



The Printer to the Reader.

YOu that in Musicke do delight
your minds for to solace :
This little booke of Sonets may
wel like you in that cafe,
Peruse it wel ere you passe by,
here may you wish and haue,
Such pleasaut fongs to ech new tune,
as lightly you can craue.
Or if fine Histories you would reade,
you need not far to seek :
Within this booke such may you haue,
as Ladies may wel like.
Here may you haue such pretie thinges ,
as women much desire :
Here may you haue of fundrie sorts,
such Songs as you require.
Wherfore my friend, if you regnrd,
such Songs to reade or heare :
Doubt not to buy this pretie Booke,
the price is not so deare.

Farewell.

A Nōsegāie alvvaies

weet, for Louers to send for Tokens,
of loue, at Newyeres tide, or for fairings,
as they in their minds shall be disposed to write.

A Nōsegāie lacking flowers fresh,
to you now I do send.
Desiring you to look thereon,
when that you may intend:
For flowers fresh begin to fade,
and Boreas in the field,
Even with his hard coniealed frost,
no better flowers doth yeeld:
¶ But if that winter could haue spung,
a sweeter flower than this,
I would haue sent it presently
to you withouten mille:
Accept this then as time doth serue,
be thankful for the same,
Despise it not, but keep it well,
and marke ech flower his name.
¶ Lauander is for louers true,
which euermore be faine:
Desiring alwales for to haue,
some pleasure for their pain:
And when that they obtained haue,
the loue that they require,
Then haue they al their perfect loue,
and quenched is the fire.

A ii

¶ Rose

Sonets and Histories.

¶ Rosemarie is for remembrance,
 betweene vs daie and night :
Wishing that I might alwaies haue,
 you preuent in my sight.
And when I cannot haue,
 as I haue laid before,
Then Cupid with his deadly dart,
 doth wound my heart full soye.
¶ Sage is for sustenance,
 that should mans like sustaine,
For I do stil lie languishing,
 continually in paine,
And shall do stil vntil I die,
 except thou fauour shew :
My paine and all my greeuous smart,
 ful wel you do it know.
¶ Fenel is for flaterers,
 an euil thing it is sure :
But I haue alwaies meant truely,
 with constant heart most pure :
And wil continue in the same,
 as long as life doth last,
Still hoping for a soiful daie,
 when all our paines be past.
¶ Violet is for faithfullnesse,
 which in me shall abide :
Hoping likewolle that from your heart,
 you wil not let it slide.
And wil continue in the same,
 as you haue nowe begunne :

And

to sundrie new Tunes.

And then for ever to abyde,
then you my heart haue wonne.
¶ Time is to trie me,
as ech be tried must,
tting you know whyle life doth last,
I wil not be vnjust,
And if I shold I wold to God,
to hell my soule shold beare.
And eke also that Belzebub,
with teeth he shold me teare.
¶ Roses is to rule me.
with reason as you will,
For to be still obedient,
your minde for to fulfill:
And thereto will not disagree,
in nothing that you say:
But will content your mind truely,
in all things that I may.
¶ Leliflowers is for gentlenesse,
which in me shall remaine:
Hoping that no sedition shal,
depart our hearts in twaine.
As soone the sunne shal loose his course,
the moone against her kinde,
Shall haue no light, if that I do
once put you from my minde.
¶ Carnations is for gracie,
marke that now by the way,
Haue no regard to flatterers,
nor passe not what they say.

A iii For

Sonets and Histories.

For they wſl come with lying tales,
your eares for to fulſl:
In anie caſe do you conſent,
nothing vnto their wſl.
¶ Marigolds is for marriage,
that woule our minds ſuſſile,
Leaſt that uſpition of vs twaine,
by anie meanes ſhould riſe:
As for my part, I do not care,
my ſelf I wſl ſil vſe,
That all the women in the world,
for you I wſll reuufe.
¶ Peniriall is to print your loue,
ſo deep within my heart:
That when you look this Noſegay on,
my pain you may impart,
And when that you haue read the ſame,
conſider wel my wo,
Thinke then how to recompence,
euen him that loues you ſo.
¶ Cowſloppes is for counſell,
for ſecrets vs between,
That none but you and I alone,
ſhould know the thing we meane:
And if you wſl thus wiſely do,
as I think to be beſt:
Then haue you ſurely won the field,
and let my heart at reſt.
I pray you keep this Noſegay wel,
and let by it ſome ſtore:

And

to sundrie new Tunes.

And thus farewell, the Gods thee guide,
both now and euermore.
Not as the common sort do vse,
to set it in your brest:
That when the smel is gone away,
on ground he takes his rest.

FINIS.

L. Gibsons Tantara, wherin Danea wel-
commeth home her Lord Diophon frō the war.

To the tune of, Down right Squire.

Y Du Lordings, cast off your weedes of
me thinks I heare (wo
A trumpet shyl whch plain doth shew
my Lord is neare:
Tantara tara tantara,
this trumpet glads our hearts,
Therefore to welcome home your King,
you Lordings plaine your parts,
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
¶ Harke harke, me thinkes I heare again,
this trumpetes voice,
He is at hand this is certaine,
wheresoever reioice.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
this trumpet still doth say,
With trumpetes blast, all dangers past,
doth shew in Marshall ray.

A llll

¶¶

Sonets and Histories.

¶ A foffull sight my hearts delight,
my Diophon deere :
Thy comely grace, I do embrace,
with fofful cheere :
Tantara tara tantara,
what pleasant sound is this,
Which brought to me with victorie,
my joy and onely blisse.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

Diophon.

My Queene and wiffe, my joy and life
in whom I minde :
In every part, the trustiest hart,
that man can finde.
Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare your passe,
Your vertues race in euerie place,
which trumpet so doth raise.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

¶ Now welcome home to Siria sole,
from battered field :
That valiantly thy foes did sole,
with speare and shield :
Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare it still,
Thy sounding praise, abroad to raise,
with trump that is most shill.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

¶ If honour and fame, O noble Dame,
such deeds do aske :

Then

to sundrie new Tunes.

Then Diophon here to purchasre fame,
hath done this taske:
Tantara tara tantara,
returnd he is againe,
To leade his life, with thee his wife,
in iole without disdaine.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

Finis. L. G.

¶ A proper new Song made by a Student
in Cambridge, To the tune of I wish to
see those happie daies.

I Which was once a happie wight,
and hie in Fortunes grace:
I And which did spend my golden yprime,
in running pleasures race,
Am now enforst of late,
contrariwise to mourne,
Since fortune ioies, into annoies,
my former state to turne.

¶ The toiling ore, the hore, the alle,
hauie time to take their rest,
Yea all things else which Nature wrought,
sometimes haue ioies in brest:
Saue onelie I and such
which vexed are with paine:
For still in teares, my life it weares,
and so I must remaine.

¶ How oft haue I in folded armes,
enioied my delight,

Now

Sonets and Histories,

How oft haue I excuses made,
of her to haue a light ?
But now to fortunes wol,
I caused am to bow.
And for to reape a hugie heape,
which youthful yeares did sow.
¶ Wherfore all ye which do as yet,
remaine and bide behynd :
Whose eies dame beauties blazing beams,
as yet did never blind.
Example let me be,
to you and other more :
Whose heauie hart, hath felt the smart,
subdueyd by Cupids loue.
¶ Take heed of gazing ouer much,
on Damsels faire vnknowne :
For oftentimes the Snake doth lie,
with roses ouergrowde :
And vnder fairest flowers,
do noisome Adders lurke :
Of whom take heed, I thee areed :
leaste that thy cares they woake.
¶ What though that she doth smile on thee,
perchance shee doth not loue :
And though she smack thee once or twice,
she thinks thee so to prooue,
And when that thou dost thinke,
she loueth none but thee :
She hath in store, perhaps some more,
which so deceipted be,

Trust

to sundrie new Tunes.

¶ Trust not therefore the outward shew
beware in anie case :

For good conditions do not lie,
where is a pleasant face :
But if it be thy chaunce,
a lourer true to haue :
Be sure of this, thou shalt not misse,
ech thing that thou wylt craue.

¶ And when as thou (good Reader) shalt
peruse this scrole of mine :
Let this a warning be to thee,
and laie a friend of thine,
Did wylte thee this of loue,
and of a zealous mind :
Because that he sufficently,
hath tried the female kind.

¶ Here Cambridge now I bid farewell,
adue to Students all :
Adue vnto the Colledges,
and vnto Gunvill Hall :
And you my fellowes once,
pray vnto Ioue that I
May haue releef, for this my grief,
and speedie remedie.

¶ And that he shild you euerichone,
from Beauties luring looks :
Whose baste hath brought me to my baine,
and caught me from my Books :
Wherfore, for you, my praiser shall be,
to send you better grace,

That

Sonets and Histories,
That modestie with honestie,
may guide your youthfull race.
Finis quod Thomas Richardson, sometime
Student in Cambridge.

¶The scoffe of a Ladie, as pretie as may be,
to a yong man that went a wooing :
He wet stil about her, & yet he wet without
because he was so long a dooing. (her,

A
Tend thee, go play thee,
Sweet loue I am busie :
 my silk and twist is not yet spun :
My Ladie will blamie me,
If that she send for me,
 and find my wroke to be vndun :
 How then ?
How shall I be set me ?
To say loue did let me ?
 Fie no, it will not fit me,
 It were no scuse for me.
If loue were attained,
My soles were vnsained,
 my feame and silke wil take no hold :
Dft haue I beene warned,
By others proose learned :
 hote wanton loue soone waxeth cold,
 Go now :
I say go pack thee,
Or my needle shal prick thee :

60

to sundrie new Tunes.

Go seeke out Dame Idle :
More fit for thy bysole,
More fit for thy bysole.
¶ Wel worthie of blaming,
For thy long detaining,
all vaine it is that thou hast done :
Best now to be wandring,
Go vaunt of thy winning,
and tell thy Dame what thou hast won :
Say this :
Then say as I bade thee :
That the little dogge Fancie,
Lies chalke without moouing,
And needeth no threatening,
For feare of wel beating.
For feare of wel beating.
¶ The boy is gone lurking,
Good Ladies be working,
dispatch a while that we had done,
The tide will not tarrie,
All times it doth varie,
The day doth passe, I see the Sun,
The frost bites faire flowers,
Let us worke at due howres,
Haste, haste, and be merie,
Till our needles be werie.
Till our needles be werie,
¶ Now Ladies be merie,
Because you are werie :
leauwe worke I say, and get you home,
Your

Sonets and Histories.

Your busynesse is slacking,
Your louer is packing:
your answer hath cut off his comb.

How then?

The fault was in him sir,
He wooded it so trim sir,
Alas poore seelie fellow,
Make much of thy pillow.
Make much of thy pillow. Finis.

An answer as pretie to the scof of his Lady,
by the yongman that came a wooing,

Wherein he doth flout her,
Being glad he went without her,
Misliking both her and her dooing.

A Las Loue, why chase ye?
Why fret ye, why fume ye?
to me it seemeth verie strange,
Me thinks ye misuse me,
So soone to refuse me,
vnlesse you hope of better change:

Wel, wel:
Wel now, I perceiue ye,
You are mindful to leaue me:
How sure it doth grieue me:
That I am vnwoorthie:
That I am vnwoorthie.

I mean not to let ye, nor I can not forget
it wil not so out of my minde: (ye,
My loue is not daintie, I see you haue plenty
that set so little by your friend.

Goe

to sundrie new Tunes.

Goe too spin on now I pray you, I list not to
I will goe play me: (stay,
I am bnt for you, &c.

Leaue off to flout now, & prick on your clout
you are a daintie Dame indeed, (now
And thogh of your taunting, I may make my
as bad or worse thā I hal speed: (vaunting
Sweet heart, though now you forlase it.

I trust you wil take it:
and sure I spak it, ss fine as you make it, &c
Now wil I be trudging, without anie grud-
I am content to gue you ground: (ging
Good reson doth bind me, to leue you behind
for you are better lost than found: (me,
Go play, go seeke out Dame pleasure:

You are a trim treasure,
Wise women be daintie,
Of fooles there be plentie, &c.

¶ If I might aduise ye, few wordz shuld suf-
& yet you shold bestow them wel: (sic ye
Maids must be manerly, not ful of scurility,
wherein I see you do excel,

Farewel good Nicibetur,
God send you a sweeter,
A lustie lym lyster, you are a trim shyster, &c.

Finis. Peter Picks.

¶ Dame Beautes reple to the Louer late at
libertie: and now complaineth himselfe
to be her captiue, Intituled: Where is
the life that late I led.

The

Sonets and Histories.

The life that erst thou ledst my friend,
was pleasant to thine eies:
But now the losse of libertie,
thou seemest to despise.
Where then thou soiedst thy will,
now thou doest grudge in heart:
Then thou nae paine nor grief didst seele,
but now thou pinest in smart.
What mooved thee vnto loue,
expelle and tell the same:
Saue fancie thine, that heapt thy paine,
thy follizlearne to blame.
TFor when thou freedome didst enioie,
thou gauest thy selfe to ease,
And letst self-will the ruling beare,
thy fancie fond to please:
Then stealing Cupid came,
with bow and golden dart:
He struck the stroke, at pleasure he
that now doth paine thy hart:
Blame not the Gods of loue,
But blame thy self thou maist:
For freedome was disdained of thee,
and bondage mox thou waest.
TWho list, thou laist to live at rest,
and freedome to possesse:
The light of gorgeous Dames must shun,
leake loue do them distresse:
Thou blamest Cupidoes craft,
who strikes in stealing sort:

And

to sundrie new tunes.

And sets thee midst the princely Dames,
of Beauties famous sort:
And meaning wel thou saiest,
as one not bent to loue,
Then Cupid he constraines thee yeeld,
as thou thy self canst prooue.
¶ Faire Ladies lookez in libertie,
enlarged not thy paine:
¶ Ne yet the sight of gorgeous Dames,
could cause thee thus complaine.
It was thy self indeed,
that cauld thy pining woe,
Thy wanton wil, and idle minde,
cauld Cupid strike the blow:
Blame not his craft, nor vs
that Beauties darlings be,
Accuse thy selfe to seeke thy care,
thy fancie did agree.
¶ There is none thou saist, that can
more truely iudge the case:
Than thou that hast the wound receiu'de,
by sight of Ladies face.
Her beautie thee bewitcht,
thy minde that erst was free:
Her corps so comely fram'd, thou saiest,
did force thee to agree:
Thou gauest thy self it seemes,
her bondman to abyde,
Before that her good willingnesse,
of thee were knownen and tride.

B

What

Sonets and Histories,

What judgement canst thou giue :
how dost thou plead thy case :
It was not he that did thee wound,
although thou seest her face :
Ne could her beautie so,
inchaunt or vex thy sprytes,
Ne feature hers so comely scandre,
could weaken so thy wits.
But that thou mightest haue showne
the cause to her indeede,
Who spares to speake, thy self dost know,
dost faile of grace to speede.
¶ By this thou saiest, thou soughtst y^e means
of tormentes that you beare,
By this thou wouldest men take heede,
and learne of loue to feare :
For taking holde thou tellst,
to flie it is too late,
And no where canst thou shrowd thy self,
but Care must be thy mate.
Though loue do pleasure seeme,
yet plagues none such there are :
Therefore all louers now thou willst,
of liking to be ware.
¶ Thy self hath sought the meane and way,
and none but thou alone :
Of all the grief and care you beare,
as plainly it is showne :
Then why shoud men take heed,
thy counsell is vnfit :

Thou

to sundrie new Tunes.

Thou sparest to speak, and fassdost to speed,
thy will had banisht wit.
And now thou blamest loue,
and Ladies faire and free:
And better lost than found my frind,
your cowards heart we see. Finis. I.P.

A new Courtly Sonet, of the Lady Green
sleeues. To the new tune of Greenfleeues.

Greenfleeues was all my ioy,
Greenfleeues was my delight:
Greenfleeues was my hart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greenfleeues.

A Las my loue, ye do me wronng,
to cast me off discerteously:
And I haue loued you so long,
Delighting in your companie.
Greenfleeues was all my ioy,
Greenfleeues was my delight:
Greenfleeues was my heart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greenfleeues.
I haue been readie at your hand,
to grant what euer you would craue.
I haue both waged life and land,
your loue and good will for to haue.
Greenfleeues was all my ioy, &c.
I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
that were wrought fine and gallantly:

B ii I

Sonets and Histories.

I kept thee both at boord and bed,
Which cost my purse wel fauouredly,

Greensleeues was al my soie, &c.

I bought thee petticoates of the best,
the cloth so fine as fine might be:

I gaue thee jewells for thy chest,
and all this cost I spent on thee.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thy smock of silk, both faire and white,
with gold embrodered gorgeously:

Thy petticoate of Sendall right:
and thus I bought thee gladly.

Greensleeues was all my soie, &c.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
with pearles bedecked sumptuously:

The like no other lasses had,
and yet thou wouldest not loue me,

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thy purse and eke thy gay guylt kniues,
thy pincale gallant to the eie:

No better wore the Burgesse wives,
and yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
with golde all wrought aboue the knee.

Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
and yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thy gown was of the grossie green,
thy sleeves of Satten hanging by:

Whiche

to sundrie new Tunes.

Which made thee be our haruest Queen,
and yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ Thy garters fringed with the golde,
And siluer aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to beholde,
And yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ My gayest gelding I thee gaue,
To ride where euer liked thee,

No Ladie euer was so hyaue,
And yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ My men were clothed all in green,
And they did euer wait on thee:

Al this was gallant to be seen,
and yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ They set thee vp, they took thee dowone,
they serued thee with humilitie,

Thy foote might not once touch the ground,
and yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ For euerie morning when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties orderly:

To cheare thy stomack from all woes,
and yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ Thou couldst desire no earthly thing.

But stil thou hadst it readly:

B iii

Thy

Sonets and Histories,

Thy musick still to play and sing,
And yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
And who did pay for all this geare,
that thou didst spend when pleased thee ?
Euen I that am reected here,
and thou disdaisnt to loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
Wel, I wil pray to God on hie,
that thou my constancie maist see:
And that yet once before I die,
thou wilst vouchsafe to loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
Greensleeues now farewel adue,
God I pray to prosper thee :
For I am stil thy louer true,
come once againe and loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
Finis.

A proper sonet, wherin the Louer dolefully sheweth his grief to his L. & requireth pity.

To the tune of, Row wel ye Marriners.

A lone without refuge,
For life doth pleade with panting
And rufly the Judge, (breath
Beholds (whose doome grants life or
So fare I now my onelie Loue, (death,
Whom I tender as Turtle Dowe,
Whose tender looks (O ioly ioy)
Shall win me sure your louing boy :

Faire

to sundrie new Tunes.

Faire lookes, sweet Dame,
O else (alas) I take my bane:
Nice talke, coying,
Will bring me sure to my ending,
¶ Too little is my skil,
By pen (I fale) my loue to paint,
And when that my good will,
My tong wold shew, my heart doth faint:
Sith both the meanes do faile therfore,
My loue for to expresse with loze:
The tormentes of my inward smart.
You may well gesse within your hart:
Wherfore, sweet wench,
Some louing wordes, this heat to quench
Fine smiles, smirke lookes,
And then I neede no other lookes,
¶ Your gleams hath gript the hart,
alas within my captiue brest:
O how I feele the smart,
And how I find my grief increast:
My fancie is so fixt on you,
That none away the same can do:
My deer vnlesse you it remooue:
Without redresse I die for loue,
Lament with me,
Ye Muses nine, where ever be,
My life I loch,
My Joies are gone, I tel you troth,
¶ All Musicks solemne sound,
Of song, or else of instrument:

Sonets and Histories.

¶ Me thinks they do resound,
 with doleful tunes, me to lament,
And in my sleep unsound, alas,
¶ Me thinks such dreadful things to passe:
 that out I crie in midst of dremes,
Wherwith my tears run down as streams,
 ¶ O Lord, think I,
 She is not here that should be by:
 What chance is this,
 That I embrace that froward is?
¶ The Lions noble minde,
 His raging mood (you know) oft stales,
When beasts do yeeld by kinde,
 ¶ On them (coxbooth) he never prates:
Then sithence that I am your thrall,
 To ease my smart on you I call.
 A bloudie conquest is your part,
 To kill so kind a louing heart:
 Alas remorce,
 ¶ O presently I die perforce:
 God grant pitie,
 Within your breast now planted be.
¶ As nature hath you derkt,
 with worshie gilts aboue the rest,
So to your prasse most great,
 Let pitie dwell within your brest,
That I may saie with heart and wil,
 Lo, this is he that might me ksl:
 ¶ For why? in hand she held the knife,
 And yet (coxbooth) she saued my life.

¶ Hey

to sundrie new Tunes.

Hey-ho, darling:
With lustie loue, now let vs sing,
Plaie on, Minstrel,
My Ladie is mine onelie gircle.

The Historie of Diana and Acteon.

To the Quarter Braules.

DIana and her darlings deare,
Walkt once as you shall heare:
Through woods and waterns cleare,
themselves to play:
The leaues were gay and green,
And pleasant to be seen:
They went the trees between,
in coole aray,
So long, that at the last they found a place,
of waterns full cleare:
So pure and faire a Bath never was
found many a yeaer.
There shew went faire and gent,
Her to sport, as was her wonted sport:
In such desirous sport;
Thus goeth the report:
Diana daintuously began her selfe therein to
And her body so to laue, (bathe
So curious and bzaue.
¶ As they in water stood,
Bathing their liuelie blood:
Acteon in the wood,
chaunst to come by:
And bewed their bodies bare,

Mar.

Sonets and Histories,

Maruailling what they weare,
And stil deuold of care,
on them cast his eie:
But when the Nymphs had perceiued him,
aloud then they cried,
Enclosed her, and thought to hide her skin,
which he had spied:
But too true I tell you,
She seene was,
For in height she did passe,
Eth Dame of her race,
Harke then Acteons case:
Whe Diana did perceue, where Acteon did
She took bowe in her hand, (stand,
And to shoot she began.
As she began to shoot, Acteon ran about,
To hide he thought no boote,
his sightes were dim:
And as he thought to scape,
Changed was Acteons shape,
Such was vnluckie fate,
yelbed to him:
For Diana brought it thus to passe,
and plaied her part,
So that poore Acteon changed was
to a hugie Hart,
And did heare, naught but haire:
In this change,
Whiche is as true as strange,
And thus did he range,

Abyead

to fundric new Tunes.

Sonets and Histories,

to sundrie new Tunes.

So that his sorowes importune,
Had ended his life incontinent,
Had not Lady Venus grace, Lady Lady,
Pitied her poore seruants case,
My deer Ladie.

¶ For when he saw the tyments strong,
Wherewith the Knight was sore opprest,
Which he God knowes had suffered long,
Al though this Ladies mercieselle,
Of their desires she made exchange,
Ladie, Ladie.

And wrought a myzacle most strange,
My deer Ladie.

¶ So that this Ladie faithfully,
Did loue this Knight aboue all other :
And he vnto the contrarie,
Did hate her then aboue all measure,
And pitifull she did complaine : ladie, ladie.
Requiring fauour, and myght not obtaine.

My deer ladie.
¶ But when she saw, that in no case,
She myght vnto his loue attaine :
And that she could not finde some grace,
To eale her long enduring paine,
And y^e his hart wold not remoue. Lady, ladie.
Without all cure he died for loue, My deer.
¶ Besides these matters matuelous,
One other thyng I wil you tell :
Of one whose name was Narcissus,
A man whose beautie doth excel.

¶

Sonets and Histories,

Of natures gifys he had no misse, Lady, lady
He had y^e whole of beauties blisse, (My deere.
So that out of manie a far Countrey,
I reade of manie a woman faire,
Did come this Narcissus to see,
Who perished when they came there,
Through his default I lay in fire, lady, lady
Who vnto loue would not incline. My deer.
Whose disobedience vnto loue,
When vnto Venus it did appeare.
How that his hart would not remoue,
She punisht him as you shal heare:
A thing most strange fo^{ys}ooth it was,

Ladie, Ladie.

Now harken how it came to passe, My deer.
For when he went vpon a daie,
With other mo in strange disguise,
Himself fo^{ys}ooth he did array

In womans attire of a new devise,
And ouer a b ridge as he did go. Ladie, ladie.
In the water he sawe his own shadow, My.
Which when he did perceiue and see,
A Ladie faire he saith it seemeth:
Forget himself that it was he,
And iudgde that it was Dianaes Nymph,
Who in the waters in such fashon, Lady, la
Did vse themselues for recreation, My deer.
And through the beautie of whol^e looks,
Taken he was with such fond desire,
That after manie humble lutes,

Inconti-

to sundrie new Tunes.

Incontinent he did aspire.

Unto her grace him to refer, Ladie, Ladie
Trusting y^e merrie was in her, My deer, &c.
¶ With armes displaid he wok his race,
And leapt into the riuver there,
And thought his Ladie to imbrace,
Being of himselfe, deuoid of feare,
And there was dwynd without redyssle,
His craultie rewarded was, (Ladie, Ladie.
with such follie.

¶ Loe, hereby you may perceiue,
How Venus can, and if she please,
Her disobedient Subjects grieue,
And make them drinke their owne disease,
Wherfore rebel not I you wish, Lady, lady.
Least that your chaunce be worse than this,
if worse may be. Finis.

The Louer cōplaineth the losse of his Ladie

To Cicilia Pauin.

Hart, what makes thee thus to be,
in extreame heauiness?
If care do cause all thy distresse,
Why seekest thou not some redyssle,
to easle thy carefulnesse?
Hath Cupid stroke in Tenerie,
Thy wofull corps in leoperdie:
right wel then may I sob and crie, (trie
Til that my Mistresse deer, my faith may
Why would I cloake from her presence,
My loue and faithfull diligence?

And

Sonets and Histories.

And cowardly thus to die.
And cowardly thus to die.
No, no, I wil shew my woe,
in this calamitie.
To her whom Nature shapte so free :
With all Dianaes chasttie,
o^u Venus rare beautie :
Then shall I brace felicitie,
And live in all prosperitie.
then leaue off this woe, let teares go,
thou shalt embrace thy Ladie deere w^o ioy,
In these thy armes so louingly,
As Paris did faire Helenie.
By force of blinded boy.
By force of blinded boy.
If Venus would grant unto me,
such happinelle :
As she did unto Troylus,
By help of his friend Pandarus,
To Cressids lone who wrose,
Than all the women certainly :
That euer liued naturally.
Whose slight falled faith, the stroke saith,
Did breed by plagues, her great and sore di-
For she became so leprosle, (stresse,
That she did die in penurie :
Because she did transgresse.
Because she did transgresse.
If she, I saie, wil me regard,
in this my ioperdie,

to sundrie new Tunes.

I wil shew her fidelitie,
And eke declare her curtesie,
to Louers far and neare:
O heart how happy shouldest thou be,
When my Ladie doth smile on me:
Whose milde merrie cheare,
Will drue away feare,
Cleane from my brest, and set joy in y^e place
when I shall kille so tenderly:
Her fingers small and slenderly,
which doth my heart solace, &c.
Therefore ye amorous imps who burne
so stil in Cupids fire,
Let this the forre of my retire
Example be to your desire,
That so to loue aspire:
For I did make deniance,
And set her at defiance:
Whiche made me full wo, it chanced so,
Because I look at my mistresse so coy:
Therefore, when she is merily
Disposel, look you curteously:
Receiue her for your joy.
Receiue her for your joy.

Finis. I. Tomson.

The Louer compareth some subtile Suters
to the Hunter. To the tune of the Painter.

When as the Hunter goeth out,
with hounds in brace.

C

The

Sonets and Histories.

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And cowardly thus to die.

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in this calamitie.

To her whom Nature shapte so free :
With all Dianaes chasitie,

 o² Venus rare beautie :
Then shall I brace felicitie,
And liue in all prosperitie.

 then leaue off this woe, let teares go,
 thou shalt embrace thy Ladie deere w² ioy,
In these thy armes so louingly,
As Paris did faire Helenie.

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such happinelle :

As she did unto Troylus,
By help of his friend Pandarus,

 To Cressids loue who wro²le,
 Than all the women certainly :
 That euer liued naturally.

Whose slight falled faith, the stoye saith,
Did breed by plagues, her great and so²re di-
 For she became so leprosie, (stresse,

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3

to sundrie new Tunes.

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And eke declare her curtesie,
 to Louers far and neare:
O heart how happy shouldest thou be,
When my Ladie doth smile on me:
 Whose wilde merie cheare,
 Will dñe away feare,
Cleane from my brest, and set ioy in y^e place
 when I shall kisse so tenderly:
Her finger^z small and slenderly,
 which doth my heart solace, &c.
Therefore ye amorous imps who burne
 so stil in Cupids fire,
Let this the boore of my retire
Example be to your deuise,
 That so to loue aspise:
For I did make deniance,
 And set her at defiance:
 Whiche made me full wo, it chanced so,
Because I look at my mistresse so coy:
Therefore, when she is merily
Disposed, look you curteously:
 Receiue her for your ioy.
 Receiue her for your ioy.

Finis. I. Tomson.

The Louer compareth some subtile Suters
 to the Hunter. To the tune of the Painter.

When as the Hunter goeth out,
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C

The

Sonets and Histories,

The Hart to hunt, and set about,
with willie trace,
He doth it more to see and view,
Her wiliness (I tell you true.)
Her trips and skips, now here, now there,
With squats and flats, which hath no pere.
¶ More than to win or get the game
to beare away:
He is not greedie of the same,
(thus Hunters saie:
So some men hunt by hote desire,
To Venus Dames, and do require
With fauor to haue her, or els they wil die,
they loue her, & prooue her, and wot ye why?
¶ Fforsooth to see her subtilnesse, & wily way,
Whe they (God knowes) mean nothing lese
than they do say:
For when they see they may her win,
They leaue then where they did begin,
they prate and make the matter nice,
And leaue her in fooles paradice.
¶ Wheresoer of such (good Ladie now)
wisely beware,
Least flinging fancies in their brow,
do byred you care:
And at the first give them the checke,
Least they at last give you the geck,
And scornfully disdaine ye then,
In faith there are such kind of men.

¶ But

to sundrie new Tunes.

¶ But I am none of those indeed,
 believe me now:
I am your man if you me need,
 I make a vow:
To serue you without doublenesse:
With fervent heart my owne mistresse,
 Demaund me, commaund me,
 what please ye, and whan,
I wsl be stil readie, as I am true man.

A new Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie.

To the, Downe right Squier.

Y Du Dames (I say) that climbe the
 of Helicon, (mount
 Come on with me, and giue account,
 what hath been don:
Come tell the chaunce ye Mules all,
 and dolefull newes,
Which on these Louers did befall,
 which I accuse.
In Babilon not long agone,
 A noble Prince did dwell:
whose daughter bright dimd ech ones sight,
 so farre she did excel.
¶ An other Lord of high renowne,
 who had a sonne:
And dwelling there within the towne,
 great loue begunne:
Pyramus this noble Knight,
 I tel you true:

C ii Who

Sonets and Histories,

Who with the loue of Thisbie bright,
Did cares renue:
It came to passe, their secrets was,
beknowne unto them both:
And then in minde, they place do finde,
where they their loue unclothe.
¶ This loue they vse long tract of time,
till it besell:
At last they promised to meet at prime,
by Minus well:
Where they might louingly imbrace,
In loues delight:
That he might see his Thisbies face,
and she his light:
In joyful case, she approcht the place,
where she her Pyramus
Had thought to viewod, but was renewod,
to them most dolorous.
¶ Thus whyle she stales for Pyramus,
there did proceed:
Out of the wood a Lion fierce,
made Thisbie drede:
And as in haste she fled awaie,
her Mantle fine:
The Lion tare in stead of prate,
till that the time
That Pyramus proceeded thus,
and see how lion tare
The Mantle this of Thisbie his,
he desperately doth fare,

¶ For

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ For why he thought the lion had,
faire Thisbie slaine.
And then the beast with his bright blade,
he slew certaine:
Then made he mone and said alas,
(¶ wretched wight)
Now art thou in a woeful case
for Thisbie bright:
Oh Gods aboue, my faithfull loue
shal never faile this need:
For this my breath by fatall death,
shal weave Atropos threed.
¶ Then from his heathe he drew his blade,
and to his hart
He thrust the point, and life did vade,
with painfull smart:
Then Thisbie she from cabin came
with pleasure great,
And to the well apase she ran,
there so to treat:
And to discusse, to Pyramus
of al her former feares.
And when slaine she, found him truly,
she shed sooth bitter teares.
¶ When sorrow great that she had made,
she took in hand
The bloudie knife, to end her life,
by fatall hand.
You Ladies all, peruse and see,
the faithfulnesse,

C iii

How

Sonets and Histories,
How these two Louers did agree,
 to die in distresse:
You Muses walise, and do not fasse,
 but still do you lament:
These louers twaine, who with such paine,
 did die so well content.

Finis. I. Tomson.

A Sonet of a Louer in the praise of his lady.
To Calen o Custure me: sung at euerie lines end.

Whē as I view your comly grace, Ca. & c
Your golden haires, your angels face:
Your azured veines much like the skies,
Your siluer teeth, your Chistall ries.
Your Corall lips, your crimson cheeks,
That Gods and men both loue and leekes.
Your pretie mouth with duers giftes,
Whiche dieweth wise men to their shifles:
So braue, so fine, so trim, so yong,
With heauenlie wit and pleasant tongue,
 That Pallas though she did excell,
 Could scarce ne tel a tale so well.
Your voice so sweet, your necke so white,
 your bodie fine and small in sight:
Your fingers long so nimble be,
To vter loorth such harmonie,
 As all the Muses for a space:
 To sit and heare do give you place.
Your pretie foot with all the rest,
That may be seene or may be gest:

Dorth

to sundrie new Tunes.

Doth beare such shape, that beautie may
Giue place to thee and go her way:
And Paris nowe must change his doome,
For Venus lo must giue thee roome.
¶ Whose gleams doth heat my hart as fier,
Although I burne, yet would I nier:
Within my selle then can I lay:
The night is gone, behold the day:
Behold the star so cleare and bright,
As dimmes the light of Phœbus light:
¶ Whose fame by pen for to discrue,
Doth passe ech wight that is aliue:
Then how dare I with boldned face,
Presume to craue or wish your grace?
And thus amazed as I stand,
Not feeling sense, nor moouing hand.
¶ My soule with silence moouing sense,
Doth wish of God with reverence,
Long life, and vertue you possesse:
To match thole giftz of worshinesse,
And loue and pitie may be spide,
To be your chief and onely guide.

¶ A proper Sonet, Intituled, Maid, wil you
marrie. to the Blacke Almaine.

Maid, wil you marie? I pray sir tarie,
I am not disposed to wed a:
For he y^t shal haue me, wil never de
he shal haue my masdehed a. (ny me
Why then you wil not wed me?
No sure sirc I haue sped me,

C llii

You

Sonets and Histories,

You must go seeke some other wight,
That better may your heart delight.
For I am sped I tell you true,
beleuu me it greeus me, I may not haue you,
To wed you & bed you as a woman shold be
¶ For if I could, be sure I would,
 content to your desire:
I would not doubt, to bring about,
 ech thing you would require:
But promise now is made,
Which cannot be fraude:
 It is a womans honestie,
 To keep her promise faithfully.
And so I do meane til death to do,
Consider and gather, that this is true:
Choose it, and vse it, the honeste you.
¶ But if you seek, for to misleake,
 with this that I haue done:
Or else disdaine, that I so plaine
 this talke with you haue begone:
Farewell I wil not let you,
He fisheth wel that gets you.
 And sure I thinke your other friend,
 Will prooue a Cuckold in the end:
But he wil take heed if he be wile,
To watch you & catch you, with Argus eyes,
Besetting and letting your wonted guise.
¶ Although the Cat doth winke a while,
 yet sure she is not blinde:

¶

to sundrie new Tunes.

It is the waise for to beguile,
the Mice that run behynd:
And if she see them running,
Then straightway she is comming:
Upon their head she claps her foote,
To strike with her it is no boote.
The seelie poore Mice dare never play,
She catcheth and snatcheth them every day,
Yet whip they, & skip they, whē she is away.
And if perhaps they fall in trap,
to death then must they yeeld:
They were better the, to haue kept their den
than strale abyond the field:
But they that will be ranging,
Shall soone repent their changing:
And so shall you ere it be long,
Wherfore remember well my song:
And do not snusse though I be plaine,
But chearsly, mersly, take the same.
For huffing & snuffing deserueth blame.
For where you say you must obey,
the promise you haue made,
So sure as I will never lie,
from that I haue laid:
Therefore to them I leaue you,
Which gladly wil receive you:
You must go choose some other mate,
Accoding to your own estate.
For I do meane to liue in rest,

Go

Sonets and Histories,

Go seek you, and leek you an other guest,
And choose him, and bse him, as you like best.
The ioy of Virginitie: to, The Gods of loue
IJudge and sinde, how God doth minde,
to furnish, to furnish
his heauenly thronre aboue,
With virgins pure, this am I sure,
without misle, without misle:
with other Saints he doth loue:
It is allowed as you may reade,
And eke auowed by Paul indeede,
Virginitie is accepted,
a thing high in Gods sight:
Though marriage is selected,
a thing to be most right:
yet must I praise Virginitie,
For I would faine a Virgin be.
Thou Virgins pure, your selues assure,
and credite, and credite:
great ioy you shall possesse,
Which I (God knows) cannot disclose,
nor spreade it, nor spreade it,
ne yet by pen expelle.
Pro halfe the soles that you shall finde,
I can not iudge for you assynde:
When hence your ghost shall yeelded be,
into the thronre of blisse:
In chaste and pure Virginitie,
for thought or deed ywisse:
Wher you shal raign, with God on hie
For euermore eternally. And

to sundrie new Tunes.

¶ And when doublelle, you shal possele,
with Jesus, with Jesus,
these toles celestiall.

Then Ladie Fame, wil blaze your name,
amongst vs, amongst vs,
which then on earth raigne shal.
She wil resound in euerie coaft,
By trumpet sound, and wil you boast ?
So that although you do depart

This mortall life so vaine :

Your chalstie in euerie heart,
by memorie shall remaine.
But hard it is, I saie no moxe,
To finde an hundreth in a scoze. Finis.

¶ A warning for Wooers, that they be not
ouer hastie, nor deceiued with womens
beautie. To, Salisburie Plaine.

Y E louing wromes come learne of me
The plagues to leaue that linked be:
The grudge, the grief, the gret annoy,
The fickle faith, the fading joy:
in time, take heed,
In fruitlesse losse sow not thy seed:
buie not, with cost,
the thing that yeelds but labour lost.
¶ If Cupids dart do chance to light,
So that affection dimmes thy sight,
Then raise vp reason by and by,
With skill thy heart to fortifie

Wheer

Sonets and Histories,

Wher is a breach,
Oft times too late doth come the Leach:

Sparks are put out,

when fornace flames do rage about.
Thine owne delay must win the field,
When lust doth leade thy heart to yeeld:
When steed is stolne, who makes al fast,
May go on foot for al his haste:

In time shut gate,

For had I wist, doth come too late,
Fast bind, fast bind,

Repentance alwaies commeth behynd.

The Syrens times oft time beguiles,
So doth the teares of Crocodiles:
But who so learnes Vlysses loue,
May pasle the seas, and win the shore.

Stop eares, stand fast,

Through Cupids trips, thou shalt him cast:
Fle baits, shun hookes,

Be thou not snarde with louely lookeg.

Where Venus hath the maisterie,
There loue hath lost her libertie:
where loue doth win the victorie,
The fort is lackt with crueltie.

First look, then leap,

In suretie so your shynnes you keepe:

The snake doth sting,

That lurking lieth with hissing.

Where Cupids fort hath made a wale,
There graue aduise doth beare no swaie,

where

to sundrie new Tunes.

Where Loue doth raigne and rule the roste,
There reason is exilde the coast :
Like all, loue none, except ye vse discretion.
First try, the trust, be not deceiued with sinfull
Marke Priams sonne, his sond deuise (lust,
When Venus did obtaine the price :
For Pallas skil and Iunoes strength,
He chose that byd his bane at length.
Choos wit, leaue wil, let Helen be w Paris wil :
Amis goeth al, wher facie forceth fooles to fall.
Where was there found a happier wight,
Than Troylus was til loue did light ?
What was the end of Romeus.
Did he not die like Piramus
who baths in blis ? let hym be mindful of Iphis
who seeks to plesse, may riddē be like Hercules.
I loche to tel the peurish brawles,
And sond delights of Cupids thrawles,
Like momish mates of Midas mood,
They gape to get that doth no good : (Cup
Now down, now vp, as tapsters vse to tolle y^e
One breedeth joy, another breeds as great anoy
Some loue for wealth, and some for hue,
And none of both these loues are true.
For when the M^l hath lost hir sailes,
Then must the M^ller lose his bales :
Of grasse commeth hay,
And flowers faire wil soone decay :
Of ripe commeth rotten,
In age al beautie is forgotten.

Some

Sonets and Histories,

Some loueth too hie, and some too lowe,
And of them both great gries do grow,
And some do loue the common soyt:
And common folke vse common spoyt.

Looke not too hie,
Leake that a chyf fall in thine eie:
But hie or lowe,
Ye may be sure she is a shrow.
¶ But sirs, I vse to tell no tales,
Ech fish that swims doth not beare scales,
In euerie hedge I finde not thornes:
Nor euerie beast doth carrie hognes:

I saie not so,
That euerie woman causeth wo:
That were too broad,
Who loueth not venom must shun the wode.
¶ Who vseth still the truth to tel,
May blamed be though he saie wel:
Say Crowe is white, and snowe is blacke,
Lay not the fault on womans backe,
Thousands were good,
But fewe scapte dytowning in Noes flood:

Most are wel bent,
I must say so, least I be shent. Finis.

¶ An excellent Song of an outcast Louer.

To, All in a Garden green.

MY fancie did I fire,
in faithful forme and frame:
in hope ther shuld no blustering blast
haue power to moue the same.
¶ And

to sundrie new Tunes.

¶ And as the Gods do know,
and wold can witnesse beare:
I never serued other Saint,
nor Idoll other where.
¶ But one, and that was she,
whom I in heart did shyne:
And made account that pretious pearle,
and jewel rich was mine.
¶ No toile, nor labour great,
could wearie me herein:
For stil I had a Iasons heart,
the golden fleece to win.
¶ And sure my sure was hearde,
I spent no time in vaine:
A grant of friendship at her hand,
I got to quite my paine.
With solemne boewe and othe.
was knit the True-loue knot,
And friendly did we treat of loue,
as place and time we got.
¶ Now would we send our sighes,
as far as they might go,
Now would we worke with open signes,
to blaze our inward wo.
¶ Now rings and tokens too,
renude our friendship stil,
And ech deuice that could be wrought,
exprest our plaine goodwill,
True meaning went withall,
it cannot be dencide:

¶ Ver:

Sonets and Histories,
Performance of the promise past,
was hopte for of ech side:
¶ And lookt for out of hand:
 such bowes did we two make,
 As God himself had present been,
 recyd thereof to take.
¶ And for my part I swere,
 by all the Gods aboue,
 I never thought of other friend,
 nor sought for other loue.
¶ The same consent in her,
 I saw ful oft appeare,
If eies could see, or head could judge,
 or eare had power to heare.
¶ Yet loe words are but winde,
 an other new come guest,
Hath won her fauour (as I feare)
 as fancies rise in hyst.
Her friend that wel deserves,
 is out of countenaunce quite,
She makes the game to see me shoot,
 whyle others hit the white.
He way wel beat the bush,
 as manie thousands doo:
And mille the birdes, and haply loose
 his part of feathers too.
¶ He hops without the ring,
 yet daunceth on the trace,
When some come after soft and faire,
 a heauie hobling pace.

¶ In

to sundrie new Tunes.

¶ In these vnconstant daies,
such troth these women haue:
As wauering as the aspen leaf
they are, so God me saue.

¶ For no deserts of men
are weid, what ere they be:
For in a mood their minds are led
with new delights we see.

¶ The guiltlesse goeth to wrack,
the gorgeous peacockes gay:
They do esteem vpon no cause,
and turne their friends away.

¶ I blame not al for one,
some flowers grow by the weeds,
Some are as sure as lock and key,
and lust of words and deeds.

¶ And yet of one I walle,
of one I crie and plaine:
And for her sake shall neuer none,
so nip my heart againe:

¶ If for offence or fault,
I had been floong at heele:
The lesse had been my bitter smart,
and gnawing greefe I seele.

¶ But being once receiwd,
a friend by her consent:
And after that to be disdained,
when best good will I ment,

¶ I take it nothing well,
for if my power could shew,

¶

With

Sonets and Histories,

With Larum bel and open criie,
the wold shold througely know.

The complaint of a woman Louer,
To the tune of, Raging loue.

Though wildom wold I shold refrain,
My heaped cares here to unsold:
Good Ladies yet my inward paine,
So pricketh me I haue no holde:
But that I must my griefe bewray,
Bedewed in teares with doleful tunes,
That you may heare, and after say,
Loe, this is the whom loue consumes.
My grief doth grow by my desire.
To fancie him that stoymes my woe:
He naught regards my flaming fire,
Alas why doth he serue me so?
Whose fained teares I did beleue,
And wept to heare his wailing voice,
But now, alas, too soon I preeue,
Al men are false, there is no choice.
Had euer woman luch reward,
At anie time for her goodwill?
Had euer woman hap so hard,
So cruelly for loue to spill?
What paps (alas) did giue him food,
That thus unkindly workes my wo?
What beast is of so cruell moode,
to hate the hart that loues him so?
Like as the simple Turtle true,
In mourning groanes I spend the day:

My

to sundrie new Tunes.

My daily cares night dooth renew,
To thinke how he did me betray:
And when my weary limmes wold rest,
My sleepe vnsound hath dreadfull dreams,
Thus greeuous greeves my hart doth wret
That stil mine eies run down like streams:
¶ And yet, full oft it dooth me good,
To haunt the place where he hath beene,
To kille the ground whereon he stooode,
When he (alas) my loue did win.
To kille the Bed wheron we laye?
Now may I thinke vnto my paine,
¶ A blissfull place full oft I say:
Render to me my loue againe,
¶ But all is lost that may not be,
Another dooth possesse my right:
His cruell hart, disdaineth me,
New loue hath put the olde, to flight:
He loues to see my watered eyes,
and laughes to see how I do pine:
No words can well my woes comprise,
alas what grieve is like to mine?
¶ You comly Dams, beware by me,
To rue sweete words of fickle trust:
For I may well example be,
How fyled talke oft prooues vnjust
But sith deceipt haps to my pay,
Good Ladys helpe my dolefull tunes,
That you may here and after say:
Loe this is he whom loue consumes.

Wij

A

Sonets and Histories,

A proper sonet, Intituled: I smile to see how
you deuise. To anie pleasant tune.

I Smile to see how you deuise,
New masking nets my eies to bleare:
your self you cannot so disguise:
But as you are, you must appeare.

Your priuie winkes at boord I see,
And how you set your rousing mind:
your selfe you cannot hide from me,
Although I wincke, I am not blind.
The secret sighs and fained cheare,
That oft doth paine thy carefull brest:
To me right plainly doth appeare,
I see in whom thy hart doth rest.

And though thou makest a fained bow,
That loue no more thy heart should rip,
yet think I know as well as thou,
The fickle helm doth guide the shipp.

The Salamander in the fire,
By course of kinde doth bathe his limmes:
The floting fish taketh his deuise,
In running streams whereas he swimmes.

So thou in change dost take delight,
Ful wel I know thy slipperie kinde:
In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight,
Thy rouleng eies bewraie thy minde.

I see him smile that doth possesse
Thy loue whiche once I honoured most:
If he be wise, he may well gesse,
Thy loue soon won, wil soon be lost.

And

to sundrie new Tunes.

¶ And sith thou canst no man intice,
That he should stil loue thee alone :
Thy beautie now hath lost her p[re]ice,
I see thy sauorise sent is gone.
¶ Therefore leane off thy wonted plaine,
But, as thou art, thou wolt appeare,
Unlesse thou canst deuile a wale,
To dark the Sun that shines so cleare.
¶ And keep thy friend that thou hast won,
In truerh to him thy loue supplie,
Leaſt he at length as I haue done,
Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

A Sonet of two faithfull Louers, exhorting
one another to be constant.

To the tune of Kypascie.

The famous Prince of Macedon,
whose wars increas his worthy name
Triumphed not so, when he had won
By conquest great, immortall fame,
As I reioice, reioice,
For thee, my choice, with heart and voice,
Since thou art mine,
Whom, long to loue, the Gods alligne.
¶ The secret flames of this my loue,
The stars had wrought ere I was borne,
Whose sugred force my hart doth moue,
And eke my will so sure hath swoyne.
that Fortunes loue, no more,
though I therefore, did like abhore :
Shall never make,
Forgetful dewes my heat to slake. **¶**

Sonets and Histories,

If that I false my faith to thee,
Or leke to chaunge for any newe:
If thoughts appeare so ill in me,
If thou thy like shall wistly rew,
Such kinde of woe, of woe:

As friende or foe, might to me shewe:
Betide me than,

Or warse, if it may hap to man.

Then let vs joy in this our loue:
In spite of Fortunes wrath, my deere:
Twoo willes in one, as doorth behooue,
One loue in both, let still appeare:

And I will be, will be,
Piramus to thee, my owne Thisbie,
So thou againe,
My constant louer shalt remaine.

A proper new Dity: Intituled. Fie vpō Loue
and al his lawes. To the tune of lumber me.

Such bitter fruit thy loue doth yelde,
Such broken sleepes, such hope vnsure,
Thy call so oft hath me beguilde.

That I vnneth can well indure:
But crie (alas) as I haue cause,
Fie vpon Loue and all his Lawes.

Like Piramus, I sigh and grone,
Whom Stonie wals, kept from his loue,
And as the wofull Palemon,
A thousand stormes, for thee I prooue,
Yet thou a cruell Tigers whelpe,
All slayest the hart, whom thou maist help.

A

to sundrie new Tunes.

¶ A craggie Rocke, thy Cradle, was,
And Tigers milke sure was thy foode,
¶ Wherby Dame Nature brought to passe,
That like the Nurse should be thy moode:

¶ Wild and vnkinde, cruell and fell,
to rent the hart that loues thee well.

¶ The Crocadile with fained teares,
The Fisher not so oft beguiles:
As thou hast luld my stinted eares,
To here sweet words full fraught w' wiles,

that I may say, as I doo prooue,

¶ Wo worth the time, I give to loue.

¶ Sith thou hast bowd to wokre my wack
And hast no will my wealth to way:
Farewell vnkinde, I will keepe backe,
Such toyes as may my helth decay:

and still will cry as I haue cause.

Fie vpon Loue and all his lawes.

The Louer being wounded with his Ladis
beutie, requireth mercy.

To the tune of Apelles.

T He liuelie sparkes of those two eyes,
my wounded hart hath set on fire:
And since I can no way deuisse,
To stay the rage of my desire,
with sighs and trembling tears I craue
my deare on me some pity haue.

¶ In bewling thee, I tooke such ioy,
As one that sought his quiet rest:
Untill I felte the fethered boy,

Aye

Sonets and Histories,

¶ Ay flickring in my captiue brest:
Since that time loe, in deepe dispaire,
all boilde of joy, my time I weare.

¶ The wosfull prisoner Palemon,
And Troylus eke kinge Pyramus sonne,
Constrained by loue did never mone:
As I my deer for thee haue done.

Let pitie then requite my paines,
My life and death in thee remaines.

¶ If constant loue may reape his hire,
And faith vnfaid may purchase:
Great hope I haue to my desire.

Your gentle hart wil grant me grace,
Til then (my deer) in few wordz plaine,
In pensiue thoughts I shall remaine.

The lamentation of a woman being wrongfully defamed. To the tune of Damon & Pithias.

Y Du Ladies fally deemid,
of anie fault or crime:
Command your pensiue harts to help
this dolefull tune of mine:

For spitesfull men there are,
that faults would fain espie:
Alas, what heart would heare their talke,
but willingly would die.

¶ I waste oft times in woe,
and curse mine houre of birth,
Such slanderous pangz do me oppresse,
when others joy in mirth:

Belike

to sundrie new Tunes.

Belike it was ordaind to be my destinie.
Alas what heart would heare their talk, &c.
¶ A thousand good women,
haue guiltlesse been accusde:
For verie spite, although that they,
their bodies never abusde:
the godly Sufana accused was fally alas &c.
¶ The poisoned Pancalier,
ful fally did accuse
The good Dutchelle of Sauoy,
because she did refuse.
To grant vnto his loue,
that was so vngodlie. Alas what, &c.
¶ Such false dissembling men,
stroong with Alectos dart:
Must needs haue place to spit their spite,
vpon some guiltlesse hart:
Therefore, I must be pleade,
that they triumph on me, Alas, &c.
¶ Therefore, Lord, I thee pray,
the like death downe to send,
Upon these false suspected men,
or else their minds t'amend:
As thou hast done tofore,
vnto these persones th're. Alas what, &c.
A proper Song, Intituled: Fain wold I haue
a pretie thing to giue vnto my Ladie.
 to the tune of lustie Gallant.

¶ Fain would I haue a pretie thing,
to giue vnto my Ladie :

I name

Sonets and Histories,

I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.

TWentie ioyneyes would I make,
and twentie waies would hie me,
To make aduenture for her sake,
to set some matter by me :
But I would faine haue a pretie thing, &c.
I name nothing, nor I meane nothing, &c.
TSome do long for pretie knackes,
and some for straunge deuices :
God send me that my Ladie lackes,
I care not what the price is, thus faine, &c.
TSome goe here, and some go there,
wheare gales be not gealon :
And I goe gaping every where,
but still come out of season. Yet faine, &c.
TI walke the towne, and tread the streete,
in every corner seeking :
The pretie thinge I cannot meete,
thats for my Ladie liking. Faine, &c.
TThe Mercers pull me going by,
the Sylkie wifes say, what lacke ye ?
The thing you haue not, then say I,
ye foolish fooles, go packe ye. But faine &c.
TIt is not all the Sylke in Cheape,
nor all the golden treasure :
Nor twentie Bushels on a heape,
can do my Ladie pleasure. But faine, &c.
TThe Grauers of the golden showes,
with Juelles do beset me.

The

to sundrie new Tunes.

The Shemsters in the shoppes that lowes,
they do nothing but let me: But faine, &c.
¶ But were it in the wit of man,
by any meanes to make it,
I could for Money buy it than,
and say, faire Lady, take it. Thus, fain, &c.
¶ O Lady, what a lucke is this:
that my good willing milcher:
To finde what pretie thing it is,
that my good Lady wisheth.
Thus fain wold I haue had this preti thing
to giue vnto my Ladie:
I said no harme, nor I ment no harme,
but as pretie a thing as may be.

A proper wooing Song, intituled : Maide
will ye loue me : ye or no ?
To the tune of the Marchaunts Daughter
went ouer the field.

Mayne will ye loue me yea or no ?
tell me the trothe, and let me goe.
It can be no lesse then a sinfull deed,
trust me truely,
To linger a Louer that lookes to speede,
in due time duely.
¶ You Maids that thinke your selues as fine,
As Venus and all the Muses nine:
The Father himselfe whē he first made man
trust me truely:
Made you for his help whē the wold began
in due time duely.

Then

Sonets and Histories,

TThen sith Gods wiſ was euen so,
Why ſhould you diſdaine you Louer tho?

But rather with a willing heart,
Loue him truely?

Foſ in ſo doing, you do but your part,
Let reaſon rule ye.

TConſider (weet) what ſighs and ſobbes,
Do niſ my heart with cruell throbbeſ,
And al (my deer) foſ the loue of you,
Truſt me truely:

But I hope that you wiſ ſome mercie ſhow,
In due time dueſy.

TIf that you do my caſe well way,
And ſhew ſome ſigne whereby I may
Haue ſome good hope of your good grace,
Truſt me truely:

I count my ſelue in a bleſſed caſe,
Let reaſon rule ye.

TAnd foſ my part, whiſt I do live,
To loue you moſt faithfully, my hād I gine,
Foſlaking all other, foſ your ſweet ſake,
Truſt me truely:

In token whiſeоf, my troth I betake,
To your ſelue moſt dueſy.

TAnd though foſ this time we muſt depart,
yet keep you this riſing truſken of my hart,
Til time do ſerue, we meet againe,
Let reaſon rule ye.

Whē an anſwer of coſort I truſt to obtain,
In due time dueſy.

Now

to sundrie new Tunes.

Now must I depart with sighing teares,
With sobbing heart and burning eares:
Pale in the face, and faint as I may,
trust me truly:
But I hope our next meeting, a soyfull day,
in due time duly.

The painefull plight of a Louer oppressed
with the beautifull looks of his Lady.
To the tune of, I loued her ouer wel.

Wē as thy eies, y^e wretched spes
did breed my cause of care:
And sisters thēe did full agree,
my fatall thred to spare.
Then let these wordes ingrauen be,
on toomb wheras I lie,
That here lies one whom spiteful loue,
hath caused fox to die.
Somtimes I spend the night to end,
in dolox and in woe:
Somtime againe unto my pain,
my chiesest soy doth grow.
When as in minde, thy shape I finde,
as fancie doth me tell:
Whome nowe I knowe, as prooke doth
I loued thee ouer wel. (show
How oft within my wretched arme,
desired I to folde:
Thy Chistall corps, of whom I layed,
more dearer than of golde.

But

Sonets and Histories,

But now disdaine, dooth breed me my paine,
and thou canst not denie:
But that I loued thee ouer well:
that caused me to die.
The hound that serues his Maisters will,
in raunging here and there,
The moyling Horsle, that labours still,
his burthen great to beare:
In lew of paine, receiuers againe,
of him which did him owe:
As Natures beast, wiles most and least
them thankefull for to shewe.
¶ The Lyon and the Tyger fierce,
as Nature doth them binde:
For loue, like loue repay againe:
in Stories we doo finde:
Thole beaults & birds, both wild & tame,
of frendships loue can tell:
But thy reply, willes me to die,
that loued thee ouer well.
¶ Therfore, my deare and Darling faire,
ensample take by thole,
Whitch equally with loue againe,
their louing mindes dispose:
And giue him glee, whose death we see,
approcheth very ne:
Without he gaine, to ease his paine,
whitch loued thee hartely.
¶ Then shall thy say that see the same,
where ever that they goe:

And

to sundrie new Tunes.

And wish for ay, as for thy pay,
all Nestors yeares to know:
And I no lesse then all the rest,
should wish thee health for aye:
Because thou hast heard my request,
and sauad me from decay.

A faithfull vow of two constant Louers
To the new Rogero.

Shall distance part our loue,
or dally choice of chaunge?
Or sprites below, or Gods aboue,
haue power to make vs straunge:
There nothing here on earth,
that kinde hath made vs wrought,
Shall force me to forget,
good vsll so dearely bought,
And for my part I vow,
to serue for terme of life:
Whiche promise may compare with her,
whiche was Vlisses wife.
Whiche vow if I doo breake,
let vengeance on me fall,
Eche plague that on the earth may raigne,
I alke not one, but all.
Though time may breed suspect,
to fill your hart with toyes:
And absence may a mischefe breed,
to let your wilshed toyes:
Yet thinke I haue a troth,
and honesty to keepe:

And

Sonets and Histories,

And weigh the time your loue hath dwelt,
within my hart so deep.
¶ And peise the wrods I spake,
and marke my countenance then:
And let not slip no earnest sigh,
if thou remember can.
¶ At least forget no teares,
that trickled downe my face:
And marke howe oft I wroong your hand,
and blushed all the space.
¶ Remember how I swore,
and strook therewith my brest:
In witnesse when thou partest me fro,
my heart with thee shouldest rest.
¶ Thinke on the eger looks,
full loth to leaue thy sight,
That made the signes when that she list,
to like no other wight.
¶ If this be out of thought,
yet call to minde againe,
The busie sute, the much adoe,
the labour and the paine,
¶ That at the first I had,
ere thy good will I gat:
And think how for thy loue alone,
I purchase partly hate.
¶ But all is one with me,
my heart so settled is:
No friend, nor foe, nor want of wealth,
shall never hurt in this.

Be

to sundrie new Tunes.

T Be constant now therefore,
and faithfull to the end ?
Be carefull how we both may do,
to be ech others friend.
T With free and cleane consent,
two hearts in one I knit :
Whiche for my part, I vow to keep,
and promise not to fist,
T Now let this vow be kept,
exchange thy heart for mine :
So shal two harts be in one brest,
and both of them be thine.

A sorrowfull Sonet, made by M. George
Mannington, at Cambridge Castle.

To the tyme of Labandala Shot.

I Wasle in wo, I plunge in pain,
with sorrowing sobs, I do complain,
With wallowing waues I wish to die,
I languish soze whereas I lie,
In feare I faint in hope I holde,
With ruthe I runne, I was too holde :
As lucklesse lot assigned me,
in dangerous dale of destinie :
Hope bids me smile, Feare bids me weep,
My seelie soule thus Care doth keep.
T Pea too too late I do repent,
the youthful yeares that I haue spent,
The rech lesse race of carelesse kinde,
which hath bewitcht my woful minde.

E

Sonets and Histories,

Such is the chaunce, such is the state,
Of those that trust too much to fate.
No bragging boast of gentle blood,
What so he be, can do thee good:

No wit, no strength, nor beauties hue,
No friendly sute can deaþt eschue.

The dismal day hath had his wile,
And iustice seekes my life to spill:
Reuengement craues by rigorous law,
Wheretoþ I little stood in awe:

The dolefull doom to end my life,
Bedest with care and woþblie strife:
And frowning iudge hath giuen his doome.
O gentle death thou art welcome:

The losse of life, I do not feare,
Then welcome death, the end of care.

The prisoners poore, in dungeon deep,
Whiche passe the night in slumbering sleep:
Wel may you rue your youthful race.
And now lament your cursed case.

Content your selfe with your estate,
Impute no shame to fickle fate:
With wrong attempts, increase no wealth,
Regard the state of prosperous health:

And think on me, when I am dead:
Whom such delights haue lewdly led.

My friend and parents, where ever you be
Full little do you thinke on me:
My mother misde, and dame so deere:
Thy louing chylde, is fettred heer:

Would

to sundrie new Tunes.

Would God I had, I wish too late,
Been bryd and boyn of meaner estate:
Or else, would God my rechlesse care,
Had been obedient for to heare,
Your sage aduise and counsel true:
But in the Lord parents adue.
You valiant hearts of youthfull train,
Which heard my heauie heart complain:
A good example take by me,
Which runne the race where ever you be:
trust not too much to bisbow blade,
nor yet to fortunes fickle trade.
Hoist not your sasles no more in winde,
Least that some cocke, you chaunce to finde,
or else be driven to Lybia land,
whereas the Barque may sink in sand.
You students all that present be,
To view my fatall destinie,
would God I could require your pain,
wherein you labour, although in vain,
if mightie God would think it good,
to spare my life and vitall blood,
For this your profered curtesie,
I would remaine most sedfastly,
Your seruant true in deed and word,
But welcome death as please the Lord.
Yea welcome death, the end of woe,
And farewell life, my fatall foe:
Yea welcome death, the end of strife,
Adue the care of mortall life,

¶ ii

¶ vi

Sonets and Histories,

For though this life doth fleet away,
In heauen I hope to liue for ay:

A place of ioy and perfect rest,
Whiche Christ hath purchasste for the best:
Til that we meet in heauen most blest:
Adue, farewell in Iesu Christ.

A proper Sonet, of an vnkinde Damsell, to
to her faithful Louer. To, the nine Muses.

The ofter that I view and see,
That plesant face and faire beautie,
whereto my heart is bound:
The neer my Mistresse is to me,
My health is farthest off I see:
and fresher is my wound:
Like as the flame doth quench by fire,
or streams consume by raigne,
So doth the light that I desire,
appease my grief and paine:
Like a flie that doth hie,
and haste into the fire:
So in byes, findes her grief,
that thought to spoyle aspire.
When first I saw thole Christal streams,
I little thought on beauties beaing:
Sweet venom to haue found,
But wilful wil did prick me soorth,
Perforce to take my grief in woorth,
that cauld my mortall wound:
And Cupid blind compeld me so,
my scruitlesse hope to hysde:

Wherin

to sundrie new Tunes.

Wherein remaind my bitter wo :
 hthus stil he did me guide ;
Then his dart, to my hart,
 he flung with cruell fist :
Whose poison fel, I know right wel,
 no louer may resist.
Thus bainly stil, I frame my sute,
Of ill lowen seeds, such is the frute,
 experience doth it shew :
The fault is hers the pain is mine,
And thus my sentence I define,
 I hapned on a shrow :
And now beware, ye yongmen all,
 Example take by mee :
Least beauties bait in Cupids thall,
 do catch you priuily :
So stay you, I pray you,
 and marke you my great wrong,
Forsaken, not taken,
 thus end I now my song.

The Louer complaineth the absence of
 his Ladie, wisheth for death.

To, the new Almaine.

SIch spitefull spite hath spide her time,
 my wished soies to end :
And dyowping dread hath dysuen me
 from my new chosen friend : (now
I can but wasle the want,
 of this my former soie :
Sith spitesful force hath sought so long,
 my blisse so to annoie.

uB

Sonets and Histories,

¶ But though it be our chance
alunder for to be,
My heart in pawne til we do meet,
Shal stil remaine with thee:
And then we shall renue,
our sugred pleasures past:
And loue that loue, that seekes no change,
whilst life in vs do last.
¶ Perhaps my absence may,
or else some other let:
By choice of change, cause thee my deer,
our former loue forget:
And thou renounce the oþ,
which erst thou woddest to me:
My deerest blood in recompence,
thou sure shoudst shortly see.
A thousand sighs to led to thee I wil not let,
Ne to bewaile the losse of thee, I never wil
But stil suppose I see, (forget
the same before my face:
And louingly between my armes,
thy corps I do embrase.
¶ Thus feed I fancie stil,
for lacke of greater soy:
With such like thoughts, which dally doth,
my woefull heart annoy:
thus stil in hope I liue,
my wylched ioles to haue:
And in dispaire oft time I wylsh,
my feeble Corps in graue.

Thist

to sundrie new Tunes.

¶ This is the life I leade, til I thee see again
And so wil do, til dreadful death,
 do seek to ease my paine,
who rather I do wish, by force to end in wo,
 than for to liue in happie state,
 thy loue for to forgo.
¶ And thus farewell my deer,
 with whom my heart shall rest,
Remember him that this did wryte,
 sith he doth loue thee best:
 And wil til greedie death,
 my daies do shorten now:
Farewel my dear, loe here my faith
 and troth to thee I bow. Finis.

The Louer compareth him self to the pain-
ful Falconer. To the tune, I loued her ouer wel.

The soaring hawk from fist that flies,
 her Falconer doth constraine:
 Sometime to range the ground un-
 to find her out againe: (known,
And if by sight or sound of bell,
 his falcon he may see:
wo ho he cries, with cheerful voice,
 the gladdest man is he.
¶ By Lure then in finest sort,
 he seekes to bring her in:
But if that she, ful gorged be,
 he can not so her win:
Although her becks and bending ries,
 she manie proffers makes: wo

Sonets and Histories.

Wo ho ho he cries, awaie she flies,
and so her leaue she takes.
¶ This wofull man with wearie limmes,
runnes wandryng round about:
At length by noise of chattering Pies,
his hawke againe found out
His heart was glad his eies had seen,
his falcon swifte of flight:
Wo ho ho he cries, she emptie gorgde,
vpon his Lure doth light.
¶ How glad was then the falconer there,
no pen nor tongue can tel:
He swam in blisse that lately felt
like paines of cruel hel.
His hand somtime vpon her train,
somtime vpon her brest:
Wo ho ho he cries with chearfull voice,
his heart was now at rest.
¶ My deer likewise, beholde thy loue,
what paines he doth indure:
And now at length let pitie moue,
to stoup vnto his Lure.
A hood of silk, and siluer belles,
new gylts I promise thee:
Wo ho ho, I crie, I come then saie,
make me as glad as hee.

F I N I S .

N O T E S.

The following Notes, with the exception of the additions in brackets, are from the reprint in the "Heliconia."

Page 2. "As lightly you can craue."]—*Lightly* is *commonly*: as in Shakspeare's *Richard III.*, "Short summers *lightly* have a forward spring;" and Ray's *Proverbs*, "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder."

Page 4. "Rosemarie is for remembrance."]—This is the property assigned to the same herb, and almost in the same words, by Shakspeare's Ophelia. Mr. Malone observes, that rosemary, being supposed to strengthen the memory, was the emblem of fidelity in lovers. Mr. Steevens cites the following passage in accordance, from Chester's *Love's Martyr or Rosalin's Complaint*, 1601.

There's *rosemarie*: the Arabians justifie
It comforteth the braine and memorie.

See note on *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5. Cowley ascribes to *sage* the virtues here attributed to *rosemary*, and, from its strengthening and bracing powers, infers its high reputation among medicaments for the memory. See his first book of *Herbs*.

Page 4. "Fenel is for flaterers, an euil thing it is sure."]—In the *Paradise of dayntie Devises*, a poem entitled "A bunche of herbes and flowers," speaks in disparagement of "the *fenell* too, that is more fit for some unfriendly gest."

Page 4. "And wil continue in the same as you haue nowe begunne."]
For *And*, the sense requires we should read *But*.

Page 5. "Nor passe not what they say."]—By *passe not* is probably meant *report not*. [It may mean, *But pass by*.]

Page 11. "And unto Gonville hall."]—Or rather Gonville hall, Cambridge, founded in 1348 by Edmund de Gonville; and in 1557 advanced to Caius college by Dr. Caius, physician to Edward VI. and his royal sisters.

Page 15. "Leave off to flout now, and prick on your clout now."—The *clout* was the white mark in the centre of the target at which archers took their aim.

Page 15. "As bad or worse than I shal speed."—*Than* for *then*. [Why so? The meaning seems to be, Though taunted by you I may boast that not a better man than myself shall succeed with you.]

Page 15. "Good Nicibicetur."—This looks like some cant term, but its meaning is not apparent to the present editor. [Conceited and hard to please.]

Page 19. "Greensleeves was all my ioy."—This song has been reprinted by Mr. Ellis in vol. iii. of his poetic *Specimens*. "The *tune* (he observes) appears to have acquired an extraordinary degree of popularity in the time of Shakspeare, and the ballad contains some particulars respecting female dress and manners during the sixteenth century, which may appear curious to the poetical antiquary." The song itself was licensed in 1580 to Richard Jones, the printer of this miscellany. Elderton, the noted ballad-maker, wrote a reprehension against Green-sleeves, which was licensed in the same year; and other pieces that seem to have borne relationship thereto, are cited by Mr. Steevens in a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. sc. 1.

Page 20. "Thy peticote of sendall right."—Mr. Ellis, in explanation refers to Du Cange, voce *cendalum*, "a thin silk."

Page 21. "And silver aiglets hanging by."—*Aiglets*, from *aiguilette*, Fr.; a lace with tags.

Page 25. "To the Quarter Braules."—*Braul* was a French dance;

and, from a description of the figure in Marston's *Malcontent*, it would seem to have resembled the *Cotillon*.

Page 29. The burden of *Ladie Ladie* had been observed by Mr. Malone to a song in an old morality printed in 1567. See his note on Shakspeare's introduction of it in *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 3.

Page 29. "Without all cure he died for loue."] — For *he* consistency would read *she*.

Page 31. "To Cicilia Pavin."] — *Pavin* or *Pavan* was the name of a grave dance, imported either from Spain or Italy. The figures of this and other old dances are described in *MS. Rawl. Poet. 108*, in *Bodl. Bibl.* The *Cicilia Pavin* was probably a favourite tune, but ill adapted, it would seem, to vocal accompaniment.

Page 34. "And leaue her in fooles paradice."] — Shakspeare introduces this term in his *Romeo and Juliet*, and Milton in his *Paradise Lost* assigns it to the *Limbus patrum* of the schoolmen.

Page 34. "Least they at last give you the geck."] — *Geck* is taunt, jibe, or sign of derision. See Jamieson's *Etymol. Dict.*

Page 35. "A new sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie."] — This love-tale had been familiarised to the English reader by Chaucer's *Legend*, by Caxton's and by Golding's translations from *Ovid*; and in the *Gorgious Gallery* it was versified at some length. This "new sonet" may have also contributed to keep up its popularity, which was afterwards extended by Dunstan Gale's poem, and by Shakspeare's burlesque interlude in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was likewise ingeniously interwoven with a poem entitled *Silkwormes and their Flies*, which appeared in 1599.

Page 36. "At last they promised to meet at prime, by Minus well."] — Rather *Ninus* well.

Page 37. "He thrust the point, and life did vade."] — i.e. did pass away.

Page 38. “*To Calen o Custure me.*”]—Mr. Malone has surmised that Pistol meant to repeat these unintelligible words in one of his swaggering rants. See Shakspeare's play of *Henry V.* act iv. sc. 4.

Page 39. “*Although I burne, yet would I nier.*”]—i.e. *nigher*. The meaning seems to be, “yet would I approach more near.”

Page 40, line 5. Instead of *be*, the rhyme requires *do*. [Rather *you* in the previous line should be *ye*.]

Page 41. “*And do not snuffe though I be plaine.*”]—i.e. “*Do not be angry.*” Instances of the usages of this word in this sense occur in Shakspeare and other dramatists.

Page 42. “*Go seek you, and leek you.*”]—*Leek* for *look*.

Page 44. “*For had I wist.*”]—i.e. “*Had I known.*” This was proverbial. In Heywood's *Epigrammes vpon Proverbes*, there is one on “Had I wist;” and in the *Par. of D. Devices* is a poem on the same motto.

Page 45. “*Amis goeth al.*”]—*Amis* for *amiss*.

Page 45. “*Who baths in blis.*”]—*Baths* for *bathes*. This was a favourite mode of poetical expression. See Gascoigne's *Weedes*, p. 181. Shenstone therefore did well to adopt it in his imitative lines on a gothic alcove:

O you that *bathe* in courtly *blysse*.

Page 48. “*He hops without the ring, yet daunceeth on the trace.*”]—Qu. if an allusion to hop-scotch?

Page 50. “*To fancie him that stormes my woe.*”]—For *stormes* we should perhaps read *scornes*.

Page 51 “*How filed talke.*”]—i.e. *artfully polished or refined*: as in

Lodge's address before Euphues' *Golden Legacie* — "Not bought with the allurement of a *filed* tongue."

Page 54. "That I unneth can well indure."] — *Unneth* is scarcely. [*"Unnethe aboute hir myghte thay abyde."* — Chaucer, *Clerkes Tale.*]

Page 55. "As thou hast luld my sleep to cares."] — We should rather read, — "As thou hast luld to sleep my cares." [The copy from which the reprint in *Heliconia* was made has transformed "stinted ears" in the original, into "sleep to cares." *Stinted* is stopped.]

Page 56. "And Troylus eke kinge Pyramus sonne."] — We ought to read king *Priam's* son.

Page 57. "The poisoned Pancalier, and good Dutchesse of Sauoy."] — This alludes to the sixth novel of Boisteau, where the story is told at large.

Page 58. "And some for straunge deuices."] — These were on the point laces, called *point device*.

Page 60. "Why should you disdaine you Louer tho I?"] — Used here for *then*, as in some of the old metrical romances. See Ritson's Glossary to his *Selection*.

Page 64. "And peise the words I speake."] — *Peise*, from *peser*, Fr., to weigh or balance, is used by Spenser and Shakspeare.

Page 65. "The retch lesse race of carelesse kinde."] — *Retchless* is careless according to Dr. Johnson, and in this place appears a pleonasm.

Page 67. "Trust not too much to bilbow blade."] — At Bilboa, a city of Biscay in Spain, the best sword blades were manufactured. Hence Shakspeare speaks of "a good bilbo," in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 5; and Spenser in his *Muiopotmos* introduces "Bilbo steele."

Page 69. "To, the new Almaine."] — The *Almaine, Allemaigne, or Allemand*, was a dance derived from Germany as its name imports. In a breviate of the notes or tunes to the ditties contained in Munday's *Banquet of daintie Concilts*, 1588, there is one entitled "The *olde Allemaigne*," to which this "*new Allemaigne*" might be nominally contrasted.

Page 71. "But if that she, ful gorged be."] — In the *Book of St. Albans* a particular direction may be seen, "How ye shall guyde you, yf your hawke be *full goorgyd*, and ye wolde soone have a flyghte."

Page 72. "Wo ho ho, I crie."] — When a hawk was in the air this was the call used by falconers to draw him down to them; as may be gathered from Hamlet's call to Marcellus, and from many of our old dramas.