

The title page is framed by an intricate border of woodcut illustrations. At the top, two cherubs are shown in profile, one on the left and one on the right, both looking towards the center. Below them, a bull's head is prominently featured in the center, flanked by more cherubs. The sides of the border are filled with various figures, including a woman in classical dress on the left and another figure on the right. The bottom of the border is decorated with a variety of animals, including a rabbit on the left and a dog on the right, along with floral and scrollwork motifs. The central text is enclosed in an oval frame.

WILLOBIE
HIS
A VISA.

OR

The true Picture of a mo-
dest Maid, and of a chaste and
constant wife.

*In Hexameter verse. The like argu-
ment wherof, was neuer hereto
fore published.*

Read the preface to the Reader before
you enter farther.

A vertuous woman is the crowne of her husband, but
she that maketh him ashamed, is as corruption in
his bones. Prouerb. 12. 4.

Printed at London by
John Windet.

1594.



To all the constant Ladies & Gentlewomen of England that feare God.



PARDON me (sweete Ladies,) if at this present, I deprive you of a just Apology in defence of your constant Chastities, deserved of many of you, and long sithence promised by my selfe, to some of you: and pardon mee the sooner, for that I have long expected that the same should have bene perfourmed by some of your selves, which I know are well able, if you were but so wellwilling to write in your owne praise, as many men in these dayes (whose tounge are tipt with poyson) are too ready and over willing, to speake and write to your disgrace. This occasion had bene most fit, (publishing now the praise of a constant wife) if I had bene but almost ready. But the future time may agayne reveale as fit a meanes heereafter for the perfourmance of the same: if so it seeme good to him that moderateth all. Concerning this booke which I have presumed to dedicate to the safe protection of your accustomed courtesies; if yee aske me for the persons: I am altogether ignorant of them, and have set them downe, onely as I finde them named or disciphered in my author. For the trueth of
this

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this action, if you enquire, I will more fully deliver my opinion hereafter. Touching the substance of the matter it selfe, I thinke verily that the nature, woordes, gestures, promises, and very quintessence, as it were, is there lively described, of such lewd chapmen as use to entise silly maides and assayle the Chastity of honest women. And no doubt but some of you, that have beene tried in the like case, (if ever you were tryed,) shall in some one part or other acknowledge it to bee true. If mine Author have found a Brytaine Lucretia, or an English Susanna, envy not at her prayse (good Ladies) but rather endeavor to deserve the like. There may be as much done for any of you, as he hath done for his AVISA. Whatsoever is in me, I have vowed it wholly, to the exalting of the glory of your sweete sex, as time, occasion and ability shall permit. In the meane time I rest yours in all dutyfull affection, and commend you all to his protection, under whose mercy we enjoy all.

*Yours most affectionate,
Hadrian Dorrell.*





To the gentle & courteous Reader.



I is not long sithence (gentle Reader) that my very good friend and chamber fellow M. Henry Willobie, a yong man, and a scholler of very good hope, being desirous to see the fashions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarily to her Majesties service. Who at his departure, chose me amongst the rest of his friends, unto whome he reposed so much trust, that he delivered me the key of his study, and the use of all his bookes till his returne. Amongst which (perusing them at leysure) I found many pretty & witty conceites, as I suppose of his owne dooing. One among the rest I fancied so much, that I have ventered so farre upon his friendship, as to publish it without his consent. As I thinke it not necessary, to be over curious in an other mans labour, so yet something I must say for the better understanding of the whole matter. And therefore, first for the thing it selfe, whether it be altogether fayned, or in some part true, or altogether true; and yet in most part Poetically shadowed, you must give me leave to speake by conjecture, and not by knowledge. My conjecture is doubtfull, and therefore I make you the Judges. Concerning the name of AVISA, I think it to be a fayned name, like unto Ovids Corinna; and there are two causes that make mee thus to thinke. First, for that I never heard of any of that name that I remember; and next for that
in a

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in a voide paper rolled up in this booke, I found this very name AVISA, written in great letters a pretie distance a sunder, & under evcry letter a word beginning with the same letter, in this forme.

A.	V.	I.	S.	A.
Amans.	vxor.	inviolata.	semper.	amanda.

That is in effect. A loving wife, that never violated her faith, is alwaies to be beloved. Which makes me conjecture that he minding for his recreation to set out the Idea of a constant wife, (rather describing what good wives should doe then registering what any hath done) devised a womans name, that might fitly express this womans nature whom he would aime at : desirous in this (as I conjecture) to imitate a far off, ether Plato in his Common wealth, or More in his Utopia. This my surmise of his meaning, is confirmed also by the sight of other odd papers that I found, wherein he had, as I take it, out of Cornelius Agrippa, drawen the severall dispositions of the Italian, the Spanyard, the French man, the German, and the English man, and how they are affected in love. The Italian dissembling his love, assaileth the woman beloved, with certain prepared wantonnesse : hee praiseth her in written verses, and extolleth her to the Heavens.

The Spanyard is unpatient in burning love, very mad with troubled lasciviousnesse, hee runneth furiously, and with pittiyfull complaintes, bewailing his fervent desire, doth call upon his Lady, and worshippeth her, but having obtained his purpose maketh her common to all men.

The Frenchman endevoreth to serve, he seeketh to pleasure his woman with songes and disports &c.

The Germane & Englishman being nigher of nature, are inflamed by little and little, but being enamored, they instantly require with arte, and entice with giftes &c. Which severall

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rall qualities are generally expressed by this Author in the two first trials or assaults made by the noble man, and the lustie Cavalieros, Captaines, or Cutters &c. Signifying by this generalitie that our noble men, gentlemen, captaines. and lusty youthes have of late learned the fashions of all these countries, how to sollicit their cause, & court their Ladies, and lovers, & this continueth from the second Canto, to the end of the two and twentieth.

After this he comes to describe these natures againe in particular examples more plainely, and beginneth first with the French man under the shadow of these Letters, D. B. from the three and twentieth Canto unto the end of the three and thirtieth. Secondly the Englishman or Germane, under these Letters, D. H. from the 34. Canto unto the end of the forty three. Lastly the Spanyard and Italian, who more furiously invadeth his love, & more pathetically indureth then all the rest, from the forty foure Canto to the end of the booke. It seemes that in this last example the author names himselfe, and so describeth his owne love, I know not, and I will not bee curious.

All these are so rightly described according to their nature, that it may seeme the Author rather meant to showe what suites might be made, and how they may be aunswared, then that there hath bene any such thing indeede.

These thinges of the one side leade me to thincke it altogether a fained matter, both for the names and the substance, and a plaine morrall plot, secretly to insinuate, how honest maides & women in such temptations should stand upon their guard, considering the glory & praise that commendes a spotlesse life, and the blacke ignominy, and foule contempt that waiteth upon a wicked and dissolute behaviour.

*Yet of the other side, when I do more deeply consider of it,
and*

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& more narrowly weigh every particular part, I am driven to thinke that there is some thing of trueth hidden under this shadow. The reasons that move me are these, First in the same paper where I found the name of AVISA written in greate letters, as I said before, I found this also written with the Authors owne hande, videlicet. Yet I would not have Avisia to be thought a politike fiction, nor a truethlesse invention, for it may be, that I have at least heard of one in the west of England, in whome the substaunce of all this hath bene verified, and in many thinges the very wordes specified: which hath indured these and many more, and many greater assaultes, yet, as I heare, she standes unspotted, and unconquered.

Againe, if we marke the exact descriptions of her birth, her countrie, the place of her abode; and such other circumstances, but especially the matter and manner of their talks and conferences, me thinkes it a matter almost impossible that any man could invent all this without some ground or foundation to build on.

This inforceth me to conjecture, that though the matter be handled poetically, yet there is some thing under these fained names and shoves that hath bene done truely. Now judge you, for I can give no sentence in that I know not. If there bee any such constant wife, (as I doubt not but there may bee) I wish that there were more would spring from her ashes, and that all were such. Whether my Author knew, or heard of any such I cannot tell, but of mine owne knowledge, I dare to sweare, that I know one, A.D. that either hath, or would, if occasion were so offered, indure these, and many greater temptations with a constant mind and settled heart. And therfore here I must worthely reprehend the envious rage, both of Heathen poets, and of some Christian and English writers, which

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so farre debase the credite and strength of the whole sexe, that they feare not with lying toungs wickedly to publish, that there are none at all that can continue constant, if they bee tried. Hereof sprang these false accusing speeches of the old Poets.

Ludunt formosae, casta est, quam nemo rogauit.

Faire wenches love to play.

And they are onely chaste, whome no man doth assay.

And againe

Rara avis in terris, nigroq; simillima cygno,

Fœmina casta volat.

A rare-seene bird that never flies, on earth ne yet in aire,

Like blackish Swan, a woman chaste; if she be yong and faire.

*This false opinion bred those foule-mouthed speeches of Frier Mantuan, that upbraides all women with fleeing unconstandancy. This made Ariosto and others to invent, and publish so many lewd and untrue tales of womens unfaithfulness. And this is the cause, that in this booke ye shall so often find it objected against AVISA by all her sutors, that no woman of what degree so ever can be constant if she be much requested, but that the best will yeeld. But the best is, this common and course conceit is received but onely among common, lewd, & carelesse men, who being wicked themselves, give sentence of all others, according to the loose and lawlesse humours wherewithall they feele their owne straying and wandring affections to be injected. For they forsooth, because in divers and sundrie places, (as they often wickedly boast) they may for an Angell and a great deale lesse, have hired nagges to ride at their pleasure, such as make a sinnefull gaine of a filthy carkasse; because in other countries, where stewes and brothelhouses are winckt at, they see oftentimes, the fairest and not the meanest flocke to the fellowship of such filthy freedome, Thinke presently, that it is but a mony matter, or a little-intreatie, to over-
throw*

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throw the chastity of any woman whatsoever. But if all women were in deede such as the woman figured under the name of AVISA either is, or at least is supposed to bee, they should quickly restore againe their auncient credite and glory which a few wicked wantons have thus generally obscured. In the twentieth and seven Canto, I find how D.B. perswadeth with A. that it is little sinne or no fault to love a friend besides her husband. Whereupon, inquiring more of the matter I have heard some of the occupation verifie it for a truth: That among the best sort, they are accounted very honest women in some cities now, that love but one friend besides their husband, and that it is thought amongst them a thing almost lawfull. If this be true, (as I hardly thincke it to bee true, because wicked men feare not to report any untruths) but if it be true, I feare least the ripenesse of our sin cry to the Lord for vengeance against us, that tremble not at the remembrance of Gods judgements, that have bound a heavy curse & woe upon the backe and conscience of them, That speake good of evill, and evill of good. That is, such as are growne to that pointe, that they are no longer ashamed of their sinne, nor care for any honesty, but are become wilfully desperate in the performance of all kind of impiety.

But I leave this to the godly preachers to dilate more amply. And to returne to my purpose, although I must confesse that of all sortes of people, there have been and will be still some loosely and lewdly given, yet this can bee no excuse to lavishe tongues, to condemne all generally. For, I dare to venter my hand, and my head upon this point, that, let the foure moral vertues be in order set downe.

<i>{</i>	<i>Prudence</i>	<i>and let the</i>
<i>{</i>	<i>Fortitude</i>	
<i>{</i>	<i>Temperance</i>	
<i>{</i>	<i>Justice</i>	

holy scriptures be searched from the beginning to the end, & let

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let all the ancient histories both ecclesiasticall and prophane be thorowly examined, and there will bee found women inough, that in the performance of all these vertues, have matched, if not overmatched men of every age, which I dare myselve, to verifie in their behalves upon the venter and losing of my credite, if I had time and leasure. Among infinite numbers to give you a taste of one or two : for wisdom, and Justice, what say you to Placilla wife to the Emperour Theodosius? She was wont every day in her owne person, to visite the sicke, the poore, and the maymed : And if at any time shee saw the Emperour declining from Justice to any hard course, shee would bid him Remember himselfe, from whence he came, & what he was, in what state hee had bene, and in what state he was now ; which if he would do, he should never wax proud nor cruell, but rather humble, mercyfull and just.

Theodoret
eccles. hist. lib.
5. cap. 17.

For temperance, how say you to the wife of one Pelagius, of Laodicea which being yong her selfe, and married to a young and lusty man, was yet notwithstanding contented willingly to forbear carnall pleasure, during her whole life. I bring not this womans example, for any liking I have to her fact, being lawfully married, but rather, against the curious carpers at womens strengih, to prove that some women have done that which few men can doe.

Theodor. eccl.
hist. li. 4. c. 10.

For Fortitude and temperance both, I finde, that in Antioche, there was a noble woman with her two daughters, rather then they would be defloured, cast themselves allwillingly into a great river, and so drowned themselves.

Eusebius libr.
8. cap. 24.

And also, that in Rome there was a Senatours wife, who when she heard, that there were messengers sent from Maxentius the tirant, to bring her unto him, perforce, to be ravished of him ; and seeing that her husband was not of ability
and

Cap. 27. Loke
for Blandina
in Eusebius, a
rare example
of constancy
and fortitude.

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and power to defend her, she used this pollicy. Shee requested that they would give her leave to put on som better apparel & to attire herselfe more decently : which being graunted, and she gotten into a chamber by herselfe, she tooke a sword and perced her selfe to the hart, rather then she would be counted the Emperours whore.

By this may be seene what might be sayd in this argument, but leaving this to some other time, or to some other better able ; I returne to my author.

For the persons & matter, you have heard my conjecture, now for the manner of the composition, disposition, invention, and order of the verse, I must leave every mans sence to himselfe, for that which pleaseth me, may not fancy others. But to speake my judgement, the invention, the argument, and the disposition, is not common, nor (that I know) ever handled of any man before in this order. For the composition and order of the verse : Although hee flye not alofte with the winges of Astrophell nor dare to compare with the Arcadian shepheard, or any way match with the dainetie Fayry Queene ; yet shall you find his wordes and phrases, neither Tryviall nor absurd, but all the whole worke, for the verse, pleasant, without hardnesse, smooth without any roughnesse, sweet without tediousnesse, easie to be understood, without harrish absurdity : yeelding a gratiuous harmony every where, to the delight of the Reader.

I have christened it by the name of Willoby his Avisas : because I suppose it was his doing, being written with his owne hand. How he will like my bouldness, both in the publishing, and naming of it, I know not. For the encouraging and helping of maides and wives to holde an honest and constant course against all dishonest and lewd temptations, I have doone that I have doone. I have not added nor detracted any thing from

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from the worke it selfe, but have let it passe without altering any thing: Onely in the end I have added to fill up some voyd paper certaine fragmentes and ditties, as a resolution of a chast and constant wife, to the tune of Fortune, and the praise of a contented mind, which I found wrapped altogether with this, and therefore knew not whether it did any way belong unto this or not.

Thus leaving to trouble your patience with farder delaies, I commit you to the good government of Gods spirit. From my chamber in Oxford this first of October.

Hadrian Dorrell.



Abell Emet in commendation of
Willobies Avisas.

TO Willoby, you worthy Dames yeeld worthy prayse,
Whose silver pype so sweetly sounds your strange delayes,
Whose loftly style, with golden winges remountes your fame,
The glory of your Princely sex, the spotles name :
O happy wench, who so she be if any be,
That thus deservd thus to be praisd by Willobie.
Shall I beleeve, I must beleeve, such one there is,
Well hast thou said, long maist thou say, such on[e] there is ;
If one there be, I can beleeve there are no more,
This wicked age, this sinfull tyme breeds no such store :
Such silver myntes, such golden mines who could refuse ?
Such offers made and not recev'd, I greatly muse.
Such deepe deceit in frendly shewes, such tempting fittes,
To still withstand, doth passe the reach of womens wittes :
You Country maides, Pean nimphes rejoyce and sing,
To see from you a chast, a new Diana spring :
At whose report you must not fret, you may not frowne,
But rather strive by due desert for like renowne,
Her constant faith in hot assaye hath wonne the game,
Whose praise shall live, when she is dead with lasting fame.
If my conceit from strangers mouth may credit get,
A braver Theame, more sweetly pend, was never yet.

Abell Emet.

*In praise of Willobie his Avisia, Hex-
ameton to the Author.*

IN Lavine Land though Livie bost,
There hath beene scene a Constant dame :
Though Rome lament that she have lost
The Gareland of her rarest fame,
Yet now we see, that here is found
As great a Faith in English ground.

Though Collatine have deerely bought,
To high renowne, a lasting life,
And found, that most in vaine have sought,
To have a Faire and Constant wife,
Yet Tarquyne pluckt his glistering grape,
And Shake-speare, paints poore Lucrece rape.

Though Susan shine in faithfull praise,
As twinkling starres in Christall skie,
Penelop's fame though Greekes do raise,
Of faithfull wives to make up three,
To thinke the Truth and say no lesse,
Our Avisia shall make a messe.

This number knits so sure a knot,
Time doubts, that she shall adde no more,
Unconstant Nature hath begot,
Of Fleeting Feemes such fickle store,
Two thousand yeares have scarcely seene,
Such as the worst of these have beene.

Then

*Then Avi-Susan joyne in one,
Let Lucre-Avis be thy name
This English Eagle sores alone,
And farre surmounts all others fame,
Where high or low, where great or small,
This Brytan Bird out-flies them all.*

*Were these three happie, that have found
Brave Poets to depaint their praise?
Of Rurall Pipe, with sweetest sound,
That have beene heard these many daies,
Sweete wylloby his AVIS blest,
That makes her mount above the rest.*

Contraria Contrarijs

Vigilantius : Dormitanus.

Faults escaped.

Folio 8 b staf 2 ver 1 reade bane ver 3 wane Fol 18 a staf 1 ver 2 Soyle staf 4 ye 6
foxly b staf 4 ver 2 and Fol 26 a staf 3 ver 4 foole Fol 27 a staf 3 ver 1 Greece
b staf 1 ver 4 strey staf 2 ver 6 fond Fol 28 b staf 1 ver 1 die staf 3 ver 6 from.



Willobie His Avisa:

or

The true picture of a modest Maide,
and of a chast and constant
wife.

CANT. I.



LET martiall men,
of Mars his praise,
Sound warlike trumpe :
let lust-led youth,
Of wicked love,
write wanton layes ;
Let sheepeheards sing,
their sheepe coates ruth :
The wiser sort,
confesse it plaine,
That these have spent good time in vaine.

My sleepe Muse that wakes but now,
Nor now had wak't if one had slept,
To vertues praise hath past her vow,
To paint the Rose which grace hath kept,
Of sweetest Rose, that still doth spring,
Of vertues birde my Muse must sing.

The

Willobie

The birde that doth resemble right,
The Turtles faith in constant love,
The faith that first her promise plight ;
No change, nor chance could once remove :
 This have I tri'd ; This dare I trust,
 And sing the truth, I will, I must.

Afflicted *Susans* spotlesse thought,
Intis'd by lust to sinfull crime,
To lasting fame her name hath brought,
Whose praise incounters endlesse time :
 I sing of one whose beauties warre,
 For trials passe *Susanna's* farre.

The wandring Greekes renowned mate,
That still withstoode such hote assayes,
Of raging lust whose doubtfull state,
Sought strong refuge, from strange delayes,
 For fierce assaults and tryals rare,
 With this my Nymph may not compare.

Hote tryals try where Golde be pure,
The Diamond daunts the sharpest edge,
Light chaffe, fierce flames may not indure,
All quickly leape the lowly hedge,
 The object of my Muse hath past
 Both force and flame, yet stands she fast.

Though Egle-eyde this bird appeare,
Not blusht at beames of Phoebus raies :
Though Faulkcon winged to pearce the aire,
Whose high-pla'st hart no feare dismaies :
 Yet sprang she not from Egles nest,
 But Turtle-bred, loves Turtle best.

At

At wester side of Albions Ile,
Where Austine pitcht his Monkish tent,
Where Sheepheards sing, where Muses smile,
The graces met with one consent,
 To frame each one in sundry parte,
 Some cunning worke to shew their arte.

First *Venus* fram'd a luring eye,
A sweete aspect and comly grace;
There did the Rose and Lillie lie,
That bravely deckt a smiling face,
 Here Cupid's mother bent her wil,
 In this to shew her utmost skill.

Then *Pallas* gave a reaching head,
With deepe conceites, and passing wit,
A setled mind, not fancie-led,
Abhorring Cupids frantique fit,
 With modest lookes, and blushing cheekes,
 A filed tongue which none mislikes.

Diana deckt the remnant partes,
With fewture brave, that nothing lacke,
A quiver full of pearcing Darts,
She gave her hanging at her backe;
 And in her hand a Golden shaft,
 To conquer Cupids creeping craft.

This done they come to take the view,
Of novell worke, of peerlesse frame;
Amongst them three, contention grew,
But yet *Diana* gave the name,
 Avisia shall she called be,
 The chiefe attendant still on me.

When

Willobie

When *Juno* view'd her luring grace,
Olde *Juno* blusht to see a new,
She fear'd least *Jove* would like this face,
And so perhaps might play untrew,
 They all admir'd so sweete a sight,
 They all envie so rare a wight.

Beautie without riches, is
as a faire picture without
life.

When *Juno* came to give her wealth,
(Which wanting beauty, wants her life)
She cryde, this face needes not my pelffe,
Great riches sow the seedes of strife :
 I doubt not some Olympian power
 Will fill her lap, with Golden shower,

Jealousie
breedes envy :
Both together
breede frenzie,
yet neither of
them both
can prevaile
against wandring
fancie.

This jealous *Juno* faintly said,
As halfe misdeeming wanton *Jove*,
But chast *Diana* tooke the maide,
Such new-bred qualmes quite to remove :
 O jealous envie, filthie beast,
 For envie *Juno* gave her least.

A straunge
bayte.

In lew of *Juno's* Golden parte
Diana gave her double grace ;
A chast desire, a constant heart,
Disdaine of love in fawning face,
 A face, and eye, that should intice,
 A smile, that should deceive the wise.

A sober tongue that should allure,
And draw great numbers to the field ;
A flintie hart, that should indure
All fierce assaults, and never yeelde,
 And seeming oft as though she would ;
 Yet fardest off when that she should.

Can

Can filthy sinke yeelde holsome aire,
Or vertue from a vice proceede ?
Can envious hart, or jealous feare
Repell the things that are decreed ?
 By envie though she lost her thrift,
 She got by grace a better gift,

Not farre from thence there lyes a vale,
A rosie vale in pleasant plaine ;
The Nimphes frequent this happie dale,
Olde Helicon revives againe ;
 Here Muses sing, here Satyres play,
 Here mirth resounds both night and day.

At East of this, a Castle stands,
By auncient sheepeards built of olde,
And lately was in sheepeards hands,
Though now by brothers bought and solde,
 At west side springs a Christall well ;
 There doth this chaste *Avisæ* dwell.

And there she dwels in publique eye,
Shut up from none that list to see ;
She answeres all that list to try,
Both high and low of each degree :
 But few that come, but feele her dart,
 And try her well ere they depart.

They try'd her hard in hope to gaine,
Her milde behaviour breeds their hope,
Their hope assures them to obtaine,
Till having runne their witlesse scope ;
 They find their vice by vertue crost,
 Their foolish words, and labour lost.

This

Willobie

This strange effect, that all should crave,
Yet none obtaine their wrong desire,
A secret gift, that nature gave,
To feele the frost, amidst the fire :
 Blame not this Dians Nimphe too much,
 Sith God by nature made her such.

Let all the graces now be glad,
That fram'd a grace that past them all,
Let *Juno* be no longer sad ;
Her wanton Jove hath had a fall ;
 Ten yeares have tryde this constant dame,
 And yet she holds a spotles fame.

Along this plaine there lyes a downe,
Where shepherds feed their frisking flocke ;
Her Sire the Mayor of the towne,
A lovely shout of auncient stocke,
 Full twentie yeares she lived a maide,
 And never was by man betrayde.

At length by *Juno's* great request,
Diana loth, yet gave her leave,
Of flowring yeares, to spend the rest,
In wed-locke band ; but yet receive,
 Quod she, this gift ; Thou virgin pure,
 Chast wife in wed-locke shalt indure.

A good gift.

O happie man that shall enjoy
A blessing of so rare a price ;
That frees the hart from such annoy ;
As often doth torment the wise,
 A loving wife unto her death,
 With full assurance of her faith.

When

When flying fame began to tell,
How beauties wonder was returnd,
From countrie hills, in towne to dwell,
With special gifts and grace adornd,
Of sutors store there might you see ;
And some were men of high degree.

But wisdom wild her choose her mate,
If that she lov'd a happy life,
That might be equall to her state,
To crop the sprigges of future strife ;
Where rich in grace, wher sound in health,
Most men do wed, but for the wealth.

Though jealous *Juno* had denyde
This happy wench, great store of pelffe ;
Yet is she now in wed-locke tyde,
To one that loves her as himselfe,
So thus they live, and thus they love ;
And God doth blesse them from above.

This rare seene bird, this Phoenix sage
Yeeldes matter to my drowsie pen,
The mirror of this sinneful age,
That gives us beasts in shapes of men,
Such beasts as still continue sinne,
Where age doth leave, there youths begin.

Our English soile, to Sodoms sinke
Excessive sinne transformd of late,
Of foule deceite the lothsome linke,
Hath worne all faith cleane out of date,
The greatest sinnes mongst greatest sort,
Are counted now but for a sport.

Old

Willobie

2. Chro. 15. 16.

Old Asues grandame is restor'd;
Her grovie Caves are new refine:
The monster Idoll is ador'd
By lustie dames of Macha's kinde:
They may not let this worship fall,
Although they leese their honours all.

Numer. 25. 6.

Our Moab Cozbies cast no feare,
To let in view of every eye,
Their gainelesse games they holde so deere,
They follow must, although they dye.
For why? the sword that Phineas wore,
Is broken now, and cuts no more.

My tender Muse, that never try'd
Her joynted wings till present time,
At first the perelesse bird espyed,
That mounts aloft, devoide of crime;
Though high she sore, yet will I trie,
Where I her passage can discry.

Her high conceites, her constant minde;
Her sober talk, her stout denies;
Her chaste advise, here shall you find;
Her fierce assaults, her milde replies,
Her dayly fight with great and small,
Yet constant vertue conquers all.

The first that saies to plucke the Rose,
That scarce appear'd without the bud,
With Gorgeous shewes of Golden glose,
To sow the seeds that were not good;
Suppose it were some noble man
That tride her thus, and thus began.

The

The first triall of AVISA, before she
was married, by a Noble man: under which is
represented a warning to all young maids
of every degree, that they beware of the allu-
ring intisements of great
men.

CANT. II.

N O B.



OW is the time,
if thou be wise,
Thou happie maide,
if thou canst see,
Thy happiest time,
take good advise,
Good fortune laughs,
be rulde by me :
Be rulde by me,
and her's my faith,
No Golde shall want thee till thy death.

Thou knowest my power, thou seest my might,
Thou knowest I can maintaine thee well,
And help thy friends unto their right ;
Thou shalt with me for ever dwell,
My secret friend thou shalt remaine,
And all shall turne to thy great gaine.

Thou seest thy parents meane estate,
That barres the hope of greater chance ;
And if thou prove not wise too late,
Thou maist thy self, and thine advance ;
Repulse not fondly this good hap,
That now lies offred in thy lap.

Abound-

Willobie

Abandon feare that bars consent,
Repel the shame that feares a blot,
Let wisdome way what faith is ment,
That all may praise thy happie lot ;
 Thinke not I seeke thy lives disgrace ;
 For thou shalt have a Ladies place.

Thou art the first my fancie chose,
I know my friends will like it well ;
This friendly fault to none disclose,
And what thou thinkst, blush not to tell,
 Thou seest my love, thou know'st my mind,
 Now let me feele, what grace I find.

CANT. III.

AVISA.

YOUR Honours place, your riper yeares,
 Might better frame some graver talkes :
Midst sunny rayes, this cloud appears ;
Sweet Roses grow on prickly stalkes :
 If I conceive, what you request,
 You aime at that I most detest.

My tender age that wants advice,
And craves the aide of sager guides,
Should rather learne for to be wise,
To stay my steps from slipperie slides ;
 Then thus to sucke, then thus to tast
 The poys'ned sap, that kils at last.

I wonder what your wisdome ment,
Thus to assault a silly maide :
Some simple wench might chance consent,
By false resembling shewes betraide :
 I have by grace a native shield,
 To lewd assaults that cannot yeeld.

I

I am too base to be your wife,
You choose me for your secret frend;
That is to lead a filthy life,
Whereon attends a fearefull end;
 Though I be poore, I tell you plaine,
 To be your whore, I flat disdaine.

Your high estate, your silver shrines,
Repleate with wind and filthy stinke;
Your glittering gifts, your golden mynes,
May force some foolcs perhaps to shrinke:
 But I have learnd that sweetest bayt,
 Oft shrowds the hooke of most desayt.

What great good hap, what happie time,
Your proffer brings, let yeelding maids
Of former age, which thought to clime
To highest tops of earthly aids,
 Come backe a while, and let them tell,
 Where wicked lives have ended well.

Shores wife, a Princes secret frend,
Faire *Rosomond*, a Kings delight:
Yet both have found a gastly end,
And fortunes friends, felt fortunes spight:
 What greater joyes, could fancie frame,
 Yet now we see, their lasting shame.

If princely pallace have no power,
To shade the shame of secret sinne,
If blacke reproch such names devoure,
What gaine, or glory can they winne,
 That tracing tracts of shamelesse trade,
 A hate of God, and man are made?

This

Willobie

This only vertue must aduance
My meane estate to joyfull blisse:
For she that swaies dame vertues launce,
Of happie state can never misse,
 But they that hope to gaine by vice,
 Shall surely prove too late unwise.

The roote of woe is fond desire,
That never feeles her selfe content :
But wanton wing'd will needes aspire,
To finde the thing, she may lament,
 A courtly state, a Ladies place,
 My former life will quite deface.

Such strange conceites may hap preuaile,
With such as love such strong desayts,
But I am taught such qualmes to quaile,
And flee such sweete alluring bayts,
 The witlesse Flie playes with the flame,
 Till see be scorched with the same.

You long to know what grace you find,
In me, perchance, more then you would,
Except you quickly change your mind,
I find in you, lesse then I should,
 Move this no more, use no reply,
 I'le keepe mine honour till I die.

CANT. IIII.

N O B.

ALAS, good soule, and will yee so ?
You will be chaste *Diana's* mate;
Till time have wove the web of woe,
Then to repent wil be too late,
 You shew yourself so foole-precise,
 That I can hardly thinke you wise.

You

Willobie

CANT. V.

AVISA.

NEEDS must the sheepe strake all awrie,
Whose shepheards wander from their way :
Needs must the sickly patients die,
Whose Doctor seekes his lives decay :
Needs must the people well be taught,
Whose chiefest leaders all are naught.

Such lawlesse guides Gods people found,
When Moab maides allur'd their fall ;
They sought no salve to cure this wound,
Till God commaunds, to hange them all ;
For wicked life, a shamefull end
To wretched men, the Lord doth send.

Was earth consumde with wreakful waves ?
Did Sodom burne and after sinke ?
What sinne is that, which vengauce craves,
If wicked lust no sinne we thinke ?
O blind conceites ! O filthy breath !
That drawes us headlong to our death.

If death be due to every sinne,
How can I then be too precise ?
Where pleasures end, if paine beginne,
What neede have we, then to be wise ?
They weave indeed the web of woe,
That from the Lord doe yeeld to goe.

I will remember whence I came,
I hunt not for this worldly praise,
I long to keepe a blamelesse fame,
And constant hart gainst hard assaies :
If this be folly, want of skill,
I will remaine thus foolish still.

The

The blindfold rage of Heathen Queenes,
Or rather queanes that know not God,
Gods heavie judgements tried since,
And felt the waight of angry rod ;
 God save me from that Sodomes crie,
 Whose deadly sting shall never die.

CANT. VI.

FORGIVE me wench, I did mistake,
 I little thought that you could preach,
All worldly joyes, you must forsake :
For so your great Divines doe teach,
 But yet beware, be not too bold,
 A yongling Saint, a Devill old.

N O B.

Well wanton well, thou are but yong,
This is the error of thy youth,
Thou wilt repent this faith ere long,
And see too late (perhaps) the truth ;
 And they that seem so pure at first,
 Are often found in prooffe the worst.

Thy youth and beautie will not last,
For sickness one, the other age
May captive take, when both are past,
You may have leasure to be sage,
 The time will come, if these retire,
 The worst will scorne that I desire.

Of chast renowme, you seeke the praise,
You build your hope above the ayre,
When wonders last not twentie daies,
What need you rusticke rumors feare ?
 Esteeme not words above thy wealth,
 Which must procure thy credits health.

And

Willobie

And yet in truth I can not see,
From whence such great discredit growes,
To live in spight of every eye,
And swim in silkes and bravest shewes,
 To take the choise of daintiest meate,
 And see thy betters stand and waite.

These grave respects breede pleasures bane,
Thy youthly yeares for joyes crave,
And fading credit hath his wane,
That none to thee doth shine so brave :
That smokie fame which likes thee best,
The wisest have esteemed least.

CANT. VII.

AVISA.

WELL now I see, why Christ commends,
 To loving mates the Serpents wit,
That stops his eares, and so defends
His hart, from luring sounds unfit,
 If you your madnes still bewraye,
 I'le stop my eares, or goe my way.

*U*lisses wise, yet dar'd not stay
The tising sound of Syrens song :
What fancy then doth me betray,
That thinke my selfe, so wise and strong ;
 That dare to heare, what you dare speake,
 And hope for strength, when you be weake ?

My wisdome is the living Lord,
That gives me grace which nature wants,
That holds my seate from waies abhord,
And in my hart good motions plants :
 With him I dare to bide the field,
 Strive while you list, I can not yeeld.

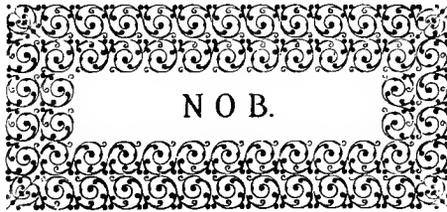
Fond

Fond favour failes, the time will passe,
All earthly pleasures have their end,
We see not that, which sometime was,
Nor that which future times will send :
 You say the truth, remember this,
 And then confesse, you stray amisse.

The shorter time, the greater care,
Are pleasures vaine ? the lesse delight,
Are daungers nye ? why then beware,
From base affections take your flight,
 Thinke God a reckning will require,
 And strive to quaile this bad desire.

To swim in silkes, and brave aray,
Is that you thinke which women love,
That leads poore maides so oft astray,
That are not garded from above ?
 But this I know, that know not all,
 Such wicked pride, will have a fall.

CANT. VIII.



ALAS the feare, alas the fall,
 And what's the fall, that you so feare ?
To tosse good fortunes golden ball,
And gaine the goale I prize so deare,
 I doubt least these your needlesse feares,
 Will bar good hap, from witlesse yeares.
Thy

Willobie

Thy age experience wants I see,
And lacking tryall art afraid,
Least ventring farre to credit me,
Our secret dealings might be wrayd ;
 What then doth not my mightie name,
 Suffice to sheeld thy fact from shame ?

Who dares to stirre, who dares to speake,
Who dares our dealings to reprove ?
Though some suspect, yet none will creake,
Or once controll thy worthy love ;
 My might will stand for thy defence,
 And quite thee clear from great offence.

Who sees our face, knowes not our facts,
Though we our sport in secret use,
Thy cheekes will not bewray thy acts,
But rather blushing make excuse :
 If thou wilt yeeld, here is my faith,
 I'le keepe it secret till thy death.

To seeme as chast, let that suffice,
Although indeed thou be not so,
Thus deale our women that are wise,
And let thy godly Doctors go,
 Still faine as though thou godly art,
 It is inough, who knowes thy hart ?

Let not the idle vulgar voice,
Of fained credit witch thee so,
To force thee leave this happie choise,
And flying pleasure live in woe ;
 If thou refuse, assure thy mind,
 The like of this shalt never find.

Let

CANT. IX.



LET that word stand, let that be true,
I doe refuse and so doe still,
God shield me from your cursed crew,
That thus are led by beastly will,
It grieves my hart, that I doe find
In Noble bloud so base a mind,

On worldly feare, you thinke I stand,
Or fame that may my shame resound,
No Sir, I feare his mightie hand,
That will both you and me confound,
His feare it is that makes me stay
My wandring steps from wicked way.

Who dares, say you, our facts unfold ?
Ev'n he that can mightie Kings tame,
And he that Princes hath controld,
He dares provide a mightie shame,
What fence have you for to withstand
His firie plagues, and hevie hand ?

Though *Samson* queld the Lyons rage
Though *Solomon*, a mightie King,
Yet when to sinne their harts they gage,
On both doth God confusion bring,
How can you then his wrath avoid,
That you and yours be not destroid ?

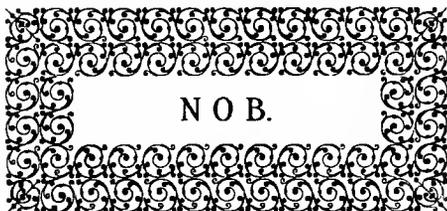
He

Willobie

He sees our facts, he viewes our deeds,
Although we sinne in secret place,
A guiltie conscience alwaies bleeds :
My faults will shew upon my face,
 My cheekes will blush, when I doe sin ;
 Let all men know, when I begin.

To seeme as chast, and not to be,
To beare a shew, and yet to faine,
Is this the love, you beare to me,
To damne my soule in lasting paine ?
 If this the best you have to say,
 Pray give me leave, to goe my way.

CANT. X.



WELL then I see, you have decreed,
 And this decree must light on mee :
Unhappie Lillie loves a weed,
That gives no sent, that yeelds no glee,
 Thou art the first I ever tride,
 Shall I at first be thus denide ?

My haplesse hap, fell much awrie,
To fix my fancies prime delight,
In haggard Hauke that mounts so hie,
That checkes the lure, and Fawknars sight ;
 But sore you hie, or flie you low,
 Stoupe needs you must, before you goe.

Your

Your modest speech is not amisse,
Your maidens blush becomes you well ;
Now will I see how sweete you kisse,
And so my purpose farder tell ;
Your coye lookes and trickes are vaine
I will no nay, and that is plaine.

Thou must perforce be well content,
To let me win thee with thy will ;
Thy chieftest friends have giv'n consent,
And therefore thinke, it is not ill,
Abandon all thy fond delay,
And marke this well, that I shall say.

My house, my hart, my land my life
My credit to thy care I give :
And if thou list to be a wife,
In shew of honest fame to live ;
I'le fit thee one, shall beare the cloke,
And be a chimnie for the smoke.

But say the word it shall be don,
And what thou list, or what thou crave,
What so be lost, what ever won,
Shall nothing want, that thou wilt have,
Thou shalt have all, what wilt thou more,
Which never woman had before.

Here's fortie Angels to begin ;
A little pledge of great goodwill,
To buy thee lace, to buy a pin ;
I will be carefull of thee still :
If youth be quaild, if I be old,
I can supply that with my gold.

Silkes

Willobie

Silke gownes and velvet shalt thou have,
With hoods and cauls, fit for thy head ;
Of goldsmithes worke a border brave,
A chaine of golde ten double spread
 And all the rest shall answere this,
 My purse shall see that nothing misse.

Two wayting maides, attendant still,
Two serving men, foure geldings prest,
Go where you list, ride where you will,
No jealous thought shal me molest ;
 Two hundreth pounds I doe intend,
 To give thee yearely for to spend.

Of this I will assurance make,
To some good friend, whom thou wilt chuse
That this in trust from me shall take,
While thou dost live, unto thy use ;
 A thousand markes, to thee give I
 And all my Jewels when I die.

This will I doe, what ever chance,
I'le shortly send, and fetch thee hence ;
Thy chiefest friends I will advance,
And leave them cause of no offence,
 For all this fame, I onely crave
 But thy good will, that let me have.

A modest maide is loth to say,
In open words, she doth consent,
Till gentle force doe breake the stay,
Come on, mine owne, and be content,
 Possesse me of my loves desire,
 And let me tast that I require.

Hand

CANT. XI.



HAND off my Lord, this will not serve,
Your wisdom wanders much awrie,
From reasons rule thus farre to swarve,
I'le never yeeld, I'le rather die,
Except you leave and so depart,
This knife shall sticke within your hart.

Is this the love, your franticke fit
Did so pretend in glosing shew ?
Are these your waies, is this your wit,
To tice and force poore maidens so ?
You strive in vaine, by raging lust
To gaine consent, or make me trust.

For who can trust your flattering stile,
Your painted words, your brave pretence,
When you will strive, by trayned will
To force consent to lewd offence,
Then thus to yeeld by chaunted charmes,
I'le rather die within your armes.

Your golden Angels I repell,
Your lawlesse lust I here defie
These Angels are the posts of hell,
That often lead poore souls awrie,
Shame on them all, your eyes shall see,
These Angels have no power of me.

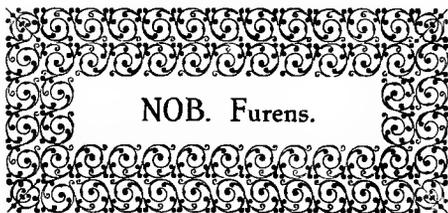
Your

Willobie

Your gownes of silke, your golden chaines,
Your men, your maides, your hundreth pounds,
Are nothing else but divelish traines,
That fill fond eares with tickling sounds,
A bladder full of traiterous wind,
And fardest off from filthy mind.

Well, sith your meaning now is plaine,
And lust would give no longer leave,
To faithlesse hart, to lie and faine,
Which might perchance in time deceive,
By Jesus Christ I doe protest,
I'le never graunt that you request.

CANT. XII.



NOB. Furens.

THOU beggers brat, thou dunghill mate,
Thou clownish spawne, thou country gill,
My love is turnd to wreakefull hate,
Go hang, and keepe thy credit still,
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong,
I hope to see thee begge, erre long.

Was this great offer well refus'd,
Or was this proffer all too base ?
Am I fit man to be abus'd,
With such disgrace, by flattering gase ?
On thee or thine, as I am man,
I will revenge this if I can.

Thou

Thou think'st thy selfe a peerelesse peice,
And peevish pride that doth possesse
Thy hart ; perswades that thou art wise,
When God doth know ther's nothing lesse,
T'was not thy beautie that did move
This fond affect, but blinded love.

I hope to see some countrie clowne,
Possessor of that fleering face,
When need shall force thy pride come downe,
I'le laugh to see thy foolish case,
For thou that think'st thy selfe so brave,
Wilt take at last some paltrie knave.

Thou selfewill gig that doth detest
My faithfull love, looke to thy fame,
If thou offend, I doe protest,
I'le bring thee out to open shame,
For sith thou fayn'st thy selfe so pure,
Looke to thy leapes that they be sure.

I was thy friend, but now thy foe,
Thou hadst my hart, but now my hate,
Refusing wealth, God send thee woe,
Repentance now will come too late,
That tongue that did protest my faith,
Shall waile thy pride, and wish thy death.
Yea

Willobie

CANT. XIII.



YEA so I thought, this is the end
Of wandring lust, resembling love,
Wa'st love or lust, that did intend
Such friendlesse force, as you did move ?
Though you may vaunt of happier fate,
I am content with my estate.

I rather chuse a quiet mind,
A conscience cleare from bloody sinnes,
Then short delights, and therein find
That gnawing worm that never linnes,
Your bitter speeches please me more,
Then all your wealth, and all your store.

I love to live devoid of crime,
Although I begge, although I pine,
These fading joyes for little time,
Imbrace who list, I here resine,
How poore I goe, how meane I fare,
If God be pleas'd, I doe not care.

I rather beare your raging ire,
Although you sweare revengment deepe,
Then yeeld for gaine to lewd desire,
That you might laugh, when I should weepe,
Your lust would like but for a space,
But who could salve my foule disgrace ?
Mine

Mine eares have heard your taunting words,
Of yeelding fooles by you betraid,
Amongst your mates at open bords,
Know'st such a wife? know'st such a maid?
Then must you laugh, then must you winke,
And leave the rest for them to thinke.

Nay yet welfare the happie life,
That need not blush at every view :
Although I be a poore mans wife,
Yet then I'le laugh as well as you,
Then laugh as long, as you thinke best,
My fact shall frame you no such jest.

If I do hap to leape aside,
I must not come to you for aide,
Alas now that you be denide,
You thinke to make me sore afraide ;
Nay watch your worst, I doe not care,
If I offend, pray doe not spare.

You were my friend, you were but dust,
The Lord is he, whome I doe love,
He hath my hart, in him I trust,
And he doth gard me from above,
I waie not death, I feare not hell,
This is enough, and so farewell.

THE

Willobie

THE SECOND TEMP-
tation of AVISA after her marri-

*age by Ruffians, Roysters, young
Gentlemen, and lustie Cap-
taines, which all shee
quickly cuts off.*

CANT. XIII.



OME lustie wench,
I like thy lookes,
And such a pleasant
looke I love,
Thine eyes are like
to bayted hookes,
That force the hungrie
fish to move,

Where nature granteth
such a face,

I need not doubt to purchase grace.

I doubt not but thy inward thought,
Doth yeeld as fast as doth thine eye ;
A love in me hath fancie wrought,
Which worke you can not well denye ;
From love you can not me refraine,
I seeke but this, love me againe.

And

And so thou dost, I know it well,
I knew it by thy side-cast glance,
Can hart from outward looke rebell?
Which yeaster night I spide by chance;
Thy love (sweete hart) shall not be lost,
How deare a price so ever it cost.

Aske what thou wilt, thou know'st my mind,
Appoint the place, and I will come,
Appoint the time, and thou shalt find,
Thou canst not fare so well at home,
Few words suffice, where harts consent,
I hope thou know'st, and art content.

Though I a stranger seeme as yet,
And seldome seene, before this day,
Assure thy selfe that thou mayst get,
More knackes by me, then I will say,
Such store of wealth as I will bring,
Shall make thee leape, shal make thee sing.

I must be gone, use no delay,
At six or seven the chance may rise,
Old gamesters know their vantage play,
And when t'is best to cast the dice,
Leave ope your poynt, take up your man,
And mine shall quickly enter than.

CANT. XV.



What

Willobie

WHAT now? what newes? new warres in hand?
More trumpets blowne of fond conceites?
More banners spread of follies band?
New Captaines coyning new deceites?
Ah woe is me, new campes are pla'st,
Whereas I thought all daungers past.

O wretched soule, what face have I,
That can not looke, but some misdeame?
What sprite doth lurke within mine eye,
That kendles thoughts so much uncleane?
O lucklesse fewture never blest,
That sow'st the seedes of such unrest.

What wandring fits are these that move
Your hart, inragde with every glance;
That judge a woman straight in love,
That welds her eye aside by chance,
If this your hope, by fancie wrought,
You hope on that I never thought.

If nature give me such a looke,
Which seemes at first unchast or ill,
Yet shall it prove no bayted hooke,
To draw your lust to wanton will,
My face and will doe not agree,
Which you in time (perhaps) may see.

If smiling cheare and friendly words,
If pleasant talke such thoughts procure,
Yet know my hart, no will afords,
To scratching kites, to cast the lure,
If milde behavior thus offend,
I will assaie this fault to mend.

You

You plant your hope upon the sand,
That build on womens words, or smiles ;
For when you thinke your selfe to stand
In greatest grace, they prove but wyles,
When fixt you thinke on surest ground,
Then fardest off they will be found.

CANT. XVI.



YOU speake of love, you talke of cost,
Is't filthy love your worship meanes ?
Assure your selfe your labor's lost ;
Bestow your cost among your queanes,
You left not here, nor here shall find,
Such mates as match your beastly mind.

You must again to Coleman hedge,
For there be some that looke for gaine,
They will bestow the French mans badge,
In lew of all your cost and paine,
But Sir, it is against my use,
For gaine to make my house a stewes.

What have you seene, what have I doon
That you should judge my mind so light,
That I so quickly might be woon,
Of one that came but yeaster night ?
Of one I wist not whence he came,
Nor what he is, nor what's his name ?
Though

Willobie

Though face doe friendly smile on all
Yet judge me not to be so kind,
To come at every Faulkners call,
Or wave aloft with every wind,
 And you that venter thus to try,
 Shall find how far you shoote awry.

And if your face might be your judge,
Your wannie cheekes, your shaggie lockes,
Would rather move my mind to grudge,
To feare the piles, or else the pockes :
 Yf you be mov'd, to make amends,
 Pray keepe your knackes for other frends.

You may be walking when you list,
Looke ther's the doore, and ther's the way,
I hope you have your market mist,
Your game is lost, for lacke of play,
 The point is close, no chance can fall,
 That enters there, or ever shall.

CANT. XVII.



GODS wo : I thinke you doe but jest,
 You can not thus delude my hope :
But yet perhaps you thinke it best,
At first to give but little scope :
 At first assault you must retire,
 And then be forst to yeeld desire.

A right Cave-
leiro.

You

You thinke, that I would judge you bad,
If you should yeeld at first assaie,
And you may thinke me worse then mad,
If on[e] repulse send me awaie,
 You thinke you doe your credit wrong,
 Except you keepe your sutors long.

But I that know the wonted guise,
Of such as live in such a place,
Old dame experience makes me wise,
To know your meaning by your face,
 For most of them, that seeme so chast,
 Denie at first, and take at last.

This painted sheth, may please some foole,
That can not see the rustie knife :
But I have bin too long at schooles,
To think you of so pure a life,
 The time and place will not permit,
 That you can long, here spot-lesse sit.

And therefore wench, be not so strange,
To grant me that, which others have,
I know that women love to change,
T'is but deceite, to seeme so grave,
 I never have that women tri'd,
 Of whome as yet I was deni'd.

Your godly zeale doth breed my trust,
Your anger makes me hope the more ;
For they are often found the worst,
That of their conscience make such store,
 In vaine to blush, or looke aside,
 A flat repulse, I can not bide.

Thou

CANT. XVIII.



THOU wicked wretch, what dost not thinke
There is a God that doth behold
This sinnefull waies, this Sodom's sinke?
O wretched earth that art so bold,
To jest at God, and at his word,
Looke for his just revenging sword.

1. Cor. 5.

Saint Paul commands us not to eate,
With him that leads a wicked life;
Or shall be found to lie in waite,
To seek to spoyle his neighbours wife,
Such wicked soules God doth forsake,
And dings them downe to fierie lake.

Revela, 12.

A young
man was stri-
ken blind for
looking dish-
onestly upon
a godly wo-
man.

The Locren-
ses used to put
out both the
eyes of the a-
dulterers.

The law Julia
in Rome put
adulterers to
the sword.

The Arabians
doe the like.

A brain-sicke youth was stricken blind,
That sent his greedie eye to view,
A godly wench, with godlesse mind,
That paine might spring, whence pleasures grew,
Remember friend, forget not this,
And see you looke no more amisse.

O *Julia* flower of thy time,
Where is thy law, where is thy word,
That did condemne the wedlocke crime,
To present death, with bloody sword?
The shining of this percing edge,
Would daunt the force of filthy rage.

Though

Though shamelesse Gallets may be found ;
That Soyle them selves in common field ;
And can carire the whoores rebound,
To straine at first, and after yeeld :
 Yet here are none of *Creseds* kind,
 In whome you shall such fleeting find.

The time and place may not condemne,
The mind to vice that doth not sway,
But they that vertue doe condemne,
By time and place, are led astray,
 This place doth hold on at this time,
 That will not yeeld to bloody crime.

You thinke that others have possesst
The place that you so lewdly crave,
Wherein you plainly have confest,
Your selfe to be a jealous knave,
 The rose unblusht hath yet no staine,
 Nor ever shall, while I remaine.

CANT. XIX.



CAVELEIRO.

ME thinks I heare a sober Fox,
Stand preaching to the gagling Geese ;
And shewes them out a painted box,
And bids them all beware of cheese,
 Your painted box, and goodly preach,
 I see doth hold a foxly reach.

Perchance

Willobie

Perchance you be no common card,
But love the daintie diamonds place,
The ten, the knave, may be your gard,
Yet onely you, are still the ace,
 Contented close in packe to lie,
 But open dealing you defie.

Well I confesse, I did offend,
To rush so headlong to the marke ;
Yet give me leave this fault to mend,
And crave your pardon in the darke,
 Your credits fame I will not spill,
 But come as secret as you will.

Nay her's my hand, my faith I give,
My tongue my fact shall not reveale,
To earthly creature while I live ;
Because you love a secret deale,
 And where I come, I still will say,
 She would not yeeld, but said me nay.

So shall your credit greater grow,
By my report and passing praise
And they that scant your name doe know,
Your fame on hie, and hie shall raise,
 So shall you gaine that you desire,
 By granting that, which I require.

To plant a siege, and yet depart,
Before the towne be yeelded quite,
It kils a martiall manly hart,
That can not brooke such high despite,
 Then say you yea, or say you no,
 I'le scale your wals, before I go.

A

CANT. XX.



A FINE device, and well contriv'd,
Brave Golde upon a bitter pill ;
No marvaile well though you have thriv'd,
That so can decke, that so can dill ;
Your quaintish quirkes can want no mate ;
But here I wis, you come too late.

It's ill to hault before the lame,
Or watch the bird that can not sleepe,
Your new found trickes are out of frame,
The fox will laugh, when Asses weepe ;
Swear what you list, say what you will,
Before you spake, I knew your skill.

Your secret dealing will not hold,
To force me trie, or make me trust
Your blind devises are too old,
Your broken blade hath got the rust,
You need not lie, but truely say,
She would not yeeld to wanton play.

Your tongue shall spare to spread my fame,
I list not buy too deare a sound,
Your greatest praise would breed but shame,
Report of me as you have found,
Though you be loth to blow retreat,
This mount's too strong for you to get.

The

Willobie

The wisest Captaine now and then,
When that he fees his foe too strong ;
Retires betime to save his men,
That grow but weake, if seege be long ;
 From this assault you may retire,
 You shall not reach, that you require.

I hate to feede you with delaies,
As others doe, that meane to yeeld,
You spend in vaine your strong assaies,
To win the town, or gaine the feeld ;
 No Captaine did, nor ever shall,
 Set ladder here, to skale the wall.

CANT. XXI.



HAD I knowne this when I began,
 You would have usde me as you say,
I would have take you napping than,
And give you leave to say me nay,
 I little thought to find you so :
 I never dreamt, you would say no.

Such selfe like wench I never met,
Great cause have I thus hard to crave it,
If ever man have had it yet,

I

I sworn have, that I will have it.
If thou didst never give consent,
I must perforce, be then content.

If thou wilt sweare, that thou hast knowne,
In carnall act, no other man :
But onely one, and he thine owne,
Since man and wife you first began,
I'le leave my sute, and sweare it trew,
Thy like in deed, I never knew.

CANT. XXII.



I TOLD you first what you should find,
Although you thought I did but jest.
And selfe affection made you blind,
To seeke the thing, I most detest ;
Besides his host, who takes the paine,
To reckon first, must count againe.

Your rash swore oth you must repent,
You must beware of headlong vowes ;
Excepting him, whome free consent,
By wedlocke words, hath made my spouse,
From others yet I am as free,
As they this night, that boren bee.

Well

Willobie



WELL give me then a cup of wine,
As thou art his, would thou wert mine.



HAVE t'ye good-lucke, tell them that gave
You this advice, what speede you have.

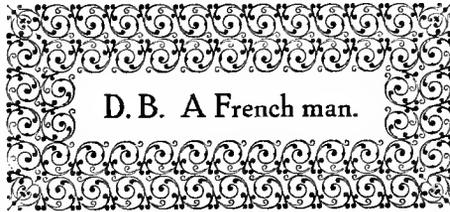
Farewell.



The

The third trial ; wherein are expressed the
long passionate, and constant affections of the close and
wary sutor, which by signes, by sighes, by letters, by pri-
vie messengers, by Jewels, Rings, Golde, divers gifts, and by
a long continued course of courtesie, at length pre-
vaileth with many both maides and wives if they
be not garded wounderfully with a better spirite
then their owne, which all are here
finely daunted, and mildly o-
ver throwne, by the constant
aunsweres, and chast
replies of Avisas.

CANT. XXIII.



D. B. A French man.



S flaming flakes
too closely pent,
With smothering smoke,
in narrow vault,
Each hole doth trie,
to get a vent,
And force by forces,
fierce assault,
With ratling rage,
doth rumbling rave,
Till flame and smoke free passage have.

So

Willobie

So I (my deare) have smothered long,
Within my hart a sparkling flame,
Whose rebell rage is grown so strong,
That hope is past to quell the same,
 Except the stone, that strake the fire,
 With water quench this hote desire.

The glauncing speare, that made the wound,
Which ranckling thus, hath bred my paine,
Must pearcing slide with fresh rebound,
And wound, with wound, recure againe,
 That flooting eye that pearst my bart,
 Must yeeld to salve my curelesse smart.

I striv'd, but striv'd against the streame,
To daunt the qualmes of fond desire,
The more their course I did restraine,
More strong and strong they did retire,
 Bare need doth force me now to runne,
 To seeke my helpe, where hurt begunne.

Thy present state wants present aid,
A quick redresse my griefe requires,
Let not the meanes be long delaid,
That yeelds us both our harts desires,
 If you will ease my pensive hart,
 I'le find a salve to heale your smart.

I am no common gameling mate,
That lift to bowle in every plaine,
But (wench) consider both our state,
The time is now, for both to gaine,
 From daungerous bands I set you free,
 If you wil yeeld to comfort mee.

Your

CANT. XXIII.



YOUR fierie flame, your secret smart,
That inward frets with pining grieffe,
Your hollow sighes, your hevie hart,
Methinks might quickly find reliefe,
If once the certaine cause were knowne,
From whence these hard effects have growne.

It little boots to shew your sore,
To her that wants all Phisicke skill,
But tell it them, that have in store,
Such oyles as creeping cankers kill,
I would be glad, to doe my best,
If I had skill, to give you rest.

Take heede, let not your grieffe remaine,
Till helps doe faile, and hope be past,
For such as first refus'd some paine,
A double paine have felt at last,
A little sparke, not quencht be time,
To hideous flames will quickly clime.

If godly sorrow for your sin,
Be chiefest cause, why you lament,
If giltie conscience doe begin,
To draw you truely to repent,
A joyfull end must needs redound,
To happie grieffe so seldome found.

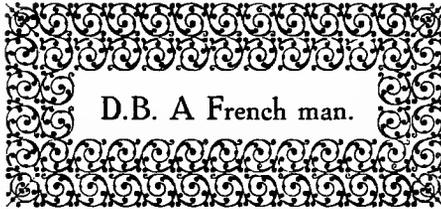
To

Willobie

To strive all wicked lusts to quell,
Which often sort to dolefull end,
I joye to heare you meane so well,
And what you want, the Lord will send :
 But if you yeeld to wanton will,
 God will depart, and leave you still.

Your pleasant aide with sweete supply,
My present state, that might amend,
If honest love be ment thereby,
I shall be glad of such a frend,
 But if you love, as I suspect,
 Your love and you, I both reject.

CANT. XXV.



D.B. A French man.

WHAT you suspect, I can not tell,
 What I doe meane, you may perceive,
My workes shall shew, I wish you well,
If well ment love you list receive,
 I have beene long in secret mind,
 And would be still your secret frind.

My love should breed you no disgrace,
None should perceive our secret plaie,
We would observe both time and place,
That none our dealings should bewraie,
 Be it my fortune, or my fault,
 Love makes me venter this assault.

You

You mistresse of my doubtfull chance,
You Prince of this my soules desire,
That lulls my fancie in a trance,
The marke whereto my hopes aspire,
 You see the sore, whence springs my grieffe,
 You weld the sterne of my reliefe.

The gravest men of former time,
That liv'd with fame, and happie life,
Have thought it none, or pettie crime,
To love a friend besides their wife,
 Then sith my wife you can not be,
 As dearest friend accompt of me,

You talke of sinne, and who doth live,
Whose dayly steps slide not awrie?
But too precise, doth deadly grieve,
The hart that yeelds not yet to die,
 When age draws on, and youth is past,
 Then let us thinke of this at last.

The Lord did love King *David* well,
Although he had more wives then one;
King *Solomon* that did excell,
For wealth and wit, yet he alone,
 A thousand wives and friends possest,
 Yet did he thrive, yet was he blest.

CANT. XXVI.



Willobie

O MIGHTIE Lord, that guides the Spheare ;
Defend me by thy mightie will,
From just reproch, from shame and feare,
Of such as seeke my soule to spill,
Let not their counsell (Lord) prevaile,
To force my hart to yeeld or quaile.

How frames it with your sober lookes,
To shroud such bent of lewd conceites,
What hope hath pla'st me in your bookes,
That files me fit, for such deceites ?
I hope that time hath made you see,
No cause that breeds these thoughts in mee.

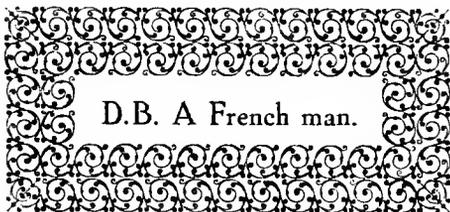
Your fervent love is filthy lust,
And therefore leave to talk of love,
Your truth is treason under trust,
A Kite in shape of hurtlesse Dove,
You offer more then friendship wold,
To give us brasse in steed of gold.

Such secret friends to open foes,
Do often change with every wind,
Such wandring fits, where follie groes,
Are certaine signes of wavering mind,
A fawning face, and faithlesse hart,
In secret love, breeds open smart.

No sinne to breake the wedlocke faith ?
No sinne to swim in Sodomes sinke ?
O sinne the seed and sting of death !
O sinnefull wretch that so doth thinke !
Your gravest men with all their schooles,
That taught you thus, were heathen fooles.
Your

Your lewd examples will not serve,
To frame a vertue from a vice,
When *David* and his Sonne did swerve,
From lawfull rule, though both were wise,
Yet both were plagu'd, as you may see,
With mightie plagues of each degree.

CANT. XXVII.



D.B. A French man.

FROM whence proceeds this sodaine change?
From whence this quaint and coy speech?
Where did you learne to looke so strange?
What Doctor taught you thus to preach?
Into my harte it cannot sinke,
That you doe speake, as you doe thinke.

Your smiling face, and glauncing eye,
(That promise grace, and not despite)
With these your words doe not agree,
That seeme to shun your chiefe delight,
But give me leave, I thinke it still,
Your words doe wander from your will.

Of women now the greatest part,
Whose place and age doe so require,
Do chuse a friend, whose faithfull hart,
May quench the flame of secret fire,
Now if your liking be not pla'st,
I know you will chuse one at last.

Then

Willobie

Then chusing one, let me be he,
If so our hidden fancies frame,
Because you are the onely she,
That first inrag'd my fancies flame,
 If first you graunt me this good will,
 My hart is yours, and shall be still.

I have a Farme that fell of late,
Woorth fortie pounds, at yearely rent,
That will I give to mend your state,
And prove my love is truely ment.
 Let not my sute be flat denide,
 And what you want, shall be supplide.

Our long acquaintance makes me bold ;
To shew my greife, to ease my mind,
For new found friends, change not the old,
The like perhaps you shall not find,
 Be not too rash, take good advice ;
 Your hap is good, if you be wise.

CANT. XXVIII.



MY hap is hard, and over bad,
 To be misdeemd of every man ;
That thinke me quickly to be had,
That see me pleasant now and than :
 Yet would I not be much a griev'd,
 If you alone were thus deceiv'd.

But

But you alone are not deceiv'd,
With tising baytes of pleasant view,
But many others have believ'd,
And tride the same, as well as you,
 But they repent their folly past,
 And so will you, I hope at last.

You seeme, as though you lately came
From London, from some bawdie sell,
Where you have met some wanton dame,
That knowes the trickes of whoores so well,
 Know you some wives, use more then one ?
 Go backe to them, for here are none.

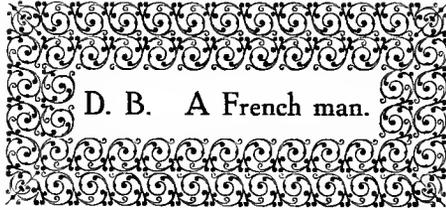
For here are none, that list to chuse,
A novell chance, where old remaine,
My choice is past, and I refuse,
While this doth last, to chuse againe,
 While one doth live, I will no more,
 Although I begge from dore to dore.

Bestow your farmes among your frinds,
Your fortie pounds can not provoke,
The settled hart, whom vertue binds,
To trust the traines of hidden hooke,
 The labor's lost that you indure.
 To gorged Hauke, to cast the lure.

If lust had led me to the spoyle,
And wicked will, to wanton change,
Your betters that have had the foyle,
Had caus'd me long ere this to range,
 But they have left, for they did see,
 How far they were mistake of mee.

Mistake

CANT. XXIX.



MISTAKE indeed, if this be true,
If youth can yeeld to favours foe ;
If wisdom spring, where fancie grew ;
But sure I thinke it is not so :
Let faithfull meaning purchase trust,
That likes for love, and not for lust.

Although you sweare, you will not yeeld,
Although my death you should intend,
Yet will I not forsake the field,
But still remaine your constant frend,
Say what you list, flie where you will,
I am your thrall, to save or spill.

You may command me out of sight,
As one that shall no favour find,
But though my body take his flight,
Yet shall my hart remaine behind,
That shall your guilty conscience tell,
You have not us'd his master well.

His masters love he shall repeate,
And watch his turne to purchase grace,
His secret eye shall lie in waite ;
Where any other gaine the place :
When we ech others can not see,
My hart shall make you thinke of me.

To

To force a fancie, where is none,
T'is but in vaine, it will not hold,
But where it growes it selfe alone,
A little favour makes it bold,
 Till fancie frame your free consent,
 I must perforce, be needs content.

Though I depart with heavie cheare,
As having lost, or left my hart,
With one whose love, I held too deare,
That now can smile, when others smart,
 Yet let your prisoner mercy see,
 Least you in time a prisoner bee.

CANT. XXX.



IT makes me smile to see the bent,
Of wandring minds with folly fed,
How fine they faine, how faire they paint,
To bring a loving foole to bed ;
 They will be dead, except they have,
 Whatso (forsooth) their fancie crave.

If you did seeke, as you pretend,
Not friendlesse lust, but friendly love,
Your tongue and speeches would not lend,
Such lawlesse actions, so to move,
 But you can wake, although you winke,
 And swear the thing, you never thinke.

To

Willobie

Catullus. Tum iam nulla viro iuranti femina credat. Nulla viri speret, sermones esse fideles. Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit apisci, Nil metuunt iurare, nihil, promittere parcunt. Sed simul ac cupidae mentis satiata libido est, Dicta nihil metuere, nihil perjuriam curant.

Combat betweene reason and appetite. No constant love where unconstant affections rule. That love onely constant that is grounded on vertue.

To wavering men that speake so faire,
Let women never credit give,
Although they weepe, although they sware,
Such fained shewes, let none believe ;
For they that thinke their words be true,
Shall soone their hastie credit rue.

When ventring lust doth make them dare,
The simple wenches to betray,
For present time they take no care,
What they doe sweare, nor what they say,
But having once obtained the lot,
Their words and othes are all forgot.

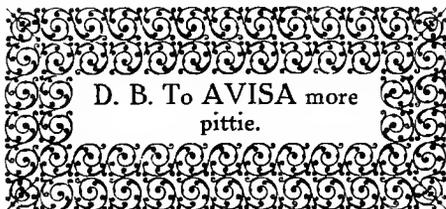
Let roving Prince from Troyes sacke,
Whose fauning fram'd Queene *Dido's* fall,
Teach women wit, that wisdome lacke,
Mistrust the most, beware of all,
When selfewill rules, where reason sate,
Fond women oft repent too late.

The wandring passions of the mind ;
Where constant vertue bares no sway,
Such franticke fickle chaunges find,
That reason knows not where to stay,
How boast you then of constant love,
Where lust all vertue doth remove ?

D.B.

T. B. Being somewhat grieved
with this aunswere, after long
absence and silence, at length
writeth, as followeth.

CANT. XXXI.



THERE is a cole that burnes the more,
The more ye cast colde water neare,
Like humor feedes my secret sore,
Not quencht, but fed by cold dispaire,
The more I feele, that you disdaine,
The faster doth my love remaine.

Canol cole
found in ma-
ny places of
England.
Nymphauslocus
LeonicusdeVa-
ria Histor. fol.
28.

In Greece they find a burning soile,
That fumes in nature like the same,
Colde water makes the hotter broyle,
The greater frost, the greater flame,
So frames it with my love or lost,
That fiercely fries amidst the frost.

By the Ionian
sea there is a
place that
burnes conti-
nually, and
the more wa-
ter is cast into
it, the more it
flames.

My hart inflam'd with quenchesse heate,
Doth fretting fume in secret fire,
These hellish torments are the meate,
That dayly feede this vaine desire :
Thus shall I grone in gastly grieve,
Till you by mercy send reliefe.

You

Willobie

*You first inflam'd my brimstone thought,
Your faining favour witcht mine eye,
O lucklesse eye, that thus hast brought,
Thy masters hart to strey awrye.
Now blame your selfe, if I offend,
The hurt you made, you must amend.*

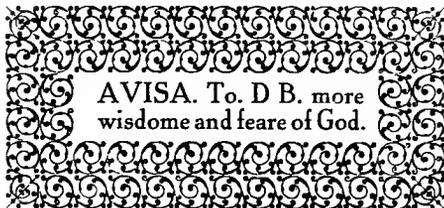
*With these my lines I sent a Ring,
Least you might thinke you were forgot,
The posie meanes a pretie thing,
That bids you, Do but dally not,
Do so sweete hart, and doe not stay,
For daungers grow from fond delay.*

*Five winters Frosts have say'd to quell
These flaming fits of firme desire,
Five Sommers sunnes cannot expell
The cold dispaire, that feeds the fire,
This time I hope, my truth doth trie
Now yeeld in time, or else I die.*

Dudum beatus,

D.B.

CANT. XXXII.



The

THE Indian men have found a plant,
Whose vertue, mad conceits doth quell,
This roote (me thinks) you greatly want,
This raging madnes to repell.
If rebell fancie worke this spite,
Request of God a better sprite.

The roote Ba-
aras is good
to deliver
them that are
possessed with
evill sprites.
Josephus.

If you by folly did offend,
By giving raines unto your lust,
Let wisdom now these fancies end,
Sith thus untwin'd is all your trust,
If wit to will, will needs resigne,
Why should your fault be counted mine ?

Your Ring and letter that you sent,
I both returne from whence they came,
As one that knowes not what is ment,
To send or write to me the same,
You had your aunswere long before,
So that you need to send no more.

Your chosen *posie* seemes to show,
That all my deeds but dallings bee,
I never dallyed that I know,
And that I thinke, you partly see,
I shewde you first my meaning plaine.
The same is yet, and shall remaine.

Some say that Tyme doth purge the blood,
And franticke humors brings to frame,
I marvaile time hath done no good,
Your long hid griefes and qualmes to tame?
What secret hope doth yet remaine,
That makes these sutes revive againe ?
But

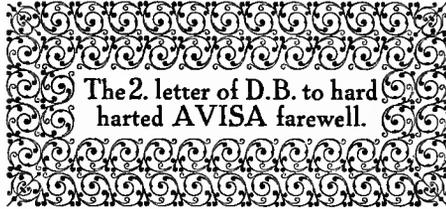
Time pur-
geth chole-
ricke humora
and the bloud.

Willobie

*But die you will, and that in hast,
Except you find some quicke reliefe,
I'le warrant you, your life at last,
While foolish love is all your grieve,
As first I said, so say I still,
I cannot yeeld, nor ever will.*

Alwaies the same,
Avisa.

CANT. XXXIII.



*Difficile est
diligere, &
Sapere. Vult-
ius.*

I *FIND it true, that some have said,
It's hard to love, and to be wise,
For wit is oft by love betraid,
And brought a sleepe, by fond devise,
Sith faith no favour can procure,
My patience must my paine indure.*

*Non si fæmini-
um crebo ca-
put igne refun-
das, Ingenii
mutes prima
metalla sui.*

*When womens wits have drawne the plot,
And of their fancie laid the frame,
Then that they holde, where good or not,
No force can move them from the same :
So you, because you first denide,
Do thinke it shame, from that to slide.*
As

*As faithfull friendship mov'd my tongue,
Your secret love, and favour crave ;
And as I never did you wrong,
This last request so let me have ;
Let no man know what I did move,
Let no man know, that I did love.*

*That I will say, this is the worst,
When this is said, then all is past,
Thou proud *Avisa*, were the first,
Thou hard *Avisa*, art the last,
Though thou in sorrow make me dwell
Yet love will make me wish thee well.*

*Write not againe, except you write
This onely gentle word, I will,
This onely word will bring delite,
The rest will breede but sorrow still,
God graunt you gaine that you desire,
By keeping that, which I require.*

*Yet will I listen now and then,
To see the end, my mind will crave,
Where you will yeeld to other men,
The thing that I could never have.
But what to me ? where false or true,
Where live or die, for aye *Adue*.*

Fortuna ferenda.

D. B.

I

Willobie

DYDIMUS HARCO.
ANGLO-GER-
MANUS.

CANT. XXXIII.



D. H.

I HAVE to say, yet cannot speake,
The thing that I would gladly say,
My hart is strong, though tong be weake,
Yet will I speake it, as I may.
And if I speake not as I ought,
Blame but the error of my thought,

And if I thinke not as I should,
Blame love that bad me so to thinke ;
And if I say not what I would,
T'is modest shame, that makes me shrinke,
For sure their love is very small,
That can at first expresse it all.

Forgive my blush, if I do blush,
You are the first I ever tride,
And last whose conscience I will crush,
If now at first I be denide,
I must be plaine, then give me leave,
I cannot flatter nor deceive.

You

You know that Marchaunts ride for gaine,
As chiefe foundations of their state,
You see that we refuse no paine,
To rise betime, and travell late,
 But farre from home, this is the spite,
 We want sometimes our chiefe delite.

I am no Saint, I must confesse,
But naturde like to other men,
My meaning you may quickly guesse,
I love a woman now and then,
 And yet it is my common use,
 To take advise, before I chuse.

I oft have seene the Western part,
And therein many a pretie elfe,
But found not any in my hart,
I like so well as of your selfe ;
 And if you like no worse of mee,
 We may perhaps in time agree.

CANT. XXXV.



WHEN first you did request to talke
 With me alone a little space,
When first I did consent to walke
With you alone within this place,
 From this your sage, and sober cheare,
 I thought some grave advise to heare.

Some

Willobie

Some say that womens faces faine
A modest shew, from wanton hart ;
But give me leave, I see it plaine,
That men can play a duble part,
 I could not dreame, that I should find
 In lustlesse shew, such lustfull mind.

You make as though you would not speake,
As unacquainted yet with love,
As though your mind you could not breake,
Nor how these secret matters move,
 You blush to speake, Alas the blush,
 Yet this is all not worth a rush.

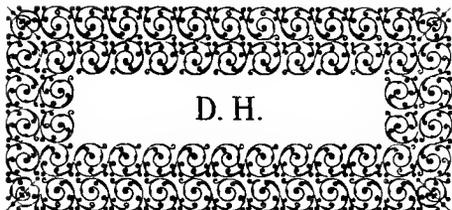
Such slie conceites are out of joynt,
So foule within, so faire without,
Not worth in proofe a threden poynt :
But now to put you out of doubt,
 Your thought is far deceiv'd of mee,
 As you in time shall plainly see.

If you had known my former life,
With spotlesse fame that I have held,
How first a maide and then a wife,
These youthly sutes I have repeld,
 You would (I hope) correct your rate,
 That judge me thus a common mate.

Whome you have seene, I doe not care,
Nor reck not what you did request,
I am content this flout to beare,
In that you say, you like me best,
 And if you wish that you agree,
 Correct your wrong conceite of mee.

The

CANT. XXXVI.



THE lymed bird, by foulers traine,
Intrapt by view of pleasant baite,
Would faine unwind himselfe againe ;
But feeles too late the hid desaite :
So I have found the clasping lyme,
That will sticke fast for longer time.

There is a floud, whose rivers runne,
Like streames of Milke, and seemes at first,
Extreamely colde, all heate to shunne,
But stay awhile, and quench your thirst,
Such vehement heate there will arise,
As greater heate none may devise.

These strange effects I find inold,
Within this place, since my returne,
My first affections were but cold,
But now I feele them fiercely burne,
The more you make such strange retire,
The more you draw my new desire.

You thinke perchance I doe but jest,
Or I your secrets will bewray,
Or having got that I request,
With false *Aeneas* steale away,
If you suspect that I will range,
Let God forsake me, when I change.

In Italy
is a certaine
water that
falleth into
the River A-
nion, of co-
lour white,
and at first
seemes to bee
wonderfull
colde, but be-
ing a while in
it, it heateth
the body
more ex-
treamely.
*Leonicus de va-
ria Histor.*

I

Willobie

I will not boast me of my wealth,
You shall no Gold nor Jewels want,
You see I am in perfect health,
And if you list to give your grant,
A hundreth pounds shall be your hire,
But onely doe that I require.

And here's a Bracelet to begin,
Worth twentie Angels to be sold,
Besides the rest, this shall you win,
And other things not to be told,
And I will come but now and then,
To void suspect, none shall know when.

CANT. XXXVII.



WHY then your conscience doth declare
A guilty mind that shunnes the light,
A spotlesse conscience need not feare,
The tongues of men, nor yet the sight,
Your secret slides doe passe my skill,
And plainly shewe your workes are ill.

Your words commend the lawlesse rite,
Of *Platoes* lawes that freedom gave,
That men and women for delight,
Might both in common freely have,
Yet God doth threaten cruell death,
To them that breake their wedlocke faith.

In Plato his
common
wealth all
women were
common, con-
trary to the
commande-
ment of God.
Exod. 20, 14
Levit. 18, 20,
29.

The

The Bee beares honie in her mouth,
Yet poysoned sting in hinder part,
The spring is sweete where pleasure growth,
The fall of leafe brings storming smart,
Vaine pleasure seemes most sweete at first,
And yet their end is still accurst.

What bosome beares hote burning coles,
And yet consumes not with the same ?
What feete tread fire with bared soles,
And are not synged with the flame ?
They stay my friend, made no such hast,
To buy *Repentaunce* at the last.

I am not of the Cyprian sort,
Nor yet have learnd the common use
Of Bable dames, in filthy sport,
For gaine no commers to refuse,
What stormes or troubles ever grow,
I list not seeke my living so.

Your gorgious gifts, your golden hookes,
Doe move but fooles to looke aside,
The wise will shunne such craftie crookes,
That have such false resemblance tride :
But men are sure, that they will lift,
That are content to take a gift.

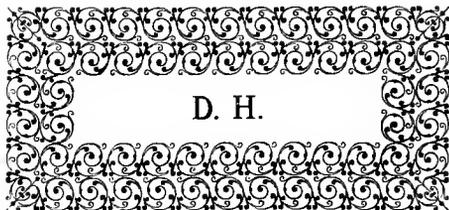
Strange pleasure seemes sweete at the beginning, but their end is as bitter wormewood. Prover. 5. 3. 4. Prover. 6. 27. *Non tanti emam paenitere.* Filthy heathen lawes. In Cyprus, their maydens before the time of their mariage were set open to every man to gaine their dowrie. Justice. The Babilonians had a custome, that if any were poore, they should procure their daughters and wives to get money with their bodies. Herodot. *Formosæ, pretio capiunt.*

tur avaræ. Imitantur hamos Dona. Fœmina prostituit seseque Munera donat. Femina se vendit quæ data dona capit. Vulteius.

Nay

Willobie

CANT. XXXVIII.



D. H.

NAY then farewell, if this be so,
If you be of the purer stampe,
Gainst wind and tide I can not roe,
I have no oyle to feede that lampe,
Be not too rash, denie not flat,
For you refuse, you know not what.

But rather take a farther day,
For farther triall of my faith,
And rather make some wise delay,
To see and take some farther breath :
He may too rashly be denide,
Whose faithfull hart was never tride.

And though I be by Jury cast,
Yet let me live a while in hope,
And though I be condemnde at last,
Yet let my fancie have some scope,
And though the body flie away,
Yet let me with the shadow play.

Will you receive, if I doe send
A token of my secret love ?
And stay untill you see the end
Of these effects, that fancie move ?
Grant this, and this shall salve my sore,
Although you never grant me more.

And

And thus at first let this suffice,
Inquire of me, and take the vewe
Of myne estate, with good advise,
And I will do the like by you ;
 And as you like, so frame your love,
 But passe no promise till you prove.

This have I said to shew my bent,
But no way spoken to offend,
And though my love cannot relent,
Yet passed errors will I mend,
 Keepe close the Tenor of our talke,
 And say, we did for pleasure walke.

CANT. XXXIX.



THEN jugling mates do most deceave,
 And most delude the dazeled sight,
When up they turne their folded sleeve,
With bared armes to woorke their slight,
 When sharpe-set Foxe begins to preach,
 Let goslings keepe without his reach.

And will you have me set a day,
To feede your hope with vaine delayes ?
Well, I will doo as you do say,
And posse you up with fainting staves,
 That day shall breake my plighted faith,
 That drawes my last and gasping breath.

If

Willobie

If you will hope, then hope in this,
He never grant that you require :
If this you hope, you shall not misse,
But shall obtaine your hopes desire,
 If other hope you do retaine,
 Your labor's lost, your hope is vaine.

The child that playes with sharpned tooles,
Doth hurt himselfe for want of wit,
And they may well be counted fooles,
That wrastle neere a dangerous pit :
 Your loose desire doth hope for that,
 Which I must needs deny you flat.

Send mee no tokens of your lust,
Such gifts I list not to receive,
Such guiles shall never make me trust,
Such broad-layde baytes cannot deceive,
 For they to yeeld do then prepare,
 That grant to take such proffred ware.

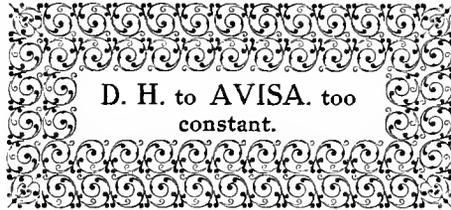
The woman
that receiveth
giftes of such
sutors, selleth
her selfe & her
liberty.

If this be it you have to say,
You know my mynd which cannot change,
I must be gon, I cannot stay,
No fond delight can make me range,
 And for a farewell, this I sweare,
 You get not that I hold so deare.

After

After long absence, DH. happening
to come in on a tyme sodenly to her house, and
finding her all alone amongst her maides that were
spinning, sayd nothing, but going home
wrote these verses following, which
he called his Dum habui. and
sent them unto her.

CANT. XL.



WHYLST erst I had my libertie,
To range the woodes where fancy list,
The cause of all my miserie,
By heedlesse hast my way I mist,
Untill I found within a plaine,
A Christall Well, where Nimphes remaine.

As weary of this wild-goose race,
That led askance, I know not where,
I chose at length a shadow place,
To take the cold and pleasant ayre,
But from the brinke of that same well,
I saw my heaven, or els my hell.

I saw a byrde from joyning grove,
That soaring came with comely grace,
The Lillie and Vermillion strove,
In mayden-like and lovely face,
With seemely armes in steed of winges,
No clawes, but fingers set with ringes.

And

Willobie

*And in her hand she held a dart,
As being of Diana's trayne,
O that's the cause of all my smart,
And breeder of this endlesse paine,
The thing I sought not, there I find,
And lost the freedome of my mind.*

*While on her eies, my eies did hang,
From rolling eie there sprang a glance
And therewith heard a sodayne clang,
That strake me in a deadly trance,
But wak't I sawe blind Cupids craft,
And in my hart the golden shaft.*

*I sewd for grace, but she deny'd,
Her laughty lookes she cast awry,
And when my folly she espy'd,
She laught to see my misery :
Away she soares, and from my sight,
She smiling takes her parting flight.*

*You are the byrde that bred the bane,
That swelleth thus in restlesse thought,
You are the snare that thus have tane,
And sences all to thraldome brought,
You are the Jaylor that do keepe
Your frend in bandes, and dungeon deepe*

*Renowmed chaste Penelope,
With all her wordes could not redryve
Her sutors, till she set a day,
In which she would them answeare give,
When threedey spindle full was grow'n,
Then would she chuse one for her ow'n.*

They.

*They dayly came to see the end,
And every man doth hope to bee
The chosen man, to be her frend,
But womens wyles here men may see,
Her Spill was never fully sponne,
For night undid that day had done.*

*I hope the like you have decreed,
That found you spinning but of late,
Would God your Spill were full of threed,
That might releeve my wretched state,
I will forget the wronges are past,
So you will chuse me at the last.*

*Chuse one at length, I know you will,
Let tryed faith for ten yeares space,
How ever that your spindle fill,
With joy possesse that emptie place,
And if you will, I do protest,
My love shall far surmount the rest.*

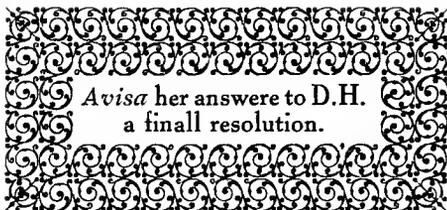
*These lines that hope for better speed,
As loving spyes are sent to see,
Where you have sponne up all your threed,
And what good hap is left for mee :
Let there returne, yet make him glad,
Whome loves dispayre hath made so sad.*

D.H.

CANT.

Willobie

CANT. XLI.



I *F I be of Diana's trayne,
As trewe it is I must confesse,
I mervaile that you strive in vayne,
Where frutelesse hope yeelds no redesse :
For they must needes continue sad
That seeke for that, will not be had.*

*What servile follie doth possesse
Your base conceite, that can abyde
Such piteous plaintes, and sutes adresse,
To them that do your sutes deryde ?
For I can hardly thinke them wyse,
That try againe, repulsed thryse.*

*No Hellens rape, nor Trojan warre,
My loving mate hath fors't away
No Junoes wrath, to wander farre,
From loving bed can make him stray,
Nor stay at all in forraine land,
But here I have him still at hand.*

My

*My sweet Ulisses never stayes
From his desyred home so long,
That I should need such rare delayes
To Shield me from intended wrong,
My chiefe delightes are alwayes nye,
And in my bosome sweetely lye.*

*The Spindle that you see me drive,
Hath fyld the spill so often trend,
My hartis fixt, since I did give
My wedlocke faith to chosen frend,
Then leave to sewe, since that you see
Your hap debarres your hope from mee.*

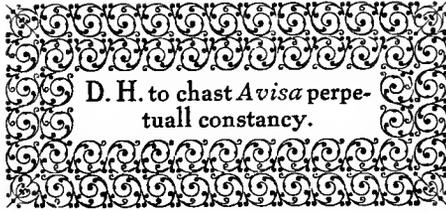
*I use not oft to make reply
To lines that yeelde such wanton store,
Let this suffice, that I deny,
And after this, looke for no more,
My choise is bound, by lawfull band,
My oath is past, and that shall stand.*

Alway the same
Avisa

This

Willobie.

CANT. XLII.



T*HIS is inough : now I have done
I thinke indeed you do not faine,
As others have, that have beene wonne
In shorter space, with lesser paine,
And sith you will not yeeld in deed
To these my wordes, yet take good heed.*

*My former love was onely lust,
As you in deed did truly say,
And they, such love that rashly trust,
Do plant the plot of swift decay :
But they whom Grace doth make so wise,
To high renowne, will surely ryse.*

*If you had had a waxye hart
That would have melt at hot desyre,
Or chaffye thoughtes that could have start,
And yeeld to burne at every fyre,
What ere I did, or sayd before,
I should have thought you but a whore.*

*Though saylers love the common Port,
As safest harbour where to rest,
Yet wise men seeke the strongest fort,
And paper castells most detest :
Men cannot love such as they know,
Will yeeld at sight of every blow.*

But

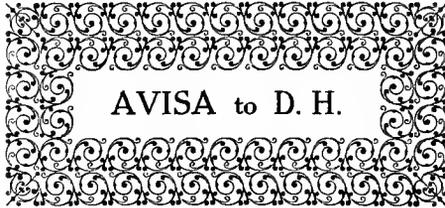
*O violata, vale,
vale ó violata,
placebas,
Inviolata nocet
nunc violata mihi,
Vulteijs.*

*Sic virgo dum
intacta manet,
tu chara suis
sed cum amisit
polluto corpore
flore. Nec pueris
jucunda manet,
nec chara puellis.
Catullus.*

Willobie

*Esteeme not this a painted bait,
Or golden ball cast to deceave :
If I do meane such lewd desait,
Let God my soule in tormentes leave :
I say no more, but thus I end
In honest love your faithful frend.*

D.H.



CANT. XLIII.

Y*OU know that I have laid my rest,
From which my mind shall never swerve,
If all be true that you protest,
Then shall you find, as you deserve :
All hidden truth tyme will bewraie,
This is as much as I can saie.*

*Alway the same
Avisa*

CANT. XLIIII.

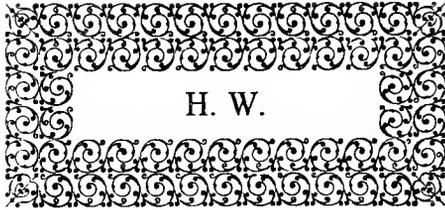
Henrico Willobego. Italo-Hispalensis.

H. W. being sodenly affected with the contagion of a fantastickall fit, at the first sight of A, pyneth a while in secret grieffe, at length not able any longer to indure the burning heate of so fervent a humour, bewrayeth the secresy of his disease unto his familiar frend W. S. who not long before had tryed the curtesy

tesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection ; yet finding his frend let bloud in the same vaine, he took pleasure for a tyme to see him bleed, & in steed of stopping the issue, he enlargeth the wound, with the sharpe rasor of a willing conceit, perswading him that he thought it a matter very easy to be compassed, & no doubt with payne, diligence & some cost in tyme to be obtayned. Thus this miserable comforter comforting his frend with an impossibilitie, eyther for that he now would secretly laugh at his frends folly, that had given occasion not long before unto others to laugh at his owne, or because he would see whether an other could play his part better then himselfe, & in vewing a far off the course of this loving Comedy, he determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor, then it did for the old player. But at length this Comedy was like to have growen to a Tragedy, by the weake and feeble estate that H.W. was brought unto, by a desperate vewe of an impossibility of obtaining his purpose, til Time & Necessity, being his best Phisitions brought him a plaster, if not to heale, yet in part to ease his maladye. In all which discourse is lively represented the unwrely rage of unbrydeled fancy, having the raines to rove at liberty, with the dyvers & sundry changes of affections & temptations, which Will, set loose from Reason, can devise, &c.

H.W.

Willobie



WHAT sodaine chance or change is this,
That doth bereave my quyet rest ?
What surly cloud eclipst my blisse,
What sprite doth rage within my brest ?
Such fainty qualmes I never found,
Till first I saw this westerne ground.

Can change of ayre complexions change,
And strike the sences out of frame ?
Though this be true, yet this is strange,
Sith I so lately hither came :
And yet in body cannot find
So great a change as in my mynd.

My lustlesse limmes do pyne away,
Because my heart is dead within,
All lively heat I feele decay,
And deadly cold his roome doth win,
My humors all are out of frame,
I frize amid'st the burning flame.

I have the feaver Ethicke right,
I burne within, consume without,
And having melted all my might,
Then followes death, without all doubt :
O fearefull foole, that know my greefe,
Yet sew and seeke for no releefe.

I know

I know the tyme, I know the place,
Both when and where my eye did vew
That novell shape, that frendly face,
That so doth make my hart to rew,
 O happy tyme if she inclyne,
 If not, O wourth these lucklesse eyne.

I love the seat where she did sit,
I kisse the grasse, where she did tread,
Me thinkes I see that face as yet,
And eye, that all these turmoyles breed,
 I envie that this seat, this ground,
 Such frendly grace and favour found.

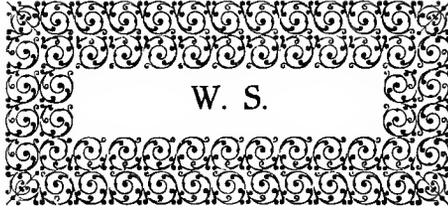
I dream't of late, God grant that dreame
Protend my good, that she did meete
Me in this greene by yonder streame,
And smyling did me frendly greete :
 Where wandring dreames be just or
 I mind to try ere it be long. (wrong,

But yonder comes my faythfull frend,
That like assaultes hath often tryde,
On his advise I will depend,
Where I shall winne, or be denyde,
 And looke what counsell he shall give,
 That will I do, where dye or live.

CANT.

Willobie

CANT. XLV.



WELL met, frend Harry, what's the cause
 You looke so pale with Lented
Your wanny face and sharpened nose (cheeks ?
Shew plaine, your mind some thing mislikes,
 If you will tell me what it is,
 Ile helpe to mend what is amisse.

What is she, man, that workes thy woe,
And thus thy tickling fancy move ?
Thy drousie eyes, & sighes do shoe
This new disease procedes of love,
 Tell what she is that witch't thee so,
 I sweare it shall no farder go.

A heavy burden wearieth one,
Which being parted then in twaine,
Seemes very light, or rather none,
And boren well with little paine :
 The smothered flame, too closely pent,
 Burnes more extreame for want of vent.

So sorrowes shrynde in secret brest,
Attainte the hart with hotter rage,
Then griefes that are to frendes exprest,
Whose comfort may some part asswage :
 If I a frend, whose faith is tryde,
 Let this request not be denyde.

Excessive.

his Auifa.

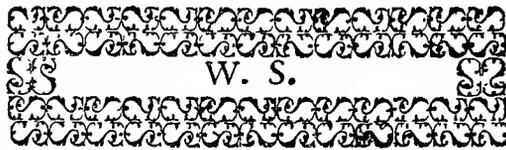
Exceſſiue griefes good counſells want,
And cloud the ſence from ſharpe conceits;
No reaſon rules, where ſorrowes plant,
And folly feedes, where fury fretes,
Tell what ſhe is, and you ſhall ſee,
What hope and help ſhall come from mee.

CANT. XLVI.



Seeſt yonder howſe, where hanges the badge
Of Englands Saint, when captaines cry
Victorious land, to conquering rage,
Loe, there my hopeleſſe helpe doth ly :
And there that frendly foe doth dwell,
That makes my hart thus rage and ſwell,

CANT. XLVII.

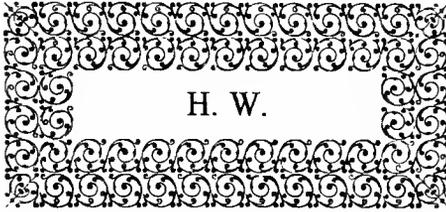


Well, ſay no more: I know thy griefe,
And face from whence theſe flames
It is not hard to ſynd reliefe, (aryle,
If thou wilt follow good aduylſe :
She is no Saynt, She is no Nonne,
I thinke in tyme ſhe may be wonne.

At firſt

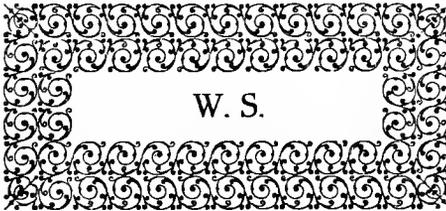
Excessive griefes good counsellis want,
And cloud the sence from sharpe conceits ;
No reason rules, where sorrowes plant,
And folly feedes, where fury fretes,
 Tell what she is, and you shall see,
 What hope and help shall come from mee.

CANT. XLVI.



SEEST yonder howse, where hanges the badge
 Of Englands Saint, when captaines cry
Victorious land, to conquering rage,
Loe, there my hopelesse helpe doth ly :
 And there that frendly foe doth dwell,
 That makes my hart thus rage and swell.

CANT. XLVII.



WELL, say no more : I know thy grieffe,
 And face from whence these flames
It is not hard to fynd reliefe (aryse,
If thou wilt follow good advyse :
 She is no Saynt, She is no Nonne,
 I thinke in tyme she may be wonne.

At first

Willobie

*Ars veterato-
ria.*

At first repulse you must not faint,
Nor flye the field though she deny
You wise or thrise, yet manly bent,
Againe, you must, and still, reply :
 When tyme permits you not to talke,
 Then let your pen and fingers walke.

*Munera (cre-
de mihi) pla-
cant homi-
nesq; Deosq;*

Apply her still with dyvers thinges,
(For giftes the wysest will deceave)
Sometymes with gold, sometymes with
No tyme nor fit occasion leave, (ringes,
 Though coy at first she seeme and wiede,
 These toyes in tyme will make her yielde,

Looke what she likes ; that you must love,
And what she hates, you must detest,
Where good or bad, you must approve,
The wordes and workes that please her best :
 If she be godly, you must sweare,
 That to offend you stand in feare.

*Wicked wiles
to deceave
witles wo-
men.*

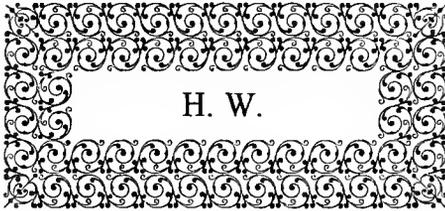
You must commend her loving face,
For women joy in beauties praise,
You must admire her sober grace,
Her wisdom and her vertuous wayes,
 Say, t'was her wit & modest shoe,
 That made you like and love her so.

You must be secret, constant, free,
Your silent sighes & trickling teares,
Let her in secret often see,
Then wring her hand, as one that feares
 To speake, then wish she were your wife,
 And last desire her save your life.

When

When she doth laugh, you must be glad,
And watch occasions, tyme and place,
When she doth frowne, you must be sad,
Let sighes and sobbes request her grace :
 Swear that your love is trulymment,
 So she in tyme must needes relent.

CANT. XLVIII.



THE whole to sicke good counsel give,
 Which they themselves cannot performe,
Your wordes do promise sweet reliefe,
To save my ship from drowning storme :
 But hope is past, and health is spent,
 For why my mynd is *Mal-content.*

The flowering hearbes, the pleasant spring,
That deckes the fieldes with vernant hew,
The harmelesse birdes, that sweetly sing,
My hidden griefes, do still renew ;
 The joyes that others long to see,
 Is it that most tormenteth mee.

I greatly doubt, though March be past,
Where I shall see that wished May,
That can recure that baleful blast,
Whose cold despaire wrought my decay ;
 My hopelesse cloudes, that never cleere,
 Presage great sorrowes very neere.

To dispaire
of good
successe in
the begin-
ning of a-
ny action,
is alwayes
a secret &
most cer-
taine fore-
warning of
ill successe,
that indeed
doth often
follow.

I

Willobie

I mirth did once, and musicke love,
Which both as now, I greatly hate :
What uncouth sprite my hart doth move,
To loath the thing, I lov'd so late ?

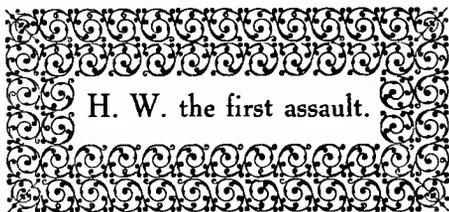
My greatest ease in deepest mone,
Is when I walke my selfe alone.

Where thinking on my hopelesse hap,
My trickling teares, like rivers flow,
Yet fancy lullles me in her lap,
And telles me, lyfe from death shall grow :
Thus flattering hope makes me believe ;
My grieffe in tyme shall feele relieve.

*Audaces for-
tuna juvat,
timidosq; re-
pellit.*

Good fortune helps the venturing wight,
That hard attempts dare undertake :
But they that shun the doubtful fight,
As coward drudges, doth forsake :
Come what there will, I meane to try,
Wher winne, or lose, I can but dye.

CANT. XLIX.



PARDON (sweet wench) my fancies fault,
If I offend to show my smart,
Your face hath made such fierce assault,
And battred so my fencelesse hart :
That of my foe, my lyfe to save,
For grace I am constrained to crave.

The

The raging Lyon never rendes
The yeelding pray, that prostrate lyes,
No valiant captayne ever bendes
His force against surrendering cryes :
 Here I surrender roome and right,
 And yeeld the fort at captaines sight.

You are the chieftaine, that have layd
This heavie siege to strengthlesse fort,
And fancy, that my will betrayd,
Hath lent dispaire his strongest port :
 You glauncing eyes as Cannon shot,
 Have pearst my hart, and freedome got.

When first I saw that frendly face,
Though never seen before that day,
That wit, that talke, that sober grace,
In secret hart thus did I say :
 God prosper this, for this is she,
 That joy or woe must bring to me.

A thousand fewtures I have seene,
For Travelers change, & choice shall see
In Fraunce, in Flaunders, & in Spaine,
Yet none, nor none could conquere mee ;
 Till now I saw this face of thyne,
 That makes my wittes are none of myne.

I often said, yet there is one,
But where, or what I could not tell,
Whose sight my sence would over come,
I feard it still, I knew it well,
 And now I know you are the She,
 That was ordaind to vanquish me.

CANT.

Willobie

CANT. L.



WHAT song is this that you do sing,
What tale is this that you do tell,
What newes is this that you do bring,
Or what you meane, I know not well ?
If you will speake, pray speake it playne,
Lest els perhaps you lose your payne.

My mynd surpris'd with household cares
Tendes not darke riddles to untwyne.
My state surcharg'd with great affares,
To Idle talke can lend no tyme ;
For if your speeches tend to love,
Your tonge in vaine such sutes will move.

In greenest grasse the winding snake,
With poysoned sting is soonest found,
A cowardes tongue makes greatest cracke,
The emptiest caske yeelds greatest sound,
To hidden hurt, the bird to bring,
The fouler doth most sweetly sing,

If wandering rages have possest
Your roving mynd at randame bent ;
If idle qualmes from too much rest,
Fond fancies to your lust have sent :
Cut off the cause that breedes your smart.
Then will your sicknesse soone depart.

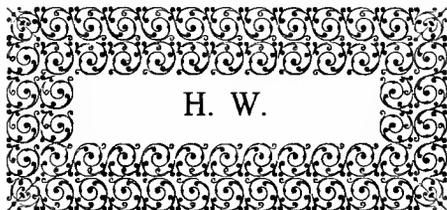
Idleness
the mother
of all foo-
lish wan-
nesse.
David be-
ing idle fell
to strange
lust.
Quæritur
Ægistus,
quare sit
factus A-
dulter.

The

The restles mynd that reason wantes,
 Is like the ship that lackes a sterne,
 The hart beset with follyes plantes,
 At wisdomes lore repynes to learne :
 Some seeke and fynd what fancy list,
 But after wish that they had mist.

Who loves to tread unknowen pathes,
 Doth often wander from his way,
 Who longes to lave in bravest bathes,
 Doth wash by night, and wast by day :
 Take heed betyme, beware the pryse
 Of wicked lust, if you be wyse.

CANT. LI.



H. W.

UNWONTED lyking breedes my love,
 And love the welspring of my grieffe,
 This fancy fixt none can remove,
 None send redresse, none give relieffe,
 But onely you, whose onely sight
 Hath fors't me to this pynning plight.

Love oft doth spring from due desart,
 As loving cause of true effect,
 But myne proceeds from wounded hart,
 As scholler to a novell sect :
 I bare that lyking, few have bore,
 I love, that never lov'd before.

I love

*In promptu
 causa est :
 Desidiosus
 erat.*

Noblemen
 gentlemen,
 and Cap-
 taynes by
 idlennesse
 fall to all
 kynd of vi-
 ces.

Willobie

I love, though doubtfull of successe,
As blindmen grope to try the way ;
Yet still I love because I gesse,
You love, for love cannot deny,
 Except you spring of savadge kynd,
 Whome no desartes, nor love can bynd.

Of all the graces that excell,
And vertues that are cheefly best,
A constant love doth beare the bell,
And makes his owner ever blest :
 How blame you then the faithfull love
 That hath his praise from God above.

Can you withstand what fates ordayne ?
Can you reprove dame Natures frame ?
Where natures joyne, shall will disclaime ?
Acquite my love, beare they the blame,
 That snuffe at faith, & looke so coy,
 And count true love but for a toy.

If fortune say it shal be so,
Then though you lyke, yet shall you yeeld,
Say what you list, you cannot go
Unconquered thus from Cupids field,
 That love that none could ever have,
 I give to you, and yours I crave.

CANT.

CANT. LII.



WELL, you are bent I see, to try
The utmost list of follies race,
Your fancy hath no power to fly
The luring baite of flattering grace,
The fish that leapes & never lookes,
Fyndes death unwares in secret hookes.

You say you love, yet shew no cause,
Of this your love, or rather lust,
Or whence this new affection groes
Which though untryde, yet we must trust,
Dry reeds that quickly yeeld to burne,
Soone out to flamelesse cinders turne.

Such raging love in rangling mates,
Is quickly found, and sooner lost ;
Such deepe deceate in all estates,
That spares no care, no payne nor cost ;
With flattering tongues, & golden giftes,
To dryve poore women to their shiftes.

Examine well, & you shall see
Your truthlesse treason, tearmed love,
What cause have you to fancy mee,
That never yet had tyme to prove,
What I have beene, nor what I am,
Where worthie love, or rather shame ?

This

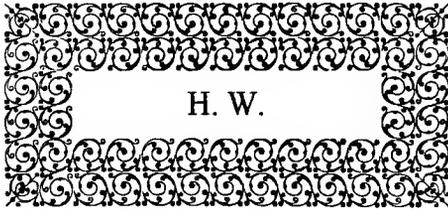
Willobie

This love that you to straungers bare,
Is like to headstrong horse and mule,
That ful-fed nyes on every mare,
Whose lust outleapes the lawfull rule,
 For here is seene your constant love,
 Whome strange aspects so quickly move.

Besides you know I am a wife,
Not free, but bound by plighted oath,
Can love remaine, where filthy life
Hath staine the soile, where vertue gro'th?
 Can love indure, where faith is fled?
 Can Roses spring, whose roote is dead?

True love is constant in her choise,
But if I yeeld to chuse againe,
Then may you say with open voice,
This is her use, this is her vaine,
 She yeelds to all : how can you than
 Love her that yeeldes to every man?

CANT. LIII.



IF fear and sorrow sharpe the wit,
And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,
Then will & style, must finely fit,
To paint my grieffe, and waile my case,
 Sith my true love is counted lust :
 And hope is rackt in spitefull dust.

The

The cause that made me love so soone,
And feedes my mind with inward smart,
Springes not from Starres, nor yet the Moone,
But closly lies in secret hart :

And if you aske, I can not tell,
Nor why, nor how, this hap befell.

If birth or beautie could have wrought,
In lustlesse hart this loves effect,
Some fairer farre my love have sought,
Whose loving lookes I did reject.

If now I yeeld without assault,
Count this my fortune or my fault.

You are a wife, and you have swore,
You will be true. Yet what of this ?
Did never wife play false before,
Nor for her pleasure strike amis ?

Will you alone be constant still,
When none are chast, nor ever will ?

A man or women first may chuse
The love that they may after loth ;
W[h]o can denie but such may use
A second choice, to pleasure both ?

No fault to change the old for new ;
So to the second they be trew.

Your husband is a worthlesse thing,
That no way can content your mind,
That no way can that pleasure bring,
Your flowring yeares desire to find :

This I will count my chiefest blisse,
If I obtaine, that others misse.

Thers

Willobie.

Ther's nothing gotten to be coye,
The purer stampe you must detest,
Now is your time of greatest joye,
Then love the friend that loves you best,
 This I will count my chiefest blisse
 If I obtaine that others misse.

CANT. LIIII.



THAT others misse, you would obtaine,
 And want of this doth make you sad,
I sorrow that you take such paine,
To seeke for that, will not be had,
 Your filed skill the power doth want,
 Within this plot such trees to plant.

Though some there be, that have done ill,
And for their fancie broke their faith :
Yet doe not thinke that others will,
That feare of shame more then of death :
 A spotlesse name is more to me,
 Then wealth, then friends, then life can be.

Are all unconstant, all unsound ?
Will none performe their sworn vow ?
Yet shall you say, that you have found,
A chast, and constant wife I trow :
 And you shall see, when all is doone,
 Where all will yeeld, and all be woone.

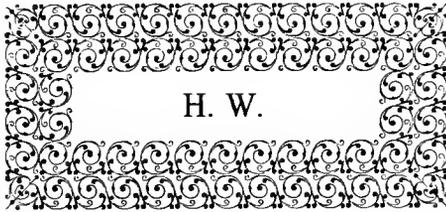
Though

Though you have bin at common schoole,
And enterd plaints in common place ;
Yet you wil prove your selfe a foole,
To judge all women void of grace :
 I doubt not but you will be brought,
 Soone to repent this wicked thought.

Your second change let them alow,
That list mislike their primer choice,
I lov'd him first, I love him now,
To whom I gave my yeelding voice,
 My faith and love, I will not give
 To mortall man, while he doth live.

What love is this, that bids me hate,
The man whom nature bids me love ?
What love is this, that sets debate,
Twixt man and wife ? but here I prove :
 Though sm[o]othed words seeme very kind,
 Yet all proceed from devilish mind.

CANT. LV.



FROM devilish mind ? well wanton well,
 You thinke your strength is very sure,
You thinke all women to excell,
And all temptations to indure.
 These glorious braggs shew but your pride :
 For all will yeeld, if they be tride.

You

Willobie

You are (I hope) as others bee,
A woman made of flesh and blood,
Amongst them all, will you goe free,
When all are ill, will you be good ?
 Assure your selfe, I do not faine,
 Requite my love with love againe.

Let me be hangd if you be such,
As you pretend in outward shoe ;
Yet I commend your wisdom much,
Which mov'd me first to love you so :
 Where men no outward shewes detect,
 Suspicious minds can nil suspect.

But to the matter ; tell me true,
Where you your fancie can incline,
To yeeld your love, for which I sue,
As fortune hath intangled mine :
 For well I know, it's nothing good,
 To strive against the raging flood.

What you mislike, I will amend,
If yeares I want, why I will stay,
My goods and life here I will spend,
And helpe you still in what I may :
 For though I seeme a headlong youth,
 Let time be triall of my truth.

Your name by me shall not be crackt,
But let this tongue from out my jawes,
Be rent, and bones to peeces rackt,
If I your secrets doe disclose,
 Take good advisement what you say,
 This is my good, or dismall day.

CANT.

CANT. LVI.



YES, so I will, you may be bold,
Nor will I use such strange delaies ;
But that you shall be quickly told,
How you shall frame your wandring waies :
If you will follow mine advise,
Doubt not but you shall soone be wise.

To love, excepting honest love,
I can not yeeld, assure you mind ;
Then leave this frutelesse sute to move,
Least like to *Sisyphus* you find,
With endlesse labour, gainelesse paine,
To role the stone that turnes againe.

You want no yeares, but rather wit,
And dew forecast in that you seeke,
To make your choice that best may fit,
And this is most that I mislike ;
If you be free, live where you list,
But still beware of, Had I wist.

Serve God, and call to him for grace,
That he may stay your slipperie slides,
From treading out that sinfull trace,
That leades where endlesse sorrowe bides,
Thus shall you wisely guide your feete ;
Though youth and wisdom seldome meete

And

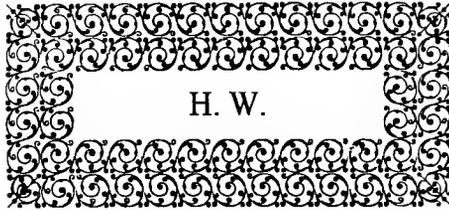
Willobie

And if you find, you have no gift,
To live a chast and matelesse life,
Yet feare to use unlawfull shift,
But marry with some honest wife,
 With whom you may contented live,
 And wandring mind from folly drive.

*Fuggi quel pi-
acer presente
che ti da dolor
futuro.*

Fly present pleasure that doth bring
Insuing sorrow, paine and grieffe ;
Of death beware the poys'ned sting,
That hatcheth horror sance reliefe,
 Take this of me, and in the end
 I shall be thought your chiefest frend.

CANT. LVII.



IF then the welspring of my joy,
 A floud of woe, in fine become,
If love engender loves annoy,
Then farewell life, my glasse is runne ;
 If you thus constant still remaine ;
 Then must I die, or live in paine.

Thrice happie they, whose joynd harts,
United wils have linckt in one,
Whose eies discern the due desarts,
The griping grieffe, and grievous grone,
 That faith doth breed in setled mind,
 As fancies are by fates inclined.

And

And shall I role the restlesse stone ?
And must I prove the endlesse paine ?
In curelesse care shall I alone,
Consume with grieffe, that yeelds me gaine ?
 If so I curse these eies of mine,
 That first beheld that face of thine.

Your will must with my woe dispence,
Your face the founder of my smart,
That pleasant looke fram'd this offence,
These thrilling gripes that gall my hart,
 Sith you this wound, and hurt did give,
 You must consent to yeeld relieve.

How can I cease, while fancie guides
The restlesse raines of my desire ?
Can reason rule, where folly bides ?
Can wit intrald to will retire ?
 I little thought I should have mist,
 I never feard of, Had I wist.

Let old men pray, let settled heads
Inthrall their necks to wedlocke band,
Shrend golden gyves, who ever weds
With pleasant paine, shall take in hand :
 But I will be your faithful frend,
 If health by hope you yeeld to send.
CANT.

Willobie

CANT. LVIII.



A V I S A.

WHAT filthy folly, raging lust,
What beastly blindnes fancy breeds ?
As though the Lord had not accurst,
With vengeance due, the sinfull deeds ?
Though vaine-led youth with pleasure swell,
Yet marke these words that I shall tell.

Gen. 38. 24.
Whoremoun-
gers burnt.

Who so with filthy pleasure burnes ;
His sinfull flesh with fierie flakes
Must be consum'd ; whose soule returnes
To endlesse paine in burning lakes.
You seeme by this, to wish me well,
To teach me tread the path to hell.

Call you this (Love) that bringeth sin,
And sows the seedes of heavie cheere ?
If this be love, I pray begin,
To hate the thing I love so deere ;
I love no love of such a rate,
Nor fancie that, which God doth hate.

Prover. 5 3

But what saith he that long had tryde
Of harlots all the wanton flights ;
Beware least that your hart be tyde,
To fond affects by wanton sights :
Their wandering eies, and wanton lookes,
Catch fooles as fish, with painted hookes.

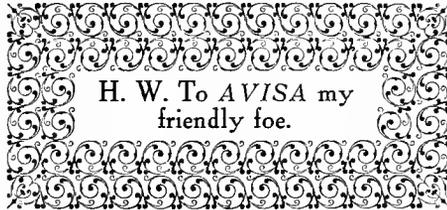
Their

Their lippes with oyle and honie flow,
Their tongs are fraught with flattering guile ;
Amidst these joyes great sorrowes grow ;
For pleasures flourish but a while,
 Their feete to death, their steps to hell,
 Do swiftly slide, that thus do mell.

Then flie this dead and dreadfull love,
This signe of Gods revenging ire ;
Let love of God such lust remove,
And quench the flames of foule desire,
 If you will count me for your frend,
 You must both workes and words amend.

CANT LIX.

With this bitter reply of *Avisa*, H. W. being somewhat daunted, yet not altogether without hope, went home to his house, and there secretly in a melancolike passion wrote these verses following.



THE busie Gnat about the candle, hovering still doth flie, *Sixaine,*
The slimie Fish about the bayt, still wavering doth lie,
The fearefull Mouse about the trap doth often try his strength,
Untill both Gnat, and Fish and Mouse, be taken at the length,
Even so unhappie I, do like my greatest baine,
Unlesse you do with speede, release my mortall paine.
The

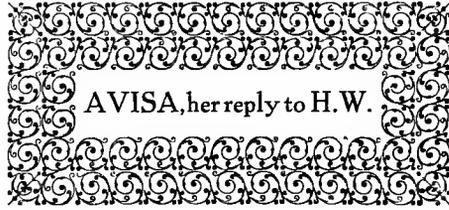
Willobie

Quatraine. The light foote hart desires the waters brooke,
The dog most sicke the greenest grasse doth crave,
The wounded wight for surgeon still doth looke,
Untill both hart, and dogge, and wight their medicine have :
But I with grieve th'unhappiest of them all,
Do still delight to be my enemies thrall.

Deuxaine. Mine enemie I say, though yet my sweetest frend,
If of my sorrowes I may see some speedie holsome end.

FINIS. Chi la dura, la Vince.

CANTO LX.



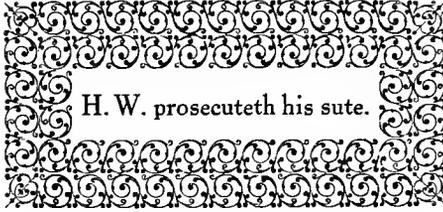
THE busie Gnat for want of wit,
Doth sindge his wings in burning flame,
The Fish with baite will headlong flit,
Till she be choked with the same ;
So you with Gnat and Fish will play,
Till flame and foode worke your decay.

The heedlesse Mouse, that tries the trap,
In hast to reach her harts desire,
Doth quickly find such quaint mishap,
That barres her strength from free retire,
So you will never cease to crave,
Till you have lost that now you have.

*The hart, the dogge, the wounded wight,
For water, grasse, and Surgeon call,
Their griefes and cures, are all but light,
But your conceite surpast them all ;
Except you change your wanton mind,
You shall no ease, nor comfort find.*

Always the same
Avisa.

CANT. LXI.



H. W. prosecuteth his sute.

WILL not your laughty stomacke stoupe ?
Will not this selfe conceite come downe ?
As haggard loving mirthlesse coupe,
At frendly lure doth checke and frowne ?
Blame not in this the Faulkners skill,
But blame the Hawkes unbridled will.

Your sharp replies, your frowning cheare,
To absent lines, and present vew,
Doth aie redouble trembling feare,
And griping griefes do still renew,
Your face to me my sole reliefe,
My sight to you your onely griefe.

0

Willobie

O lucklesse wretch, what hap had I,
To plant my love in such a soile ?
What furie makes me thus relie
On her that seekes my utter spoile ?
 O Gods of love, what signe is this,
 That in the first, I first should mis ?

And can you thus increase my woe,
And will you thus prolong my paine ?
Canst kill the hart that loves thee so,
Canst quit my love with foule disdain ?
 And if thou canst, woe worth the place,
 Where first I saw that flattering face.

And shall my folly prove it trew,
That hastie pleasure doubleth paine,
Shall grieffe rebound, where joye[s] grew ?
Of faithfull hart is this the gaine ?
 Me thinks for all your grave advise,
 (Forgive my thought) you are not wise.

Would God I could restraine my love,
Sith you to love me can not yeeld,
But I alas cannot remove
My fancie, though I die in feeld :
 My life doth on your love depend,
 My love and life at once must end.

CANT LXII



What

WHAT witlesse errors do possesse
The wretched minds of loving fooles,
That breathlesse runne to such distresse,
That lively heate fond sorrowe cooles ?
They reke not where they stand or fall,
Deny them love, take life and all.

It seemes a death to change their mind,
Or alter once their foolish will,
Such od conceites they seeke to find,
As may their childish fancies fill,
It makes me smile thus, now and then,
To see the guise of foolish men.

I can not stoupe to wandring lure ;
My mind is one, and still the same ;
While breath, while life, while daies indure,
I will not yeeld to worke my shame,
Then if you strive and stirre in vaine,
Blame but the fruites of idle braine.

If I do sometimes looke awrie,
As loth to see your blobered face,
And loth to heare a yong man crie,
Correct for shame this childish race,
And though you weepe and waile to mee
Yet let not all these follies see.

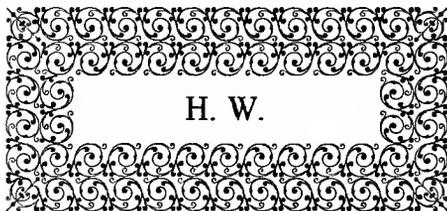
Good *Harry* leave these raging toyes,
That thus from restlesse fancie flow,
Unfit for men, not meete for boyes,
And let's a while talke wisely now ;
If that you love me as you say,
Then cease such madnes to bewray.

If

Willobie

If honest love could breed content,
And frame a liking to your will,
I would not sticke to give consent,
To like you so, and love you still,
 But while lust leades your love awrie,
 Assure your selfe, I will denie.

CANT. LXIII.



AND is it lust that welds my love ?
 Or is it but your fond surmise ?
Will you condemne, before you prove ?
How can I thinke you to be wise ?
 O faithfull hart, yet thrice accurst,
 That art misdeemd thus at the first.

If lust did rule my restlesse hart,
If onely lust did beare the sway,
I quickly could asswage my smart,
With choise, and change, for every day,
 You should not laugh to see me weepe,
 If lust were it that strake so deepe.

And yet at first, before I knew,
What vaine it was that bled so sore,
Wher lust or love, to prove it trew,
I tooke a salve that still before
 Was wont to helpe, I chose me one,
 With whom I quencht my lust alone.

Yet

Yet this (sweete hart) could not suffise,
Nor any way content my mind,
I felt new qualmes, and new arise,
And stronger still, and strong I find,
 By this, I thus doe plainely prove,
 It is not lust, but faithfull love.

A bad argu-
ment to prove
good love.

And yet to prove my love more sure,
And since you will not false your faith,
This pining plight I will indure,
Till death do stop your husbands breath ;
 To have me then if you will say,
 I will not marrie, till that day.

If you will give your full consent,
When God shall take your husbands life,
That then you will be well content,
To be my spouse and loving wife,
 I will be joyfull as before,
 And till that time will crave no more.

CANT. LXIV.



NO more ; no more, too much of this,
 And is mine ynch become an ell ?
If thus you writh my words amis,
I must of force, bid you farwell,
 You shew in this your loving bent,
 To catch at that I never ment.

I

Willobie

I thought at first, (but this my thought
I must correct ;) that simple love,
In guilles hart these fits had wrought.
But I ; too simple I, now prove,
 That under shew of great good will,
 My harts delight you seeke to spill.

He loves me well, that tils a trap,
Of deepe deceite, and deadly baine,
In dreadfull daungers thus to wrap
His friend by baites of flering traine :
 Though flattering tongues can paint it brave
 Your words do shew, what love you have.

I must consent, and you will stay
My husbands death. Obtaining this,
You thinke I could not say you Nay :
Nor of your other purpose mis,
 You are deceiv'd, and you shall trie,
 That I such faith, and friends defie.

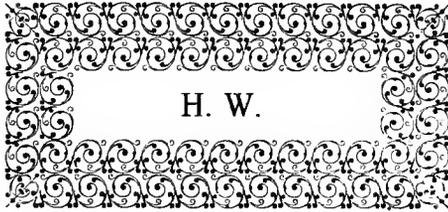
Such fained, former, faithlesse plot
I most detest, and tell you plaine,
If now I were to cast my lot,
With free consent to chuse againe,
 Of all the men I ever knew,
 I would not make my choice of you.

Let this suffice, and do not stay
On hope of that which will not be,
Then cease your sute, go where you may,
Vaine is your trust to hope on me,
 My choice is past, my hart is bent,
 While that remains, to be content.

Now

Now having tract the winding trace,
Of false resemblance, give me leave,
From this to shew a stranger grace,
Then heretofore, you did perceave,
Gainst friendlesse love if I repyne,
The fault is yours, & none of myne.

CANT. LXV.



I WILL not wish, I cannot vow,
Thy hurt, thy griefe, though thou disdaine,
Though thou refuse, I know not how,
To quite my love with love againe :
Since I have sworn to be thy frend,
As I began, so will I end.

Swear thou my death, worke thou my woe,
Conspire with greefe to stop my breath,
Yet still thy frend, & not thy foe
I will remayne untill my death :
Choose whome thou wilt, I will resigne,
If love, or faith, be like to mine.

But while I wretch too long have lent
My wandring eyes to gase on thee.
I have both tyme, & travell spent
In vaine, in vaine : and now I see,
They do but frutelesse paine procure,
To haggard kytes that cast the lure.

When

Willobie

When I am dead, yet thou mayst boast,
Thou hadst a frend, a faithfull frend,
That living liv'd to love thee most,
And lov'd thee still unto his end ;
 Though thou unworthy, with disdain
 Did'st force him live and dye in paine.

Now may I sing, now sigh, and say,
Farewell my lyfe, farewell my joy,
Now mourne by night, now weepe by day,
Love, too much love breedes myne annoy :
 What can I wish, what should I crave,
 Sith that is gon, that I should have.

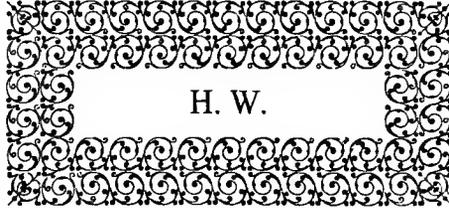
Though hope be turned to dispaire,
Yet give my tongue leave to lament,
Beleeve me now, my hart doth sweare,
My lucklesse love was truly ment :
 Thou art too proud, I say no more,
 Too stout, and wo is me therefore.

Felice chi puo.

CANT. LXVI.

Avisa having heard this patheticall fancy of H.W. and seeing the teares trill downe his cheekes, as halfe angry to see such passionate follie, in a man that should have goverment, with a frowning countenance turned from him, without farder answere, making silence her best reply, and following the counsell of the wise, not to answere a foole in his folly lest he grow too foolish, returted quite from him, and left him alone. But he departing home, and not able by reason to rule the raginge fume of this phantasticall fury, cast himselfe uppon his bed

bed, & refusing both foode and comfort for many daies together, fell at length into such extremity of passionate affections, that as many as saw him, had great doubt of his health, but more of his wittes, yet, after a long space absence, having procured some respite from his sorrowes, he takes his pen and wrate, as followeth.



H. W.

LYKE wounded *Deare* whose tender sydes are bath'ed in blood,
 From deadly wound, by fatall hand & forked shaft :
 So bleedes my pearced hart, for so you thinke it good,
 With cruelty to kill, that which you got by craft :
 You still did loth my lyfe, my death shall be your gaine,
 To dye to do you good, I shall not thinke it paine.

*My person could not please, my talke was out of frame,
 Though hart and eye could never brooke my loathed sight,
 Yet love doth make me say, to keepe you out of blame,
 The fault was only mine, and that you did but right,
 When I am gon, I hope my ghost shall shew you plaine,
 That I did truly love, and that I did not faine.*

*Now must I fynd the way to waile while lyfe doth last,
 Yet hope I soone to see, the end of dolefull dayes ;
 When floudes of flowing feares, and creeping cares are past,
 Then shall I leave to sing, and write these pleasant layes :
 For now I loth the foode, and bloud that lends me breath,
 I count all pleasures paine that keepe me from my death.*

To

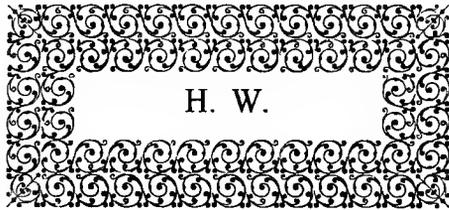
Willobie

*To darke and heavy shades, I now will take my flight,
Where nether tongue nor eye shall tell or see my fall,
That there I may disiect these dregges of thy dispight,
And purge the clotted blood, that now my hart doth gall :
In secret silence so, Perforce shall be my song,
Till truth make you confesse that you have done me wrong.
Gia speme spenta.*

H. W.

Avisa refusing both to come or send him any answer, after a long & melancholike deliberation, he wrote againe so as followeth-

CANT. LXVII.



T*HOUGH* you refuse to come or send,
Yet this I send, though I do stay,
Unto these lynes some credit lend,
And marke it well what they shall say,
They cannot hurt, then reade them all,
They do but shew their maisters fall.

*Though you disdaine to shew remorse,
You were the first and onely wight,
Whose fawning features did inforce
My will to runne beyond my might :
In femall face such force we see,
To captive them, that erst were free.
Your*

Your onely word was then a law
Unto my mynd, if I did sinne,
Forgive this sinne, but then I saw
My bane or blisse did first beginne,
 See what my fancy coulde have donne,
 Your love at first, if I had wonne.

All fortune flat I had defyde,
To choice and change defyance sent,
No frowning fates could have denyde,
My loves persute, & willing bent,
 This was my mynd, if I had found
 Your love as myne, but half so sound.

Then had I bad the hellish rout,
To frounce aloft their wrinckled front,
And cursed hagggs that are so stout,
I boldly would have bid avaunt,
 Let earth and ayre have found their fill
 So I had wrought my wished will.

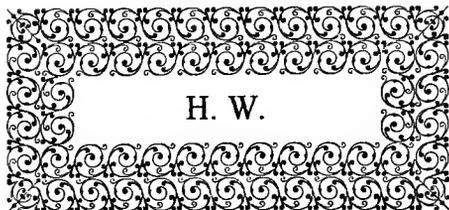
No raging storme, nor whirling blast,
My settled heart could have annoyd,
No sky with thundering cloudes orecast
Had hurt, if you I had enjoyed,
 Now hope is past, loe you may see,
 How every toy tormenteth mee.

Chi circa trova.

CANT.

Willobie

CANT. LXVIII.



H. W.

WITH *oken planckes to plane the waves,*
What Neptunes rage could I have fear'd
To quell the gulfe that rudely raves,
What perill could have once appear'd ?
But now that I am left alone ;
Bare thoughts enforce my hart to grone.

With thee to passe the chamfered groundes,
What force or feare could me restraine ?
With thee to chase the Scillan houndes,
Me thinks it were a pleasant paine,
This was my thought, this is my love,
Which none but death, can yet remove.

It then behoves my fainting sprite,
To lofty skyes returne againe,
Sith onely death bringes me delite,
Which loving live in curelesse paine,
What hap to strangers is assind,
If knowne frendes doo such favour find.

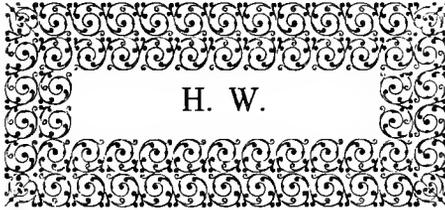
How often have my frendly mates
My loving errours laught to scorne,
How oft for thee found I debates,
Which now I wish had beene forborne :
But this & more would I have donne,
If I thy favour could have wonne.

I saw

*I saw your gardens passing fyne,
With pleasant flowers lately dect,
With Couslops and with Eglentine,
When wofull Woodbyne lyes reject :
Yet these in weedes and briars meet,
Although they seeme to smell so sweet.*

*The dainty Daysy bravely springes,
And cheefest honour seemes to get,
I envy not such frendly thinges,
But blesse the hand that these have set :
Yet let the Hysope have his place,
That doth deserve a speciall grace.
Vivi, Chi vince.*

CANT. LXIX.



BUT now farewell, your selfe shall see,
An odd exchange of frends in tyme.
You may perhappes then wish for mee,
And waile too late this cruell cryme :
Yea wish your selfe perhaps beshrewd,
That you to me such rigor shewd.

*I cannot force you for to like,
Where cruell fancy doth rebell,
I must some other fortune seeke,
But where or how I cannot tell :
And yet I doubt where you shall find
In all your life so sure a friend.*

Of

Willobie

*Of pleasant dayes the date is donne,
My carcase pyneth in conceat,
The lyne of lyfe his race hath runne,
Expecting sound of deathes retreat :
Yet would I live to love thee still,
And do thee good against thy will.*

*How can I love, how can I live,
Whil'st that my hart hath lost his hope,
Dispaire abandons sweet reliefe,
My love, and life have lost their scope :
Yet would I live thy feature to behold,
Yet would I love, if I might be so bold.*

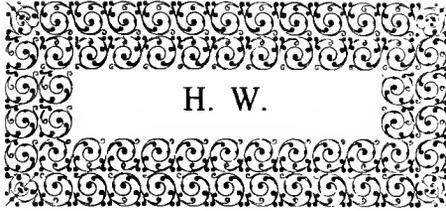
These verses exceed measure, to shew that his affections keepe no compasse, and his exceeding love.

*My griefe is greene, and never springes,
My sorrowe full of deadly sap,
Sweet death remove these bitter thinges,
Give end to hard and cruell hap :
Yet would I live if I might see,
My life, or limmes might pleasure thee.*

*Farewell that sweet and pleasant walke,
The witnesse of my faith and wo,
That oft hath heard our frendly talke,
And giv'n me leave my griefe to show,
O pleasant path, where I could see
No crosse at all but onely shee.*

Il fine, fa il tutto.

CANT. LXX.



LIKE *silly Bat, that loves the darke,*
And seldome brookes the wished light,
Obscurely so I seeke the marke,
That aye doth vanish from my sight,
Yet shall she say, I died her frend,
Though by disdain she sought mine end.

Faine would I cease, and hold my tong,
But love and sorrow set me on,
Neeses must I plaine of spitefull wrong,
Sith hope and health will both be gon,
When branch from inward rind is fled,
The barke doth wish the body dead.

If ever man were borne to woe,
I am the man, you know it well,
My chiefest friend, my greatest foe,
And heaven become my heavie hell,
This do I feele, this do I find :
But who can loose, that God will bind ?

For since the day, O dismall day
I first beheld that smiling face,
My fancie made her choice straightway,
And bad all other loves give place,
Yea, since I saw thy lovely sight,
I frize and frie, twixt joye and spight.
Where.

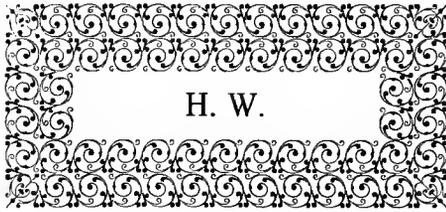
Willobie

*Where fond suspect doth keepe the gate
There trust is chased from the dore,
Then faith and truth will come too late,
Where falshod will admit no more ;
Then naked faith and love must yeeld,
For lacke offence, and flie the field.*

*Then easier were it for to chuse,
To crale against the craggie hill,
Then sutes, then sighs, then words to use,
To change a froward womans will,
Then othes and vowes are all in vaine,
And truth a toye, where fancies raigne.*

Ama, Chi ti ama.

CANT. LXXI.



M*Y tongue, my hand, my ready hart,
That spake, that felt, that freely thought,
My love, my limbes, my inward smart,
Have all performed what they ought,
These all do love you yet, and shall,
And when I change, let vengeance fall.*

*Shall I repent, I ever saw
That face, that so can frowne on mee ?
How can I wish, when fancies draw
Mine eies to wish, and looke for thee ?
Then though you do denie my right,
Yet bar me not from wished sight.*

And

*And yet I crave, I know not what,
Perchance my presence breeds your paine,
And if I were perswaded that,
I would in absence still remaine,
 You shall not feele the smallest grieffe
 Although it were to save my life.*

*Ah woe is me, the case so stands,
That sencelesse papers plead my wo,
They can not weepe, nor wring their hands,
But say perhaps, that I did so,
 And though these lines for mercie crave,
 Who can on papers pittie have ?*

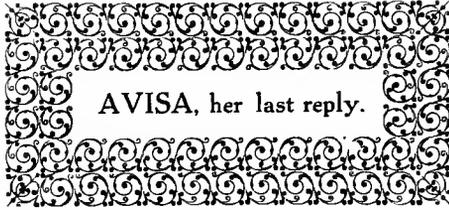
*O that my griefes, my sighs, my teares,
Might plainly muster in your vew,
Then paine, not pen, then faith, not feares,
Should vouch my vowes, and writings trew,
 This wishing shewes a wofull want,
 Of that which you by right should grant.*

*Now fare thou well, whose wel-fare brings
Such lothsome feare, and ill to me,
Yet heere thy friend this farwell sings,
Though heavie word a farwell be.
 Against all hope, if I hope still,
 Blame but abundance of good will.*

Grand Amore, grand Dolore,
Inopem me copia fecit.
H.W.

CANT.

CANT. LXXII.



AVISA, her last reply.

YOUR long Epistle I have read,
Great store of words, and little wit,
(For want of wit, these fancies bred)
To aunswere all I thinke not fit,
But in a word, you shall perceave,
How kindly I will take my leave.

When you shall see sweete Lillies grow,
And flourish in the frozen yse,
When ebbing tides shall leave to flow,
And mountaines to the skies shall ryse,
When roring Seas do cease to rave,
Then shall you gaine the thing you crave.

When Fish as haggard Hawkes shall flie,
When Seas shall flame, and Sunne shall freese.
When mortall men shall never die,
And earth shall yeeld, nor herbe nor trees,
Then shall your words my mind remove,
And I accept your proffered love.

When Thames shall leave his channell drie,
When Sheepe shall feede amidst the Sea.
When stones aloft, as Birds shall flie,
And night be changed into day,
Then shall you see that I will yeeld,
And to your force resigne the feeld.

Till

*Till all these these things doe come to passe,
Assure your selfe, you know my mind,
My hart is now, as first it was,
I came not of dame Chrysiedes kind,
Then leave to hope, learne to refraine,
Your mind from that, you seeke in vaine.*

*I wish you well, and well to fare,
And there with all a godly mind,
Devoid of lust, and foolish care,
This if you seeke, this shall you find.
But I must say, as erst before,
Then cease to waile, and write no more.*

Always the same
Avisa.

H. W. Was now againe striken so dead, that hee hath not yet any farder assaid, nor I thinke ever will, and where he be alive or dead I know not, and therefore I leave him.

The

Willobie

The Authors conclusion.

SO thus she stands unconquered yet,
As Lambe amidst the Lions pause,
Whom gifts, nor wils, nor force of wit,
Could vanquish once with all their shewes,
To speake the truth, and say no more,
I never knew her like before.

Then blame me not, if I protest,
My sillie Muse shall still commend
This constant A. above the rest,
While others learne their life to mend ;
My tongue on high and high shall raise,
And alway sing her worthie praise.

While hand can write, while wit devise,
While tongue is free to make report,
Her vertue shall be had in prise
Among the best and honest sort,
And they that wil mislike of this,
I shall suspect, they strike amis.

Eternall then let be the fame
Of such as hold a constant mind,
Eternall be the lasting shame
Of such as wave with every wind :
Though some there be that will repine ;
Yet some will praise this wish of mine.

But here I cease for feare of blame
Although there be a great deale more,
That might be spoken of this dame,
That yet lies hid in secret store,
If this be lik't, then can I say
Ye may see more another day.

Agitante calescimus illo
Farewell.

FINIS.

The resolution of a chaste and a constant wife, that minds to continue
faithfull unto her husband. To the
tune of Fortune.

THOUGH winged Birds, do often skorne the lure,
And flying farre, do thinke themselves most sure,
Yet fancie so, his luring ingines frame,
That wildest harts, in time become most tame.

Where secret nature, frames a sweete consent,
Where privie fates their hidden force have bent,
To joyne in hart, the bodies that are twaine,
Flie where you list, you shall returne againe.

From fancies love, I strived still to flie,
Long time I did my fortune flat denie,
Till at the length, my wrastling bred my woe,
Knowing that none, their fortune can forgoe.

For while I liv'd, in prime of vernant youth,
Falshod that shew'd, the face of fained truth,
Falsly gan weave a web of wylie kind ;
So to intrap my plaine and simple mind.

Great were the sutes, great were the frendly signes,
Sweete were the words, to poyson tender minds,
Large were the gifts, great were the proffers made,
To force my mind, to trie a trustlesse trade.

Great were the wights, that dayly did conspire,
To pluck the rose, their fancies did desire,
Traile did the teares, in hope to purchase trust,
Yet this was all, no love, but luring lust.

No

Willobie

No fancie could then force me to replie,
Nor move my mind such doubtfull deeds to trie :
For well I knew, although I knew not all,
Such trickle trades procure a suddaine fall.

Thus did I mount, thus did I flie at will,
Thus did I scape the foulers painted skill,
Thus did I save my feathers from their lime,
Thus did I live a long and happie time.

Cupid that great, and mightie kings could move,
Could never frame, my hart to like of love,
His limber shafts, and eke his golden dart,
Were still too blunt, to pearce my steelie hart.

Till at the length, as nature had assind,
Unto the earth, I bent a willing mind :
He was the first, to whom I gave my hand,
With free consent, to live in holy band.

Eva that gave her faithfull promise so,
With Adam to live in wealth and in wo,
Of faithfull hart, could never have more store,
Then I have felt, thrice three yeares space & more.

When I had giev'n my hart and free consent,
No earthly thing could make me once repent,
No Seas of grieffe, ne cares that I could find,
Could so prevaile, to make me change my mind.

Did fortune fawne, or did our fortune frowne,
Did he exalt, or did he cast him downe,
My faithfull hart did ever make me sing,
Welcome to me, what ever fortune bring,

Now when I thought, all dangers had bene past
Of lawlesse sutes, and sutors at the last,
The trade, the time, the place wherein I live,
Unto this Lampe, new oyle doe dayly give.

But

But like of this all you that love to range,
My fixed hart likes not the skittish change,
Now have I made the choice that shall remaine,
Vengeance befall, when I do change againe.

Now have I found a friend of high desart,
I have his love, and he has stoole my hart,
Now fortune packe, with all thy pelting store,
This is my choice, I like to chuse no more.

Cease then your sutes, yee lustie gallants all,
Thinke not I stoupe at every Faulkners call,
Trusse up your lures, your luring is in vaine,
Chosen is the Pearch, whereon I will remaine.

Spend not your breath in needlesse fained talkes,
Seeke other mates, that love such roving walkes,
None shall ever vaunt, that they have my consent,
Then let me rest, for now I am content.

Great be your birth, and greater be your wealth,
I reckon more my credit and my health,
Though I be weake, my power very scant,
God so provides that I shall never want.

Be mine owne at home, or be he absent long,
Absent or present, this still shall be my song,
Fortune my friend, A friend to me hath lent,
This is my choise, and therewith am content.

Range they that list, and change who ever will,
One hath mine oth, and his I will be still,
Now let us fall, or let us rise on hie,
Still will I sing, now well content am I.

The

Willobie

The praise of a contented mind.

THE God that framde the fixed pole, and Lamps of gleaming light,
The azure skies, and twinkling Starres, to yeeld this pleasant sight,
In wisdom pight this perelesse plot, a rare surpassing frame,
And so with brave and sweete delights, have fraught and dect the same,
That every creature keepes his course, his compasse and his place,
And with delightfull joye runnes, his pointed time and race,
In one consent they friendly joyne, from which they can not fall,
As if the Lord had first ordainde, one soule to guide them all,
In every part there doth remaine, such love and free consent,
That every frame doth kisse his lot, and cries I am content,
The Articke pole that never moves, by which the shipmen saile,
Craves not to change his frizen Axe, nor from his place to steale,
The fixed Starres, that sildome range, delight their circles so,
That from their choise by wanton change, they never yeeld to go.
The Sunne and Moone that never hide, their brave resplendent raies,
Did never wish in wavering will, to change their wonted waies.
The roaring Sea, with ebbs and tides, that leapes against the land,
Is yet content for all his rage, to stay within his band.
The flooting Fish, the singing Bird, all beasts with one consent,
To live according to their kind, do shew them selves content.
So that by practise and by proole, this sentence true I find,
That nothing in this earth is like, a sweete contented mind.
The beasts, the Birds, and ayrie powers, do keepe their compasse well,
And onely man above the rest, doth love for to rebell.
This onely man, the Lord above, with reason did indue
Yet onely man, ungratefull man, doth shew himselfe untrue.
No sooner was brave Adam made, but Sathan wrought his thrall,
For not content, aspiring pride, procurde his suddaine lall.
The princely Primerose of the East, proud Eva gave consent,
To change her blisse to bale, for that, her mind was not content.
Thus may the darkest eie perceive, how follie strikes us blind,
Thus may we see the often change, of mans unconstant mind,
The Moone, the Sea, by natures course, do not so often change,
As do the wits and wanton wils, of such as love to range.
The rangling rage that held from home Uliesses all too long,
Made chast Penelope complaine of him that did her wrong.
The lothsome daies, and lingering nights, her time in spinning spent:
She would not yeeld to change her choise, because she was content.
Such calme content doth plainely shew, that love did much abound,
Where free consent breeds not content, such faith is seldome found.
For carelesse Crysed that had gin, her hand, her faith and hart,
To Troilus her trustie friend, yet falsely did depart:
And gylotlike from Troye towne, to Grecians campe would goe,

To

To Diomede, whom in the end, she found a faithless foe,
For having sliu'd the gentle slip, his love was turnd to hate.
And she a leaper did lament, but then it was too late.
Now foolish fancie was the cause, this Crysed did lament,
For when she had a faithfull friend, she could not be content.
Ten thousand fell at Troyes siege, whose bloud had not been spent,
If fickle headed Hellen could, at first have bene content.
You can not in the Serpents head, such deadly poyson find,
As is the fained love that lives, with discontented mind.
Of all the wisdom of the wise, that I could ever tell,
This wisdom beares the chiefest sway, to stay when we be well,
As sweetest Musicke rudely jarres, except there be consent :
So hottest love doth quickly coole, except it be content.
Of all the brave resounding words, which God to man hath lent,
This soundeth sweetest in mine eare, to say. *I am content.*

Ever or Never.

F I N I S.



L O N D O N
Imprinted by *John Windet*, dwelling
at *Pauls wharfe at the signe of the crosse*
Keyes and are there to be folde.

1 5 9 4.

APPENDIX.

A.

*From 1596 edition of 'Avisa' as reprinted in
1635 edition (pp. 123-131).*

THE APOLOGIE, shewing the true meaning of WILLOBIE his AVISAS.

TO a new Edition give me leave to adde a new Instruction, for such as I understand, have made of the other, a false and captious construction. If *Sapiens* come à *Sapore* (as some will have it, and that as the Taste judgeth of meates, so wise men judge of natures and intents) I marvaile that some men so greatly affecting the name of wisdom, have by rash judgement, (the badge of folly) shewed themselves so much unwise, and without sap. But I see that as it happeneth in the distemperature of the body, so it often fareth in the disorders of the minde: for the body being oppressed with the venomous malice of some predominate humor, the seate of judgement which is the taste, is corrupted: and meates, which of their owne nature are wholesome and sweete, seeme unto the mouth (ill affected) both

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both bitter, unsavorie, and unwholesome: So the heart being possessed with a veine of vanitie, or a spirit of prejudicate opinion, directeth judgement by the line of fancie, not of reason: and the bitterness of his owne infected folly, marres the sweete taste of other mens simple and honest meaning. Therefore because some have applyed this Poeme, as they ought not; I am inforced to speake that which I thought not.

Many branches of errors, have sprouted forth from the roote of one fond and misconstrued conceite. The growing of such grafts, I hoped that I had sufficiently prevented in the Preface first printed with this booke. But this is the generall fault of all rash Readers, when they see a booke, they turne either to the middest, or the latter end or at all adventures reading that which at first opening they happen on: if that presently doe not fit their fancie, they will sodainly pronounce a definitive sentence of condemnation, both against the matter and the maker; as if by the inspiration of some Pythian Oracle, they were presently brought in possession of the whole sence, meaning and intent of the Author, having reade neither the preface, nor perchance six lines of the whole booke.

But most I marvaile that one P. C. (who seemeth to be a Scholler) hath beene carried away with this streame of misconceived folly: For I dare pawne my life, that there is no particular woman in the world, that was either partie or privie to any one sentence or word in that booke. This poetickall fiction was penned by the Author at least
for

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for thirtie and five yeeres since, (as it will be proved) and lay in wast papers in his study, as many other prettie things did, of his devising; and so might have continued still (as his *Susanna* yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it; and (in consideration of the good end, to which it was directed) published it. Seeing therefore that I gave the offence, I must satisfie for it, in defending innocents from slanderous tongues. This plaine Morall device was plotted only for the repression and opening of *Vice*; and to the exaltation and triumph of *Vertue*, as hee himselve saith.

*My sleepy Muse that wakes but now,
To vertues prayse hath past her vow.*

Vertue therefore being *Genus*, and *Chastitie Specie*s, if hee should have described it, either in *Genere* or *Specie*, as some have done, he might have beene as obscure as some others have beene. Hee fained therefore an *Individuum*, as it were a particular of this speciall, the more familiarly to expresse it, as it were in common talke, as if one did answere another, to delight the reader the more, with variety of folly quenched presently, with the like varietie of *Vertue*. To this fained *Individuum*, he gave this fained name *Avisa*. Which poetically fiction P. C. calleth a pamphlet. It is folly for a man to despise that which he cannot mend. The Author was unknowne, not because hee could not; but because hee would not know him: his true name being open in every Page. He saith: the Author hath registred the meane-
nest.

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nest. I thought that Chastitie had not beene the meanest, but rather one of the greatest gifts, that God giveth to men or women. If by the meanest, he meane any other object or subject of *Willobie* his Muse, then Chastity itselſe (under the fained name of *Avisa*) it is a meaning of his owne making; and a subject of his owne suggestion, far from the mind of the first maker. None can eternize their folly in things which they never thought of: but I pray God some other have not eternized their follies, more wayes then one. If this fained name of *Avisa* mislike any man, for any hidden or private cause to the Author or me unknowne, let him call it what he will: So that he understand that it is Chastity it selſe, not any woman in the world, that is fained to give these foyles to this foule vice.

Therefore, whereas some in their gravity despise it for the lightnesse, and thinke it but a fantasticall toy, without any reach or secret sence, I will not strive to turne the course of that streame. Yet if my fancie might be admitted a judge in this matter, it would produce a sentence of a farre contrary nature. For it seemeth rather to me that the Author intending some rare exploit, endeavoured to describe the doubtful combat, that is daily fought betweene Vice and Vertue, two princes of great power. And to that end he chose out two of the most approved Captaines of both the Campes to trie the quarrell. Out of the one hee tooke *Luxuriam*, Lecherie, which as we see, swayeth the minds of the greatest men, and commandeth largely. Out of the other, he

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he opposeth *Castitatem*, Chastitie, a souldier rarely seene (in these dayes) to resist the enemies Push, and therefore in one of his verses, is called A Phoenix, or rare-seene bird.

The souldiers which hee drawes forth to fight under the banner of this Captaine Lecherie, are all estates and degrees, and all Countries and Commonwealthes : meaning, that no men, from the highest estate to the lowest ; no Countries, from the most civill to the most barbarous, are free from the servile subjection of this raging principality : So that in this part, hee describeth the combats, the assaults, the intisements, and allurements, which Noblemen, Gentlemen, and all other loose and unbridled mindes, can by money, wealth, pleasure, force, fancy, or any other patheticall passion, procure, or devise, to raze the walls of besieged Chastity. Under whose banner he sendeth forth onely one poore woman, of a fayned name (minding to shew what the propertie of good women should bee) to resist so many, so mighty, so strong, and subtill enemies, fighting with such forcible weapons of honour, authority, glorie, ease and pleasure, Surely, he imagined, that in some women there was yet left so much Chastitie, as was able to resist the lewd and divelish temptations of all men whatsoever. And therefore, through the whole booke, he attributeth the victory to vertue, and the foyle to folly.

And farther, where as in other bookes, there is found a bare description onely, or naming of Vice or vertue, me thinkes in reading of this, my conceite

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ceite tels mee that in the person of this woman all the mortall vertues, with one voyce are heard pleading, and discoursing at large against vice, in a lively action: In whose words, (if they bee considered from the beginning to the end) we may see, how the spirit of God striveth against the Spirit of Sathan, by reasons, by Scriptures, and by prophane Histories, to lay open the greatnesse, the foulnesse, the danger, and deceit of this deadly sin, that rageth so hotly, in the unmortified members of mortall men.

On the other side me thinks I see how the Devill calling together all his companie, in hope of a conquest tries all wayes and assayes all meanes to effect his desire. But his labor is imagined heere to be lost, and that there is some modesty, wisdom, honestie and feare of God remaining yet in some women, sufficient at all times to overcome him. Therefore whosoever accounteth this Poeme, but a vaine fiction, cutteth the throate of all feminine faith, and robbeth all chaste Ladies of their chiefest honour.

Some others, being much addicted to that sweete bitter sinne of Leacherie, thinke their secret practices of bauderie, to be too plainly described, and therefore labour to have it registred for a meere toy. I will not, as a Physition assay with *Helleborus*, to purge their heads of those humors, least perhaps they bee of the men of *Abydus*, who (as *Aristotle* reporteth) being mad, tooke such delight in their madnesse that they were angry with them that brought them to their wits.

Some

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Some others there be, who when they have read this booke, have blushed to themselves, finding, as they thought, their very words and writings which they had used in the like attempts. In which is to be noted, the force of a guilty conscience, which feares where no feare is, and flyeth when no man followeth. These fancies (forsooth) have framed names to letters, of their owne devices; and they have imagined places of their owne placing, so fitly for everie description, that they will needs inforce the Author to speake of them, whom he never knew; to ayme at their fancies, whose faces he never saw; and to Cypher their names, whose natures to him were ignorant and strange.

Lastly; concerning the fained name of AVISA I have shewed the Authors device, and his reason for the fiction, in the first preface, which I thought would have quailed all other fictions whatsoever.

But yet if farder yee will have my conceit, the order, words, and frame of the whole discourse, force me to think that which I am unwilling to say. That this name insinuateth, that there was never such a woman seene, as heere is described. For the word A'VISA is compounded, (after the Greeke manner) of the privative particle A, which signifieth *Non*: and of the participle *Visus, Visa, Visum*, which signifieth, Seene: So that *A'visa* should signifie (by this) as much as *Non visa*, that is: Such a woman as was never seene. Which if it bee true, then *Avisa* is yet unborne, that must rejoyce in this prayse. The Author in this booke compareth this vertue of Chastity unto a Bird, as is seene in his introduction

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duction, saying: *Of Vertues Bird*, my muse must sing.

For as the Birde by his wings mounteth in the aire upwards to heaven: So Chastitie, where ever it is, makes the minde to mount from the base and filthy society of earthly conceits, and fits it to flie up to God, in heavenly meditations; whereas lust and wicked pleasures, chaine the minde in thraldome of fleshly concupiscence (as *Prometheus* was tyed to the hill *Caucasus*) which will not suffer the thoughts to ascend by any meanes. The same Hieroglyphicall allusion they meant, that pictured *S. John* with a Birde sitting by him, to signifie, that of all the foure Evangelistes, hee in his Gospell flew highest, and spake most of the Dietie of Christ. Now therefore the latine word of a Birde being *Avis*, and the Author (perchance) alluding unto that, did the rather call his victorious mounting victory of Vertue, by the name of *Avisa*, as alluding to his owne allusion. If any man therefore by this, should take occasion to surmise, that the Author meant to note any woman, whose name sounds something like that name, it is too childish and too absurd, and not beseeming any deepe judgement, considering there are many things, which cannot be applyed to any woman.

But to conclude, thus much, I dare precisely avouch, that the Author intended in this discourse, neither the description or prayse of any particular woman; nor the naming or cyphering of any particular man. But in generall under a fained name insinuateth what godly and constant women should doe

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doe, and say in such lewde temptations. And also, under fained letters, generally expresseth, what course most of these lawlesse sutors take, in pursuit of their fancied fooleries, and therefore this P. C. hath offred manifest injurie to some, what ever they bee, whom his private fancie hath secretly framed in conceit.

This is the least that I could say, and the last that ever I wil say touching this matter in defence of my friend. If any notwithstanding will continue the error of their unsatisfied minds they must for ever rest in the rightlesse erring, till the Authour (now of late gone to God) returne from Heaven to satisfie them farder touching his meaning. And so farwel. Oxford this 30. of *June.* 1596.

* *
*

Thine to use,

Hadrian Dorrell

The

B.

From 1596 edition of 'Avisa' in 1635 edition
(pp. 133-39).

The victorie of English Chastitie,
Under the fained name of

AVISA.

FOR beauties Ball, in *Ida-Vale*,
Three Nimphes at once, did once contend,
The Princely *Shepherd* of the *Dale*,
By judgement did the quarrell end :
That *Paris* might faire *Hellen* have,
The *Golden Price* to *Venus* gave.

In *Sea-bred* soyle, on *Tempe* downes,
Whose silver spring, from *Neptunes* Well,
With mirth salutes the neighbour townes,
A hot *Contention* lately fell :
Twice two sweet *Graces*, urge the strife,
Of two which was the *Constant'st* wife.

Faire *Venus* vaunts *Penelops* fame
From *Greece*, from listes of *Lavin Land*
Proud *Juno* stoutly doth the same,
Whose prayse in princely wealth doth stand :
They both condemne *Diana's* choyce,
That to *Avisa* gave her voyce.

Then

The Victory of

Then came the pale *Athenian Muse*,
Whose learned wisdom past them all,
She with *Diana* did refuse
The *Grecians* prayse: though *Juno* call,
Chaste *Wit* to *Wealth* here will not yeeld:
Nor yet to strangers leave the field;

Contention

A noble man
of Greece,
not farre
from He-
licon.

Whil'st *Eris* flasht these fretting flames,
A Noble prince in *Rosie* borne,
Rogero hight, to *Angry* dames,
His flying steed, and pace did turne,
Which done they all did straight agree,
That this *Rogero*, Judge should be.

On flowrie bancks, this Councell pla'st,
From jealous *Juno's* envious eyes,
Long smothered hate flames forth at last,
In furious smoakes of angry cries:
As though she had the Garland wan,
With scoffing termes, she thus began.

the Oration
of *Juno* a-
gainst English
Chastity un-
der the name,
of *Avisa*.

"Stoop *Grecian* trumpes, cease *Romans* prayse,
"Shut up with shame, your famous dames;
"Sith we our selves *Base Britans* rayse
"To over-Top their chiefest fames:
"With *Noble* faith what madnesse dare.
"Such *Novell* guestes and faith compare?

"*Penelope* must now contend
"For chaste renowne: whose constant heart,
"Both Greeks and Latines all commend,
"With poore *Avisa* new upstart;
"I scorne to speake much in this case,
"Her prayses *Rivall* is so base.

Pe-

English Chastity.

Penelope sprang from Noble house, ..
By Noble match, twice Noble made ; ..
Avisa, both by Syre and spouse, ..
Was linckt to men of meanest trade : ..
 What furie forc't *Diana's* wit, ..
 To match these two so farre unfit ? ..

The *Grecian* dame of princely peeres ..
Twice fifty flatly did denie ; ..
Twice ten yeeres long in doubtfull feares, ..
Could new *Avisa* so reply ? ..
 And she that is so stout and strong, ..
 Could she have staid but halfe so long ? ..

Fie, leave for shame, thus to commend, ..
So base a *Britaine*, shall I speake ? ..
I think these Muses did intend, ..
To blow a glasse that should not breake : ..
 Here *Venus* smilde, and *Juno* staid, ..
 Judge now (quoth she) for I have said. ..

When *Pallas* heard this ruffling rage,
These toying jestes, this false surmise :
Shee paws'd which way she might asswage,
The flame that thus began to rise ;
 With settled grace and modest eye,
 Thus did shee frame her milde reply.

The reply of
Pallas a-
gainst *Juno*
in defence
of *Avisa*.

Thou princely *Judge* here maist thou see, ..
What force in *Error* doth remaine, ..
In envious Pride what fruites there be, ..
To writhe the paths, that lie so plaine : ..
 A double darknes drownes the mind, ..
 Whom selfe will make so wilfull blind, ..
Can

The Victory of

" Can *Britaine* breede no *Phœnix* bird,
" No constant feme in English field ?
" To Greece to Rome, is there no third,
" Hath *Albion* none that will not yeeld ?
" If this affirme you will not dare,
" Then let me *Faith* with *Faith* compare.

Willoby described no particular woman, but only Chastity and faith her selfe under the name of *Avisa*.

" Let choyce respect of *Persons* slide,
" Let *Faith* and *Faith* a while contend,
" Urge not the *Names* till cause be tride,
" 'Tis onely *Faith*, that we commend,
" We strive not for *Avisa's* fame,
" We recke not of *Avisa's* name.
" To prove him vaine, that vainely strives,
" That Chastity is no where found,
" In English earth, in British wives,
" That all are fickle, all unsound,
" We framde a wench, we fain'd a name,
" That should confound them all with shame

Chastity is named *Avisa*, quasi ab *Ave*. . . *ti volanti*.

" To this at first you did consent,
" And lent with joy a helping hand,
" You both at first were well content,
" This fained frame should firmly stand,
" We to *Diana* gave the maide,
" That she might no way be betrayed.

" The mounting *Phœnix*, *chast desire*,
" This *Vertue* fram'd, to conquer *Vice*,
" This *Not-seene Nymph*, this heatlesse fire,
" This *Chast-found Bird* of noble price,
" Was nam'de *Avisa* by decree,
" That *Name* and *nature* might agree.

If

English Chastity.

If this <i>Avisa</i> represent,	,,	
<i>Chast Vertue</i> in a fained name,	,,	
If <i>Chastity</i> it selfe be ment,	,,	
To be extold with lasting fame :	,,	
Her Greekish gemme can <i>Juno</i> dare,	,,	
With this <i>Avisa</i> to compare ?	,,	
Let wise <i>Ulysses</i> constant mate,	,,	
Vaunt noble birth her richest boast,	,,	
Yet will her challenge come too late,	,,	Chastity is
When <i>Pride and wealth</i> have done their most ,,	,,	the gift of
For this <i>Avisa</i> from above	,,	God.
Came downe, whose Syre, is mighty <i>Jove</i> .,	,,	
How can you terme her then <i>Obscure</i> ,	,,	
That shines so bright in every eye ?	,,	
How is she base that can endure,	,,	
So long, so much, and mounts so hie ?	,,	
If she you meane, have no such power,	,,	
Tis your <i>Avisa</i> , none of our.	,,	
This not seene bird, though rarely found	,,	True Chasti-
In proud attire, in gorgeous gownes,	,,	ty is soone
Though she love most the countrie ground,	,,	and oftener
And shunnes the great and wealthy townes ;	,,	found in the
Yet if you know a bird so base,	,,	poorest then
In this <i>Device</i> she hath no place.	,,	in the richest.
Was Greekish dame twice ten yeares chast,	,,	
Did she twice fiftie flat deny ?	,,	Chastity
<i>Avisa</i> hath <i>Ten Thousand</i> past,	,,	daily assaul-
To thousands daily doth reply,	,,	ted a thou-
If your <i>Avisa</i> have a blot	,,	sand wayes
Your owne it is, we know her not.	,,	yet it still
	,,	getteth the
	,,	victorie.

Some

The Victory of

" Some greatly doubt your *Grecian* dame
" Where all be true that Poets faine :
" But *Chastity* who can for shame,
" Denie she hath, and will remaine,
 " Though women daily doe relent,
 " Yet this *Avisa* cannot faint.

The effects
of true Cha-
stite.

" She quels by *Reason* filthy *lust*,
" Shee chokes by *Wisdome* leude Desires,
" Shee shunnes the baite that Fondlings trust,
" From Satan's sleights she quite retires ;
 " Then let *Avisa's* prayse bee spread,
 " When rich and poore, when all are dead.

" Let idle, vaine, *Flewent Rigges*,
" Be *Canton'de* with eternal shame,
" Let blowing buddees of blessed twigges,
" Let *Chaste-Avisa* live with fame :
 " This said, *Sweet Pallas* takes her rest,
 " Judge *Prince* (quoth she) what you thinke best.

The sen-
tence of *Ro-
gero* against
Juno.

But wise *Rogero* pawsing staid,
Whose silence seem'd to shew some doubt,
Yet this at last he gravely said :
Ye *Nymphes* that are so faire, so stout,
 Sith I your *Judge* to Judge must be,
 Accept in worth, this short decree.

" The question is, where *Grecian Ghost*,
" Can staine the stemme of *Trojan* rase :
" Where *Ithac Nymphes* may onely boast,
" And *Brittish Faith* account as base,
 " Where old *Penelops* doubtfull fame,
 " *Selfe Chastity* may put to shame ?

I

English Chastity.

I count *Ulysses* happy *Then*,
I deeme our selves as happy *Now* ;
His wife denide all other men,
I know them yet that will not bow ;
 For Chastity I durst compare,
 With Greece, with Rome, with who that dare. ,,

Our English earth such *Angels* breeds,
As can disdaine all *Forraine* prayse,
For *Learning*, *Wit*, for *sober Deeds*,
All *Europe Dames* may learne their wayes :
 Sith I of both may take my choyce,
 Our *Not-seene Bird* shall have my voyce. ,,

,, England for
,, Chastitie
,, may yet
,, compare
,, with any
,, country in
,, the world.

Sweete Chastity shall have my hand,
In England found, though rarely seene,
Rare Chastitie, To this I stand,
Is still as firme, as erst hath beene :
 While this *Avisa* is the shee,
 This *Chaste desire* shall Victor be

,,
,,
,,
,,
,,
,, Conclusion

The *Rose* appears in *Venus* face,
Vermillion dies pale *Juno's* cheekes,
They both doe blush at this disgrace,
But *Juno* chiefe, something mislikes,
 As though she felt some inward touch,
 That for her *Greeke* had spoke so much.

FINIS.

Thomas Willoby Frater
Henrici Willoby nu-
per defuncti.