quod I) to stay upon this strande,

And whiles your Barks be rigged new, remain with me on land,

Who though I be a boy, my father dead and slayne,

Yet shal you see I have some frendes whiche will you entertaine,

These noble men, whiche are the floure of curtesy,

Did not disdayne thys my request, but tooke it thankfullly,

And from their battred Barks commaunded to be cast

Some *Gondales*, wherin upon our pleasaunt streames they past

Into the moutte of *Thames*, thus did I them transport,

They

## The devises of

sundry Gentlemen.

And to *London* at the laste, where as I hearde report,  
 Even as wee landed first, of this twyse happie day,  
 To thinke whereon I leapt for joye, as I bothe must and may:  
 And to these lovely lordes, whiche are *Magnifores*,  
 I did declare the whole discourse in order as it rose:  
 'That you my Lorde who are our chieffest *Mountacute*,  
 And he whome Englishe *Mountacute* their onely stay impute,  
 Had founde the meanes this day to matche your sonne and heire,  
 In marriage with a worthie dame which is bothe fresh and faire,  
 And (as reportes are spread) of goodly qualities,  
 A virgin trayned from hir yOUTH in godly exercise,  
 Whose brother had lykewise your daughter tane to wyfe,  
 And so by double lynkes enchaynde themselves in lovers lyfe:  
 These noble *Mountacute* whiche were from *Venice* droven,  
 By tempest (as I told before) wher with they long had stroven  
 Can nowe give thankes to God whiche so did them convey,  
 To see suche honours of their kinne in suche a happie day:  
 And straight they me entreat, whom they might wel commande,  
 That I should come to you my Lord first them to recommande,  
 And then this boone to crave, that under your protection  
 They myghte be holde to enter here, devoyde of all suspcion,  
 And so in friendly wyse for to concelebrate,  
 This happie matche solemnized, according to your state.  
 Lo this is all they crave, the whiche I can not doubt,  
 But that youre Lordship soone will graunt, with more, if more ye  
 Yea were it for no more, but for the Curtesye,  
 Whiche (as I say) they shewed to me in great extremitie:  
 They are *Venetians*, and though from *Venice* reft,  
 They come in suche *Venetian* roabes as they on seas had left:  
 And since they be your friendes, and kinsmen tgo by blood,  
 I trust your entertainment will be to them right good:  
 They will not tarrie long, lo nowe I heare theire drumme,  
 Beholde, lo nowe I see them here in order howe they come,  
 Receyve them well my lorde, so shall I pray awaies,  
 That God vouchsafe to blesse this house with many happie days.

After

After the maske was done, the Actor tooke master Tho. Bro. by the  
 hand and brought him to the *Venetians*, with these words:

**G**uardare *Signori*, my lovely Lords behold,  
 This is another *Mountacute*, hereof you may be bold.  
 Of such our patrone here, *The viscount Mountacute*,  
 Hath many comely sequences, well sorted all in sute.  
 But as I spied him first I could not let him passe,  
 I tooke the carde that likt me best, in order as it was,  
 And here to you my lords, I do present the same,  
 Make much of him, I pray you then, for he is of your name.  
 For whome I dare advance, he may your tronchman be,  
 Your herald and ambassadour, let him play all for me.

Then the *Venetians* embraced and received the same master  
 Tho. Browne, and after they had a while whispered  
 with him, he tourned to the Bridegromes  
 and Brides, saying thus.

**B**Rother, these noble men to you now have me sent,  
 As for their tronchman to expound theffet of their intent.  
 They bid me tell you then, they like your worthy choice,  
 And that they cannot choose therein but triumph and rejoice.  
 As farre as gesse may give, they seeme to praise it well,  
 They say betwene your ladies eyes doth *Genilezza* dwell.  
 I terme it as they do, their englishe is but weake,  
 And I (God knowes) am all to yong beyond sea speach to speake.  
 And you my sister eke they seeme for to commend,  
 With such good words as may be seeme a cosin and a friend.  
 They like your chosen pheare, so pray they for your sake,  
 That he may alwayes be to you, a faithfull loving make.  
 This in effect is all, but that they crave a boone,  
 That you will give them licence yet, to come and see you soone.  
 Then will they speake them selves, such english as they can,  
 I feare much better than I speake, that am an english man.  
 Lo now they take their leaves of you and of your dames,  
 Hereaf-

## The devises of

Hereafter shal you see their face and know them by their names.

Then when they had taken their leaves the Actor did  
make an ende thus.

And I your *Servidore, vibascio le mani,*  
These words I learnt amongst them yet, although I learnt  
(not many.

*Haud ictus sapio.*

Gascoignes wodmanship written to the L. Grey of wilton  
upon this occasion, the sayde L. Grey delighting (amongst many  
other good qualities) in chusing of his winter deare, and killing  
the same with his bowe, did furnish master Gascoigne with a  
crossebowe cum Pertinencis, and vouchsafed to use his company in  
the said exercise, calling him one of his wodmen. Now master Gas-  
coigne shooting very often, could never hitte any deare, yea and  
often times he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene  
them. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had  
often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and  
redinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to ex-  
cuse it in verse.

**M**Y worthy Lord, I pray you wonder not,  
To see your wodman shooe so ofte awrie,  
Nor that he stands amased like a sot,  
And lets the harmlesse deare (unhurt) go by.  
Or if he strike a doe which is but carren,  
Laugh not good Lord, but favoure such a fault,  
Take well in worth, he wold faine hit the barren,  
But though his harte be good, his happe is naught:  
And therefore now I crave your Lordships leave,  
To tell you playne what is the cause of this:  
First if it please your honour to perceive,  
What makes your wodman shooe so ofte amiss,

Beleeve

## sundry Gentlemen.

Bleeeve me L. the case is nothing strange,  
He shooes awrie almost at every marke,  
His eyes have bene so used for to raunge,  
That now God knowes they be both dimme and darke.  
For prooфе he beares the note of follie nowe,  
Who shottte sometimes to hit Philosophie,  
And aske you why? forsooth I make avow,  
Because his wanton wittes went all awrie.

Next that, he shot to be a man of lawe,  
And spent some time with learned Littleton,  
Yet in the end, he proved but a dawe,  
For lawe was darke and he had quickly done.  
Then could he wish Fitzharbert such a braine,  
As *Tully* had, to write the law by arte,  
So that with pleasure, or with litle paine,  
He might perhaps, have caught a trewants parte.

But all to late, he most mislikte the thing,  
Which most might helpe to guide his arrow streight,  
He winked wrong, and so let slippe the string,  
Which cast him wide, for all his queint conceit.  
From thence he shottte to catch a courtly grace,  
And thought even there to wield the world at will,  
But out alas he much mistooke the place,  
And shot awrie at every rover still.  
The blasing baits which drawe the gazing eye,  
Unfethered there his first affection,  
No wonder then although he shot awrie,  
Wanting the fethers of discretion.  
Yet more than them, the marks of dignitie,  
He much mistooke and shot the wronger way,  
Thinking the purse of prodigalitie,  
Had bene best meane to purchase such a pray.  
He thought the flattering face which fleareth still,  
Had bene full fraught with all fideltie,  
And that such words as courtiers use at will,

Could

Could not have varied from the veritie.  
 But when his bonet buttened with gold,  
 His comelic cape begrarded all with gay,  
 His bumbast hose, with linings manifold,  
 His knit silke stockings and all his queint array,  
 Had pickt his purse of all the Peter pence,  
 Which might have paide for his promotion,  
 Then (all to late) he found that light expence,  
 Had quite quencht out the courts devotion.  
 So that since then the tast of miserie,  
 Hath bene always full bitter in his bit,  
 And why? forsooth because he shot awrie,  
 Mistaking still the markes which others hit.  
 But now behold what marke the man doth find,  
 He shoothes to be a soulvrier in his age,  
 Mistrusting all the vertues of the minde,  
 He trusts the power of his personage.  
 As though long limmes led by a lusty hart,  
 Might yet suffice to make him rich againe,  
 But flussing frates have taught him such a parte,  
 That now he thinks the warres yeld no such gaine.  
 And sure I feare, unlesse your lordship deigne,  
 To traime him yet into some better trade,  
 It will be long before he hit the veine,  
 Whereby he may a richer man be made.  
 He cannot climbe as other catchers can,  
 To leade a charge before himselfe be led,  
 He cannot spoile the simple sakeles man,  
 Which is content to feede him with his bread.  
 He cannot pinch the painefull soulviers pay,  
 And sheare him out his share in ragged sheetes,  
 He cannot stop to take a greedy pray  
 Upon his fellowes groveling in the streetes.  
 He cannot pull the spoile from such as pill,  
 And seeme full angrie at such foule offence,

Although

Although the gayne content his greddie will,  
 Under the cloake of contrarie prefrence:  
 And nowe adayes, the man that shoothes not so,  
 Maye shooote amisse, even as your Woodman dothe:  
 But then you marvell why I lette them go,  
 And never shooote, but saye farewell forsooth:  
 Alas my Lorde, whyle I do muze hereon,  
 And call to mynde my youthfull yeaeres myspente,  
 They give mee such a boane to gnawe upon,  
 That all my senses are in silence pente.  
 My mynde is rapte in contemplation,  
 Wherin my dazled eyes onely beholde,  
 The blacke houre of my constellation,  
 Whyche framed mee so lucklesse on the molde:  
 Yet therewithall I can not but confesse,  
 That vayne presumption makes my heart to swell,  
 For thus I thinke, not all the worlde (I guesse,)  
 Shootes bet than I, nay some shootes not so well.  
 In *Aristote* somewhat did I learne,  
 To guyde my manners all by comelynesse,  
 And *Thulie* taught me somewhat to discerne  
 Betweene sweete speeche and barbarous rudenesse.  
 Olde *Parkyns*, *Rastall*, and *Dan Braeles* booke,  
 Did lende mee somewhat of the lawlesse Lawe,  
 The craftie Courtyers with their guylefull looke,  
 Muste needes put some experiance in my mawe:  
 Yet can not these with manye maystries mo,  
 Make me shooote streyght at any gaynfull pricke,  
 Where some that never handled such a bow,  
 Can hit the white, or touch it neare the quicke,  
 Who can nor speake, nor write in pleasant wise,  
 Nor leade their life by *Aristotles* rule,  
 Nor argue well on questions that arise,  
 Nor pleade a case more than my Lord Maiors mule,  
 Yet can they hit the marks that I do misse,

And

## The devises of

## sundrie Gentlemen.

And winne the meane which may the man mainteine,  
Nowe when my mynde dothe mumble upon this,  
No wonder then although I pyne for payne:  
And whyles myne eyes beholde this mirroure thus,

The hearde goeth by, and farewell gentle does:

So that your lordship quickly may discusse  
What blyndes myne eyes so ofte (as I suppose.)

But since my Muse can to my Lorde rehersse  
What makes me misse, and why I doe not shoothe,

Let me imagine in this worthlesse verse:  
If right before mee, at my standings foote

There stooode a Doe, and I shoulde strike hir deade,  
And then shee prove a carrion carkas too,

What figure might I fynde within my head,  
To scuse the rage whiche rulde mee so to doo?

Some myghte interprete by playne paraphrase,  
That lacke of skill or fortune ledde the chaunce,

But I muste otherwyse expounde the case,  
I saye *Yehow* did this Doe advaunce,

And made hir bolde to stande before mee so,  
Till I had thrust myne arrowe to hir harte,

That by the sodaine of hir overthrowe,  
I myght endevour to amende my parte,

And turne myne eyes that they no more beholde,  
Suche guylefull markes as seeme more than they be:

And though they glistier outwardely lyke golde,  
Are inwardly but brasse, as men may see:

And when I see the milke hang in hir teate,  
Me thinkes it sayth, olde babe nowe learne to sucke,

Who in thy youthe couldst never leарne the feate  
To hitte the whyttes whiche live with all good lucke.

Thus have I tolde my Lorde, (God graunt in season)  
A tedious tale in rime, but little reason.

*Hand ithus sapio.*

Gascoignes

Gascoignes gardnings, whereof were written in one end of  
a close walke which he hath in his Garden, this  
discourse following.

# T

The figure of this world I can compare,  
To Garden plots, and such like pleasant places,

The world breedes men of sundry shape and share,

As herbes in gardens, grow of sundry graces:

Some good, some bad, some amiable faces,

Some foule, some gentle, some of froward mind,

Subiect like bloome, to blast of every wind.

And as you see the floures fresh of hew,  
That they prove not always the holdest,

So fairest men are not always found true:

But even as withred weedes fall from the rest,

Se flatterers fall naked from their neast:

When truth hath tried, their painting tising tale,  
They loose their glosse, and all their jests seeme stale.

Yet some do present pleasure most esteeme,  
Till beames of braverie wither all their welth,

And some againe there be can rightly deeme,

Those herbes for best, which may mainteine their helth.

Considering well, that age drawes on by stelth.

And when the fairest floure is shronke and gone,  
A well growne roote, will stand and shifte for one.

Then thus the restlesse life which men here leade,

May be resembled to the tender plant,

In spring it sprouts, as babes in cradle breed,

Florish in May, like youthes that wisdome want,

In Autumne ripess and rootes, least store waxe skante

In winter shrinks and shrowdes from every blast,  
Like crooked age when lusty youth is past.

And

## The devises of

And as the grounde or grasse whereon it grewe,  
Was fatte or leane, even so by it appears,  
If barreyn soyle, why then it chaungeth hewe,  
It fadeth faste, it flits to fumbling yearres,  
But if he gathered roote amongst his feeres,  
And lyght on lande that was well muckte in deede,  
Then standes it still, or leaves increase of seede.

As for the reste, fall sundrye wayes (God wote)

Some faynt lyke froathe at every little puffe,  
Some smarte by swoorde, lyke herbes that serve the pot,  
And some be weeded from the fyner stuffe,  
Some stande by propes to maynteyne all their ruffe:  
And thus under correction (hee it tolde)  
Hath *Gascoigne* gathered in his Garden molde.

*Hand ieius sapio.*

In that other ende of his sayde close walke, were  
written these toyes in ryme.

**F**any floure that there is growne,  
Or any herbe maye ease youre payne,  
Take and accompte it as your owne,  
But recompence the lyke agayne:  
For some and some is honeste playe,  
And so my wiffe taughte me to saye.

If here to walke you take delyght,  
Why come, and welcome when you will:  
If I bidde you suppe here this nyght,  
Bidde me an other tyme, and still  
Thynke some and some is honeste playe,  
For so my wiffe taughte me to saye.

Thus if you suppe or dine with mee,

If

## sundry Gentlemen.

If you walke here, or sitte at ease,  
If you desire the thing you see,  
And have the same your mynde to please,  
Thinke some and some is honeste playe,  
And so my wiffe taught me to saye.  
*Hand ieius sapio.*

In a chayre in the same Garden was writ-  
ten this followyng.

**F** thou sitte here to viewe this pleasant garden place,  
Think thus: at last will come a frost, & al these floures deface.  
But if thou sitte at ease to rest thy wearie bones,  
Remember death brings final rest to all oure greevous grones.  
So whether for delyght, or here thou sitte for ease,  
Thinke still upon the latter day, so shalt thou God best please.  
*Hand ieius sapio.*

Upon a stone in the wall of his Garden he had written  
the yeare wherein he did the coste of these devi-  
ses, and therwithall this poesie in Latine.

Quoniam etiam humiliatos, amoena  
delectant.

*Gascoignes voyage into Holland. An. 1572. written  
to the ryghte honourable the Lorde Grey of Wilton.*

**A** Straunge conceyte, a vayne of newe delight,  
Twixte weale and woe, twixte joy and bitter grieve,  
Hath pricked foorth the my hasty penne to write  
This worthlesse verse in hazarde of reprefe:  
And to myne *Alderliest* Lorde I must endite  
A wofull case, & chippe of forle chaunce,

A type

## The devises of

A type of heaven, a lively hew of hell,  
A feare to fall, a hope of high advance,  
A life, a death, a drearie tale to tell  
But since I know the pith of my pastaunce  
Shall most consist in telling of a truth,  
Vouchsafe my Lord (*en bon g're*) for to take  
This trustie tale the storie of my youth,  
This Chronicle which of my selfe I make,  
To shew my Lord what healplesse happe ensweth,  
When heddy youth will gad without a guide,  
And raunge untide in leas of libertie,  
Or when bare neede a starting hole hath spide  
To peepe abroade from mother Misericie,  
And buildeth Castels in the Welkin wide,  
In hope thereby to dwell with wealth and ease.  
But he the Lord (whome my good Lord doth know)  
Can bind or lose, as best to him shall please,  
Can save or spill, raise up or overthrowe,  
Can gauld with grieve, and yet the payne appease.  
(Which thing to prove if so my L. take time,  
(When greater cares his head shall not possesse)  
To sitte and reade this raunging ragged rime,  
I doubt not then but that he will confessse,  
What falles I found when last I leapt to clime.  
In March it was, that cannot I forget,  
In this last March upon the nintenth day,  
When from Gravessend in boate I gan to to jette  
To boord our shippe in *Quimborough* that lay,  
From whence the very twentith day we set  
Our sayles abrode to slice the Salt sea fome,  
And ancors weyde gan trust the trustlesse floud:  
That day and night amid the waves we rone  
To seeke the coast of *Holland* where it stode.  
And on the next when we were farre from home,  
And neare the haven whereto me sought to sayle,

## sundry Gentlemen.

A feyl chaunce: (wherleon alone to thinke)  
My hande nowe quakes, and all my senses fayle  
Gan us befall: the *Pylot* gan to shrinke,  
And all agaste his courage seemde to quayle.  
Whereat amazed, the Maister and his mate  
Gan aske the cause of his so sodeyne chaunge.  
And from alofte the Stewarde of our state,  
(The sounding plumbe) in haste poste hast must raunge,  
To trye the depth and goodnesse of oure gate.  
Mee thinkes (even yet) I heare his heavic voyce,  
Fadome three, foure, foote more, foote lesse, that cryde:  
Mee thinkes I heare the fearefull whispring noyse,  
Ofsuche as sayde full softly (me besyde)  
God graunte this journey cause us to rejoyce.  
When I poore soule, whiche close in caban laye,  
And there had reacht till gaule was welheare burste,  
With griddie head, my stumbling steppes must stay  
To looke abroade as boldly as I durste.  
And whyles I hearken what the Saylers saye,  
The sonder sings, fadome two full no more.  
Aloofe, aloofe, then cryed the maister out,  
The Stearesmate strivs to sende us from the shore,  
And trustes the streme, wherof we earst had doubt.  
Tweene two extremes thus were we tossed sore,  
And wente to *Hull*: until we leyture had  
To talke at large, and eke to knowe the cause  
What moode had made our *Pylot* looke so sad.  
At laste the Dutche with butterbitten jawes,  
(For so he was a Dutche, a devill, a swadde,  
A foole, a drunckarde, or a traytour tone)  
Gan aunswere thus: *Ghy zij te vnegh* here come,  
*Tis niet goet tijt*: and standing all alone,  
Gan preache to us, whiche fooles were all and some  
To truste him soole, in whome there skill was none.  
Or what knewe wee if *Albaes* subtil brayne

## The devises of

## sundry Gentlemen.

(So to prevent our enterprise by treazon)  
 Had him subornde to tice us to this traine  
 And so him selfe (*per Companye*) and seazon)  
 For spite, for hate, or else for hope of gayne.  
 This must we thinke that *Abba* would not spare  
 To give out gold for such a sinfull deede:  
 And glistening gold can oftentimes ensnare,  
 More perfect witts than *Holland* soyle doth breede.  
 We knew him not, nor where he wond that time,  
 Nor if he had *Pylos* experiance,  
 Or *Pylos* crafte, to cleare him selfe from cryme.  
 Yea more than that (how voyde were we of sense)  
 We had small smacke of any tale he tolde,  
 He powrde out Dutch to drowne us all in drinke,  
 And we (wise men) upon his words were bolde,  
 To runne on head but let me now bethinke  
 The masters speech: and let me so unfold  
 The depth of all this foolish oversight.  
 The master spake even like a skilfull man,  
 And sayde I sayle the Seas both day and night,  
 I know the tides as well as other can,  
 From pole to pole I can the courses plignt.  
 I know France, Spayne, Greece, Denmarke, Dausk and all.  
 Frize, Flaunders, Holland, every coast I know,  
 But truth to tell, it seldome do befall,  
 That English merchants ever bend their bowe  
 To shoothe at *Breyll*, where now our flight should fall,  
 They send their shafts farder for greater gayne.  
 So that this haven is yet (quoth he) unkouth,  
 And God graunt now that England may attayne  
 Such gaines by *Breyll*, (a gospel on that mouth)  
 As is desired: thus spake the master playne.  
 And since (saide he) my selfe knew not the sowne,

How

How could I well a better *Pylot* fynde,  
 Than this (which first) dyd saye he dwelt in towne,  
 And knewe the way where ever sat the wynde?  
 While we thus talke, all sayles are taken downe,  
 And we to *Hull* (as earst I sayd) gan wend,  
 Tyll full two houres and somewhat more were past,  
 Our guyde then spake in Dutch and bad us tend  
 All sayles againe: for now quod he (at last)  
*Die uijf is goet, dat beh iek weell bekend.*  
 Why staye I long to ende a wofull tale?  
 We trust his Dutch, and up the forsayle goes,  
 We fall on knees amyd the happy gale,  
 (Which by gods wyll full kynd and calmely blowes)  
 And unto him we there unfolde our bale,  
 Wheron to thinke I wryte and weepe for joye,  
 That pleasant song the hundredth and seventh psalme,  
 There dyd we reade to comfort ouer annoye,  
 Which to my soule (me thought) was sweet as balme,  
 Yea farre more sweet than any worldly toye.  
 And when we had with prayers praysd the Lord,  
 Our *Edell Bloetts*, gan fall to eate and drynke,  
 And for their sauce, at takynge up the borde  
 The shippes so strake (as all we thought to sinke)  
 Against the grounde, then all with one accord  
 We fell agayne on knees to pray apace,  
 And therewithall even at the seconde blowe,  
 (The number cannot from my mynde outpace)  
 Our helme strake of, and we must fleeete and flowe.  
 Where winde and waves would guide us by their grace.  
 The winde wart calme as I have saide before,  
 (O mightie God so didst thou swage our woes)  
 The selly shyppe was sowst and smydden sore,  
 With counter buffets, blowes and double blowes.  
 At last the keele which might endure no more,  
 Gan rende in twayne and suckt the water in:

Then

Then might you see pale lookes and wofull cheare,  
 Then might you heare loude cryes and deadly dinne:  
 Well noble minds in perils best appeare,  
 And boldest harts in bale will never blinne.  
 For there were some (of whome I will not say  
 That I was one) which never changed hew,  
 But pump't apace, and labord every way  
 To save themselves, and all their lovely crew,  
 Which cast the best fraught overboorde awaye,  
 Both corne and cloth, and all that was of weight,  
 Which halde and pulde at every helping corde,  
 Which prayed to God and madetheir conscience streight.  
 As for my self: I here protest my Lorde,  
 My words were these: O God in heauen on height,  
 Behold me not as now a wycked wyght,  
 A sacke of sinne, a wretch ywrapt in wroth,  
 Let no fault past (O Lord) offend thy sight,  
 But weye my will which now those faults doth lothe,  
 And of thy mercy pittie this our plignt.  
 Even thou good God which of thy grace didst saye  
 That for one good, thou wouldest all *Sodome* save,  
 Behold us all: thy shyning beames displaye,  
 Some here (I trust) thy goodnesse shall engrave,  
 To be chast vessells unto thee alwaye,  
 And so to live in honour of thy name:  
 Believe me Lord, thus to the Lord I sayde.  
 But there were some (alas the more their blame)  
 Which in the pump'e their onely conforte layde,  
 And trusted that to turne our grieve to game.  
 Alas (quod I) our pump'e good God must be  
 Our sayle, our sterne, our tackling, and our trust.  
 Some other cryed to cleare the shipboate free,  
 To save the chife and leave the rest in dust.  
 Which word once spoke (a wondrous thing to see)  
 All hast post hast, was made to have it done:

And

And upit commes in hast much more than spedee.  
 There did I see a woful worke begonne,  
 Which now (even now) doth make my hart to bleede.  
 Some made such hast that in the boate they wonne,  
 Before it was above the hatches brought.  
 Straunge tale to tell, what hast some men shall make  
 To find their death before the same be sought.  
 Some twixt the boate and shippe their bane do take,  
 Both drownd andslayne with braynes for hast crush't out.  
 At last the boate halte fraughted in the aire  
 Is hoyst aloft, and on the seas downe set,  
 When I that yet in God could not despaire,  
 Still plide the pump'e, and patiently did let  
 All such take boate as thither made repaire.  
 And herewithall I safely may protest  
 I might have woonne the boate as well as one,  
 And had that seemd a safetie for the rest  
 I should percase even with the first have gone,  
 But when I saw the boate was over prest  
 And pestred full with moe than it might beare,  
 And therewithall with cherefull looke might see  
 My chife companions whome I held most deare  
 (Whose companie had thither trained me)  
 Abiding still aboord our shipp'e yfeare:  
 Nay then (quoth I) good God thy will be done,  
 For with my feeres I will both live and dye.  
 And eare the boate farre from our sight was gon  
 The wave so wrought, that they which thought to flee  
 And so to scape, with waves were overonne.  
 Lo how he strives in vayne that strives with God,  
 For there we lost the flowre of the band,  
 And of our crew full twenty soules and odde,  
 The Sea sucks up, whiles we on hatches stand  
 In smarting feare to feele that selfe same rodde.  
 Well on (as yet) our battred barke did passe,

And

[u]

## The devises of

## sundry Gentlemen.

And brought the rest within a myle of lande,  
Then thought I sure now neede not I to passe,  
For I can swymme and so escape this sande.  
Thus dyd I deeme all carelesse like an Asse,  
When sodaynely the wynde our forsayle tooke,  
And turnd about and brought us eft to Seas.  
Then cryed we all cast out the ancor hooke,  
And here let bynde, such helpe as god may please:  
Which ancor cast, we soone the same forsooke,  
And cut it off, for feare least thereupon  
Our shippes should bowghe, then calle we fast for fire,  
And so discharge our great gunnes everychone,  
To warne the towne therby of our desire:  
But all in vayne, for succor sent they none.  
At last a *Hoye* from Sea came fynging fast,  
And towards us helde course as streight as lyne.  
Then might you see our hands to heaven up cast  
To render thanks unto the power devine,  
That so vouchsafte to save us yet at last:  
But when this *Hoye* gan (weleincere) boorde our barkes,  
And myght perceive what peryll we were in,  
It turnd a way and left us still in carke,  
This tale is true (for now to lye were sin)  
It leffe us there in dreade and daungers darke.  
It leffe us so, and that within the sight  
And hearing both of all the peare at *Bryll*.  
Now ply thee pen, and paint the foule despite  
Of drunken Dutchmen standing there even still,  
For whom we came in their cause for to fight,  
For whom we came their state for to defende,  
For whom we came as friends to grieve their foes,  
They now disdaynd (in this distresse) to lend  
One helping boate for to asswage our woes,  
They sawe our harmes the which they would not mend,  
And had not bene that God even then did rayse

Some  
One

Some instruments to succor us at neede,  
We had bene sunk and swallowed all in Seas.  
But gods will was (in waye of our good spedde)  
That on the peare (lamenting our mysease)  
Some englishe were, whose naked swordes did force  
The drunken dutch, the cankred churiles to come,  
And so at last (not moved by remorce,  
But forst be feare) they sent us succor some:  
Some must I say: and for to tell the course,  
They sent us succor saust with sowre despyte,  
They saved our lives and spoylde us of the rest,  
They stale our goods by day and eke by night,  
They shewed the worst and closely kept the best.  
And in this time (this treason must I wryte)  
Our *Pylot* fled, but how? not empty handed:  
He fled from us, and with him did conveye  
A *Hoy* full fraught (whiles we meane while were landed)  
With pouder, shotte, and all our best araye:  
This skill he had, for alle he set us sanded.  
And now my Lord, declare your noble mynde,  
Was this a *Pylot*, or a *Plake* judge?  
Or rather was he not of *Judas* kynde:  
Which left us thus and close away could trudge?  
Wel, at the *Bryll* to tell you what we fynde,  
The Governor was all bedewed with drinke,  
His trulls and he were all layde downe to sleepe,  
And we must shift, and of our selves must thinke  
What meane was best, and how we best might keepe  
That yet remaynd: the rest was close in clynde.  
Wel, on our knees with trickling teares of joye,  
We gave God thanks: and as we might, did learne  
What might by founde in every pyrke and hoye.  
And thus my Lord, your honour may deserue  
Our perills past, and how in our anoye  
God saved me your Lordshippes bound for ever,

Some  
One

Who else should not be able now to tell,  
 The state wherin this countrey doth persever,  
 Ne how they seeme in carelesse mindes to dwell,  
 (So dyd they earst and so they will do ever)  
 And to my Lord for to bewray my mynde  
 Me thinkes they be a race of Bulbeefe borne,  
 Whose hartes their Butter mollyfyeth by kinde,  
 And so the force of beefe is cleane outworne:  
 As eke their braynes with double beere are lynde:  
 So that they march bumbast with butter'd beare,  
 Like soppes of Browesse puffed up with froth,  
 Where inwardly they be but hollow geare,  
 As weake as wynde, which with one pufft up goeth.  
 And yet they bragge and thinke they have no pearre,  
 Because *Harlem* hath hetherto helde out,  
 Although in dede (as they have suffred *Spayne*)  
 The ende therof even now doth rest in doubt.  
 Well as for that, let it (for me) remayne  
 In God his hands, whose hand hath brought me out,  
 To tell my Lord this tale now tame in hand,  
 As how they traine their treasons all in drinke,  
 And when themselves for dronk can scarcely stand,  
 Yet sucke out secretes (as themselves do thinke)  
 From guests, the best (almost) in all their lande,  
 (I name no man, for that were brode before)  
 Will (as men say) enure the same sometime,  
 But surely this (or I mistake him sore)  
 Or else he can (but let it passe in rime)  
 Dissemble deepe, and mocke sometimes the more.  
 Well, drunkenesse is here good companye,  
 And therewithall *per consequencie* it falles,  
 That whoredome is accoumpted Jollytie:  
 A gentle state, where two such Tenisballies  
 Are tossed still and better boules let lye:  
 I cannot herewith from my Lord conceale,

How

How *God* and *Mammon* here do dwell yfearre,  
 And how the *Maste* is cloaked under veale  
 Of politic, till all the coast be cleare:  
 Ne can I chuse, but I must ring a peale,  
 To tell what hypocrytes the Nunneres here be:  
 And how the olde Nunneres be content to go,  
 Before a man in streetes like mother B,  
 Until they come whereas there dwells a *Ho*,  
 (*Re: ceive that halfe and let the rest go free*)  
 There can they poynt with fynger as they passe,  
 Yea sir sometimes they can come in themselfe,  
 To strike the bargaine twene a wanton lasse,  
 And *Edel Bloetis*: now is not this good pelfe?  
 As for the yong Nunneres, they be bright as glasse,  
 And chast forsoothe: *met v*; and *anders niet*,  
 What sayd I? what? that is a mysterie,  
 I may no verse of such a theame endyte,  
 Yong *Rouland Yorke* may tell it bette than I,  
 Yet to my Lord this little will I write,  
 That though I have (my selfe) no skill at all,  
 To take the countnance of a *Colonell*,  
 Had I a good *Lieutenant generall*,  
 As good *John Zuche* wherover that he dwell,  
 Or else *Ned Denye*, (faire mought him befall,)  
 I could have brought a noble regiment,  
 Of smoogskind Nunneres into my countrey soyle,  
 But farewell they as things impertinent,  
 Let them (for me) go dwell with master *Moyle*  
 Who hath behight to place them well in kent.  
 And I shall well my seelly selfe content,  
 To come alone unto my lovely Lorde,  
 And unto him (when ryming sport is spent)  
 To tell some sadde and reasonable wordes,  
 Of *Hollands* state, the which I will present,  
 In Cartes, in Mappes, and eke in Modells made,

If

If God of heaven my purpose not prevent.  
And in meane while although my wittes do wade  
In rangyng ryme, and flyng some folly forth,  
I trust my Lord wyl take it yet in worth.

*Hand 17th septo.*

And nowe to recomfort you and to ende this worke, re-  
ceyve the dele&tale historie of sundry adventures  
passed by Dan Bartholmew of Bathe,  
reade it and judge of it.

The Reporter.

**T**O tell a tale without authoritye,  
Or fayne a Fable by invention,  
That one procedes of quicke capacitey,  
That other proves but small discretion,  
Yet have both one and other oft bene done.  
And if I were a Poet as some be,  
You might perhappes heare some such tale of me.

But for I fynde my feble skylt to faynte,  
To fame in figures as the learned can,  
And yet my tongue is tyed by due constrainte,  
To tell nothing but truth of every man:  
I will assay even as I fyrist began,  
To tell you now a tale and that of truth,  
Which I my selfe sawe proved in my youth.

I neede not seeke so farre in coastes abrode,  
As some men do, which wryte strange historyes,  
For whyles at home I made my childe abode  
And sawe our lovers playe their Tragedyes,  
I founde enowe whiche seemed to suffice,

To

To set on worke farre finer wits than mine,  
In painting out the pangs which make them pine.

Amongst the rest I most remember one  
Which was to me a deare familiar friend,  
Whose doting dayes since they be past and gone,  
And his annoy now come unto an end,  
Although he seeme his angrie brow to bend,  
I will be bold (by his leave) for to tell,  
The restlesse state wherein he long did dwell.

Learned he was, and that became him best,  
For though by birth he came of worthy race,  
Yet beuty, birth, brave personage, and the rest,  
In every choyce, must needs give learning place:  
And as for him he had so hard a grace,  
That by aspec& he seemde a simple man,  
And yet by learning much renoune he wan.

His name I hide, and yet for this discourse,  
Let call his name *Dan Bartholmew of Bathe*,  
Since in the end he thether had recourse,  
And (as he said) did skamble there in skath:  
In,deede the rage which wroong him ther, was rathe,  
As by this tale I thinke your selfe will gesse,  
And then (with me) his lothsome life confesse.

For though he had in all his learned lore  
Both redde good rules to bridle fantastic,  
And all good authours taught him evermore,  
To love the meane, and leave extremite,  
Yet kind had lent him such a qualite,  
That at the last he quite forgot his bookees,  
And fastned fansie with the fairest lookees.

For

## Dan Bartholmew

## of Bathe.

For proose, when greene youth lept out of his eye  
And left him now a man of middle age,  
His happe was yet with wandring lookees to spie  
A faire yong impe of proper personage,

Eke borne (as he) of honest parentage:  
And truth to tell, my skill it cannot serve,  
To praise hir bewtie as it did deserve.

First for hir head, the heares were not of gold,  
But of some other metall farre more fine,  
Whereof each crinet seemed to behold,  
Like glistening wiers against the sunne that shine,  
Was like the beames of *Tyton*, truth to tell,  
And there withall the blazing of hir eyne,  
Was like the beames of *Tyton*, truth to tell,  
Which glads us all that in this world do dwell.

Upon hir cheekes the lillie and the rose  
Did entremete, with equall chaunge of hew,  
And in hir gifts no lacke I can suppose,

But that at last (alas) she was untrue.

Which flinging fault, bycause it is not new,  
Nor seldomne seene in kits of *Cressides* kind,  
I mervaille not, nor beare it much in mind.

Dame Natures frutes, wherewith hir face was fraught,  
Were so frost bitten with the cold of crafte,

That all (save such as *Cyprides* snares had caught)  
Might soone espie the fethers of his shaffe:

But *Bartholmew* his wits had so bedaft,  
That all seemd good which might of hir be gotten,

Although it proved no sooner ripe than rotten.

That mouth of hirs which seemde to flowe with mell,  
In speech, in voyce, in tender touch, in tast,  
That dympled chin wherein delight did dwell,  
That ruddy lippe wherein was pleasure plast,

Those

Those well shapt hands, fine armes and slender waste,  
With all the gifts which gave hir any grace,  
Were smiling baites which caught fond fooles apace.

Why strive I then to paint hir name with praise?  
Since forme and frutes were found so farre unlike,  
Since of hir cage Inconstance kept the keyes  
And Change had cast hir honoure downe in dike:  
Since fickle kind in hir the stroke did strike,  
I may no praise unto a knife bequeath,  
With rust yfret, though painted be the sheath.

But since I must a name to hir assigne,  
Let call hir now *Ferenda Natura*,  
And if therreat she seeme for to repine,  
No force at all, for hereof am I sure a,  
That since hir pranks were for the most unpure a,  
I can appoint hir well no better name,  
Than this, wherein dame *Nature* beares the blame.

And thus I say, when *Bartholmew* had spent  
His pride of youth (untide in links of love)  
Behold how happe contrary to intent,  
(Or destenies ordeined from above)  
From which no wight on earth may wel remove  
Presented to his view this fierie dame,  
To kindle coles where earst had bin no flame.

Whome when he sawe to shine in seemely grace,  
And therewithall gan marke hir tender youth,  
He thought not like, that under such a face  
She could convey the treason of untruth:  
Whereby he vowed, (alas the more his ruth)  
To serve this Saint for terme of all his life,  
Lo here both roote and rind of all his strife.

[x]

## Dan Bartholmew

I cannot nowe in loving termes displaye  
His suite, his service, nor his sorie fare:  
His observaunces, nor his queynt aray,  
His skalding sighes, nor yet his cooling care,  
His wayting still to snatche himselfe in snare,  
I can not write what was his sweetest soure,  
For I my selfe was never paramoure.

But to conclude, muche worth in little writte,  
The highest flying hauke will stoupe at laste,  
The wyldest beast is drawne with hungrie bitte,  
To eate a homely bayte sometymes in haste,  
The pricke of kynde can never be unplaste,  
And so it seemed by this dayntie dame,  
Whome he at laste with labour did reclame.

And when he had with mickell payne procured  
The calme consente of hir unweldie will,  
When he had hir by faithe and trouth assured  
To lyke him beste, and ay to love him still,  
When fansie had of flatterie fedde his fill,  
I not discerne to tell my tale aright,  
What man but he had ever suche delight?

The lingring dayes he spente in trifling toyes,  
To whette the tooles whiche carved his contente,  
The iosting nightes he past in pleasing joyes,  
Wearyng the webbe whiche love to him had lente:  
In suche a pinfold were his pleasures pent  
That seldhe he could he his companie eschewe,  
Or leave such lookes as might his lacke renewe.

But if by force he forced were to parte,  
Then mighte you see howe fansie fedde his mynde,  
Then all alone he muzed on his marte.

All

## of Bathe.

All companie seemd then (but hirs) unkind:  
Then sent he tokenes true love for to bind,  
Then wrote he letters, lines and loving layes,  
So to begyle his absent dolefull dayes.

And since I know as others eke can tell,  
What skill he had, and how he could endite,  
Me thinks I cannot better do than well  
To set downe here, his ditties of delight,  
For so at least I may my selfe acquite,  
And vaunt to shew some verses yet unknowne,  
Well worthy prayse though none of them mine owne.

No force for that, take you them as they be,  
Since mine emprise is but to make report:  
Imagine then before you that you see  
A wight bewitcht in manie a subtile sorte,  
A lover lodgd in pleasures princely port,  
Vaunting in verse what joyes he did possesse,  
His triumphes here I thinke will shewe no lesse.

Dan Bartholmew his Triumpes.

**R**esigne king *Pryam*, sonnes, that princes were in *Troy*,  
Resigne to me your happie dayes, and boast no more of joy:  
Sir *Paris* first stand forth, make aunswere for the pheare,  
And if thou canst defend hir cause, whome *Troy* did by so deare  
What? blush not man, be bold, although thou beare some blame,  
Tell truth at last, and so be sure to save thy selfe from shame.  
Then gentle Shepheard say: what madnesse did thee move  
To choose of all the flowres in *Greece*, foule *Helene* for thy love?  
Needes must I coumpt hir foule, whose first frutes wer forlorne  
Although she sold hir second chaffe, above the price of corne.  
Alas, she made of thee, a noddye for the nonce,  
For *Menelaus* lost her twice, though thou hir foundst but once.

But

But yet if in thine eye, she seemd a peerlesse peccce,  
 Askē *Thesus* y<sup>t</sup> mighty Duke, what towns she knew in *Greece*?  
 Aske him what made hir leave hir wofull aged sire,  
 And steale to *Athens* gyglot like: what? what but foule desire?  
 Alas pore *Paris* thou didst nothing else but gleane  
 The partched cares which he cast by, when he had reaped cleane:  
 He sluide the gentle Slippe, which could both twist and twind,  
 And growing left the broken braunch, for them that came behind.  
 Yet hast thou filld the worlde with brute, the more thy blame,  
 And saist, that *Hellen* bewty past each other stately dame.  
 For proofe thou canst alledge the tast of ten yeares warre,  
 And how hir blasing beames first brought both *Greece* & *Troy* to  
 No no, thou art deceivde, the drugs of foule despite  
 Did worke in *Menelaus* will, not losse of such delighte,  
 Not love but lothsome hate, not dolour but dismayne,  
 Did make him seeke a sharpe revenge, til both his foes wer slaine.  
 Thy brother *Troylus* eke, that gemme of gentle deedes,  
 To thinke how he abused was, alas my heart it bleedes:  
 He bet about the bush, whiles other caught the birds, (words.  
 Whome craftie *Creside* mockt to muche, yet fed him still with  
 And God he knoweth not I, who pluckt hir first spong rose,  
 Since *Lollins* and *Chaufer* both, make doubt uppon that glose.  
 But this I know too well, and he to farre it felt,  
 How *Diomed* undid his knots, and caught both brooch and belt,  
 And how she chose to change, and how she changed still,  
 And how she died leaper like, against hir lovers will.  
 Content you then good knights, your triumphe to resigne,  
 Confesse your starres both dimme and darke, wheras my sunne  
 For this I dare avow, without vaunt be it told, (doth shine:  
 My derling is more faire than she, for whome proud *Troy* was  
 More constant to conteine, than *Cresside* to be coy, (solde.  
 No *Calcas* can contrive the craft, to traine hir out of *Troy*,  
 No *Diomed* can draw hir settled hart to change,  
 No madding moode can move hir mind, nor make hir thoughts to  
 For hir alone it is, that *Cupide* blindfold goes, (range.  
 And

And dare not looke for feare least he his libertie should loose:  
 At hir dame *Uenu* chates, and pines in jelowsie,  
 Least bloudy *Mars* should hir espie, and change his fantasic.  
 Of hir the Queene of Heauen doth stand in dreadfull doute,  
 Least *Yore* should melt in drops of gold, if once he find hir out.  
 Oh that my tong had skill, to tell hir praise aright,  
 Or that my pen hir due deserts, in worthy verse could write:  
 Or that my mind could muse, or happie hart conceive,  
 Some words that might resound hir worth, by high *Minervas* leave.  
 Oh how the blooming joyes, do blossome in my brest,  
 To thinke within my secret thought, howe farre she steynes the  
 Me thinks I heare hir speake, me thinks I see hir still, (rest.  
 Me thinks I feel hir feelingly, me thinks I know hir will.  
 Me thinks I see the states, which sue to hir for grase,  
 Me thinks I see one looke of hirs repulse them all apace.  
 Me thinks that houre is yet, and evermore shall be,  
 Wherein my happie happy was first, hir heavenly face to see:  
 Wherin I spide the write, which woond betweene hir eyne,  
 And said behold, be bold, *for I am borne to be but thine*.  
 Me thinks I feele the joyes, which never yet was felt,  
 Whome flame before yet never toucht, me thinks I feele them melt.  
 One word & there an end: me thinks she is the sunne,  
 Which only shineth now a dayes, she dead, the world wer done.  
 The rest are twinkling starres, or Moones which borrow light  
 To comfort other carefull soules, which wander in the night.  
 And night God knowes it is, where other ladies be,  
 For sure my dame adornes the day, there is no sunne but she.  
 Then lovers by your leave, and think it nothing straunge  
 Although I seeme with calme content, in Seas of joyes to range:  
 For why, my sailles have found both wind and waves at will,  
 And depths of all delights in hir, with whome I travell still  
 And ancors being wayed, I leave you all at large, (charge.  
 To steare this seemely Shippe my selfe, suche is my mistresse  
*Fato non fortuna.*

Dan Bartholmews Dolorous discourses.

Have entreated care to cut the thred  
 Which all to long hath held my linging life,  
 And here aloofe now have I hid my head,  
 From companie, thereby to stint my strife.  
 This solitarie place doth please me best,  
 Where I may weare my willing mind with mone,  
 And where the sighes which boyle out of my brest,  
 May skald my heart, and yet the cause unknowne.  
 All this I do, for thee my sweetest sowre,  
 For whome (of yore) I counted not of care,  
 For whome with hungrie jaws I did devoure  
 The secret baite which lurked in the snare:  
 For whome I thought all forreine pleasures payne,  
 For whome againe, all paine did pleasure seeme,  
 But only thine, I found all fansies vayne,  
 But onely thine, I did no dolours deeeme.  
 Such was the rage, that whylome did possesse  
 The privie corners of my mazed mind:  
 When hote desire, did coumpt those torments lesse  
 Whiche gaind the gaze that did my fredome bind.  
 And now (with care) I can record those dayes,  
 And call to mind the quiet life I led  
 Before I first beheld thy golden rayes  
 When thine untrouth troubled not my hed.  
 Remember thou, as I cannot forget,  
 How I had layd, both love, and lust aside,  
 And how I had my fixed fancie set,  
 In constant vow, for ever to abide.  
 The bitter prooфе of pangs in pleasure past,  
 The costly tast, of honey mixt with gall:  
 The painted heaven, which turnde to hell at last  
 The freedome faind, which brought me but to thrall.  
 The linging sute, well fed with fresh delayes

The wasted vowes which fled every wind:  
 The restlesse nights, to purchase pleasing dayes,  
 The toyling dayes to please my restlesse minde.  
 All these (with mo) had bruised so my brest,  
 And graft such griefe within my gronyng heart,  
 That I had leff dame fansie and the rest  
 To greener yeares: which might endure the smart.  
 My wearie bones did beare away the skarres,  
 Of many a wounde, receyved by disdayne:  
 So that I founde the fruite of all those warres,  
 To be naught else but pangs of unknowne payne.  
 And now myne eyes were shut from such delight,  
 My fansie faynt my hote desires were colde,  
 When cruell hap, presented to my sight,  
 Thy maydens face, in yeares which were not olde.  
 I thinke the goddesse of revenge devysde,  
 So to be wreackt on my rebelling will,  
 Because I had in youthfull yeares dispysde,  
 To taste the baytes, which tyste my fansie still.  
 How so it were, God knowes, I cannot tell:  
 But if I lye, you heavens, the plague be myne,  
 I sawe no sooner, how delight did dwell  
 Betweene those lytle infants eyes of thine,  
 But streight a sparckling cole of quicke desire,  
 Did kyndle flame within my frozen heart,  
 And yelding fansie softly blewe the fire,  
 Which since hath bene the cause of all my smart.  
 What neede I say? thy selfe for me can sweare,  
 How much I tended thee in tender yeares:  
 Thy life was then to me (God knowes) full deare,  
 My life to thee is light, as nowe appeares.  
 I loved thee first, and shall do to my laste,  
 Thou flatteredst first, and so thou woldst do still:  
 For love of thee full many paynes I past,  
 For deadly hate thou seekest me to kyll.

I cannot now, with manly tongue rehearse,  
How soone that melting mind of thine did yelde,  
I shame to write, in this waymenting verse,  
With how small fight, I vanquisht thee in field:  
But *Cesar* he, which all the world subdue,  
Was never yet so proude of *Victorye*,  
Nor *Hanyball*, with martiall feates endude,  
Did so much please himselfe in policie,  
As I (poore I) did seeme to triumphe then,  
When first I got the Bulwarks of thy brest,  
With hote Alarmes I comforted my men,  
In formost ranke I stooode before the rest,  
And shooke my flagge, not all to shewe my force,  
But that thou mightst thereby perceive my minde:  
Askaunces lo, now could I kyll thy corse,  
And yet my life, is unto thee resinde.  
Well let them passe, and think upon the joye,  
The mutuall love, the confidence, the trust,  
Whereby we both abandoned annoye,  
And fed our mindes with fruites of lovely lust.  
Thinke on the Tythe, of kysses got by stealth,  
Of sweete embracings shortened by feare,  
Remember that which did mainteine our health,  
Alas, alas why should I name it here.  
And in the mydst of all those happy dayes,  
Do not forget the chaunges of my chaunce,  
When in the depth of many wayward wayes,  
I onely sought, what might thy state advaunce.  
Thou must confesse, how much I carde for thee,  
When of myselfe, I carde not for my selfe,  
And when my hap was in mishappes to be,  
Esteemd thee more, than all the worldly pelfe.  
Myne absent thoughts did beate on thee alone,  
When thou hadst found a fond and newfound choyce:

For  
For

For lacke of thee I sunke in endlesse mone,  
When thou in chaunge didst tumble and rejoyce.  
O mightie goddes needs must I honour you,  
Needs must I judge your judgements to be just,  
Bycause she did forsake him that was true,  
And with false love, did cloke a fayned Juste.  
By high decrees, you ordeyned the chaunge,  
To light on such, as she must nedes myslike,  
A meete reward for suche as seeke to raunge,  
When fansies force, their feeble fleshe doth strike.  
But did I then give birdle to thy fall,  
Thou hedstrong thou, accuse me if thou can?  
Did I not hazard love yea life and all,  
To ward thy will, from that unworthy man?  
And when by toyte I travailed to fynde,  
The secrete causes of thy madding moode,  
I founde naught else but tricks of *Creasides* kynde,  
Which plainly provde, that thou weart of hir bloud.  
I founde that absent *Troylus* was forgot,  
When *Dyomedē* had got both brooche and belt,  
Both glove and hānd, yea hart and all god wot,  
When absent *Troylus* did in sorrowes swelt.  
These tricks (with mo) thou knowest thy self I found,  
Which now are nedelesse heere for to rehersse,  
Unlesse it were to touche a tender wound,  
With corosives my panting heart to perce.  
But as that Hound is counted lytle worthe,  
Which giveth over for a losse or twayne,  
And cannot finde the meanes to single forth,  
The stricken Deare which doth in heard remayne:  
Or as the kindly Spanyell which hath spong  
The pretie partriche, for the Falcons flight,  
Doth never spare but thrusts the thornes among,  
To bring this byrde yet once againe to sight,  
And though he knowe by proofe (yea dearly bought)  
That

That seldor or never, for his owne avayle,  
This wearie worke of his in vaine is wroght,  
Yet spares he not but labors tooth and nayle.  
So labord I to save thy wandring shippe,  
Which recklesse then, was running on the rockes,  
And though I saw thee seeme to hang the lyppe.  
And set my great good will, as light as flockes:  
Yet hauld I in, the mayne sheate of thy mynde,  
And stayed thy course by ancors of advyce,  
I woon thy will into a better wynde,  
To save thy ware, which was of precious price.  
And when I had so harbored thy Barke,  
In happy haven, which saufer was than Dover,  
The *Admyral*, which knewe it by the marke,  
Streight challengd all, and said thou weart a rover:  
Then was I forst in thy behalfe to please,  
Yea so I did, the judge can say no lesse,  
And whyles in toyle, this lothsome life I leade,  
Camest thou thy selfe the fault for to confesse,  
And downe on knee before thy cruell foe,  
Didst pardon crave, accusing me for all,  
And saydst I was the cause, that thou didst so,  
And that I spoon the thred of all thy thrall.  
Not so content, thou furthermore didst sweare  
That of thy selfe thou never ment to swerve,  
For proofe wherof thou didst the colours weare,  
Which might be wray, what saint y<sup>u</sup> ment to serve.  
And that thy blood was sacrificed eke,  
To manyfest thy stedfast martyrd mynde,  
Till I perforse, constrainde thee for to seeke,  
These raging seas, adventures thare to finde.  
Alas, alas, and out alas for me,  
Who am enforced, thus for to repeate  
The false reports and cloaked guyles of thee,  
Whereon (to off) my restlesse thoughts do beate.

But

But thus it was, and thus God knowes it is.  
Which when I founde by playne and perf<sup>e</sup> & proofe,  
My musing minde then thought it not amisse,  
To shrinke aside, lamenting all aloofe.  
And so to beate my simple shiflesse brayne,  
For some device, that might redeeme thy state,  
Lo here the cause, for why I take this payne,  
Lo how I love the wight which me doth hate:  
Lo thus I lye, and restlesse rest in Bathe,  
Whereas I bathe not now in blisse pardie,  
But boyle in Bale and skamble thus in skathe,  
Bycause I thinke on thine unconstancie.  
And wilt thou know, how here I spend my time,  
And how I drawe my dayes in dolours still?  
Then stay a while: give eare unto my rime,  
So shalt thou know the weight of all my will.  
When *Titan* is constrainyd to forsake,  
His lemans couche, and clymeth to his carte,  
Then I begin to languishe for thy sake,  
And with a sigh, which may bewray my smarte,  
I cleare mine eyes whom gumme of teares had glewed,  
And upon foote I set my ghostlike corsse,  
And when the stonie walls have oft renewed  
My pittious plaintes, with *Echoes* of remorse,  
Then doe I cry and call upon thy name,  
And thus I say, thou curst and cruell bothe,  
Beholde the man, which taketh grieve for game,  
And loveth them, which most his name doth loth.  
Behold the man which ever truely ment,  
And yet accusd as author of thine yll,  
Beholde the man, which all his life hath spent,  
To serve thy selfe, and aye to worke thy will:  
Beholde the man, which onely for thy love,  
Did love him selfe, whome else he set but light:  
Beholde the man, whose blood (for thy behove)

Was

Was ever prest to shed it selfe outright.  
 And canst thou nowe condemne his loyaltie?  
 And canst thou crafte to flatter such a friend?  
 And canst thou see him sincke in jeoperdie?  
 And canst thou seeke to bring his life to ende?  
 Is this the right reward for suchē desart?  
 Is this the fruite of seede so timely sowne?  
 Is this the price, appoynted for his part?  
 Shall truth be thus by treason overthrowne?  
*Then farewell fast he, thou art no womans phare:*  
 And with that word I stay my tongue in time,  
 With rolling eyes I looke about eche where,  
 Least any man should heare my raving ryme.  
 And all in rage, enraged as I am,  
 I take my sheete, my slyppers and my gowne,  
 And in the *Baibe* from whence but late I came,  
 I cast my selfe in dolors there to drowne.  
 There all alone I can my selfe conveye,  
 Into some corner where I sit unseene,  
 And to my selfe (there naked) can I saye,  
 Beholde these braunefalne armes which once have bene.  
 Both large and lustie, able for to fight,  
 Nowe are they weake, and wearishe God he knowes,  
 Unable now to daunt the foule despight  
 Which is presented by my cruell foes.  
 My thighes are thyn, my body lanck and leane,  
 It hath no bumbast now, but skyn and bones:  
 And on mine Elbowe as I lye and leane,  
 I see a trustie token for the nones.  
 I spy a bracelet bounde aboute mine arme,  
 Which to my shadowe seemeth thus to saye,  
*Believe not me; for I was but a Charme,*  
 To make thee sleepe, when others went to playe.  
 And as I gaze thus galde all with grieve,  
 I finde it fazed almost quite in sunder,

Then

Then thinke I thus: thus wasteth my reliefe,  
 And though I fade, yet to the world no wonder.  
 For as this lace, by leysure learnes to weare,  
 So must I fainte, even as the candle wasteth,  
 These thoughts (deere sweete) within my brest I beare,  
 And to my long home, thus my life it hasteth.  
 Herewith I feele the droppes of sweltring sweatē,  
 Which tricke downe my face, enforced so,  
 And in my body feele I like wyse beate,  
 A burning harte, which toseth to and fro.  
 Thus all in flames I sinderlyke consume,  
 And were it not that wanhope lends me wynde,  
 Soone might I fret my facyes all in fume,  
 And like a Ghost my ghost his grave might finde.  
 But frysing hope doth blowe full in my face,  
 And colde of cares becommes my cordiall,  
 So that I still endure that yrcksome place,  
 Where sorowe scethes to skald my skynne withall.  
 And when from thence our company me drives,  
 Or weary woes do make me chaunge my seate,  
 Then in my bed my restlesse payne revyves,  
 Until my fellowes call me downe to meate,  
 And when I rise, my corpse for to araye,  
 I take the glasse, sometimes (but not for pride,  
 For God he knowes my minde is not so gaye)  
 But for I would in comelynesse abyde:  
 I take the glasse, wherin I seeme to see,  
 Such wythred wrinckles and so foule disgrace,  
 That little marvell seemeth it to mee,  
 Though thou so well didst like the noble face,  
 The noble face was faire and freshe of hewe,  
 My wrinckled face is foule and fadeth fast:  
 The noble face was unto thee but newe,  
 My wrinckled face is olde and cleane outcast:  
 The noble face might move thee with delight,

My

My wrinkled face could never please thine eye:  
 Lo thus of crime I covet thee to quite.  
 And still accuse my selfe of *Surtraydry*:  
 As one that am unworthy to enjoye,  
 The lasting fruite of such a love as thine,  
 Thus am I tyckled still with every toye,  
 And when my Fellowes call me downe to dyne,  
 No chaunge of meate provokes mine appetite,  
 Nor sauce can serve to taste my meates withall,  
 Then I devise the juice of grapes to dight,  
 For Suger and for Synamon I call,  
 For Ginger, Graines, and for eche other spyce,  
 Wherewith I mixe the noble wine apace,  
 My fellowes prayse the depth of my devise,  
 And say it is as good as Ippocrace.  
 As Ippocrace say I? and then I swelt,  
 My faynting lymmes streight fall into a sowne,  
 Before the taste of Ippocrace is felt,  
 The naked name in dolours doth me drowne,  
 For then I call unto my troubled mynd,  
 That Ippocrace hath bene thy dayly drincke,  
 That Ippocrace hath walkt with every wind  
 In bottells that were fylled to the brincke.  
 With Ippocrace thou banquetedst full ofte,  
 With Ippocrace thou madst thy selfe full merry,  
 Such cheere had set thy new love so alofte,  
 That olde love now was scarsely worth a cherry.  
 And then againe I fall into a traunce,  
 But when my breth returnes against my will,  
 Before my tongue can tell my wofull chaunce,  
 I heare my fellowes how they whisper still.  
 One sayth that Ippocrace is contrary,  
 Unto my nature and complexion,  
 Whereby they judge that all my maladye,  
 Was long of that by alteration.

An

An other sayth, no, no this man is weake,  
 And for such weake, so hote things are not best,  
 Then at the last I heare no lier speake,  
 But one which knowes the cause of myne unrest,  
 And saith, this man is (for my life) in love,  
 He hath received repulse, or dronke disdaine,  
 Alas cri I: and ere I can remove,  
 Into a sowne I soone returne againe.  
 Thus drive I foorth, my dolefull dining time,  
 And trouble others with my troubles still,  
 But when I here, the bell hath passed prime  
 Into the Bathe I wallow by my will,  
 That there my teares (unseen) might ease my grieve,  
 For though I sterue yet have I fed my fill,  
 In privie pangs I count my best reliefe.  
 And still I strive in wery woes to drench.  
 But when I plondge, then wo is at an ebbe,  
 My glowing coles are all to quicke to quench,  
 And I (to warme) am wrapped in the webbe,  
 Which makes me swim against the wished wave,  
 Lo thus (deere wench) I leade a lolsome life,  
 And greedely I seeke the greedy grave,  
 To make an end of all these stormes and strife,  
 But death is deafe, and heares not my desire,  
 So that my dayes continue still in dole,  
 And in my nights, I feele the secret fire,  
 Which close in embers, coucheth like a cole,  
 And in the day hath bin but raked up,  
 With covering ashes of my compaine,  
 Now breaks it out, and boyles the carefull cuppe,  
 Which in my hart, doth hang full heavily.  
 I melt in teares, I swelt in chilling sweat,  
 My swelling heart, breaks with delay of payne  
 I freeze in hope, yet burne in hast of heate,  
 I wish for death, and yet in life remaine.

And

And when dead sleepe doth close my dazed eyes,  
Then dreadfull dreames my dolors do encrease,  
Me thinks I lie awake in wofull wise,  
And see thee come, my sorrowes for to cease.  
Me seemes thou sayst (my good) what meaneth this?  
What ayles thee thus to languish and lament?  
How can it be that bathing all in blisse,  
Such cause unknowne disquiets thy content?  
Thou doest me wrong to keepe so close from me  
The grudge or grieve, which gripeth now thy heart,  
For well thou knowest, I must thy partner be  
In bale, in blisse, in solace, and in smarte.  
Alas, alas, these things I deeme in dreames,  
But when mine eyes are open and awake,  
I see not thee, wherewith the flowing stremes,  
Of brinish teares their wonted flouds do make,  
Thus as thou seest I spend both nights and dayes,  
And for I find the world did judge me once  
A wittlesse writer of these lovers layes,  
I take my pen and paper for the nonce,  
I lay aside this foolish riding rime,  
And as my troubled head can bring to passe,  
I thus bewray the torments of my time:  
Bare with my Muse, it is not as it was.  
*Fato non fortuna.*

The extremite of his Passion.

**A**mong the toyes which tosse my brayne,  
and reave my mind from quiet rest,  
This one I find doth where remayne,  
to breede debate within my brest.  
When woe would worke, to wound my will,  
I cannot weape, nor wayle my fill.

*My tong hath not the skill to tell,  
the smallest griefe which gripes my heart,  
Myne eyes have not the power to seell,  
into such Seas of secret smarie,  
That will might melt to waves of woe,  
and I might stell in sorrowes so.*

*Yet shed mine eyes no trickling teares,  
but fludges which flowe abundantly,  
Whose fountaine first enforst by feares,  
found out the gappe of jealousie.  
And by that breath, it soeketh so,  
that all my face, is still on flowe.*

*My voyce is like the raging wind,  
which roareth still, and never stayes,  
The thoughts which tumble in my minde,  
are like the wheelie which whirles alwayes,  
Now here, now there, now up, now downe,  
in depth of waves, yet cannot droue.*

*The sigbes which boyle out of my brest,  
are not like those, which oibers use,  
For lovers sigbes, sometimes take rest,  
and lend their mindes, a leue to muse,  
But mine are like the surging seas,  
whome calme nor quiet can appear.*

*And yet they be but sorrowes smoke,  
my brest the forde where fury playes,  
My panting hart, it strikcs the stroke,  
my fancie blowes the flame aewares,  
The coles are kindled by desire,  
and Cupide warmes him by the fire.*

*Thus can I neither droone in dole,  
nor burne to ashes, though I wast,  
Myne eyes can neither quench the cole,  
which warmes my hart in all this hast.  
Nor yet my fancies make such flame,  
that I may smoulder in the same.*

Hath not the skill to kill me cunningly,  
Therefore with all my whole devotion,  
To Care I make this supplication.

*Fato non fortuna.*

His libell of request exhibited to Care.

*Wherefore I come to seeke out care,  
beseeching him of curtesie,  
To cut the thred which cannot weare,  
by panges of such perplexite.  
And but he graunt this boone of mine,  
thens must I live and ever pine.*

Fato non fortuna.

**L**O thus (deere hart) I force my frantike Muse,  
To frame a verse in spite of my despighte,  
This rash conceite doth reve me from delight.

I call to mind how many loving layes,  
How manie Sonets, and how many songs  
I did devise within those happie dayes,  
When yet my will had not received wrongs.  
All which were evermore regarded so,  
That little frute I seemd thereby to reapre,  
But rather when I had bewrayed my woe  
Thy love was light, and lusted still to leape.  
The rymes which pleased thee were all in print,  
And mine were ragged, hard for to be red,  
Lo dore: this dagger dubbes me with this dint,  
And leaves this wound within my jealousy hed  
But since I have confessed unto care,  
That now I stand uppon his curtesie,  
And that the bale, which in my brest I bare,

Hath

Hath not the skill to kill me cunningly,  
Therefore with all my whole devotion,  
To Care I make this supplication.

*Fato non fortuna.*

**O** Curteous Care, whome others (cruell) call,  
And raile upon thine honorable name,  
O knife that canst cut off the thred of thrall,

**O** sheare that shredst the semerents sheete of shame,  
O happy end of every grevous game:  
Vouchsafe O Prince, thy vassall to behold,

Who loves thee more, than can with tong be told.  
And now vouchsafe to pittie this his plaint,  
Whose teares bewray,  
His truth alway,

Although his feeble tong be forst to faint.

I must confesse O noble king to thee,  
That I have bin a Rebell in my youth,  
I preast always in pleasures courte to be,  
I fled from that, which *Cupide* still eschuth,  
I fled from Care, lo now I tell the truth,  
And in delights, I loved so to dwell,  
Thy heavenly house, did seeme to me but hell.  
Such was my rage, the which I now repent,  
And pardon crave,  
My soule to save,  
Before the webbe of weary life be spent.

But marke what frutes did grow on such a tree,  
What crop did rise uppon so rash sowne seede,  
For when I thought my selfe in heaven to be,  
In depth of hell I drowned was in deede:

Where-

Whereon to thinke my heavie hart doth bleede:  
Me thought I swumme in Seas of all delight,  
When as I sunke in puddles of despite.  
Alas alas I thought my selfe belov'd,  
When deadly hate,  
Did play check mate,  
With me poore pawne, that no such prancks had prov'd.

This when I tryed (ay me) to be to true,  
I wept for woe, I pined all for paine,  
I tare my heare, I often chaunged hewe,  
I lefte delight, with dolours to complayne.  
I shund each place where pleasure did remaine,  
I ride, I calde on every kind of death,  
I strove each way to stop my fainting breath.  
Shorte tale to make, I slept so farre in strife,  
That still I soug<sup>t</sup>,  
With all my thought,  
Some happie helpe to leave my loathed life.

But hope was he that held my hand abacke,  
From quicke dispatch of all my griping griefe,  
When heate of hate had burnt my will to wracke,  
Then hope was cold and lent my life reliefe,  
In every choyce hope challenge to be chiefe.  
When coldest crampes had cleane orecome my harte,  
Then hope was hott<sup>e</sup>, and warnde my weary smart,  
When hart was hardie, hope was still in dread,  
When hart was faint,  
With feares attaint,  
Then hardie hope held up my fearefull head.

Thus when I found that neither flowing teares  
Could drowne my hart in waves of wery wo,  
Nor hardy hand could overcome my feares,

To cut the sacke of all my sorrow so,  
Nor death would come, nor I to death could go.  
And yet I felt great dropes of secret smart,  
Distilling still within my dying harte:  
I then perceivd that only Care was he,  
Which as my friend,  
Might make an end,  
Of all these paines, and set my fancie free.

Wherfore (oh Care) graunt thou my just request,  
Oh kill my corps, oh quickly kill me now,  
Oh make an end and bring my bones to rest,  
Oh cut my thred (good Care) I care not how,  
Oh Care be kind: and here I make a vow,  
That when my life out of my brest shall parte,  
I will present thee with my faithfull harte:  
And send it to thee as a Sacrifice,  
Bycause thou hast,  
Vouchsaft at last,

To end my furies in this friendly wise.  
*Fato non fortuna.*

**W**Hat greater glory can a *Keymar* gaine,  
If made mood<sup>e</sup> move his subje<sup>c</sup>ts to rebell,  
Than that at last (when all the traytours traime,  
Have trod the path, of deepe repentance well,  
And naked neede with *Cold* and *Hunger* both,  
Hath bitten them abrode in forren land,  
Whereby they may their lewde devises loth.  
When harebraind hast, with cold advise is scande)  
If then at last, they come upon their knee,  
And pardon crave with due subission,  
And for this cause, I thinke that Care of me,  
Was moved most, to take compassion.  
For now I find, that pittie pricks his mind,

To see me ploonged still in endlesse paine,  
And right remorse, his princely hart doth bind,  
To rule the rage wherein I do remaine.  
I feele my teares do now begin to stay,  
For Care from them their swelling springs doth soke,  
I feele my sighes their labours now allaye,  
For care hath quencht the coles that made them smoke.  
I feele my panting harte begins to rest,  
For Care hath staide the hammers of my hed,  
I feele the flame which blazed in my brest,  
Are now with carefull ashes overspred.

And gentle Care, hath whet his karving knife,  
To cut in twaine the thred of all my thrall,  
Desired death now overcommeth life,  
And we still works to helpe in hast with all.  
But since I feele these pangs approaching so,  
And lothed life begin to take his leave,  
Methinks it meete, to give before I go,  
Such lands, and goodes, as I behind me leave.  
So to discharge my troubled conscience,  
And eke to set an order for mine heire,  
Who might (perhaps) be put to great expence,  
To sue for that, which I bequeath him here.  
Wherefore (deere wench) with all my full intent,  
I thus begin to make my Testament.

*Faio non fortuna.*

His last will and Testament.

**I**N *Jore* his mightie name, this eight and twentith day,  
Of frosty bearded Januar, the enemy to May:  
Since Adam was create, five thousand yeares I gresse,  
Five hundred, forty more and five, as stories do expresse.  
I being whole of mind, (immortal Gods have praise)  
Though in my body languishing with pangs of paine alwayes,

Do

Do thus ordyne my will which long in woes have wepte,  
Beseching myne executors to see it duely kepte.  
Firste I bequeath my soule on *Charons* boate to tende,  
Until thy lyfe (my love) at laste may light on luckie ende,  
That there it may awayte, to wayte upon thy ghost,  
Wheny<sup>u</sup> haste quite & clean forgot what pranks now plesaunce thee  
So shal it wel be seene whose love is lyke to myne: (most)  
For so I meane to trie my truth, and there till then to pine.  
My bodie be embalmde, and cloazed up in chest,  
With oyntments and with spicerites of every sweete the best:  
And so preserved still untill the day doe come,  
That death devore my love from life, & trusse hir up in tombe.  
Then I bequeath my corps to couche beneath hir bones,  
And there to feede the gredie woorms that linger for the nones  
To frette upon hir fleshe, whiche is too fyne therefore,  
This service may it doe hir yet, although it do no more.  
My hearte (as heretofore) I must bequeath to Care,  
And God he knowes, I thinke the gift to simple for his share,  
But that he may perceve, I meane to pay my dew,  
I will it shall be taken quick, and borne him bleding new,  
As for my funeralls, I leave that toye at large,  
To be as mine executors will give thereto in charge.  
Yet if my goods will stretch unto my straunge device,  
Then let this order be observ'd, mine heire shall pay the price:  
First let the torche bearers be wrapt in weedes of woe,  
Let all their lights be virgin waxe, because I lov'd it so.  
And care not though the twist be course that lends them light,  
Iffansic fume, & fire will flame, then must they needs burn bright.  
Next them let come the quyer, with psalmes & dolefull song,  
Recording all my rough repulse and wraying all my wrong,  
And when the deskant sings, in treeble tunes above,  
Then let fa burden, say (by lowe) *I liv'd and dyde for love*:  
About my heavie hearse, some mourners wold I have,  
Who might the same accompany, and stand about the grave,  
But let them be suche men, as may confesse with me,

Howe

Howe contrary the lots of love, to all true lovers be.  
 Let *Patiencē* be the Priest, the *Clarke* be Close conciet,  
 The Sexten be *Symplicitie*, which meaneth no disceit,  
 Let almes of *Lōve* be delt, even at the Chauncell dore,  
 And feede them there with fresh delayes, as I have been of yore:  
 Then let the yongest sort, be set to ring *Lōve* bells,  
 And pay *Repenitance* for their paines, but give them nothing else,  
 Thus when the Dirge is done, let every man depart,  
 And learne by me what harme it is to have a faithfull hart.  
 Those little lands I have, mine heyr must needes possesse,  
 His name is *Lust*, the lands be losse, few lovers scape with lesse.  
 The best of all my goods, which I not here rehearse,  
 Give learned Poets for their paines, to deck my tomb w<sup>t</sup> verse:  
 And let them wryte these words upon my carefull chest,  
*Lō bere he lyes, that was as true (in love) as is the best.*  
 Alas I had forgot the persons dewe to paye,  
 And so my soule in *Purgatory*, might remaine alway.  
 Then for my privie Tythes, as kysses caught by stealth,  
 Swete collings & such other knacks as multiplyed my wealth:  
 I give the Vicar here, to please his gredie will,  
 A deynitic dishe of suger soppes but saust with sorrow still:  
 And twice a weeke at least, let dight them for his dishe,  
 On frydayes and on wednesdayes, to save expence of fishe.  
 Now have I much bequeathed and little left behynde,  
 And others mo must yet be served or else I were unkynde.  
 Wet eyes and wayling words, Executors I make,  
 And for their paines ten pounds of teares let either of them take.  
 Let sorrow at the last my Suprvisor be,  
 And stedfastnesse my surest stead, I give him for his fee:  
 Yet in his pattent place this *Sentencē of proviso*,  
 That he which loveth stedfastly, shall want no sause of sorrow.  
 Thus now I make an ende, of this my wearie will,  
 And signe it with my simple hand, and set my seale there till.  
 And you which reade my words, although they be in rime,  
 Yet reason may perswade you eke, *Thus lovers dote sometime.*

The

**A** Las, lo now I heare the passing Bell,  
 Which Care appoynteth carefully to knoule,  
 And in my breast, I feele my hart now swell,  
 To breake the strings, which joynde it to my soule.  
 The Cristall yce, which lent mine eyes their light,  
 Doth now waxe dym, and dazeled all with dread,  
 My weary tongue can talke no longer now,  
 My trembling hand now leaves my penne to holde,  
 My joyns now stretch, my body cannot bowe,  
 My skyne lokes pale, my blood now waxeth colde.  
 And are not these, the very pangs of death?  
 Yes sure (sweete hart) I know them so to be,  
 They be the pangs, which strive to stop my breath,  
 They be the pangs, which part my love from thee.  
 What said I? *Lōve?* *Nay lyfe:* but not my love,  
 My life departes, my love continues still:  
 My lothed lyfe may from my corpse remove,  
 My loving Love shall always worke thy will.  
 It was thy will even thus to trye my truth,  
 Thou hast thy will, my truth may now be seene,  
 It was thy will, that I should dye in youth,  
 Thou hast thy will my yeares are yet but grene.  
 Thy penance was that I should pyne in paine,  
 I have performd thy penance all in wo,  
 [aa]

Thy

Thy pleasure was that I should here remayne,  
I have bene glad to please thy fansie so.  
Now since I have performed every part  
Of thy commaunde, as neare as tong can tell,  
Content thee yet before my Muse departe,  
To take this Sonet for my last farewell.

*Fato non fortuna.*

His Farewell.

**F**arewell deere love whome I have loved and shall,  
Both in this world, and in the world to come,  
For prooфе wherof my spryte is *Charons* thrall,  
And yet my corpse attendant on thy toome.  
Farewell deere sweete, whose wanton will to please,  
Eche taste of trouble seemed mell to me,  
Farewell swete deere, whose doubts for to appease,  
I was contented thus in bale to be.  
Farewell my lyfe, farewell for and my death,  
For thee I lyvd, for thee nowe must I dye,  
Farewell from *Bathē*, whereas I feele my breath  
Forsake my brest in great perplexite,  
Alas how welcome were this death of mine,  
If I had dyde betweene those armes of thine.

*Fato non Fortuna.*



*This should have bin placed in the  
dolorous discourse, before the Supplication  
to Care in Folio. [168.]*

The Reporter.

**T**hese vaunting verses with a many mo,  
(To his mishap) have come unto my hands,  
Whereof the rest (bycause he sayled so  
In braggers boate which set it selfe on sands,  
And brought him eke fast bounde in follyes bands,  
Of curtesye I keepe them from your sight,  
Let these suffice which of my selfe I wryte.

The highest tree that ever yet couldle growe,  
Although full fayre it florysht for a season,  
Founde yet at last some fail to bring it lowe,  
This olde sayd sawe is (God he knoweth) not geason:  
For when things passe the reache and bounds of reason  
They fall at last, although they stande a time,  
And bruse the more, the higher that they clyme.

So *Bartholmew* unto his payne dyd prove,  
For when he thought his happe to be most hie,  
And that he onely reapt the frutes of love,  
And that he swelt in all prosperitie,  
His conforte chaunged to calamite:  
And though I do him wrong to tell the same,  
Yet reade it you, and let me beare the blame.

The Saint he serv'd became a craftie devill,  
His goddesse to an Idol seemed to chaunge,  
Thus all his good transformed into evill,  
And every joy to raging grieve did raunge:  
Which *Metamorphosis* was mervells straunge:  
Yet shall you seldome otherwyse it prove,  
Where wicked Lust doth beare the name of Love.

This

## The Reporter.

This sodayne chaunge when he began to spye,  
 And cold suspe&t into his mynde had crept,  
 He bounst and bet his head tormentingly,  
 And from all companye himselfe he kept,  
 Wherby so farre in stormes of strife he stopt,  
 That nowe he seemed an Image not a man,  
 His eyes so dead, his colour waxt so wan.

And I which always bare him great good will,  
 (Although I knew the cause of all his grieve,  
 And what had traynde and tysed him theretyll,  
 And playne to speake, what moved his myschief,  
 Yet since I sought to ease him with relife:) )  
 I did become importunate to knowe,  
 The secrete cause wheron this grudge shuld growe.

At last with much ado, his trembling tong  
 Bewrayde theefft of his unwylling will,  
 Which here to tell since it were all to long,  
 And I therewith too barren am of skyll,  
 And trouble you with tedyous tydings styl,  
 Content you nowe to heare himselfe rehearse,  
 His strange affe&cts in his lamenting verse.

Which verse he wrote at *Bathe* (as earst was sayd)  
 And there I sawe him when he wrote the same,  
 I sawe him there with many moanes dysmayde,  
 I saw him there both fyrsse and flashe in flame,  
 And so appareth by his darke discourse,  
 The which to reade I crave your just remorse.

The

*The reporters conclusion unfinished.*

**W**Here might I now find fluddes of flowing teares,  
 So to suffise the swelling of mine eyes?  
 How might my brest unlode the bale it beares?  
 Alas alas how might my tong devise

To tell this wery tale in wofull wyse?  
 To tell I say these tidings now of truth,  
 Which may provoke the craggy rocks to ruth?

In depth of dole would God that I were drownde,  
 Where flattring joyes might never find me out,  
 Or graved so within the greedy ground,  
 As false delights might never breed me my doubt,  
 Nor guilefull love hur purpose bring about:  
 Whose trustlesse traines in colours for to paint,  
 I find by proofe my witts are all to faint.

I am that man whome destenies ordeine,  
 To bearre each grieve that groweth on the mold,  
 I am that man which prove unto my paine,  
 More pangs at once than can with tong be told,  
 I am that man (hereof you may be bold)  
 Whome heaven and earth did frame to scoffe and scorne,  
 I, I am he which to that end was borne.

Suffiz not myselfe to tast the frute,  
 Of sugred sowres which growe in gadding yeares,  
 But that I must with paine of like pursute,  
 Perceive such pangs by paterne of my peares,  
 And feele how fancies fume could fond my pheares:  
 Alas I finde all fates against me bent,  
 For nothing else I live, but to lament.

The force of friendship bound by holy oth,

Did

Did drawe my will into these crooked wayes,  
For with my frend I went to *Bath* (though loth)  
To lend some comfort in his dolie dayes,  
The stedfast friend sticks fast at all assayes:  
Yet was I loth such time to spend in vaine,  
The cause whereof, lo here I tell you playne.

By prooffe I found as you may well perceive,  
That all good counsell was but worne in wast,  
Such painted paines his passions did deceive,  
That bitter gall was smell to him in tast,  
Within his will such rootes of ruine plast,  
As graffes of grieves were only given to growe,  
Where yowth did plant and rash conceite did sowe.

I sawe long since his eares were open aye  
To every tale which fed him with some hope,  
As fast againe I sawe him turne away  
From grave advise, which might his conscience grope,  
From reasons rule his fansie lightly lope,  
He only gave his mind to get that gaine,  
Which most he wishet and least could yet attayne.

Not I alone, but many mo with me,  
Had found what fickleness his Idoll used,  
And how she claimed *Cressides* heire to be,  
And how she had his great good will abused,  
And how she was of many men refused,  
Who tride her tricks and knew her by the kinde,  
Save only him she made no lover blinde.

But what for this? whose face is plainer seene,  
Than he which thinks he walketh in a net?  
Or who in bale hath ever deeper beene,  
Than he which thought his state might not be bet,

In such a jealousie these lovers jet,  
That weale to them doth seeme to be but wo,  
And grieve seemes joy, they feede their fancies so.

Tell him that reason ought to be his rule,  
And he allowed no reason but his owne,  
Tell him that best were quickly to recule,  
Before all force by feare were overthrowen,  
And that his part. &c.

I Have not (hitherto) recovered a full ende of this discourse, the author thereof being more curious in deli- verie of the same, than he hath bene heretofore in any other of his doings. But since my trust is that you will use that and therest but for your owne private commoditie, I am the bolder to present you with a copie therof unperfect as it is, and nowe having finished this written regy- ster, it amounteth to a good rounde volume, the which some woulde judge worthy the Imprinting, but ho- ping of your curtesie (ut supra) I cease wyshing you no lesse profyte than pleasure in rea- dying and perusyng these tryffles.

(:.)

FINIS.

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don for Richard Smith.