

Exposition to Ward's 1926 Edition

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

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

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

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

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

The prose portions omitted by Captain Ward, and the variations between *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres* (Q1=1573), *The Postes of Geroge Gascoigne* (Q2=1575), and *The Pleasantest Workes of George Gascoigne* (Q3=1587) can be found in John W. Cunliffe's Appendix to Vol. I, *Complete Works of George Gascoigne* [1969, reprint of 1909 edition, Greenwood Press, N.Y.].

Unfortunately, Cunliffe transcribed and modernized the "F.I." of *Flowres* (Q1=1573) as "F.J." throughout his Appendix, and therefore missed this most significant alteration and variation. [Cf., the facsimiles in this volume between pp. 25-6 showing the initials "F.I." found in the original edition of *Flowres* and Cunliffe's transcription of *Postes*.]

A Hundreth fun- drie Flowres bounde vp in one fmall Poefie

*Gathered partely (by transla-
tion) in the fyne outlandifh Bardings
of Euripides, Ouid, Petrarke, Ariosto,
and others: and partly by invention,
out of our owne fruitfull & r-
chardes in Englande :*

Yelding fundrie fweete fauours of Tra-
gical, Comical, and Morall Discour-
fes, bothe pleafant and profitable to the
well finelyng nofes of lear-
ned Readers.

Merritum petere, graue.

AT LONDON,
Imprinted for Richarde Smith.

The contents of this Booke.

First an excellent and pleasant Comedie entituled Supposes.	upon five sundry theames given to him by five sundry Gentlemen in
The second, the wofull tragedie of Jocasta, containing the utter subversion of Thebes.	five sundry meeters. Gascoines gloze upon <i>Dominus</i> <i>is opus habet</i> .
Thirdly, a pleasant discourse of the adventures of master F. I. conteyning excellent letters, sonets, Lays, Ballets, Rondlets, Verlayes and verses.	Gascoines good morrowe. Gascoines good night. Gascoines counsell to Douglas Dive. Gascoines counsell to Bartholmew Wythpole.
Fourthly, divers excellent devises of sundry Gentlemen.	Gascoines Epitaph upon Captaine Bourcher lately slayne in Zelande, called the tale of the stone. Gascoines devise of a maske. Gascoines wodmanship. Gascoines gardening.
Fiftly, certayne devises of master Gascoyne, conteyning his anthamie, his arrigemente, his prayse of mistresse Bridges now Lady Sands, then his praise of Zouch late the Lady Grey of Wilton	Gascoines last voyage into Holland in Marche. 1572
Gascoyne his passion.	Lastly the dolorous discourse of Dan Bartholmew of Bathe, wherein is conteyned his triumphes, his discourse of love, his extreme passion, his libell of request to Care, his last will and testament, his farewell.
Gascoines libell of divorce.	Last of all the reporter.
Gascoines praise of his mistresse	
Gascoines Lullabie.	
Gascoines Recantation.	
Gascoynes five notable devises	

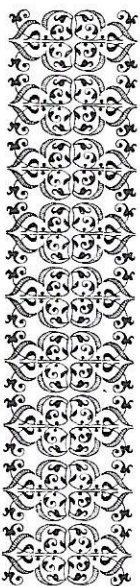
The Printer to the Reader.

I hath bin an old saying, that whiles two doggs do strive for a bone, the thirde may come and carie it away. And this proverbe may (as I feare) be wel verified in me which take in hand the imprinting of this poetical Poesie. For the case seemeth doubtful, and I will disclose my conjecture. Master. H. W. in the beginning of this worke, hath in his letter (written to the Readers) cunningly discharged himselfe of any such misliking, as the graver sort of greyheared judges mighte (perhaps) conceive in the publication of these pleasant Pamphlets. And nexte unto that learned preamble, the letter of. G. T. (by whome as seemeth, the first coppie hereof was unto the same. H. W. delivered, doth with no lesse clerly cunning seeke to perswade the readers, that he (also) woulde by no means have it published. Now I feare very muche (all these words notwithstanding) that these two gentlemen were of one assent compact to have it imprinted: And yet, finding by experience that nothing is so wel handled now adayes, but that some malicious minds may either take occasion to mislike it themselves, or else finde means to make it odious unto others: They have therefore (each of them) politiquely prevented the daunger of misreport, and suffered me the poore Printer to runne away with the palme of so perillous a victorie. Notwithstanding, having wel perused the worke, I find nothing therein amisse (to my judgemente) unlesse it be two or three wanton places passed over in the discourse of an amorous enterprise: The which for as much as the words are cleanly (although the thing ment be somewhat naturall

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

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

(. . .)



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

H. W. to the Reader.



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

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

H. W.

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

REmembring the late conference passed betwene us in my lodging, and how you seemed to esteeme some Pamphlets, which I did there shew unto you faire above their worth in skill, I did straightway conclude the same your judgment to procede of two especiall causes, one (and principall) the stedfast good will, which you have ever hitherto sithens our first familia-

familiaritie borne towards mee. An other (of no lesse weight) the exceeding zeale and favour that you beare to good letters. The which (I agree with you) do no lesse bloome and appere in pleasant ditties or compendious Sonets, devised by green youthful capacities, than they do fruitfully flourish unto perfection in the ryper workes of grave and grayheard writers. For as in the last, the yonger sort may make a mirror of perfecte life: so in the first, the most frosty bearded *Philosopher*, maye take just occasion of honest recreation, not altogether without hol-some lessons, tending to the reformation of manners. For who doubteth but that Poets in their most feyned fables and imaginations, have metaphorically set forth unto us the right rewardes of vertues, and the due punishments for vices? Marie in deede I may not compare Pamphlets unto Poems. neither yet may justly advaunt for our native countrimen, that they have in their verses hitherto (translations excepted) delivered unto us any such notable volume, as have bene by Poets of antiquitie, left unto the posteritie. And the more pite, that amongst so many toward wrytes no one hath bene hitherto encouraged to followe the trace of that worthy and famous Knight *Sir Jeffrey Chaucer*, and after many pretie devises spent in youth, for the obtayning a worthles vic-torie, might consume and consummate his age in describing the right pathway to perfect felicitie, with the due preservation of the same. The which although some may judge over grave a subject to be handled in stile metrical, yet for that I have found in the verses of eloquent Latinists, learned Greeks, & pleasant *Italians*, sundrie directi-
ons, whereby a man may be guided toward that trayning of that unspeakable treasure, I have thus faire lamented, that our countrey men, have chosen rather to winne a passover praise by the wanton penning of a few loving layes, than to gayne immortall fame, by the Clarkely
[c] handling

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

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

Tours or not bis owne.

G. 7.

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

G. 7.

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

owne forwardnesse. So that consideringe the naturall climate of the countrie, I must say that I have found fire in frost. And yet comparing the inequalitye of my deserts, with the least part of your worthines, I feel a continuall frost, in my most fervent fire. Such is the extremitic of my passions, the which I could never have bene content to committe unto this telltale paper, were it not that I am destitute of all other helpe. Accept therefore I beseeke you, the earnest good will of a more trustie (than worthy) servaunt, who being thereby encouraged, may supplie the defects of his abilitie with readie triall of duetfull loyalty. And let this poore paper (besprent with salt teares, and blowen over with skalding sighes) bee saved of you as a safegarde for your sampler, or a bottome to winde your sowing silke, that when your last needefull is wrought, you may returne to reading thereof and consider the care of hym who is

More yours than his owne.

F. I.

THis letter by hir received (as I have hard him say) hir answer was this: She tooke occasion one daye, at his request to daunce with him, the whichedoinge, shee bashfully began to declare unto him, that she had read over the writings, which he delivered unto hir, with like protestation, that (as at deliverie thereof, she understode not for what cause he thrust the same into hir bosome,) so now she could not perceyve thereby any parte of his meaning, neverthelesse at last semed to take uppon hir the matter, and though she disabled hir selfe, yet gave him thanks as etc. Whereuppon he brake the braule, and walkinge abroad devised immediatly these fewe verses followinge.

G. T.

Fayre

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

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

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

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

Leroite.

To you these fewe suffse, your wittes be quicke and good,
You can conjeft by change of hew, what humors feede
my blood.

F. I.

IHave heard the Authhor say, that these were the first
verses that ever he wrote upon like occasion.
And thereupon recompting hir wordes, he compiled these
following, whiche he termed *Tertza sequenza*, to sweet
Mystres SHE.

G. T.

OF thee deare Dame, three lessons would I learne,
What reason first persuades the foolish Fly
(As soone as shee a candle can discerne)

To play with flame, till shee bee burnt thereby?

Or what may move the Mlouse to byte the bayte

Which strykes the trappe, that stops hir hungry breth?

What calles the Byrd, where snares of deepe deceit

Are closely coucht to draw hir to hir death?

Consider well, what is the cause of this,

And though percase thou wilt not so confesse,

Yet deepe desire, to gayne a heavenly blisse,

May

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

And then

It is a heaven to see them hop and skip,
And seeke all shiftes to shake their shackles of:
It is a world, to see them hang the hip,
Who (earst) at love, were wont to skorne and skof.
But as the Mouse, once caught in crafty trap,
May bounce and beate, agaynst the boorden wall,
Till shee have brought hir head in such mishape,
That doune to death hir fainting lymbes must fall:
And as the Flye once singed in the flame,
Cannot commaund hir wings to wave away:
But by the heele, shee hangeth in the same
Till cruell death hir hasty journey stay.
So they that seeke to breake the linkes of love
Strive with the streame, and this by payne I prove.

For when

I first beheld that heavenly hewe of thyne,
Thy stately stature, and thy comly grace,
I must confesse these dazled eyes of myne
Did wincke for feare, when I first viewd thy face:
But bold desire, did open them agayne,
And bad mee looke till I had lookt to long,
I pitied them that did procure my payne,
And lov'd the lookes that wrought me all the wrong:
And as the Byrd once caught (but woorks her woe)
That stryves to leave the lymed twiggcs behind:
Even so the more I strave to parte thee fro,
The greater grief did growe within my minde:
Remedies then must I yeeld to thee,
And crave no more, thy servant but to bee

Tyll then and ever. HE. F. I.

When

WHEN he had wel sorted this sequence, he sought
opportunitie to leave it where she might finde it be-
fore it were lost Mistressse (quod he) my wordes in
dede are straunge, but yet my passion is much stranger,
and thereupon this other day to content mine fan-
tasie I devised a *Sonnet*, which although it be a peece of
Cocklorells musicke, and such as I might be ashamed to
publish in this company, yet because my truth in this
aunswere may the better appeare unto you, I pray you
vouchsafe to receive the same in writing: and drawing a
paper out of his packet, presented it unto him, wherein
was written this *Sonnet*.

G. T.

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

Even HE.

F. I.

THis *Sonnet* was highly commended, and in my judge-
ment it deserveth no lesse. I have heard F. I. saye,
that he borrowed th' invention of an *Italian*: but were it
a translation or invention (if I be Judge) it is both prey
and

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

G. 7.

IN prime of lustie yeares, when Cupid caught me in,
And nature taught the way to love, how I might best
begin:

To please my wandering eye, in beauties tickle trade,
To gaze on eche that passed by, a carelesse sporte I made.

With sweete enticing bayte, I fisht for many a dame,
And warmed me by many a fire, yet felt I not the flame:
But when at last I spied, that face that please me most,
The coales were quicke, the woode was drie, and I began to
toste.

And smyling yet full oft, I have beheld that face,
When in my hart I might bewayle mine owne unluckie
case:
And oft againe with lokes that might bewray my grieffe,
I pleaded hard for justreward, and sought to find reliefe.

What will you more? so oft, my gazing eyes did seeke
To see the Rose and Lilly strive uppon that lively cheekke:
Till at the last I spied, and by good profe I found,
That in that face was paynted playne, the pearcer of my
wound.

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

Or

Or as the feeble sight, would serche the sunny beame,
Even so I found but labour lost, to strive against the
streame.

Then gan I thus resolve, since liking forced love,
Should I mislike my happie choice, before I did it prove?

And since none other joye I had but hir to see,
Should I retire my deepe desire? no no it would not bee:
Though great the duete were, that she did well deserve,
And I pooreman, unworthie am so worthie a wight to serve.

Yet hope my comfort stayd, that she would have regard
To my good will, that nothing crav'd, but like for just
reward:
I see the Faucon gent sometimes will take delight,
To seeke the sollace of hir wings, and dally with a kite.

The fayrest Woulf will chuse the foulest for hir make,
And why? because he doth endure most sorrowe for hir
sake:
Even so had I like hope, when dolefull dayes were spent
When weary wordes were wasted well, to open true content.

When fluddes of flowing teares, had washt my weeping
eyes,
When trembling tongue had troubled hir, with loud la-
menting cries:
At last hir worthy wil would pitie this my playnt,
And comfort me hir owne poore slave, whom feare had
made so faint.

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

[d]

Lenvoie

Lennoie.

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

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

F. I.

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

G. T.

A Cloud of care hath covered all my coste,
And stormes of stryfe doo threaten to appeare:
The waves of woo, which I mistrusted moste,
Have broke the bankes wherein my lyfe lay cleere:
Chippes of ill chaunce, are fallen amyd my choyce,
To marre the mynd, that ment for to rejoyce.

Before I sought, I found the haven of hap,
Wherein (once found) I sought to shrowd my ship,
But lowring love hath lift me from hir lap,
And crabbed lot beginnes to hang the lip:
The droppes of darke mistrust do fall so thick,
They pearce my coate, and touch my skin at quick.
What may be sayd, where truth cannot prevaile:
What plea may serve, where will it selfe is Judge?
What reason rules, where right and reason fayle:
Remedies then must the giltlesse trudge:

And

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

F. I.

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

G. T.

D Ame *Cynthia* hir selfe (that shines so bright,
And deyneth not to leave hir lofite place:
But only then, when *Phœbus* shewes his face
Which is hir brother borne and lends hir light,)

Disdaynd not yet to do my Lady right:
To prove that in such heavenly wightes as she,
It fitteth best that right and reason be.
For when she spied my Ladies golden rayes,
Into the cloudes,
Hir head she shroudes,
And shamed to shine where she hir beames displayes.
Good reason yet, that to my simple skill,
I should the name of *Cynthia* adore:
By whose high helpe, I might beholde the more
My Ladies lovely lookes at mine owne will,
With deepe content, to gare, and gaze my fill:
Of courtesie and not of darke disdainé,

Dame

Dame *Cynthia* disclosed my Lady playne.
 She did but lende hir light (as for a lyte)
 With friendly grace,
 To shewe hir face,
 That els would shew and shine in hir dispight.

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

And thus when many a looke had lookt so long,
 As that their eyes were dimme and dazled both:
 Some fainting hartes that were both leude and loth
 To loke againe from whence that error sprong,
 Gan close their eye for feare of further wrong:
 And some againe once drawne into the maze,
 Gan leudly blame the beames of beauties blaze:
 But I with deepe foresight did some espie,
 How *Phæbus* ment,
 By false entent,
 To slaunder so hir name with crueltie.
 Wherefore at better leasure thought I best,
 To trie the treason of his trecherie:
 And to exalt my Ladies dignitie
 When *Phæbus* fled and drew him downe to rest
 Amid the waves that walter in the west.
 I gan behold this lovely Ladies face,

Whereon

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

The courteouse Moone that wist to do me good,
 Did shine to shew my dame more perfectly,
 But when she sawe hir passing jollitie,
 The Moone for shame, did blush as red as blood,
 And shronke aside and kept hir hornes in hood:
 So that now when Dame *Cynthia* was gone,
 I might enjoye my Ladies lokes alone,
 Yet honoured still the Moone with true intent:
 Who taught us skill,
 To worke our will,
 And gave us place, till all the night was spent.

F. I.

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

G. 7.

That

That selfe same day, and of that day that hower,
 When she doth raigne, that mockt Vulcane the Smith:
 And thought it meete to harbor in hir hower,
 Some gallant gest for hir to dally with.
 That blessed hower, that blist and happie daye,
 I thought it meete, with hastie stepes to go
 Unto the lodge, wherein my Lady laye,
 To laugh for joye, or ells to weepe for wo.
 And lo, my Lady of hir wonted grace,
 First lent hir lippes to me (as for a kisse:)
 And after that hir bodye to embrace,
 Wherein dame nature wrought nothing amisse.
 What followed next, gesse you that knowe the trade,
 For in this sort, my Frydayes feast I made.

F. I.

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

G. T.

Beautie shut up thy shop, and trusse up all thy trash,
 My *Nell* hath stolen thy fynest stuffe, and left thee in
 the lash:
 Thy market now is marred, thy gaynes are gone god wot,
 Thou hast no ware, that may compare, with this that I
 have got.
 As for thy paynted pale, and wrinckles surffled up:

Are

Are deare inough, for such as lust to drinke of ev'ry cup:
 Thy bodies bolstred out, with bumbast and with bagges,
 Thy rowles, thy Ruffes, thy caules, thy coyfes, thy Jer-
 kins and thy jaggess.
 Thy curling and thy cost, thy frising and thy fare,
 To Court to court with al those toys, and there set forth
 such ware
 Before their hungrie eyes, that gaze on every gest:
 And chuse the cheapest chaffayre still, to please their fan-
 sie best.
 But I whose stedfast eyes, could never cast a glance,
 With wandring loke, amid the prease, to take my choise
 by chaunce
 Have wonne by due desert, a piece that hath no peere,
 And left the rest as refuse all, to serve the market there:
 There let him chuse that list, there catche the best who can:
 A painted blazing bayte may serve, to choke a gazing man.
 But I have slipt thy flower, that freshest is of hewe:
 I have thy corne, go sell thy chaff, I list to seeke no new:
 The wyndowes of myne eyes, are glaz'd with such delight,
 As eche new face seemes full of faultes, that blaseth in my
 sight:
 And not without just cause, I can compare her so,
 Loe here my glove I challenge him, that can, or dare say
 no.
 Let *Thasus* come with clubbe, or *Paris* bragge with brand,
 To prove how fayre their *Hellen* was, that skourg'd the
 Grecian land:
 Let mighty *Mars* himselfe, come armed to the field:
 And vaunt dame *Venus* to defend, with helmet speare, and
 shield
 This hand that had good hap, my *Hellen* to embrace,
 Shal have like lucke to foyl hir foes, and daunt them with
 disgrace.

How

How farre hir lovelie lookes do steyne, the beauties of
them both.
And that my *Hellen* is more fayre then *Parris* wife,
And doth deserve more famous praise, then *Venus* for hir
life.

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

F. I.

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

G. T.

THE stately Dames of Rome, their Pearles did weare,
About their neckes to beautife their name:
But she (whome I do serve) hir pearles doth beare,
Close in hir mouth, and smiling shewes the same.
No wonder then, though ev'ry word she speakes,
A Jewell seeme in judgment of the wise,
Since that hir sugred tongue the passage breakes,
Betweene two rocks, bedeckt with pearles of price.
Hir haire of gold, hir front of Ivory,
(A bloody hart within so white a brest)
Hir teeth of Pearle, lippes Rubie, cristall eye,
Nedes must I honour hir above the rest:
Since she is fourmed of none other mould,
But Rubie, Cristall, Ivory, Pearle, and Golde.

F. I.

Of

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

G. T.

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

F. I.

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

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

With

[e]

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

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

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

Disdaynes, repulses, finally eche yll,
Eche smart, eche payne, of love eche bitter tast,
To thinke on them gan frame the lovers will,
To like eche joye, the more that comes at last:
But this infernall plague if once it touche,
Or venome once the lovers mind with grutch,
All festes and joyes that afterwarde befall,
The lover comptes them light or nought at all.

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

Which

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

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

F. I.

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

G. 7.

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

SHE.

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

this answer following, upon these wordes contained in hir letter, *I could not though I would.*

G. T.

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

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

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

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

And true the proverbe is, which you have layed apart, There is no hap can seeme to hard unto a willing hart. Then lovely Lady myne, you say not as you should,

In doubtful termes to aunswer thus: I could not thogh I would.

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

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

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

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

F. I.

Thus

THus F. I. replied upon his Mistres aunswer, hoping thereby to recover some favour at hir hands The Lady seemed litle to delight in his dallying, but cast a glance at hir secretary, and therewith smyled, when as the Secretary and dame *Perro* burst out into open laughter. The which F. I. perceyving, and disdainning hir ingratitude, was forced to depart, and in that fantasie compyled this *Sonet*.

G. T.

With hir in armes that had my hart in holde, I stood of late to plead for pittie so:

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

His fleeing face provoked hir to smyle, When my salte teares were drowned in disdayne: He glad, I sad, he laught, (alas the while)

I wept for woe: I pyn'd for deadlie payne. And when I sawe none other boote prevaile,

But reasons rule must guide my skilfull minde: Why then (quod I) olde proverbes never fayle,

For yet was never good Cat out of kinde. Nor woman true but even as stories tell,

F. I.

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

G. T.

And

AND if I did what then?
Are you agreev'd therfore?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Till tydes of turning time may tosse,
Such fishers on the shelve.

And when they sticke on sandes,

That every man may see:

Then will I laugh and clappe my handes,

As they doe now at mee.

F. I.

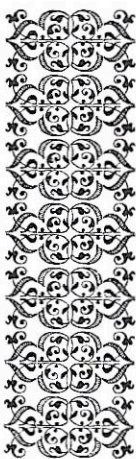
IT is time now to make an end of this thriftless Historie, wherein although I could wade much further, as to declare his departure, what thanks he gave his *Hope*, etc. Yet I will cease, as one that had rather leave it unperfect than make it to plaine. I have past it over with quod he and quod she, after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

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

I will begin with this
translation as
followeth.

(.·.)

G. T.



When worthy *Bradamant*, had looked long in vain,
To see hir absent love and Lord, *Ruggier*: returne
again:

Uppon hirlothed bed hir lustlessel imbesdid cast,
And in deceitfull dreames she thought, she saw him come
at last.

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

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

But that which me torments (alas) by sight I find it true.
My joye was but a dreame, and soone did fade away,
But my tormenting cruell cares, cannot so soone decaye.

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

That which in fained fading dreames, apperred by pretences.
Or whereto serve mine eyes, if sights they so mistake,

As seeme to seech joy in sleepe, & woo when they awake.

The sweete & slumbring sleape, did promise joy & peace,
But these unpleasaut sights do rayse, such warres as
never cease.

The sleape I felt was false, and seem'd to ease my grief,
But that I see is all to true, and yeeldes me no relief.

If truth anoy me then, and fayned fancies please me,
God graunt I never heare nor see, true thing for to dis-
case me.

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

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

O happy slumbring soules, whom one dead drowsy sleepe
Six monethes (of yore) in silence shutte, with closed eyes
did keepe.

Yet can I not compare, such sleepe to be like death,
Nor yet such waking, as I wake, to be like vitall breath.
For why my let doth fall, contrary to the rest,

I

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

Lenvoie.

Lo Lady if you had but halfe like care for mee,
That worthy *Bradamant* had then hir own *Ruggier* to see:
My readie will should be so prest to come at call,
You should have no such sight or dreame to trouble you
withall.

Then when you list commaund, I will & come in hast,
There is no hapshal hold me backe, good will shal roon so
fast.

*Si fortunatus infelix.**Written upon a reconciliation be-
twene two freendes*

THe hatefull man that heapeth in his mynde,
Cruell revenge of wronges forepast and done,
May not (with ease) the pleasaut pathway finde,
Of friendly verses which I have now begone,

Unlesse at first his angry brest untwinde,

The crooked knot which canckred choller knit,

And then recule with reconciled grace.

Likewise I find it sayed in holy write,

If thou entend to turne thy feartfull face,

To God above: make thyne agreement yet,

First with thy Brother whom thou didst abuse,

Confesse thy fautes thy frowardnes and all,

So that the Lord thy prayer not refuse.

When I consider this, and then the brall,

Which raging youth (I will not me excuse)

Did whilome breede in mine unmellowed brayne,

[f]

I

I thought it meete before I did assay,
 To write in ryme the double golden gayne,
 Of amitie: first yet to take away
 The grutch of grief, as thou doest me constrayne.
 By due desert whereto I now must yeeld,
 And drowne for aye in depth of *Leibes* lake,
 Disdaynefull moods whom friendship cannot weeld:
 Pleading for peace which for my parte I make
 Of former strife, and henceforth let us write
 The pleasant frutes of faythfull friends delight.
Si fortunatus infelix.

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

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

Like

Like hyvelesse Bees they wander here and there,
 And hang on them (who earst) might dread their yre.
 This cutthrore life (me seemes) thou shouldest not like,
 And shoon the happie haven of meane estate:
 High *Yove* (perdie) may send what thou doest seeke,
 And heape up poundes within thy quiet gate.
 Nor yet I would that thou shouldest spend thy dayes,
 In idlennesse to teare a golden time:
 Like country loutes which compt none other prayse,
 But grease a sheepe and learne to serve the swine.
 In vayne were then the giftes which nature lent,
 If *Pan* so preasse to to passe Dame *Pallas* lore:
 But my good friend let thus thy youth be spent,
 Serve God thy Lord, and prayse him evermore.
 Search out the skill which learned bookes do teach,
 And serve in feeld when shadowes make thee sure:
 Hold with the head, and rowe not past thy reach,
 But plead for peace which plenty may procure.
 And (for my life) if thou canst roon this race,
 Thy bagges of coyne will multiply apace.
Si fortunatus infelix.

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

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

I

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

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

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

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

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

And

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

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

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

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

Not stately Troy though Priam yet did live,
 Could now compare Founteine bel'caui to passe:
 Nor Syrriane towers, whose Ioffie stepes did
 strive,
 To clymbe the throne where angry Saturne was.

For

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

Si fortunatus infelix.

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

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

Si fortunatus infelix.

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

1

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then

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

game,

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

Si fortunatus infelix.

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

IF men may credite give, to truerreported fames,
 Who doubts but stately Roome had store of lusty loving
 Dames?

Whose cares have bene so deafe, as never yit heard tell
 How faire the fresh *Pompeia*, for beautie did excell.
 And golden *Marcus* he, that swayde the Romaine sword,
 Bare witness of *Boemia*, by credite of his word.
 What neede I mo rehearse? since all the world did know
 How high y^e flouds of beauties blase, within those walles
 did flowe.

And yet in all that choyce a worthy Romaine Knight,
Antonius who conquered proude Egypt by his might.
 Not all to please his eye, but most to ease his minde,
 Chose *Cleopatra* for his love, & left the rest behinde.
 A wondrous thing to read, in all his victory,
 He snapt but hir for his owne share, to please his fantastic.
 She

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

Percase hir lovely lookes, some prayses did deserve,
 But brown I dare be bold she was, for so y^e solle did serve.
 And could *Antonius* forsake the fayre in Roome?
 To love this nutbrowne Lady best, was this an equall
 doome?

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

For this I dare avow, (without vaunt be it spoke)
 So brave a knight as *Anthony*, held al their necks in yoke.
 I leave not *Laereus* out, beleve in hir who list,
 I thinke she would have lik'd his lure, & stooped to his fist.
 What mov'd the chieftain then, to lincke his liking thus?
 I wold some Romaine dame were here, the question to
 discusse.

But I that read hir life, do find therein by fame,
 How cleare hir curtisie did shine, in honour of hir name.
 Hir bountie did excell, hir trueth had never peere,
 Hir lovely lookes, hir pleasant speech, hir lusty loving chere.
 And all the worthy giftes, that ever yet were found,
 Within this good Egyptian Queen, did seme for to abound.
 Wherfore he worthy was, to win the golden fleece,
 Which scorned the blasing sterres in Roome, to conquere
 such a peece.

And she to quite his love, in spite of dreadfull death,
 Enshrinde with Snakes within his tombe, did yeeld hir
 parting breath.

Allegoria.

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

[E]

Hir eyes as grey as glasse, hir teeth as white as mylke,
 A ruddy lippe, a dimpled chyn, a skinne as smoth as silke.
 Awight what could you more y' may content mans mind,
 And hath supplies for ev'ry want that any man can find.
 And may himselfe assure, when hence his life shall passe,
 She will be strong to death with snakes, as *Cleopatra* was.
Si fortunatus infelix.

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

W Ere my hart set on hoygh as thine is bent,
 Or in my brest so brave and stout a will:
 Then (long ere this) I could have bene content,
 With sharpe revenge thy carelesse corps to kyll.
 For why thou knowest (although thou know not all)
 What rule, what reigne, what power, what segnory,
 Thy melting mind did yeeld to me (as thrall)
 When first I pleasd thy wandring fantasie.
 What lingring lookes bewray'd thyne inward thought,
 What pang was publisht by perplexitie,
 Such reakes the rage of love in thee had wrought
 And no gramercy for thy curtesie.
 I list not vaunt, but yet I dare avowe
 (Had bene my harmesse hart as hard as thyne)
 I could have bound thee then for stertering now,
 In bonds of bale, in pangs of deadly pyne.
 For why by prooffe the field is eath to win,
 Where as the chieffeynes yeeld themselves in chaynes:
 The port or passage playne to enter in
 Where porters list to leave the key for gaines.
 But did I then devise with crueltie,
 (As tyrants do) to kyll thy yeelding pray?
 Or

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

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

H Ow long she lookt that lookt at mee of late,
 As who would say, hir lookes were all for love:
 When God he knows they came from deadly hate,
 To pinch me yit with pangs which I must prove.
 But since my lookes hir hking may not move,
 Looke where she likes: for lo this looke was cast,
 Not for my love, but even to see my last.
Si fortunatus infelix.

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

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

Looke

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

Sifortunatus infelix.

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

THe thriftles thred which pampr'd beauty spinnes,
 In thraldom binds the foolish gazing eyes:
 As cruell Spyderys with their crafty ginnes.

In worthless webbes doe snare the simple Flies.
 The garments gay, the glittering golden gite,
 The tysing talk which floweth from *Pallas* pooles:
 The painted pale, the (too much) red made white,
 Are smyngling baytes to fishe for loving fooles.
 But lo, when eld in toothlesse mouth appeares,
 And whoary heares in steed of bawties blaze:
 Than Had I wist, doth teach repenting yeares,
 The tickle track of craftie *Cupides* maze.
 Twixt faire and foule therefore, twixt great and small,
 A lovely nutbrown face is best of all.

Sifortunatus infelix.

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

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

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

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

There I (in wonted wise) did shew my self of late,
 And found y^e as the soile was chang'd, so love was turnd
 to hate.

But why? God knowes, not I: save as I said before,
 Pitee is put from porters place, & daunger kepes the dore.
 If courting then have skill, to chaunge good Ladies so,
 God send ech wilful dame in court, som word of my like wo
 That with a troubled head, she may both turne and tosse.
 In restlesse bed when she should sleepe & feele of love y^e losse.
 And I (since porters put me from my wonted place)

And deepe deceit hath wrought a wyle to wrest me out of
 Will home agein to cart, as fitter were for me, (grace:
 Then thus in court to serve and starve, wher such proud
 porters be.

Sifortunatus infelix.

From this I will skip to certaine verses written to a Gentlewoman
 whom he liked very well, and yit had never any opportunity to
 discover his affection, being always bryddled by jelouse looks,
 which attended them both, and therfore gessing by hir looks,
 that she partly also liked him: he wrot in a booke of hers as fo-
 loweth.

Thou

THou with thy lookes on whom I looke full offe,
 And find therein great cause of deepe delight:
 Thy face is faire, thy skin is smooth and softe,
 Thylippes are sweet, thine eyes are cleere and bright,
 And every part seemes pleasant in my sight.
 Yit wote thou well, those lookes have wrought my wo,
 Bicause I love to looke upon them so.

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

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

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

Si fortunatus infelix.

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

Looke

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

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

His Riddle.

ICast myne eye and saw ten eies at once,
 All seemely set upon one lovely face:
 Two gaz'd, two glanc'd, two watched for the nonce,
 Two winked wyles, two fround with forward grace.
 Thus every eye was pitched in his place.
 And every eye which wrought eche others wo,
 Said to itself, alas why lookt I so?
 And every eye for jealousy love did pine,
 And sigh'd and said, I would that eye were mine.

Si fortunatus infelix.

In

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

Hir Question.

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

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

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

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

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

Con-

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

*This Sonet of his shall passe (for me) without
any preface.*

WHen stedfast friendship (bound by holy othe)
Did parte perforce my presence from thy sight,
In dreames I might behold how thou wert loth
With troubled thought to parte from thy delight.
When Popler walles enclos'd thy pensive mind,
My painted shadow did thy woes revive:
Thine evening walks by Thames in open wind,
Did long to see my sayling boate arive.
But when the dismold day did seeke to part
From London walles thy longing mind for me,
The sugred kisses (sent to thy deare hart)
With secret smart in broken sleepes I see.
Wherefore in teares I drenche a thousand fold,
Till these moist eyes thy beauty may behold.

Si fortunatus infelix.

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

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

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

[h]

When ,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Si fortunatus infelix.

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

THE Partridge in the pretie Merlines foote,
Who feeles hir force suppress with fearefulnessse,
And findes that strength nor strife can do hir boote,
To scrape the danger of hir deepe distresse:
These wofull wordes may seeme for to reherse
Which I must write in this waymenting verse.

What helpeth now (sayeth she) dame natures skill,
To die my fethers like the dustie ground?
Or what prevayles to lend me winges at will
Which in the ayre can make my bodie bound?

Since

And

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

If change of collors, could not me convey,
Yet mought my wings have scapt the dogges despite:
And if my wings did fayle to flie awaye,
Yet mought my strength resist the Merlynes might.
But nature made the Merlyne mee to kyl,
And me to yeeld unto the Merlines will.

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

What should I then, seeke meanes to flie away?
Or strive by force, to breake out of thy feete?
No, no, perdie, I may no strength assay,
To strive with thee ywiss, it were not meete.
Thou art that Hauke, whom nature made to hent me,
And I the Byrd, that must therewith content me.

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

Spreta lamen vivunt.

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

You

You must not wonder, though you thinke it strange,
To see me hold my lowring head so lowe:

And that mine eyes, take no delight to raunge,
About the gleames, which on your face do growe.
The Mouse which once hath broken out of trappe,
Is seldome tyed with the trustlesse bayte:
But lieth aloofe, for feare of more mishappe,
And feedeth still in doubt of deepe disceipt.
The scorched flie, which once hath scapt the flame,
Will hardly come, to play againe with fire:
Wher by I learne, that grevous is the game,
Which followes fancie dazled by desire.
So that I wincke, or els hold downe my head,
Bycause your blazing eyes, my bale have bred.

Spreta lamen vivunt.

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

THis tenth of March when *Aries* receyv'd,
Dame *Phœbus* rayes, into his horned head:
And I my selfe, by learned lore perceyv'd,
That *Ver* approacht, and frostie wynter fled.
I crosst the *Tibames*, to take the cherefull ayre,
In open feeldes, the weather was so fayre.

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

In

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

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

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

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

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

This

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

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

Spirita kamen virtunt.

The careful lower combred with pleasure,
 thus complayneth.

Now have I found the way, to weepe *Es* wayle my fill,
 Now can I lend my dolefull dayes, *Es* so content my
 will.

The way to weepe inough, for such as list to wayle,
 Is this: to go aboard y^e ship, where pleasure beareth sayle.
 And there to marke the jests, of every joyfull wight,
 And with what wynde and wave they fleet, to nourish
 their delight.

For as the stricken Deare, that seeth his fellowes feede,
 Amid the lustie heard (unhurt) *Es* feeles him selfe to bleede.
 Or as the seely byrd, that with the Bolte is brusd,
 And lieth a loofe among the leaves, of al hir peeres refusd,
 And heares them sing full shrill, yet cannot she rejoyce,
 Nor frame one warbling note to passe, out of hir mourn-
 full voyce.

Even so I find by prooffe, that pleasure dubleth payne,
 Unto a wretched wounded hart, which doth in woe re-
 maine.

I passe where pleasure is, I heare some for sing joye,
 I see som laugh, some other daunce, in spight of dark anye,
 But out alas my mind, amends not by their myrth,
 I deeme al pleasures to be paine, that dwell above y^e earth.
 Such heavy humors feede, y^e bloud that lends me breath,
 As mery medicines cannot serve, to kepe my corps from
 (death).

Spræta tamen vivunt.

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

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

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

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

And

And for the rest my body was not brave,
 But able yet, of substraunce to allay,
 The raging lust, where in thy limbes did rave,
 And quench the coales, which kindled thee to play.
 Such one I was, and such alwayes wilbe,
 For worthy Dames, but then I meane not thee.

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

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

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

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

[1]

Spræta tamen vivunt.

An

The devises of

An absent Dame thus complaineth.

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

sundrie Gentlemen.

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

¶ *This question being propounded by a Dame unto the writer
 thereof, to witt, why he should write Spreta tamen virtut,
 he answereth thus.*

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

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

Sperla tamen vivunt.

A strange passion of another Anubor.

Mid my Bale I bath in blisse,
 I swim in heaven, I sink in hell:

A I find amends for every misse,

And yit my moane no tonge can tell.

I live and love, what would you more?

As never lover liv'd before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,

So jest I oft and feele no joye:

My case is builded all on trust,

And yit mistrust breedes myne anoye.

I live and lack, I lack and have:

I have and misse the thing I crave.

These things seeme strange, yit ar they trew

Believe me (sweete) my state is such:

One pleasure which I would eschew,

Both slakes my grief, and breedes my gruch.

So doth one pain which I would shoon

Renew my joyes where grief beagoon.

Then like the Larke that past the night

In heavy sleepe with cares opprest:

Yit when shee spies the pleasant light,

She sends sweete notes from out hir brest.

So sing I now because I think

How joyes approach, when sorrowes shrink.

And as faire *Philomene* ageine

Can watch and singe when other sleepe:

And taketh pleasure in hir payne,

To wray the woo that makes hir weepe.

So sing I now for to bewray

The lothsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee (deare wench) I write,

That know'st my mirth but not my moane:

I pray God graunt thee deepe delight,

To live in joyes when I am gone.

I cannot live, it will not be:

I dye to think to part from thee.

Ferenda Natura.

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

THe straightest tree that grows upon one only roote:

If that roote fayle, will quickly fade, no props can do it boote.

I am that fading plant, which on thy grace did grow:

Thy grace is gone wherefore I mone, and wither all in woe.

The tallest ship that sayles, if shee to Ancors trust:

When ancors slip and cables breake, hir helpe lyes in the dust.

I am the ship my selfe, myne Ancor was thy faith:

Which now is fled, thy promise broke, and I am driven to death.

Who clymeth oft on hie, and trusts the rotten bowe:

If that bowe break may catch a fall such state stand I in now.

Me thought I was aloft, and yit my seate full sure:

Thy hart did seeme to me a rock which ever might endure.

And see, it was but sand, whom seas of subtiltie:

Have soked so with wanton waves, that faith was forst to flye.

The Fluds of facklennesse have undermined so,

The first foundation of my joy, that myrth is ebb'd to wo.

Yit at lowe water markes, I lye and wayte my time:

To

Can

The devises of

To mend the breach, but all in vayne, it cannot passe the prime.
 For when the primeflud comes which all this rage begon:
 Then waves of will do work so fast, my piles are overron.
 Dutie and diligence which are my workmen there,
 Are glad to take up tooles in haste and run away for feare.
 For fancie hath such force, it overfloweth all:
 And whispering tales do blow the blasts that make it ryse and fall.
 Thus in theis tempests tost, my restless life doth stand:
 Because I builded on thy words, as I was borne in hand.
 Thou wert that onely stake, wherby I ment to stay:
 Alas, alas, thou stoodst so weake, the hedge is borne away.
 By thee I thought to live, by thee now must I dye:
 I made thee my Phisicion, thou art my mallady.
 For thee I longd to live, for thee now welcome death:
 And welcome be that happie pang, that stops my gasping breath.
 Twice happie were that axe, would cut my rootes down right:
 And sacred were that swelling sea, which would consume me quight.
 Best were that howe would break to bring downe clymyng youth,
 Which craks aloft, and quakes full oft, for feare of thine untruth.

Ferenda Natura.

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

THat selfe same tonge which first did thee entreat
 To linke thy liking with my lucky love:
 That trustie tonge must now these words repeate,
I love the styl, my fancie cannot move.
 That dreadlesse hart which durst attempt the thought
 To win thy will with myne for to consent,
 Maintaines that vow which love in me first wrought,
I love thee still and never shall repent.
 That happy hand which hardely did touch
 Thy tender body, to my deepe delight:
 Shall serve with sword to prove my passion such

As

sundrie Gentlemen.

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

Ferenda Natura.

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

DEsire of Fame would force my feeble skill,
 To prayse a Countesse by hir dew desert:
 But dread of blame holds back my forward will,
 And quencht the coales which kindled in my hart.
 Thus am I plongd twene dread and deepe desire,
 To paye the dew which dutie doth require.

And when I call the mighty Gods in ayd
 To further forth some fine invention:
 My bashfull spirits be full ill afraid
 To purchase payne by my presumption.
 Such malice reignes (sometimes) in heavenly myndes,
 To punish him that prayseth as he fynds.

For *Pallas* first whose filled flowing skill,
 Should guyde my pen some pleasant words to write:
 With angry mood hath fram'd a froward will,
 To dashe devise as oft as I endite.
 For why? if once my Ladies gifts were knowen,
Pallas should loose the prayses of hir own.

And bloudy *Mars* by chaunge of his delight
 Hath made *Joves* daughter now myne enemye:
 In whose conceipt my Countesse shines so bright,
 That *Venus* pynes for burning jealousye.

She

The devises of

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

Of hir bright beames Dan *Phœbus* stands in dread,
And shames to shine within our *Horizon*:
Dame *Cynthia* holds in her horned head,
For feare to loose by like comparison.
Lo thus shee lives, and laughs them all to skorne:
Countesse on earth, in heaven a Goddess borne.

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

Meritum petere, gravè.

*The lover declareth his affection, together
with the cause thereof.*

WHEN first I thee beheld in colors black and whyt,
Thy face in forme wel framed w' favor blooming stil:
My burning brest in cares did choose his chief delight,
With pen to painte thy prayse, contrary to my skill.

Whose worthinesse compar'd with this my rude devise,
I blush and am abasht, this work to enterprise.

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

Wherfore accept these lines, and banish dark disdayn,

Be

sundrie Gentlemen.

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

*Another shorter discourse to the same
effete.*

IF ever man yit found the Bath of perfect blisse,
Then swim I now amid the Sea where nought but pleasure is.
I love and am beloved (without vaunt be it told)

Of one more fayre than shee of *Greece* for whom proud *Troy* was sold.
As bountifull and good as *Cleopatra* Queene:

As constant as *Penelope* unto hir make was seene.

What would you more? my pen unable is to write

The least desert that seemes to shine within this worthy wight.

So that for now I cease, with hands held up on hye,

And crave of God that when I chaunge, I may be forst to dye.

Meritum petere, gravè.

The lover disdainefully rejecteth contrary to former promise, thus complayneth.

THE deadly droppes of darke disdayne,
Which dayly fall on my desarte.

The lingring suite long spent in vayne,

Wherof I feele no fruit but smart:

Enforce me now theis words to write:

Not all for love, but more for spyte.

The which to thee I must reheare,
Whom I did honor, serve and trust,
And though the musick of my verse

[k]

Be

The devises of

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

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

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

If *Cressidas* name were not so knowen,
And written wyde on every wall:
If brute of pryde were not so blowen
Upon *Angelica* withall:
For hauld disdain thou mightst be she,
Or *Cressyde* for inconstance.

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

Such is the fruit that groweth always
Uppon the root of rype disdayn:
Such kindly wages *Cypide* payes,

Where

sundrie Gentlemen.

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

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

Merimum petere, grave.

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

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

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

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

She

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

What resteth then for me to doo,
Thou salt sea foome come say thy mind?
Should I come drowne within thee too,
That am of true *Leanders* kind?
And headlong cast this corps of mine,
Into those greedy guttes of thine?

No cruel, but in spite of thee,
I will make Seas where earst were none,
My teares shall flowe in full degree,
Tyll all my myrth may ebbe to none.
Into such droppes I meane to melt,
And in such Seas my selfe to swelt.

Lenvoie.

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

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

Give

GIve me my Lute in bed now as I lye,
And lock the doores of mine unluckie bower:
So shall my voyce in mournfull verse descrite,
The secrete smart which causeth me to lower.
Resound you walles an Eccho to my mone,
And thou cold bed wherin I lye alone:
Bears witness yet what rest thy Lady takes,
When other sleepe which may enjoy their makes.

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

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

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

But

But now (aye me) the greatest grief of all,
 (Sound loud my Lute, and tell it out my tongue)
 The hardest hap that ever might befall,
 The onely cause wherfore this song is song,
 Is this alas: my love, my Lord, my Roy,
 My chosen pheare, my gemme, and all my joye,
 Is kept perforce out of my dayly sight,
 Wherby I lacke the stay of my delight.

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

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

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

Meritum petere, grave.

Eyther

Eyther a needlesse or a bootlesse comparison betwene two letters.

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

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

When I first learnd, *A.* was in high degree,
 A captaine letter, and a vowel too:
 Such one as was alwayes a helpe to *B.*
 And lent him sound and taught him what to doo.
 For take away the vowels from their place,
 And how can then the consonants have grace?

Yet if thou like a consonant so well,
 Why should not *G.* seeme better farre than *B*?
G. spellleth God, that high in heaven doth dwell,
 So spell we Gold and all good thinges with *G.*
B. serves to spell bold, bawdy, braynsicke, bolde,
 Blacke, browne, and bad, yea worse than may be tolde.

In song, the *G.* cliffe keeps the highest place,
 Where *B.* sounds alwayes (or too sharpe or) flat:
 In *G. sol, re, ut.* trebles have trimme grace,

B.

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

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

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

Merrimum petere, grave.

An absent lover doth thus encourage his Lady
 to continue constant.

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

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

But

But call to mind how long *Ulysses* was,
 In lingring absence, from his loving make:
 And how she deigned then hir dayes to passe,
 In solitary silence for his sake.

Be thou a true *Penelope* to me,
 And thou shalt soone thine owne *Ulysses* see.

What sayd I? soone? yea soone I say againe,
 I will come soone and sooner if I may:
Beleve me now it is a pinching payne,
 To thinke of love when lovers are away.
 Such thoughts I have, and when I thinke on thee,
 My thoughts are there, wheras my bones would bee.

The longing lust which *Primates* sonne of *Troy*,
 Had for to see his *Cressyde* come againe:
 Could not exceede the depth of mine anoye,
 Nor seeme to passe the paterne of my payne.
 I fyse in hope, I thaw in hot desire,
 Farre from the flame, and yet I burne like fire.

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

Merrimum petere, grave.

A letter devised for a young lover.

Recieve you worthy Dame this rude & ragged verse,
 Lend willing care unto y^e tale, which I shal now rehearse.
 And thogh my wildes words, might move you for to smile
 Yet trust to that which I shal tel, & never mark my stile.
 [1]

Amongst

Amongst five hundred Dames, presented to my view,
 I find most cause by due desert, to like the best of you.
 I see your beautie such, as seemeth to suffice, (eyes.
 To bind my hart in linkes of love, by judgment of mine
 And but your bountie quenck, the coales of quicke desire,
 I fear y^r face of youres will set, ten thousand harts on fire.
 But bountie so aboundes, above all my desert,
 As y^r I quake & shrink for fear, to shew you of my smart.
 Yet since mine eye made choyce, my hart shal not repent,
 But yeeld it self unto your will, & therewith stand content.
 God knowth I am not great, my power it is not much,
 The greater glory shal you gain, to shew your favor such.
 And what I am or have, all that I yeeld to you, (true.
 My hand & sword shal serve alwaies, to prove my tounge is
 Then take me for your owne, & so I wilbe still, (will.
 Believe me now, I make this vow, in hope of your good
 Which if I may obtain, God leave me when I change,
 This is the tale I ment to tell, good Lady be not strange.

Meritum petere, grave.

¶ Three Sonets in sequence, written uppon this occasion. The deviser hereof amongst other friends had named a gentlewoman his Berzabe: and she was content to call him hir David. The man presented his Lady with a Booke of the Golden Asse, written by Lucius Apuleius, and in the beginning of the Booke wrote this sequence. You must conferre it with the Historie of Apuleius, for els it will have small grace.

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

A

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

For Lucius he,

Esteeming more one ounce of present sporte,
 Than elders do a pound of perfect witte:
 Fyrst to the bowre of Beautie doth resort,
 And there in pleasure passed many a fitte,
 His worthy race he (recklesse) doth forget,
 With small regard in great affaires he reeles,
 No counsell grave nor good advice can set,
 His braynes in brake that whirled still on wheelles.
 For if *Birbena* could have helde him backe,
 From *Venus* Court where he now noursled was,
 His Iustie limbes had never founde the lacke
 Of many shape: the figure of an Asse,
 Had not been blazed on his bloud and bones,
 To wound his will with torments all atonce.

But Follys she,

Who sawe this Lording whittled with the cuppe,
 Of vaine delight wherof he gan to tast:
 Pourde out apace and filld the Mazor up,
 With dronken dole, yea after that in hast.
 She greasd this gest with sauce of Sorcery,
 And fed his mind with knacks both queynt and strange:
 Lo here the treason and the trechery,
 Of gadding gyrls when they delight to raunge.
 For *Lucius* thinking to become a foule,
 Became a foole, yea more than that, an Asse,
 A bobbing blocke, a beating stocke, an owle,
 Well wondred at in place where he did passe:

And

The devises of

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

Yet I poore I,

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

David thy King.

Merrittum petere, grave.

A Ryddle.

A Lady once did aske of me,
This prettie thing in private:
Good sir (quod she) fayne would I crave,

One thing which you your selfe not have:

Nor never had yet in times past,
Nor never shall while life doth last.

And if you seeke to find it out,
You loose your labour out of doubt:

Yet if you love me as you say,

Then give it me, for sure you may.

Merrittum petere, grave.

*To a gentlewoman who blamed him for
writing his friendly advise in
verse unto another lo-
ver of hers.*

THe cruell hate which boyles within thy burning brest,
And seekes to shape a sharpe revenge, on them that love thee best:
May warne all faythfull friendes, in case of jeoperdie,
How they shall put their harmlesse hands, betwene y^e barck & tree.
And I among the rest, which wrote this weary song,
Must needs alledge in my defence, that thou hast done me wrong.
For if in simple verse, I chaunced to touch thy name,

And

sundrie Gentlemen.

And toucht the same without reproch, was I therefore to blame?
And if (of great good will) I gave my best advise,
Then thus to blame without cause why, me thinkes thou art not wise.
Amongst old written tales, this one I beare in mind,

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

Which (almost dead for colde) lay moyling in the myre
When he for pittie toke it up and brought it to the fyre.

No soner was the Snake, cured of hir grief,
But streight she sought to hurt the man, that lent hir such relief.

Such Serpent seemeth thou, such simple soule am I,
That for the weight of my good will, am blamd without cause why.

But as it best besemes, the harmlesse gentle hart,
Rather to take an open wrong, than for to playne his part:

I must and will endure, thy spite without repent,
The blame is myne, the tryumph thine, and I am well content.

Merrittum petere, grave.

*An uncurteous farewell to an uncon-
stant Dame.*

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

If from your word your deede could not revert,
If youthfull yeeres your thoughts did not so rule,

As elder dayes may skorne your friendship frayle:
Your doubled fansie would not thus recule,

For peevish pride which now I must bewayle.
For *Cressyde* fayre did *Troylus* never love,

More deare than I esteemd your framed cheare:
Whose wavering wayes (since now I do them prove)

By true report this witnessse with me beare:
That if your friendship be not too deare bought,

The price is great, that nothing gives for nought.
Merrittum petere, grave.

The devises of

*A lover often warned, and once again drowen into fantasti-
call flames by the chase of company, doth thus
bewayle his misfortunes.*

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

I love, I love, alas I love in deede,
I crie alas, but no man pitties me:
My woundes are wyde, yet seeme they not to bleede,
And hidden woundes are hardly heald we see.
Such is my lucke to catch a sodeyne clappe,
Of great mischaunce in seeking my good-happe.

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

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

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

The

sundrie Gentlemen.

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

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

Merrittus Peteris, grave.

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

When I record within my musing mind,
The noble names of wightes bewicht in love:
Such sollace for my selfe therin I find,
As nothing may my fired fansie move:
But patiently I will endure my wo,
Because I see the heavens ordayne it so.

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

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

Urias

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

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

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

If I were strong, as some have made accompt,
Whose force is like to that which *Sampson* had?
If I be bold, whose courage can surmount,
The hart of *Hercules*, which nothing dread?
Yet *Dallia*, and *Deganyraas* love,
Did teach them both, such pangs as I must prove.

Well let these passe, and thinke on *Nasoes* name,
Whose skilfull verse did flowe in learned stile:
Did he (thinke you) not dote uppon his Dame?
Orma fayre, did she not him beguile?
Yes God he knowes, for verse nor pleasaurt rymes,
Can constant keepe, the key of *Cressides* crimes.

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

Which

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

Meritum petere, grave.

*The absent lover (in ciphers) disciplining
his name, doth crave some spacie
relief as followeth.*

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

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

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

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

[m]

In

The devises of

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

Lencvie.

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

Mertim petere, gratue.

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

TO make a lover knowne, by playne Anatomic,
 You lovers all that list beware, lo here beholde you me.
 Who though mine onely lookes, your pittie wel might move,
 Yet every part shall play his part to paint the panggs of love.
 If first my feeble head, have so much matter left,
 If fansies raging force have not his feeble skill bereft.
 These locks that hang unkempt, these hollowe dazled eyes,
 These chattering teeth, this trembling tongue, wel twewed with carefull
 These wan & wrinckled cheeks, wel washt wth waves of wo, (cries.
 May stand for pattere of a ghost, where so this carkasse go.
 These shoulders they susteyne, the yoke of heavie care,
 And on my brused broken backe, the burden must I beare.
 These

sundrie Gentlemen.

These armes are braunfalne now, with beating on my brest,
 This right hand weary is to write, this left hand craveth rest:
 These sides enclose the forge, where sorow playes the smith,
 And hot desire, hath kindled fire, to worke his metall with.
 The anville is my hearte, my thoughtes they strike the stroke,
 My lights & lungs like bellows blowe, & sighs ascend for smoke.
 My secrete parts are so with secrete sorowe soken,
 As for the secrete shame therof, deserves not to be spoken.
 My thighes, my knees, my legs, and last of all my feete,
 To serve a lovers turne, are so unable and unmeete,
 That scarce they can beare up this restlesse body well,
 Unlesse it be to see the boure, wherin my love doth dwell,
 And there by sight eftsoones to feede my gazing eye,
 And so content my hungrie corps tyll dolours doe me die:
 Yet for a just rewarde of love so dearely bought,
 I pray you say, lo this was he, whom love had worne to nought.
Ever or never.

Gascoignes arraignment.

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

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

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

Here

The devises of

Here is oure Justice well you wote,
Appointed to discusse our lawes;
If you will guiltlesse seeme to goe,
God and your cuntry quite you so.

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

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

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

And though this Judge doe make suche haste,
To shead with shame my guiltlesse bloud:
Yet lette your pitie firste be plaste,
To save the man that ment you good,
So shall you shewe your selfe a *Queene*,
And I may be your servant scene.

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

sundrie Gentlemen.

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

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

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

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

Not

The devises of

Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir, I gesse it did him good.
 Yet when he felte the flame gan kinde in his brest,
 And herd dame nature boast by hir, to break him of his rest,
 His hot newe chosen love he chaunged into hate,
 And sodynly with myghtie mace, gan rap hir on the pate.
 It greved Nature muche to see the cruell deede:
 Me seemes I see hir how she wept to see hir dearing bleede.
 Wel yet (quod she) this hurt shal have some helpe I trowe,
 And quick with skin she covered it, y^e whiter is than snow.
 Wherwith *Dan Cupide* fled, for feare of further flame,
 When angell like he saw hir shine, whome he had smit with
 Lo thus was *Bridges* hurt, in cradel of hir kynnd, (shame.
 The coward *Cupide* brake hir brow to wreke his wounded
 The skar still there remains, no force, there let it be, (mynd,
 There is no cloude that can eclipse so bright a sunneas she.
Ever or Never.

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

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

Gas-

sundrie Gentlemen.

Gascoignes passion.

I Smile sometimes although my grieve be great,
 T^o heare and see these lovers paint their paine,
 And how they can in pleasant rimes repeat,
 The passing pang, which they in fancies faime.
 But if I had such skill to frame a verse
 I could more paine than all their pangs reherse,

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

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

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

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

Nor

Nor living live: and such a life lead I.

The sunny dayes which gladdde the saddest wights,
 Yet never shine to cleare my misty Moone,
 No quiet sleepe, amide the mooneshine nights
 Can close mine eyes, when I am wo by gone.
 Into such shades my peevish sorow shrowdes,
 That Sunne and Moone, are still to me in clowdes.

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

My fits are like the fever Ectyck fits,
 Which one day quakes within and burnes without,
 The next day heate within the boosoms sits,
 And shivering cold the body goes about.
 So is my harte most hate when hope is cold,
 And quaketh most when I most heate behold.

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

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

Yet

Yet grant with me that *Gascoignes* passion past.

Ever or Never.

Gascoignes libell of Divorce.

Divorc me now good death, from love and lingering life,
 That one hath ben my concubine, that other was my wife.
 In youth I lived with love, she had my lusty dayes,
 In age I thought with lingering life to stay my wandering ways,
 But now abuse by both, I come for to complaine
 To thee good death, in whome my helpe doth wholly now remain,
 My libell to behold: wherein I do protest,
 The processe of my plaint is true, wherein my griefe doth rest.
 First love my concubine, whome I have kept so trimme,
 Even she for whome I seemd of yore, in seas of joy to swim:
 To whome I dare avow, that I have served as well,
 And played my part as gallantly, as he that beares the bell:
 She cast me off long since, and holds me in disdain,
 I cannot pranke to please hir now, my vaunting is but vaine.
 My writhled cheekes bewray, that pride of heate is past,
 My stagrng stepps eke tell the truth, that nature fadeth fast.
 My quaking crooked joynts, are combred with the crampe,
 The boxe of oile is wasted well, which once did feede my lampe.
 The greenesse of my yeares, doth wither now so sore,
 That lusty love leapes quite away, and liketh me no more.
 And love my lemman gone, what liking can I take?
 In lothsome life that crooked croane, although she be my make?
 She cloyes me with the cough, hir comforte is but colde
 She bids me give mine age for almes, where first my youth was sold.
 No day can passe my head, but she beginsnes to brall,
 No mery thoughts conceived so fast, but she confounds them all.
 When I pretend to please, she overthwarts me still,
 When I wold faynest part with her, she overwayes my will.
 Be judge then gentle death, and take my cause in hand,
 Consider every circumstance, marke how the case doth stande.

Percase
 [n]

The devises of

Percease thou wilt alledge, that cause thou canst none see,
 But that I like not of that one, that other likes not me:
 Yes gentle judge give eare, and thou shalt see me prove,
 My concubine incontinent, a common whore is love.

And in my wife I find, such discord and debate,
 As no man living can endure the torments of my state.

Wherefore thy sentence say, divorce me from them both,
 Since only thou maist right my wrongs, good death now be not loth
 But cast thy pearcng dart, into my panting brest,
 That I may leave both love & life, & thereby purchase rest.

Hand iſtus ſapio.

Gascoignes praise of his Myſtres.

THe hap which *Paris* had, as due for his desert,
 Who favorde *Venus* for hir face, & skornde *Menervas* arte:
 May serve to warne the wise, y^e they no more esteeme

The glistering glosse of bewites blaze, than reason should it
 Dan *Pyram* yonger son, found out y^e fairest dame, [deeme.
 That ever troade on *Troyane* mold, what followed of the same?

I list not brute hir bale, let others spred it fourth,

But for his part to speke my mind his choice was litle worth

My meaning is but this, who marks the outward shewe

And never gropes for grafts of grace which in y^e mind shuld grow:

May chance upon such choise as trusty *Troylus* had

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

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

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

And yet therewith hath join'd, such favoure and such grace,

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

Within whose worthy brest, dame Bountie seekes to dwel,

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

Betwene whose heavenly eies, doth right remorce appeare,

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

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

Who

sundry Gentlemen.

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

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

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

You hold such servants deare, as able are to serve,
 She held me deare, when I poore soule, could no good thing deserve.

You set by them that swim in all prosperitie,

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

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

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

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

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

I seeme to penne hir praise, that doth surpassse my skill,

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

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

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

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

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

Atamen ad solitum.

Gascoignes Lullabie.

Sing lullabie, as women do,

Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,

And lullabie can I sing to

As womanly as can the best.

With lullabie they still the childe,

And if I be not much beguilde,

Full many wanton babes have I

Which must be stilld with lullabie.

First lullaby my youthfull yeares,

It is now time to go to bed,

For crooked age and hoarie heares,

Have

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

Next Lullabye my gazing eyes,
 Whiche woonted were to glaunce apace:
 For every glasse maye nowe suffice,
 To shewe the furrowes in my face:
 With Lullabye then wynke a whyle,
 With Lullabye youre lookes begyale:
 Lette no fayre face, nor beautie bryghte
 Enrice you ofte with vayne delyght.

And Lullabye my wanton will,
 Lette reasons rule nowe reigne thy thought,
 Since all too late I fynde by skill,
 Howe deare I have thy fansies bought:
 With Lullabye nowe take thyn ease,
 With Lullabye thy doubtas appease:
 For trust to this, if thou be still,
 My bodie shall obeye thy will.

Like Lullabye my loving boye,
 My little Robyn take thy rest,
 Synce Age is colde, and nothyng coye,
 Keepe close thy coyne, for so is beste:
 With Lullabye bee thou content,
 With Lullabye thy lustes relente,
 Lette others paye whiche have mo pence,
 Thou arte to poore for suche expense.

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

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

Ever or Never.

Gascoignes Recantation.

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

In waves of wicked heresie so deepe I drowned was,
 All which I nowe recante, and here before you burne
 Those trifling bookes, from whose leud lore my tippet here I turne,
 And henceforth will I write, howe madd is that mans mynde,
 Which is entyst by any trayne to trust in womankynde.
 I spare not wedlocke I, who list that state ad vauunce,
 Aske *Asiole* king of *Lumbardie*, how trim his dwarf could daunce.
 Wherefore faire Ladies you, that heare me what I saye,
 If you hereafter see me shippe, or seeme to go astraye;
 Or if my tounge revolte from that whiche nowe it sayth,
 Then plague me thus, *Beleeve it not*, for this is nowe my fayth.
Hauid ihus sapio.

I have herde master Gascoignes memorie commended by
 these verses following, the which were written upon this occasi-
 on. He had (in midst of his youth) determined to abandon
 all vaine delights and to retourne unto Greys Inne, there to un-
 dertake againe the study of the common lawes. And being requir-
 ed by five sundrie gentlemen to waighte in verse some what worthy
 to be remembred, before he centred into their fellowship, he com-
 pled these five sundry sortes of metre upon five sundry theames
 whiche they delivered unto him, and the firste was at request of
 Francis Kinwelmarsh who delivered him this theame. *Auda-
 cas fortuna iuvat*. And thereupon he wrote thys Sonnet follo-
 wing.

IF yielding feare, or cancred villanie,
 In *Caesars* haughtie heart had tane the charge,
 Nor yet the mightie empire lefte so large.
 If *Mencius* could have rulse his will
 With fowle reproch to loose his faire delight,
 Then had the stately towres of *Troy* stood still,
 And *Greekes* with grudge had dronke their owne despight.
 If dread of drenching waves or feare of fire,

Had

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

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

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

By too too much *Dan Cræsus* caught his death,
 And bought with bloud the price of glittering gold,
 By too too little many one lacks breath
 And strives in streetes a mirroure to beholde:
 So pride for heate, and povert pynes for colde.
 Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leave the least,
 I counpt enough as good as any feast.

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

The

The devises of

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

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

If so thy wyfe be too too fayre of face,
 It drawes one guest (too manie) to thyne inne:
 If she be fowle, and foyled with disgrace,
 In other pillowes prickst thou many a pinne:
 So fowle prove fooles, and fayrer fall to sinne.
 Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leave the least,
 I counte enough as good as any feast.

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

Sic mihi.

John

sundrie Gentlemen.

John Vaughan delivered him his theme. *Magnum*
vetitral parcimonia, whereuppon
 he wrote thus.

THe common speech is, spend and God will send,
 But what sends he? a bottell and a bagge,
 A staffe, a wallet and a wofull ende,
 For such as list in bravery so to bragge.
 Then if thou covet coine enough to spend,
 I learne first to spare thy budget at the brink,
 So shall the bottome be the faster bound:
 But he that list with lavish hand to linke,
 (In like expence) a pennie with a pound,
 May chance at last to sitte aside and shrink
 His harbraind head without dame deinties dore.
 Hick, Hobbe and Dick with cloutes uppou their knee,
 Have many times more goonhole groates in store,
 And change of crownes more quicke at call than he,
 Which let their lease and tooke their rent before.
 For he that rappes a royall on his cappe,
 Before he put one pennie in his purse,
 Had neede turne quicke and broch a better tappe,
 Or else his drinke may chance go downe the wursse.
 I not denie but some men have good hap,
 To climbe alofte by scales of courtly grace,
 And winne the world with liberalitie:
 Yet he that yerks old angells out apace,
 And hath no new to purchase dignitie,
 When orders fall, may chance to lacke his grace.
 For haggard hawkes mislike an emptie hand:
 So stiffely some sticke to the mercers stall,
 Till sutes of silke have swet out all their land.
 So ofte thy neighbours banquet in thy hall,
 Till Davie *Debet* in thy parlor stande,
 And bids thee welcome to thine owne decay.

[o]

The devises of

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

Alexander Nevile delivered him this theame, *Sat cito,
 si sat bene*, whereupon he compiled these seven So-
 nets in sequence, therin bewraying his owne *Mi-
 mis cito*: and therewith his *Vix bene*, as foloweth.

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

Was

sundry Gentlemen.

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

² Before myne eye to feede my greedie will,
 Gan muster eke myne olde acquainted mates,
 Who helpte the dishe (of vayne delighte) to fill
 My emptic mouthe with dayntie delicates:
 And foolishhe boldnesse tooke the whippe in hande,
 To lashe my lyfe into this trustlesse trace,
 Till all in haste I leapte aloofe from lande,
 And hoyste up soyle to catche a Courtylly grace:
 Eche lingering daye did seeme a worlde of woe,
 Tyll in that haplesse haven my head was broughte:
 Waves of wanhope so tost mee too and fro,
 In deepe despaire to drowne my dreadfull thoughte:
 Eche houre a daye, eche daye a yere did seeme,
 And every yere a worlde my wyll did deeme.

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

Thus

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

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

5 All were too little for the merchantes hande,
And yet my braverie bigger than his booke:
But when this hotte accompte was coldely scande,
I thoughte highe tyme aboute me for to looke:
With heavie cheare I caste my heade abacke,
To see the fountayne of my furious race,
Compare my losse, my lyyng, and my lacke,
In equall balance with my jolye grace,
And sawe expences grating on the grounde
Lyke lumps of leade to presse my pursse full ofte,
When lyghte rewarde and recompence were founde,
Flecting lyke feathers in the wynde alofte:
These thus compare, I lefte the Courte at large,
For why? the gaynes doth seldome quitte the charge.

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

My

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

No haste but good, where wysedome makes the waye,
For prooffe whereof wee see the silly snayle,
Who sees the Souldiers carcasse cast awaye,
With hotte assaulte the Castle to assaile,
By fyne and leysure clymes the loffie wall,
And winnes the turrettes toppes more cunningly,
Than doughtie Dicke, who loste his lyfe and all,
With hoystring up his heade too hastily:
The swiftest bitche brings forth the blyndest whelpes,
The hottest Fevers coldest crampes ensue,
The nakedst neede hath ever latest helpe:
With *Newyle* then I fynde this proverbe true,
That *Haste makes waste*, and therefore still I saye,
No haste but good, where wysedome makes the waye.

Sic tibi.

Richard Courtop (the last of the five) gave him this
theame, *Durum animum Est miserabile animum*, and
thereupon he wrote in this wyse.

WHen peerelesse Princes courtes were free from flatterie,
The Justice from unequal doome, the queste from perjurye,
The

The pillars of the state, from proude presumption,
 The clearkes from heresie, the Commons from rebellion:
 Then righte rewardes were given, by swaye of due deserite,
 Then vertues dearlings might be plaste aloft to play their parte:
 Then might they counmpt it true, that hath ben sayd of olde,
 The children of those happie dayes were borne in beds of golde,
 And swaddled in the same: the Nurse that gave them sucke,
 Was wyse to Liberalitie, and lemman to Good Lucke.
 When *Cæsar* woon the felde, his captains caught the townes,
 And every painful souldiors purse was crammed full of crownes.
Lactans for good lawes, loste his owne libertie,
 And thoughte it better to preferre common commoditie.
 But nowe the tymes are turnde, it is not as it was,
 The golde is gone, the silver sunke, and nothing left but brasse.
 To see a king encroache, what wonder should it seeme,
 When commons cannot be content, with countrie *Dyademme*?
 The Prince may dye a babe, trust up by trecherie,
 Where vaine ambition doth move trustlesse nobilitie.
 Errours in pulpit preach, where faith in preesthood failes,
 Promotion (not devotion) is cause why cleargie quailes.
 Thus is the stage stak out, where all these partes be plaide,
 And I the prologue should pronounce, but that I am affraide.
 First *Cayphas* playes the priest, and *Herode* sits as king,
Pyrate the Judge, *Judas* the Jurour verdicte in doth bring,
 Wayne tading plaies the vice, well cladde in rich aray,
 And pore Tom Troth is laught to skorn, w^t garments nothing gay.
 The woman wantonnesse, she coomes with ticing traines,
 Pride in hir pocket playes bo peepe, and bawdrie in hir braine.
 Hir handmaidens be decepte, daunger, and dalliance,
 Riot and Revell follow hir, they be of hir alliance:
 Nexte these commes in Simme Swash, to see what sturre they keepe.
 Climme of y^e Clough then takes his heeles, tis time for him to creep:
 To packe the pageaunt up, commes Sorowe with a song,
 He says these jestes can get no grotes, & al this geare goth wrong:
 I yst pride without cause, why he sings the treble parte,
 The

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

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

Gascoignes gloze uppon this text,
Dominus vis opus habet.

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

For

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

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

[p]

The devises of

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

Ever or never.

Gascoignes good morrowe.

YOU that have spent the silente nighte
 In sleepe and quiet reste,
 And joye to see the cheerfull lighte

That

sundry Gentlemen.

That ryseth in the East:
 Nowe cleere your voyce, nowe cheare your heart,
 Come helpe me nowe to sing:
 Eche will yng wight come beare a parte,
 To prayse the heavenly King.
 And you whome care in prison keepes,
 Or sicknesse dothe suppressse,
 Or secrete sorrowe breakes youre sleepes,
 Or dolours doe distresse:
 Yet beare a parte in dolefull wyse,
 Yea thinke it good accorde,
 And acceptable sacrifice,
 Eche sprite to prayse the Lorde.

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

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

And of suche happes and heavenly joyes,
 As then wee hope to holde,

All

All earthly sightes, all worldly toyes,
Are tokens to beholde:

The daye is lyke the daye of doome,
The sunne, the Sonne of man,
The skyes the heavens, the earth the toombe
Wherein wee reeste till than.

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

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

The carrion Crowe, that lothesome beast,
Whyche cryes agaynst the rayne,
Bothe for hir hew and for the reeste,
The Devill resembleth playne:
And as with goonnes we kill the Crowe,
For spolyng oure reliefe,
The Devill so must wee overthrowe,
With goonshot of heliefe.

The little Byrdes whiche syng so sweete,

Are

Are lyke the angels voyce,
Whiche render God his prayes meete,
And teache us to rejoyce:
And as they more esteeme that myrthe,
Than drede the nightes anye,
So muste wee deeme oure dayes on earthe,
But hell to heavenly joye.

Unto whiche Joyes for to attayne,
God graunte us all his grace,
And sende us after worldly payne,
In heaven to have a place.
Where wee may still enjoy that lyght,
Whiche never shall decaye:
Lord for thy mercie lende us myghte
To see that joyfull daye.

Hand istus sapio.

Gascoignes good myghte.

WHenthou hast spent the lingering day in pleasure and delight,
Or after toyle and wearie way, dost seeke to rest at night:
Unto thy paynes or pleasures past, adde this one labour yet,
Ereslepe close up thyne eye too faste, do not thy God forget,
But searche within thy secret thoughts what deeds did thee befall:
And if thou fynde amisse in ought, to God for mercie call:
Yea though thou find nothing amisse, which thou canst cal to mind
Yet evermore remember this, there is the more behynde:
And thinke howe well soever it be, that thou hast spent the day,
It came of God, and not of thee, so to directe thy waye.
Thus if thou trie thy daily deedes, and pleasure in this payne,
Thy lyfe shal clense thy corne from weeds, & thine shal be y^e gaine:
But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye, will venture for to winke,
Before thy wading wyll maye trye, how far thy soule may sink,
Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft & smooth is made,

Maye

The devises of

May heap more harm upon thy head, than blows of ennies blade.
 Thus if this payne procure thine ease, in bed as thou doste Iye,
 Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing thus soberly:
 I see that sleepe is lent mee here, to ease my wearie bones,
 As death at last shall eke appeare, to ease my greivous grones.
 My dayly sports, my paunch full fed, have causede my drouisie eye,
 As carelesse Iyfe in quiet led, mighte cause my soule to dye:
 The striking arms, the yauning breath, which I to bedward use,
 Are paternes of the pangs of death, when Iyfe will me refuse:
 And of my bed eche sundrie parte in shadowes doth resemble
 The sundry shapes of deth, whose dart shal make my flesh to tremble,
 My bed it self is Iyke y^e grave, my sheetes y^e winding sheete,
 My clothes the moule which I must have to cover me most meet:
 The hungrie fleas which friske so fresh, to worms I can compare,
 Which greedilly shal gnaw my flesh, and leave the bones ful bare:
 The waking Cocke that early crows to weare the nyght away,
 Puts in my mynde the trumpe that blowes before the latter day.
 And as I ryse up lustily, when sluggish sleepe is paste,
 So hope I to ryse joyfully, to Judgement at the laste.
 Thus will I wake, thus will I sleepe, thus will I hope to ryse,
 Thus will I neyther wayle nor weepe, but sing in goodly wyse.
 My bones shall in this bed remayne, my soule in God shall trust,
 By whom I hope to ryse agayne from death and earthly dust.

Hand istus sapia.

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

Gascoignes De profundis.

The

sundrie Gentlemen.

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

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

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

TO binde a bushe of thornes amongst sweete smelling flowres,
 May make the poise seeme the worse, and yet the fault is ours:
 For

The devises of

For throw away the thorne, and marke what will ensew,
 The posie then will shewe it selfe, sweete, faire, and freshe of hew.
 A puttocke set on pearche, fast by a falcons side,
 Will quickly shew it selfe a kight, as time hath often tride.
 And in my musing minde, I feare to finde like fall,
 As just reward to recompence my rash attempts withall.
 Thou bidst, and I must bowe, thou wilt that I shall write,
 Thou canst command my wery muse some verses to endite.
 And yet perdie, thy booke is fraughte with learned verse,
 Such skill as in my musing minde I can none like reherse.
 What followes then for me? but if I must needes write,
 To set downe by the falcons side, my selfe a sillie kight.
 And yet the sillie kight, well weyed in each degree,
 May serve sometimes (as in his kinde) for mans commoditie.
 The kight can weede the worme, from corne and costly seedes,
 The kight can kill the mowldwarpe, in pleasant meads y' breeds:
 Out of the stately streetes, the kight can cleanse the filth,
 As men can cleanse the worthelesse weedes, from fruitful fallowed tilth.
 And onely set aside the hennes poore progenie,
 I cannot see who can accuse the kight for fellowie.
 The falcon, she must feede on parritch, and on quaille,
 A piggeon, plover, ducke and drake, hearne, lapwing, teale & raile,
 Hir hungrie throte devours both foode and deintie fare,
 Whereby I take occasion, thus boldly to compare.
 And as a silly kight, (not falcon like that fie,
 Nor yet presume to hover by mount *Hellycon* on hye)
 I friendly yet presume, uppon my friends request,
 In barrenne verse to shew my skill, then take it for the best.
 And *Doughly Douglas* thou, that arte of faulcons kinde,
 Give willing care yet to the kight, and beare his words in mind.
 Serve thou first God thy Lord, and praise him evermore,
 Obey thy Prince and love thy make, by him set greatest store.
 Thy Parents follow next, for honor and for awe,
 Thy friends use alwayes faithfully, for so commands the lawe.
 Thy seemely selfe at laste, thou shalt likewise regard,
 And

sundrie Gentlemen.

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

And

The devises of

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

Ever or Never.

Gascoignes counsell given to master *Barbolmen* *Witipoll* a litle before his latter journey to
 Geane. 1572.

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

So

sundry Gentlemen.

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

Do

The devises of

Doe so againe: (God shielde thou shouldst have neede,)
 But rather so, than to forswear thy selfe:
 A loyall hearte, (believe this as thy Creede)
 Is evermore more woorth than worldly pelfe.
 And for one lesson, take this more of mee,
 There are three Ps almoste in every place,
 From whiche I counsell thee always to flee,
 And take good heede of them in any case,
 The first is poyson, perillous in deede
 To suche as travayle with a heavie purse:
 And thou my *Batte* beware, for thou haste neede,
 Thy purse is lynde wyth paper, whyche is wursse:
 Thy billes of credite will not they thinkst thou,
 Be bayte to sette *Italyan* handes on woorke?
 Yes by my faye, and never worse than nowe,
 When every knave hath leysure for to lurke,
 And knoweth thou commest for the shelles of Christe:
 Beware therefore, where ever that thou go,
 It maye fall out that thou shalt be entiste
 To suppe sometimes with a *Magnifico*,
 And have a *fico* foysted in thy dishe,
 Bycause thou shouldest digeste thy meate the better:
 Beware therefore, and rather feede on fishe,
 Than learne to spell fyne fleshe with suche a Letter.
 Some maye presente thee with a pounce or twayne
 Of Spanishe scope to washe thy linnen white:
 Beware therefore, and thynke it were small gayne,
 To save thy shirte, and caste thy skinne off quite:
 Some cunning man maye teache thee for to ryde,
 And stuffe thy saddle all with Spanishe wooll,
 Or in thy stirrops have a toys so tyde,
 As bothe thy legges maye swell thy buskins full:
 Beware therefore, and beare a noble porte,
 Drynke not for thyrste before an other taste:
 Lette none outlandishe Traylour take disporte

To

sundry Gentlemen.

To stuffe thy doublet full of suche Bumbase,
 As it maye caste thee in unkindly sweate,
 And cause thy haire per companie to glyde,
 Strangers are fyne in many a propre feate:
 Beware therefore, the seconde *P.* is Pryde,
 More perillous than was the fyrste by farre,
 For that infettes but onely bloud and bones,
 This poysons all, and myndes of men dothe marre,
 It fyndeth nookes to creepe in for the nones:
 Fyrste from the mynde it makes the hearte to swell,
 From thence the fleshe is pamprid every parte,
 The skinne is taughte in Dyers shoppes to dwell,
 The haire is curlede or frised up by arte:
 Beleve mee *Batte*, oure Countreyemen of late
 Have caughte suche knackes abroade in forayne lande,
 That moste men call them *Devils incarnate*,
 So singular in theyr conceipts they stande:
 Nowe sir, if I shall see your maistershippe
 Come home diguysde and cladde in queynt arayre,
 As wyth a pyketooth byting on youre lippe,
 Your brave *Muscabyos* turnde the *Turky* wayre,
 A Coptanckt hate made on a Flemmishe blocke,
 A nyghtgowne cloake downe trayling to your toes,
 A slender sloppe close couched to youre docke,
 A curtold slipper, and a shorte sylke hose:
 Bearyng youre Rapier poynte above the hilt,
 And looking bigge lyke *Marguise of al Beefe*,
 Then shall I counpte your toyle and travayle spilt,
 Bycause my seconde *P.* with you is cheefe.
 But forwardes nowe, although I stande a whyle,
 My hindmoste *P.* is worse than bothe these two,
 For it bothe soule and bodie dothe defyle,
 With fouler faultes than bothe those other doo.
 Shorte tale to make, this is a double *P.*
 (God shielde my *Batte*, shoulde beare it in his breast)

And

And with a dashe it spelleth *Papistrivie*,
 A perilous *P*, and woorsse than bothe the reste:
 Nowe though I finde no cause for to suspecte
 My *Batte* in this, bycause he hath ben tryde,
 Yet since the polshorne Prelates can infette
 Kings, Emperours, Princes, and the worlde so wyde.
 And since theyr brazen heaven bears suche a glosse,
 As moste that travayle come home per *Papist*,
 Or else muche woorsse (*whyche is a heavie losse*)
 Drowned in errors lyke an *Atheist*:
 Therefore I thoughte it meete to warne my frende
 Of this foule *P*, and so an ende of *Ps*.
 Nowe for thy diet marke my tale to ende,
 And thanke me then, for that is all my fees.
 See thou exceede not in three double *Y*s,
 The fyrste is *W*yne, whiche maye enflame thy bloud,
 The seconde, *W*omen, suche as haunte the stewes,
 The thirde is *W*ilfulnesse, whiche dooth no good.
 These three eschue, or temper them alwayes:
 So shall my *Batte* prolong his youthfull yeeres,
 And see long *George* agayne, with happie dayes,
 Who if he bee as faythfull to his feeres,
 As hee was wonte, wyll dayly praye for *Batte*,
 And for *Pencyde*: and if it fall oute so,
 That *James a Parrye* doo but make good that,
 Whiche he hath sayde: and if he bee (no, no)
 The beste companyon that long *George* can fynde,
 Then at the *Sparre* I promyse for to bee
 In *Auguste* nexte, if God turne not my mynde,
 Where as I woulde bee glad thy selfe to see:
 Tyll then farewell, and thus I ende my song,
 Take it in gree, for else thou doest mee wrong.

Haud istus sapio.

Gascoignes

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

FYe Captaines fle, your tongs are tied to close,
 Your souldiers eke by silence purchase shame:
 Can no man penne in metre nor in prose,
 The life, the death, the valiante acts, the fame,
 The birth, behavioure, nor the noble name,
 Of such a feere as you in fight have lost?
 Alas such paines would quickly quite the coff.
Bourcher is dead, whome each of you did knowe,
 Yet no man writes one word to painte his praise,
 His sprite on high, his carkasse here belowe,
 Do both condemne your dotting idle dayes:
 Yet cease they not to sound his worthy wayes,
 Who lived to die, and died againe to live,
 With death deere bought, he did his death forgive.

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

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

And

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

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

Finis 9^a Marmaduke Marblestone.

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

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

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

Amongst so many noble peeres, to see one *Power Boy*?

Why? boyes have bene allowed in every kind of age,

As *Ganymede* that pretty boy, in Heaven is *Love* his page.

Cupid that mightie God although his force be fearse,

Yet is he but a naked boy, as Poets do rehearse.

And many a pretty boy a mighty man hath proved,

And served his Prince at all assayes deserving to be loved.

Perasse my strange attire my glittering golden gite,

Doth either make you marvell thus, or move you with delite.

Yet wonder not my Lords, for if your honors please,

But even to give me care awhile, I will your doubts apace.

And you shall know the cause, wherefore these robes are worne,

And why I go outlandishlike, yet being english borne.

And why I thus presume, to presse into this place,

And why I (simple boy) am bold to looke such men in face.

First then you must perstande, I am no stranger I,

But english boy, in England borne, and bred but even hereby.

My father was a knight *Mount Hermer* was his name,

My mother of the *Mountacutes*, a house of worthy fame.

My father from his youth was trained up in field,

And always toke his chiefe delight, in helmet speare and shielde.

Solado for his life, and in his happie dayes

Solado like hath lost his life, to his immortall prayse.

The thundering fame which blew about the world so wide,

Now that the christian enmie, the Turke that prince of pride,

Addressed had his power, to swarme upon the seas,

With gallies, foists, and such like ships, wel armde at all assays,

And [r]

The devises of

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

sundry Gentlemen.

For now I will declare the cause wherefore I hither came.
 My father (as I say) had set up all his rest,
 And tost on seas both day and night, displaying idlennesse,
 We lefte our forelands end, we past the coast of *France*,
 We reacht the cape of *Finesira* our course for to advance.
 We past *Marrachus* streights, and at the last descried,
 The fertile coasts of *Cyprus* soile, which I my selfe first spied.
 My selfe (a forward boy) on highest top was plast,
 And there I sawe the *Ciprian* shoare, whereto we sailde in hast.
 Which when I had declared unto the masters mate,
 He lepte for joy and thanked God, of that our happy state.
 „ But what remaines to man, that can continue long?
 „ What sunne can shine so cleare and bright but clouds may rise
 „ Which sentence soone was proved, by our unhappie hap, (among?
 We thought our selves full here our frendes, & fight in enimies lap.
 The *Turke* y^e tirant he, with siege had girt the wallles,
 Of famouse *Famagosa* then and sought to make them thralls.
 And as he lay by lande, in strong and stately trench,
 So was his power prest by sea, his christian foes to drench.
 Uppon the waltring waves, his foistes and gallies fleete,
 More forrest like than orderly, for such a man most meete.
 This heavie sight once seene, we turnd our course a pace,
 And set up all our sailes in haste, to give such furie place.
 But out alas, our wills, and winds were contrarie,
 For raging blasts did blowe us still uppon our enimie.
 My father seeing then, whereto he needes must go,
 And that the mightie hand of God, had it appointed so,
 Most like a worthy knight (though certine of his death)
 Gan cleane forget al wailing words as lavish of his breath.
 And to his christian crew, this (too shorte) tale be told,
 To comfort them which seemd to faint, & make the coward bolde,
 „ Fellowes in armes, quoth he, although I beare the charge,
 „ And take upon me chieftaines name, of this unhappie barge,
 „ Yet are you all my pheares, and as one companie,
 „ We must like true companions, together live and die,
 „ You

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

And

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

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

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

From depest hell to highest heaven, began for to be glad:
 And with a lyvely spryte, began to pleade my case,
 And hid not from this worthe man, myne auncient worthy race:
 And tolde my fathers name, and howe I did descende
 From *Montanus* by mothers side, nor there my tale did ende:
 But furthermore I tolde my fathers late employte,
 And how he lefte landes, goodes and lyfe, to pay son *Dieu son droit*.
 Nor of my selfe I craved so credited to bee,
 For lo ther were remainyng yet, *T'base four reborn bere you see*,
 Whiche all were Englishe borne, and knew I had not lyed,
 And were my fathers souldiours eke, and saw him how he dyed.
 This grave *Veneian* who hearde the famous name
 Of *Montanus* rehersed there, which long had ben of fame
 In *Italy*, and he of selfe same worthe race,
 Gan streight w' many courteous words in armes me to embrace,
 And kissed mee on cheeke, and bad me make good cheere,
 And thanke the myghtie God for that whiche hapned there,
 Confessing that he was himselfe a *Montanule*,
 And bare the selfe same armes that I did quarter in my scute:
 And for a further prooffe, he shewed in his hat,
 This token whiche the *Montanus* do beare always, for that
 They covet to be knowne from *Capels* where they passe,
 For ancient grutch which long ago tween those two houses was.
 Then tooke me by the hande, and ledde me so aboord
 His galley: where there were yfeere, full many a comely Lorde:
 Of whome eight *Montanus* did sitte in hyghest place,
 To whome this first declared first my name, and then my race:
 Lo lordings here (quod he) a babe of our owne bloods,
 Whom *Turks* had tane, his father slain, w' losse of lands and goods:
 See how God favours us, that I should fynde hym nowe,
 I strange to him, he strange to mee, wee met I know not how:
 But sure when I him sawe, and gazed in his face,
 Me thought he was a *Montanule*, I chose him by his grace:
 Herewith he dyd reherse my fathers valyant dedde,
 For losse of whome each *Montanule*, did seeme in hart to bleede.
 They

They all embrast me then, and streight as you may see,
 In comely garments trimde me up, as brave as brave may bee:
 I was in sackcloath I, nowe am I cladde in golde,
 And weare suche robes as I my selfe take pleasure to beholde.
 Amongst their other giftes, *this T'ken they me gave*,
 And bad me lyke a *Montanule* my selfe alway behave.
 Nowe hearken then my Lordes, I staying on the seas,
 In consort of these lovely Lordes, with comfort and with ease,
 Determined with them in *Italy* to dwell,
 And there by trayne of youthfull yeares in knowledge to excell:
 That so I might at laste reedfyfe the walles,
 Which my good father had decayde by tossing fortunes balles:
 And while they slice the seas to their desired shore,
 Beholde a little gale began, encreasing more and more:
 At last with raging blast, whiche from Southeast did blowe,
 Gan send our sayles upon these shores, which I full wel did know:
 I spyed the Chalkie Clyves upon the Kentische coast,
 Whereby our lande hight *Albyon*, as *Brittus* once did boast,
 Whiche I no sooner sawe, but to the rest I sayde,
Siate di buona voglia, My lordes be well apayde:
 I see by certayne signes these tempestes have us caste,
 Upon my native cuntry coastes with happie hap at laste:
 And if your honours please this honour me to doo,
 In Englishe havens to harbour you, & see our Cities too:
 Lo *London* is not farr, where as my friends woulde be
 Right glad, with favour to requite your favour shewed to mee:
 Vouchsafe my Lordes (quod I) to stay upon this strande,
 And whiles your Barks be rigged new, remain with me on land,
 Who though I be a boy, my father dead and slayne,
 Yet shal you see I have some frendes whiche will you entertaine.
 These noble men, whiche are the flour of curtesy,
 Did not disdayne thys my request, but tooke it thankfully,
 And from their battred Barks commaunded to be cast
 Some *Gondales*, wherein upon our pleasaunt streames they past
 Into the mouthe of *Thames*, thus did I them transport,
 And

[s]

And

The devises of

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

sundry Gentlemen.

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

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

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

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

The devises of

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

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

And I your *Servidore, tibascio le mani,*
These words I learnt amongst them yet, although I learnte

(not many.

HandiHus sapio.

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

MY worthy Lord, I pray you wonder not,
To see your wodman shoote so ofte awrie,
Nor that he strands amased like a sot,
And lets the harmlesse deare (unhurt) go by.

Or if he strike a doe which is but carren,
Laugh not good Lord, but favoure such a fault,
Take well in worth, he wold faine hit the barren,
But though his harte be good, his happe is naught:
And therefore now I crave your Lordships leave,
To tell you playne what is the cause of this:
First if it please your honour to perceiue,
What makes your wodman shoote so ofte amiss,

Beleeve

sundry Gentlemen.

Beleeve me L. the case is nothing strange,
He shootes awrie almost at every marke,
His eyes have bene so used for to raunge,
That now God knowes they be both dimme and darke.
For prooffe he beares the note of follie nowe,
Who shotte sometimes to hit Philosophie,
And aske you why? forsooth I make avow,
Bycause his wanton wittes went all awrie.
Next that, he shot to be a man of lawe,
And spent some time with learned Littleton,
Yet in the end, he proved but a dawg,
For lawe was darke and he had quickly done.
Then could he wish Fitzharbert such a braine,
As *Tully* had, to write the law by arte,
So that with pleasure, or with litle paine,
He might perhaps, have caught a trewants parte.
But all to late, he most mislikte the thing,
Which most might helpe to guide his arrow streight,
He winked wrong, and so let slippe the string,
Which cast him wide, for all his queint conceit.
From thence he shoote to catch a courtly grace,
And thought even there to wield the world at will,
But out alas he much mistooke the place,
And shot awrie at every rover still.
The blasing baits which drawe the gazing eye,
Unfethered there his first affection,
No wonder then although he shot awrie,
Wanting the fethers of discretion.
Yet more than them, the marks of dignitie,
He much mistooke and shot the wronger way,
Thinking the purse of prodigalitie,
Had bene best meane to purchase such a pray.
He thought the flattering face which fleareth still,
Had bene full fraught with all fidelitie,
And that such words as courtiers use at will,

Could

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

Although

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

And

And winne the meane which may the man mainteine,
 Nowe when my mynde dothe mumble upon this,
 No wonder then although I pyne for payne:
 And whyles myne eyes beholde this mirroure thus,
 The hearde goeth by, and farewell gentle does:
 So that your lordship quickly may discusse
 What blyndes myne eyes so ofte (as I suppose.)
 But since my Muse can to my Lorde reherse
 What makes me misse, and why I doe not shoote,
 Let me imagine in this worthlesse verse:
 If right before mee, at my standings foote
 There stooode a Doe, and I shoulde strike hir deade,
 And then shee prove a cartion carkas too,
 What figure might I fynde within my head,
 To scuse the rage whiche rulde mee so to doo?
 Some myghte interpretre by Playne paraphrase,
 That lacke of skill or fortune ledde the chaunce,
 But I muste otherwyse expounde the case,
 I save *Jebora* did this Doe advaunce,
 And made hir bolde to stande before mee so,
 Till I had thrust myne arrowe to hir harte,
 That by the sodaine of hir overthrowe,
 I myght endevour to amende my parte,
 And turne myne eyes that they no more beholde,
 Suche gyltfull markes as seeme more than they be:
 And though they glister outwardely lyke golde,
 Are inwardly but brasse, as men may see:
 And when I see the milke hang in hir teate,
 Me thinkes it sayth, olde babe nowe learne to sucke,
 Who in thy youthe couldst never learne the feate
 To hitte the whytes whiche live with all good lucke.
 Thus have I tolde my Lorde, (God graunt in season)
 A tedious tale in rime, but little reason.

Hand thus sapio.

Gascoignes

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

THE figure of this world I can compare,
 To Garden plots, and such like pleasant places,
 The world breedes men of sundry shape and share,
 As herbes in gardens, grow of sundry graces:
 Some good, some bad, some amiable faces,
 Some foule, some gentle, some of froward mind,
 Subject like bloome, to blast of every wind.

And as you see the floures fresh of hew,
 That they prove not alwayes the holsonest,
 So fairest men are not alwayes found true:
 But even as withred weedes fall from the rest,
 Se flatterers fall naked from their nest:
 When truth hath tried, their painting tising tale,
 They loose their glosse, and all their jests seeme stale.

Yet some do present pleasure most esteeme,
 Till beames of braverie wither all their welth,
 And some againe there be can rightly deeme,
 Those herbes for best, which may mainteine their helth.
 Considering well, that age draws on by stelh.
 And when the fairest floure is shronke and gone,
 A well growne roote, will stand and shifte for one.

Then thus the restlesse life which men here leade,
 May be resembled to the tender plant,
 In spring it sprouts, as babes in cradle breede,
 Florish in May, like youthes that wisdom want,
 In Autumne ripes and rootes, least store waxe skante
 In winter shrinks and shrowdes from every blast,
 Like crooked age when lusty youth is past.

[t]

And

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

As for the reste, fall sundrye wayes (God wote)
 Some faynt lyke froathe at every little puffe,
 Some smarte by swoorde, lyke herbes that serve the pot,
 And some be weeded from the fynner stuffe,
 Some stande by proppes to maynteyne all their ruffe:
 And thus under correction (bee it tolde)
 Hath *Gascoigne* gathered in his Garden molde.
Haud istus sapio.

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

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

If here to walke you take dellyght,
 Why come, and welcome when you will:
 If I bidde you suppe here this nyght,
 Bidde me an other tyme, and still
 Thynke some and some is honest playe,
 For so my wyfe taughte me to saye.
 Thus if you suppe or dine with mee,

If

If you walke here, or sitte at ease,
 If you desire the thing you see,
 And have the same your mynde to please,
 Thinke some and some is honest playe,
 And so my wyfe taughte me to saye.
Haud istus sapio.

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

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

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

Quoniam etiam humiliatos, amœna
 delectant.

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

A Strange conceyte, a vayne of newe dellyght,
 Twixte weale and woe, twixte joy and bitter griefe,
 Hath pricked forth the my haste peene to write
 This worthelesse verse in hazarde of repreffe:
 And to myne *Alderliest* Lorde I must endite
 A wolfull case, & chippe of forle chaunce,

A type

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

A

A ferly chaunce: (whereon alone to thinke)
 My hande nowe quakes, and all my senses fayle)
 Gan us befall: the *Pylos* gan to shrinke,
 And all agaste his courage seemde to quayle.
 Whereat amazed, the Maister and his mate
 Gan aske the cause of his so sodayne chaunge.
 And from alofte the Stewarde of our state,
 (The sounding plumb) in haste poste hast must raunge,
 To trye the depth and goodness of oure gate.
 Mee thinks (even yet) I heare his heavie voyce,
 Fadome three, foure, foote more, foote lesse, that cryde:
 Mee thinks I heare the fearefull whispering noyse,
 Of suche as sayde full softly (*me besyde*)
 God graunte this journey cause us to rejoyce.
 When I poore soule, whiche close in caban laye,
 And there had reacht till gale was welneare burste,
 With giddie head, my stumbling stepes must stay
 'T'o looke abroad as boldly as I durste.
 And whyles I hearken what the Saylers saye,
 The sonder sings, fadome two full no more.
 Aloofe, aloofe, then cryed the maister out,
 The Stearesmate strives to sende us from the shore,
 And trustes the streame, whereof we earst had doubt.
 Twene two extremes thus were we tossed sore,
 And wente to *Hull*: untill we leyzure had
 To talke at large, and eke to knowe the cause
 What moode had made our *Pylos* looke so sad.
 At laste the Dutche with butterbitten javes,
 (For so he was a Dutche, a devill, a swadde,
 A foole, a drunkarde, or a traytour tone)
 Gan aunswere thus: *Ghy zijt te vragh* here come,
Tis niet goet tijt: and standing all alone,
 Gan preache to us, whiche fooles were all and some
 To truste him soole, in whome there skill was none.
 Or what knewe wee if *Albaes* substill brayne

So to

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

How

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

Then

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

And

And up it commes in hast much more than speede.
 There did I see a woful worke begonne,
 Which now (even now) doth make my hart to bleede.
 Some made such hast that in the boate they wonne,
 Before it was above the hatches brought.
 Strange tale to tell, what hast some men shall make
 To find their death before the same be sought.
 Some twixt the boate and shippe their bane do take,
 Both drown and slayne with braynes for hast crusht out.
 At last the boate halfe fraughted in the aire
 Is hoyst aloft, and on the seas downe set,
 When I that yet in God could not despaire,
 Still plide the pompe, and patiently did let
 All such take boate as thither made repaire.
 And herewithall I safely may protest
 I might have woonne the boate as well as one,
 And had that seemd a safetie for the rest
 I should percase even with the first have gone,
 But when I saw the boate was over prest
 And pestred full with moe than it might beare,
 And therewithall with cherefull looke might see
 My chiefe companions whome I held most deare
 (Whose companie had thither trained me)
 Abiding still aboard our shippe yfeare:
 Nay then (quoth I) good God thy will be done,
 For with my feeres I will both live and dye.
 And eare the boate farre from our sight was gon
 The wave so wrought, that they which thought to flee
 And so to scape, with waves were overronne.
 Lo how he strives in vayne that strives with God,
 For there we lost the flowre of the band,
 And of our crew full twenty soules and oddde,
 The Sea sucks up, whiles we on hatches stand
 In smarting feare to feele that selfe same rodde.
 Well on (as yet) our battred barke did passe,
 [u]

And

And brought the rest within a myle of lande,
 Then thought I sure now neede not I to passe,
 For I can swymme and so escape this sande.
 Thus dyd I deeme all carelesse like an Asse,
 When sodaynely the wynde our foresayle tooke,
 And turnd about and brought us eft to Seas.
 Then cryed we all cast out the ancor hooke,
 And here let byde, such helpe as god may please:
 Which ancor cast, we soone the same forsooke,
 And cut it off, for feare least therupon
 Our shippe should bowge, then calld we fast for fire,
 And so dischargde our great gunnes everychone,
 To warne the towne therby of our desire:
 But all in vayne, for succor sent they none.
 At last a *Hoye* from Sea came flyng fast,
 And towards us helde course as streight as lync.
 Then might you see our hands to heaven up cast
 To render thanks unto the power devine,
 That so vouchsafte to save us yet at last:
 But when this *Hoye* gan (welneere) boorde our barke,
 And myght perceive what peryll we were in,
 It turnd away and left us still in carke,
 This tale is true (for now to lye were sin)
 It lefte us there in dreade and daungers darke.
 It lefte us so, and that within the sight
 And hearing both of all the peare at *Bryll*.
 Now ply thee pen, and paint the foule despite
 Of drunken Dutchmen standing there even still,
 For whome we came in their cause for to fight,
 For whom we came their state for to defende,
 For whom we came as friends to grieve their foes,
 They now disdaynd (in this distresse) to lend
 One helping boate for to asswage our woes,
 They sawe our harmes the which they would not mend,
 And had not bene that God even then did rayse

Some

Some instruments to succor us at neede,
 We had bene sunk and swallowed all in Seas.
 But gods will was (in waye of our good speede)
 That on the peare (lamenting our mysease)
 Some englishe were, whose naked swordes did force
 The drunken dutch, the cankrd churles to come,
 And so at last (not moved by remorse,
 But forst be feare) they sent us succor some:
 Some must I say: and for to tell the course,
 They sent us succor saust with sowre despyte,
 They saved our lives and spoylde us of the rest,
 They stole our goods by day and eke by night,
 They shewed the worst and closely kept the best.
 And in this time (this treason must I wryte)
 Our *Pylot* fled, but how? not empte handed:
 He fled from us, and with him did conveye
 A *Hoy* full fraught (whiles we meane while were landed)
 With powder, shotte, and all our best araye:
 This skill he had, for all he set us sanded.
 And now my Lord, declare your noble mynde,
 Was this a *Pylot*, or a *Pilate* Judge?
 Or rather was he not of *Judas* kynde:
 Which left us thus and close away could trudge?
 Wel, at the *Bryll* to tell you what we fynde,
 The Governour was all bedewed with drinke,
 His trulls and he were all layde downe to sleepe,
 And we must shift, and of our selves must thinke
 What meane was best, and how we best might keepe
 That yet remaynd: the rest was close in clynke.
 Wel, on our knees with trickling teares of joye,
 We gave God thanks: and as we might, did learne
 What might by founde in every pyrke and hoye.
 And thus my Lord, your honour may descerne
 Our perills past, and how in our anye
 God saved me your Lordshippes bound for ever,

Who

Who else should not be able now to tell,
 The state wherin this country doth persever,
 Ne how they seeme in carelesse mindes to dwell,
 (So dyd they earst and so they will do ever)
 And to my Lord for to bewray my mynde
 Me thinks they be a race of Bulbeefe borne,
 Whose hartes their *Butter* mollyfyeth by kinde,
 And so the force of beefe is cleane outworne:
 As eke their braynes with double beere are lynde:
 So that they march bumbast with butterd beare,
 Like soppes of Browesse puffed up with froth,
 Where inwardly they be but hollow gear,
 As wake as wynde, which with one pufft up goeth.
 And yet they bragge and thinke they have no peare,
 Bycause *Harlem* hath hetherto helde out,
 Although in dede (as they have suffred *Spayne*)
 The ende therof even now doth rest in doubt.
 Well as for that, let it (for me) remayne
 In God his hands, whose hand hath brought me out,
 To tell my Lord this tale now tane in hand,
 As how they traine their treasons all in drinke,
 And when themselves for dronk can scarcely stand,
 Yet sucke out secretes (as themselves do thinke)
 From guests, the best (almost) in all their lande,
 (I name no man, for that were brode before)
 Will (as men say) enure the same sometime,
 But surely this (or I mistake him sore)
 Or else he can (but let it passe in rime)
 Dissemble deepe, and mocke sometimes the more.
 Well, drunkenesse is here good companye,
 And therewithall *per consequence* it fallis,
 That whoredome is accompted Jollytie:
 A gentle state, where two such Tennisballes
 Are tossed still and better boules let lye:
 I cannot herewith from my Lord conceale,

How

How *God* and *Mannon* here do dwell yfeare,
 And how the *Maste* is cloked under veale
 Of pollicie, till all the coast be cleare:
 Ne can I chuse, but I must ring a peale,
 To tell what hypocrytes the Nunnes here be:
 And how the olde Nunnes be content to go,
 Before a man in streetes like mother B,
 Untill they come whereas there dwells a *Ho*,
 (*Re*: ceive that halfe and let the rest go free)
 There can they poynt with fynger as they passe,
 Yea sir sometimes they can come in themselves,
 To strike the bargaine twene a wanton lasse,
 And *Edel Bloets*: now is not this good pelfe?
 As for the yong Nunnes, they be bright as glasse,
 And chast forsooth: *mei v*: and *anders niet*,
 What sayd I? what? that is a mysterie,
 I may no verse of such a theame endyte,
 Yong *Rouland Yorke* may tell it bette than I,
 Yet to my Lord this litle will I write,
 That though I have (my selfe) no skill at all,
 To take the countnance of a *Colonell*,
 Had I a good *Lieutenant generall*,
 As good *John Zube* wherever that he dwell,
 Or else *Ned Denny*, (faire mought him befall,)
 I could have brought a noble regiment,
 Of smoooskind Nunnes into my country soyle,
 But farewell they as things impertinent,
 Let them (for me) go dwell with master *Moyle*
 Who hath behight to place them well in kent.
 And I shall well my seelly selfe content,
 To come alone unto my lovely Lorde,
 And unto him (when riming sport is spent)
 To tell some sadde and reasonable worde,
 Of *Hollands* state, the which I will present,
 In *Cartes*, in *Mappes*, and eke in *Modells* made,

If

If God of heaven my purpose not prevent.
 And in meane while although my wittes do wade
 In ranyng ryme, and fying some folly forth,
 I trust my Lord wyll take it yet in worth.

Haud Ictus sapio.

And nowe to recomfort you and to ende this worke, re-
 ceuwe the delectable historie of sundry adventures
 passed by Dan Bartholmew of Bath, e,
 reade it and judge of it.

The Reporter.

TO tell a tale without authoritye,
 Or fayne a Fable by invention,
 That one procedes of quicke capacitye,
 That other proves but small discretion,
 Yet have both one and other oft bene done.
 And if I were a Poet as some be,
 You might perhaps heare some such tale of me.

But for I fynde my feeble skylle to faynte,
 To fame in figures as the learned can,
 And yet my tongue is tyed by due constrainte,
 To tell nothing but truth of every man:
 I will assaye even as I fyrst began,
 To tell you now a tale and that of truth,
 Which I my selfe sawe proved in my youth.

I neede not seeke so farre in coastes abrode,
 As some men do, which wryte strange histories,
 For whyles at home I made my childe abode
 And sawe our lovers playe their Tragedyes,
 I founde enowe which seemed to suffice,

To

To set on worke farre finer wits than mine,
 In painting out the pangs which make them pine.

Amongst the rest I most remember one
 Which was to me a deare familiar friend,
 Whose dotting dayes since they be past and gone,
 And his any now come unto an end,
 Although he seeme his angrie brow to bend,
 I will be bold (by his leave) for to tell,
 The restlesse state wherein he long did dwell.

Learned he was, and that became him best,
 For though by birth he came of worthy race,
 Yet beuty, birth, brave personage, and the rest,
 In every choyce, must needes give learning place:
 And as for him he had so hard a grace,
 That by aspect he seemde a simple man,
 And yet by learning much renowne he wan.

His name I hide, and yet for this discourse,
 Let call his name *Dan Bartholmew of Bath*,
 Since in the end he thether had recourse,
 And (as he said) did skamble there in skath:
 In,decde the rage which wronging him ther, was rathe,
 As by this tale I thinke your selfe will gesse,
 And then (with me) his lothsome life confesse.

For though he had in all his learned lore
 Both redde good rules to bridle fantasie,
 And all good authours taught him evermore,
 To love the meane, and leave extremitie,
 Yet kind had lent him such a qualitie,
 That at the last he quite forgat his bookes,
 And fastned fansie with the fairest lookes.

For

For prooffe, when greene youth lept out of his eye
 And left him now a man of middle age,
 His happer was yet with wandering lookes to spie
 A faire yong impe of proper personage,
 Eke borne (as he) of honest parentage:
 And truth to tell, my skill it cannot serve,
 To praise hir bewtie as it did deserve.

First for hir head, the heares were not of gold,
 But of some other metall farre more fine,
 Whereof each crinet seemed to behold,
 Like glistring wiers against the sunne that shine,
 And there withall the blazing of hir eyne,
 Was like the beames of *Tytan*, truth to tell,
 Which glads us all that in this world do dwell.

Uppon hir cheekes the fillie and the rose
 Did entremete, with equall chaunge of hew,
 And in hir gifts no lacke I can suppose,
 But that at last (alas) she was untrue.
 Which flinging fault, bycause it is not new,
 Nor seldome scene in kits of *Cressides* kind,
 I meruaile not, nor beare it much in mind.

Dame Natures frutes, wherewith hir face was fraught,
 Were so frost bitten with the cold of crafte,
 That all (save such as *Cypides* snares had caught)
 Might soone espie the fethers of his shafte:
 But *Bartholmew* his wits had so bedaft,
 That all seemd good which might of hir be gotten,
 Although it proved no sooner ripe than rotten.

That mouth of hers which seemde to flowe with mell,
 In speech, in voyce, in tender touch, in tast,
 That dympled chin wherein delight did dwell,
 That ruddy lippe wherein was pleasure plast,

Those

Those well shapt hands, fine armes and slender waste,
 With all the gifts which gave hir any grace,
 Were smiling baies which caught fond foolles apace.

Why strive I then to paint hir name with praise?
 Since forme and frutes were found so farre unlike,
 Since of hir cage Inconstance kept the keyes
 And Change had cast hir honoure downe in dike:
 Since fickle kind in hir the stroke did strike,
 I may no praise unto a knife bequeath,
 With rust yfret, though painted be the sheath.

But since I must a name to hir assigne,
 Let call hir now *Ferenda Natura*,
 And if thereat she seeme for to repine,
 No force at all, for hereof am I sure a,
 That since hir pranks were for the most unpure a,
 I can appoint hir well no better name,
 Than this, wherein dame *Nature* beares the blame.

And thus I say, when *Bartholmew* had spent
 His pride of youth (untide in links of love)
 Behold how happer contrary to intent,
 (Or destenies ordeined from above)
 From which no wight on earth may wel remove)
 Presented to his view this ferie dame,
 To kindle coles where earst had bin no flame.

Whome when he sawe to shine in seemly grace,
 And therewithall gan marke hir tender youth,
 He thought not like, that under such a face
 She could convey the treason of untruth:
 Whereby he vowed, (alas the more his ruth)
 To serve this Saint for terme of all his life,
 Lo here both roote and rind of all his strife.

[x]

Dan Bartholmew

I cannot nowe in loving termes displaye
 His suite, his service, nor his sorie fare:
 His observaunces, nor his queynt aray,
 His skalding sighes, nor yet his cooling care,
 His wayting still to snatche himselfe in snare,
 I can not write what was his sweetest soure,
 For I my selfe was never paramoure.

But to conclude, muche worth in little write,
 The highest flying hauke will stoupe at laste,
 The wyldest beast is drawne with hungrie bite,
 To eate a homely bayte sometymes in haste,
 The pricke of kynde can never be unplaste,
 And so it seemed by this dayntie dame,
 Whome he at taste with labour did reclame.

And when he had with mickell payne procured
 The calme consente of hir unweldie will,
 When he had hir by faithe and trowth assured
 To lyke him beste, and ay to love him still,
 When fansie had of flatterie fedde his fill,
 I not discernne to tell my tale aright,
 What man but he had ever suche delight?

The lingring dayes he spente in trifling toyes,
 To whette the toolles whiche carved his contente,
 The poasting nightes he past in pleasing joyes,
 Wearing the webbe whiche love to him had lente:
 In suche a pinfolde were his pleasures pent
 That selde he could hir companie eschewe,
 Or leave such lookes as might his lacke renewe.

But if by force he forced were to parte,
 Then mighte you see howe fansie fedde his mynde,
 Then all alone he muzed on his marte.

All

of Bath.

All companie seemd then (but hirs) unkind:
 Then sent he tokens true love for to bind,
 Then wrote he letters, lines and loving layes,
 So to begyle his absent dolefull dayes.

And since I know as others eke can tell,
 What skill he had, and how he could endite,
 Me thinks I cannot better do than well
 To set downe here, his ditties of delight,
 For so at least I may my selfe acquite,
 And vaunt to shew some verses yet unknowne,
 Well worthy prayse though none of them mine owne.

No force for that, take you them as they be,
 Since mine emprise is but to make report:
 Imagine then before you that you see
 A wight bewitcht in manie a subtille sorte,
 A lover lodgd in pleasures princely port,
 Vaunting in verse what joyes he did possesse,
 His triumphes here I thinke will shewe no lesse.

Dan Bartholmew his Triumphes.

R Esigne king *Pryams* sonnes, that princes were in *Troy*,
 Resigne to me your happie dayes, and boast no more of joy:
 Sir *Paris* first stand forth, make aunswere for the pheare,
 And if thou canst defend hir cause, whome *Troy* didbye so deare
 What? blush not man, be bold, although thou beare some blame,
 Tell truth at last, and so be sure to save thy selfe from shame.
 Then gentle Shepheard say: what madnesse did thee move
 To choose of all the flowres in *Grece*, foule *Helene* for thy love?
 Needes must I coumpt hir foule, whose first frutes wer forlorne
 Although she solde hir second chaffe, above the price of corne.
 Alas, she made of thee, a noddye for the nonce,
 For *Menelaus* lost her twice, though thou hir foundst but once.

But

Dan Bartholmew

But yet if in thine eye, she seemd a peerelesse peece,
 Aske *Thesens* y^t mighty Duke, what towns she knew in *Greece*?
 Aske him what made hir leave hir wofull aged sire,
 And steale to *Athens* gyglot like: what? what but foule desire?
 Alas pore *Paris* thou didst nothing else but gleane
 The parched eares which he cast by, when he had reaped cleane:
 He shude the gentle Slippe, which could both twist and twind,
 And growing left the broken braunch, for them that came behind.
 Yet hast thou filld the worlde with brute, the more thy blame,
 And saist, that *Hellens* bewty past each other stately dame.
 For proote thou canst alledge the tast of ten yeaes warre,
 And how hir blasing beames first brought both *Greece* & *Troy* to
 No no, thou art deceivde, the drugs of foule despite
 Did worke in *Menelaus* will, not losse of such delighthe,
 Not love but lothsome hate, not dolour but disdayne,
 Did make him seeke a sharpe revenge, til both his foes wer slaine.
 Thy brother *Troylus* eke, that gemme of gentle dedes,
 To thinke how he abused was, alas my heart it bleedes:
 He bet about the bush, whiles other caught the birds, (words.
 Whome craftie *Gresside* mockt to muche, yet fed him still with
 And God he knoweth not I, who pluckt hir first sprong rose,
 Since *Lollins* and *Chausser* both, make doubt uppon that glose.
 But this I know too well, and he to farre it felt,
 How *Diomed* undid his knots, and caught both brooch and belt,
 And how she chose to change, and how she changed still,
 And how she died leaper like, against hir lovers will.
 Content you then good knights, your triumphe to resigne,
 Confesse your starres both dimme and darke, wheras my sunne
 For this I dare avow, without vaunt be it told, (doth shine:
 My derling is more faire than she, for whome proud *Troy* was
 More constant to contene, than *Gresside* to be coy, (solde.
 No *Caldes* can contrive the craft, to traine hir out of *Troy*,
 No *Diomed* can draw hir settled hart to change,
 No madding moode can move hir mind, nor make hir thoughts to
 For hir alone it is, that *Cypide* blindfold goes, (range.
 And

of Bath.

And dare not looke for feare least he his libertie should loose:
 At hir dame *Venus* chafes, and pines in jelowsie,
 Least bloudy *Mars* should hir espie, and change his fantastic.
 Of hir the Queene of Heaven doth stand in dreadfull doubt,
 Least *Jove* should melt in drops of gold, if once he find hir out.
 Oh that my tong had skill, to tell hir praise aright,
 Or that my pen hir due deserts, in worthy verse could write:
 Or that my mind could muse, or happie hart conceive,
 Some words that might resound hir worth, by high *Minervas* leave.
 Oh how the blooming joyes, do blossome in my brest,
 To thinke within my secret thought, howe farre she steynes the
 Me thinks I heare hir speake, me thinks I see hir still,
 Me thinks I feele hir feelingly, me thinks I know hir will.
 Me thinks I see the stares, which sue to hir for grace,
 Me thinks I see one looke of hirs repulse them all apace.
 Me thinks that houre is yet, and evermore shall be,
 Wherein my happie happie was first, hir heavenly face to see:
 Wherein I spide the writte, which woond betweene hir eyne,
 And said behold, be bold, *for I, am borne to be but thine.*
 Me thinks I feele the joyes, which never yet was felt,
 Whome flame before yet never toucht, me thinks I feele them melt.
 One word & there an end: me thinks she is the sunne,
 Which only shineth now a dayes, she dead, the world wer done.
 The rest are twinkling starres, or Moones which borrow light
 To comfort other carefull soules, which wander in the night.
 And night God knowes it is, where other ladies be,
 For sure my dame adorne the day, there is no sunne but she.
 Then lovers by your leave, and think it nothing strange
 Although I seeme with calme content, in Seas of joyes to range:
 For why, my sailes have found both wind and waves at will,
 And depths of all delights in hir, with whome I travell still
 And ancors being wayed, I leave you all at large, (charge.
 To stare this seemely Shippe my selfe, suche is my mistresse
Fato non fortuna.

Dan

Dan Bartholmews Dolorous discourses.

I Have entreated care to cut the thred
 Which all to long hath held my lingering life,
 And here aloofe now have I hid my head,
 From companie, thereby to stint my strife.
 This solitarie place doth please me best,
 Where I may weare my willing mind with mone,
 And where the sighes which boyle out of my brest,
 May skald my heart, and yet the cause unknowne.
 All this I do, for thee my sweetest sowre,
 For whome (of yore) I counted not of care,
 For whome with hungrie jawes I did devour
 The secret baite which lurked in the snare:
 For whome I thought all forreine pleasures payne,
 For whome againe, all paine did pleasure seeme,
 But only thine, I found all fansies rayne,
 But onely thine, I did no dolours deeme.
 Such was the rage, that whylome did possesse
 The privie corners of my mazed mind:
 When hote desire, did coumpt those torments lesse
 Which gaind the gaze that did my fredome bind.
 And now (with care) I can record those dayes,
 And call to mind the quiet life I led
 Before I first beheld thy golden rayes
 When thine untruth troubled not my hed.
 Remember thou, as I cannot forget,
 How I had layd, both love, and lust aside,
 And how I had my fixed fancie set,
 In constant vow, for ever to abide.
 The bitter proofe of pangis in pleasure past,
 The costly tast, of hony mixt with gall:
 The painted heaven, which turnde to hell at last
 The fredome faind, which brought me but to thrall.
 The lingring sute, well fed with fresh delays

The

The wasted vowes which fled every winde:
 The restlesse nights, to purchase pleasing dayes,
 The toying dayes to please my restlesse minde.
 All these (with mo) had brused so my brest,
 And graft such grieve within my groyning heart,
 That I had left dame fansie and the rest
 To greener yeares: which might endure the smart.
 My wearie bones did beare away the skares,
 Of many a wounde, receyved by disdayne:
 So that I founde the fruite of all those warres,
 To be naught else but pangis of unknowne payne.
 And now myne eyes were shut from such delight,
 My fansie faynt my hote desires were colde,
 When cruell hap, presented to my sight,
 Thy maydens face, in yeares which were not olde.
 I thinke the goddesse of revenge devysde,
 So to be wreackt on my rebelling will,
 Bycause I had in youthfull yeares dyspsde,
 To taste the baytes, which tyste my fansie still.
 How so it were, God knowes, I cannot tell:
 But if I lye, you heavens, the plague be myne,
 I sawe no sooner, how delight did dwell
 Betweene those lytle infants eyes of thine,
 But streight a sparkling cole of quicke desire,
 Did kyndle flame within my frozen heart,
 And yelding fansie softly blew the fire,
 Which since hath bene the cause of all my smart.
 What neede I say? thy selfe for me can swaere,
 How much I tendred thee in tender yeares:
 Thy life was then to me (God knowes) full deare,
 My life to thee is light, as nowe appears.
 I loved thee first, and shall do to my laste,
 Thou hattredst first, and so thou woldst do still:
 For love of thee full many paynes I past,
 For deadly hate thou seekest me to kyll.

I

I cannot now, with manly tongue rehearse,
 How soon that melting mind of thine did yelde,
 I shame to write, in this waymenting verse,
 With how small fight, I vanquish't thee in felde:
 But *Cesar* he, which all the world subdude,
 Was never yet so proude of Victorye,
 Nor *Hamball*, with martiall feates endude,
 Did so much please himselfe in pollicie,
 As I (poore I) did seeme to triumphe then,
 When first I got the Bulwarks of thy brest,
 With hote Alarmes I comforted my men,
 In formost ranke I stooode before the rest,
 And shooke my flagge, not all to shewe my force,
 But that thou mightst thereby perceiue my minde:
 Askaunces Io, now coude I kyll thy corce,
 And yet my life, is unto thee resinde.
 Well let them passe, and think upon the joye,
 The mutuall love, the confidence, the trust,
 Whereby we both abandoned annoye,
 And fed our mindes with fruities of lovely lust.
 Thinke on the Tythe, of kysses got by stealth,
 Of sweete embracings shortned by feare,
 Remember that which did mainteine our health,
 Alas, alas why should I name it here.
 And in the mydst of all those happie dayes,
 Do not forget the chaunces of my chaunce,
 When in the depth of many wayward wayes,
 I onely sought, what might thy state advaunce.
 Thou must confesse, how much I carde for thee,
 When of myselfe, I carde not for my selfe,
 And when my hap was in mishappes to be,
 Esteemd thee more, than all the worldly pelfe.
 Myne absent thoughts did beate on thee alone,
 When thou hadst found a fond and newfound choyce:

For

For lacke of thee I sunke in endlesse mone,
 When thou in chaunge didst tumble and rejoyce.
 O mightie goddess nedes must I honour you,
 Nedes must I judge your judgements to be just,
 Bycause she did forsake him that was true,
 And with false love, did cloke a fayned luste.
 By high decrees, you ordeyned the chaunge,
 To light on such, as she must nedes myslike,
 A meete reward for suche as seeke to raunge,
 When fansies force, their feeble fleshe doth strike.
 But did I then give birdle to thy fall,
 Thou hedstrong thou, accuse me if thou can?
 Did I not hazard love yea life and all,
 To ward thy will, from that unworthy man?
 And when by toyle I travailed to fynde,
 The secrete causes of thy madding moode,
 I founde naught else but tricks of *Cressides* kynde,
 Which plainly provde, that thou weart of hir blood.
 I founde that absent *Troylus* was forgot,
 When *Dyomede* had got both brooche and belt,
 Both glove and hand, yea hart and all god wot,
 When absent *Troylus* did in sorrowes swelt.
 These tricks (with mo) thou knowest thy self I found,
 Which now are nedelasse heere for to rehearse,
 Ulesse it were to touche a tender wound,
 With corosives my panting heart to perce.
 But as that Hound is counted lytle worthe,
 Which giveth over for a losse or twayne,
 And cannot finde the meanes to single forth,
 The stricken Deare which doth in heard remayne:
 Or as the kindly Spanyell which hath sprong
 The prety partriche, for the Falcons flight,
 Doth never spare but thrusts the thornes among,
 To bring this byrde yet once agayne to sight,
 And though he knowe by prooffe (yea dearely bought)
 [y] That

Dan Bartholmew

That selde or never, for his owne awayle,
 This wearie worke of his in vaine is wrought,
 Yet spares he not but labors tooth and nayle.
 So labord I to save thy wandring shippe,
 Which recklesse then, was running on the rockes,
 And though I saw thee seeme to hang the lyppe.
 And set my great good will, as light as flocks:
 Yet hauld I in, the mayne sheate of thy mynde,
 And stayed thy course by ancors of advyce,
 I woon thy will into a better wynde,
 To save thy ware, which was of precious price.
 And when I had so harbored thy Barke,
 In happy haven, which sauffer was than Dover,
 The *Admyrall*, which knewe it by the marke,
 Stright challengd all, and said thou weart a rover:
 Then was I forst in thy behalfe to pleade,
 Yea so I did, the judge can say no lesse,
 And whyles in toyle, this lothsome life I leade,
 Carnest thou thy selfe the fault for to confesse,
 And downe on knee before thy cruell foe,
 Didst pardon crave, accusing me for all,
 And saydst I was the cause, that thou didst so,
 And that I spoon the thred of all thy thrall.
 Not so content, thou furthermore didst sweare
 That of thy selfe thou never ment to swerwe,
 For prooffe wherof thou didst the colours weare,
 Which might be wray, what saint y^r ment to serve.
 And that thy blood was sacrificed eke,
 To manyfest thy stedfast martyrd mynde,
 Till I perforce, constryande thee for to seeke,
 These raging seas, adventures there to finde.
 Alas, alas, and out alas for me,
 Who am enforced, thus for to repete
 The false reports and cloked guyles of thee,
 Whercon (to off) my restlesse thoughts do beate.

But

of Bathe.

But thus it was, and thus God knowes it is.
 Which when I founde by playne and perfect prooffe,
 My musing minde then thought it not amisse,
 To shrinke aside, lamenting all aloofe.
 And so to beate my simple shiftlesse brayne,
 For some device, that might redeeme thy state,
 Lo here the cause, for why I take this payne,
 Lo how I love the wight which me doth hate:
 Lo thus I lye, and restlesse rest in Bathe,
 Whereas I bathe not now in blisse pardie,
 But boyle in Bale and skamble thus in skathe,
 Bycause I thinke on thine unconstance.
 And wilt thou know, how here I spend my time,
 And how I drawe my dayes in dolours still?
 Then stay a while: give care unto my rime,
 So shalt thou know the weight of all my will.
 When *Titan* is constryned to forsake,
 His lemans couche, and clymeth to his carte,
 Then I begin to languishe for thy sake,
 And with a sigh, which may bewray my smarte,
 I cleare mine eyes whom gumme of teares had glewed,
 And upon foote I set my ghostlike corse,
 And when the stonie walls have of renewed
 My pitious plaintes, with *Ecchoes* of remorce,
 Then doe I cry and call upon thy name,
 And thus I say, thou curst and cruell bothe,
 Beholde the man, which taketh grieffe for game,
 And loveth them, which most his name doth loth.
 Behold the man which ever truly ment,
 And yet accusd as author of thine yll,
 Beholde the man, which all his life hath spent,
 To serve thy selfe, and aye to worke thy will:
 Beholde the man, which onely for thy love,
 Did love him selfe, whome else he set but light:
 Beholde the man, whose blood (for thy behove)

Was

Was ever prest to shed it selfe outright.
 And canst thou nowe condemne his loyaltie?
 And canst thou craffe to flatter such a friend?
 And canst thou see him sincke in jeopardy?
 And canst thou seeke to bring his life to ende?
 Is this the right reward for suche desert?
 Is this the fruite of seede so timely sowne?
 Is this the price, appoynted for his part?
 Shall truth be thus by treason overthrowne?
Then farewell fast be, thou art no womans pheare:
 And with that word I stay my tongue in time,
 With rolling eyes I looke about eche where,
 Least any man should heare my raving ryme.
 And all in rage, enraged as I am,
 I take my sheete, my slyppers and my gowne,
 And in the *Bathe* from whence but late I came,
 I cast my selfe in dolours there to drowne.
 There all alone I can my selfe conveye,
 Into some corner where I sit unscene,
 And to my selfe (there naked) can I saye,
 Beholde these braunefalne armes which once have bene.
 Both large and lustie, able for to fight,
 Nowe are they weake, and wearishe God he knowes,
 Unable now to daunt the foule despite
 Which is presented by my cruell foes.
 My thighes are thyn, my body lanck and leane,
 It hath no bumbast now, but skyn and bones:
 And on mine Elbowe as I lye and leane,
 I see a trustie token for the nones.
 I spy a bracelet bounde aboute mine arme,
 Which to my shadowe seemeth thus to saye,
Behewe not me: for I was but a Charme,
 To make thee sleepe, when others went to playe.
 And as I gaze thus galded all with griefe,
 I finde it fazed almost quite in sunder,

Then

Then thinke I thus: thus wasteth my reliefe,
 And though I fade, yet to the world no wonder.
 For as this lace, by leysure learnes to weare,
 So must I fainte, even as the candle wasteth,
 These thoughts (deere sweete) within my brest I beare,
 And to my long home, thus my life it hasteth.
 Herewith I feele the droppes of sweltring sweate,
 Which trickle downe my face, enforced so,
 And in my body feele I like wyse beate,
 A burning harte, which tosseth to and fro.
 Thus all in flames I sinderlyke consume,
 And were it not that wanhope lends me wynde,
 Soone might I fret my fayes all in fume,
 And like a Ghost my ghost his grave might finde.
 But fysing hope doth blowe full in my face,
 And colde of cares becomes my cordiall,
 So that I still endure that yrksome place,
 Where sorowe seethes to skald my skynne withall.
 And when from thence our company me drives,
 Or weary woes do make me chaunge my seate,
 Then in my bed my restlesse payne revyves,
 Untill my fellowes call me downe to meate,
 And when I rise, my corpse for to araye,
 I take the glasse, sometimes (but not for pride,
 For God he knowes my minde is not so gaye)
 But for I would in comelynesse abyde:
 I take the glasse, wherin I seeme to see,
 Such wythred wrynckles and so foule disgrace,
 That little marvell seemeth it to mee,
 Though thou so well didst like the noble face,
 The noble face was faire and freshe of hewe,
 My wrynckled face is foule and fadeth fast:
 The noble face was unto thee but newe,
 My wrynckled face is olde and cleane outcast:
 The noble face might move thee with delight,

My

My wrinkled face could never please thine eye:
 Lo thus of crime I covet thee to quite.
 And still accuse my selfe of *Surrendry*:
 As one that am unworthy to enjoye,
 The lasting fruite of such a love as thine,
 Thus am I tyckled still with every toye,
 And when my Fellowes call me downe to dyne,
 No change of meate provokes mine appetite,
 Nor sauce can serve to taste my meates withall,
 Then I devise the juyce of grapes to dight,
 For Sugar and for Sinamon I call,
 For Ginger, Graines, and for eche other spyce,
 Wherewith I mixe the noble wine apace,
 My fellowes prayse the depth of my devise,
 And say it is as good as Ippocrace.
 As Ippocrace say I? and then I swelt,
 My faynting Lymmes streight fall into a sowne,
 Before the taste of Ippocrace is felt,
 The naked name in dolours doth me drowne,
 For then I call unto my troubled mynd,
 That Ippocrace hath bene thy dayly drinke,
 That Ippocrace hath walkt with every winde
 In bottells that were fylled to the brinke.
 With Ippocrace thou banquetedst full ofte,
 With Ippocrace thou madst thy selfe full merry,
 Such cheere had set thy new love so aloffe,
 That olde love now was scarsely worth a cherry.
 And then againe I fall into a traunce,
 But when my breth returnes against my will,
 Before my tongue can tell my wofull chaunce,
 I heare my fellowes how they whisper still.
 One sayth that Ippocrace is contrary,
 Unto my nature and complexion,
 Whereby they judge that all my maladyes,
 Was long of that by alteration.

An

An other sayth, no, no this man is weak,e,
 And for such weak, e, so hote things are not best,
 Then at the last I heare no liar speake,
 But one which knowes the cause of myne unrest,
 And saith, this man is (for my life) in love,
 He hath received repulse, or dronke disdaine,
 Alas crie I: and ere I can remove,
 Into a sowne I soone returne againe.
 Thus drive I forth, my dolefull dining time,
 And trouble others with my troubles still,
 But when I here, the bell hath passed prime
 Into the Bathe I wallow by my will,
 That there my teares (unscene) might ease my griefe,
 For though I sterve yet have I fed my fill,
 In privie pang, I count my best reliefe.
 And still I strive in wery woes to drench.
 But when I plondge, then wo is at an ebbe,
 My glowing coles are all to quicke to quench,
 And I (to warme) am wrapped in the webbe,
 Which makes me swim against the wished wave,
 Lo thus (deere wench) I leade a lothsome life,
 And greedely I seeke the greedy grave,
 To make an end of all these stormes and strife,
 But death is deafe, and heares not my desire,
 So that my dayes continue still in dole,
 And in my nights, I feele the secret fire,
 Which close in embers, coucheth like a cole,
 And in the day hath bin but raked up,
 With covering ashes of my companie,
 Now breaks it out, and boyles the carefull cuppe,
 Which in my hart, doth hang full heavily.
 I melt in teares, I swelt in chilling sweat,
 My swelling heart, breaks with delay of payne
 I freeze in hope, yet burne in hast of heate,
 I wish for death, and yet in life remaine.

And

And when dead sleepe doth close my dazeled eyes,
 Then dreadfull dreames my dolours do encrease,
 Me thinks I lie awake in wofull wise,
 And see thee come, my sorrowes for to cease.
 Me seemes thou saist (my good) what meaneth this?
 What ayles thee thus to languish and lament?
 How can it be that bathing all in blisse,
 Such cause unknowne disquiets thy content?
 Thou doest me wrong to keepe so close from me
 The grudge or griefe, which gripeth now thy heart,
 For well thou knowest, I must thy partner be
 In bale, in blisse, in solace, and in smarte.
 Alas, alas, these things I deeme in dreames,
 But when mine eyes are open and awake,
 I see not thee, wherewith the flowing streames,
 Of brinish teares their wonted flouds do make,
 Thus as thou seest I spend both nights and dayes,
 And for I find the world did judge me once
 A witlesse writer of these lovers layes,
 I take my pen and paper for the nonce,
 I lay aside this folish riding rime,
 And as my troubled head can bring to passe,
 I thus bewray the torments of my time:
 Beare with my Muse, it is not as it was.

Fato non fortuna.

The extremitie of his Passion.

Among the toys whichASSE my bryane,
 and reave my mind from quiet rest,
 This one I find, doth here remayne,
 to breede debate within my brest.
 When wee would worke, to wound my will,
 I cannot weepe, nor weaile my fill.

My

My tong bath not the skill to tell,
 the smallest griefs which gripes my heart,
 Myne eyes have not the power to swell,
 into such Seas of secret smarte,
 That will might melt to waves of wee,
 and I might swell in sorrowes so.

Yet shed mine eyes no trickling teares,
 but fluddes which flowe abundantly,
 Whose fountaine first enforst by feares,
 found out the gaffe of jealousie.
 And by that breath, it sokeeth so,
 that all my face, is still on flowe.

My voyce is like the raging wind,
 which roareth still, and never styes,
 The thought which tomble in my minde,
 are like the webele which cobriles alwayes,
 Now here, now there, now up, now downe,
 in depth of waves, yet cannot drone.

The sigbes which boyle out of my brest,
 are not like those, which others use,
 For lovers sigbes, sometimes take rest,
 and lend their mindes, a leaue to muse,
 But mine are like the surging seas,
 whome calme nor quiet can appeas.

And yet they be but sorrowes smoke,
 my brest the fordege webere fury playes,
 My panning hart, it strikes the stroke,
 my fancie blowes the flame alwayes,
 The coles are kindled by desire,
 and Cupide warmes him by the fire.

[z]

Thus

Dan Bartholmew

*Thus can I neither drowne in dole,
nor burne to ashes, though I wast,
Myne eyes can neither quench the cole,
which warmes my hart in all this bast.
Nor yet my fancie make such flame,
that I may smoulder in the same.*

*Wherefore I come to seeke out care,
beseeching him of curtesie,
To cut the thred which cannot reare,
by pangs of such perplexitie.
And but be graunt this boone of mine,
thus must I live and ever pine.*

Fato non fortuna.

LO thus (deere hart) I force my frantike Muse,
To frame a verse in spite of my despighte,
But whiles I do these mirthlesse meeters use
This rash conceite doth reve me from delight.
I call to mind how many loving layes,
How manie Sonets, and how many songs
I did devise within those happie dayes,
When yet my will had not received wrongs.
All which were evermore regarded so,
That little frute I seemd thereby to reape,
But rather when I had bewrayed my woe
Thy love was light, and lusted still to leape.
The rymses which pleased thee were all in print,
And mine were ragged, hard for to be red,
Lo dere: this dagger dubbes me with this dint,
And leaves this wound within my jealousy hed
But since I have confessed unto care,
That now I stand uppon his curtesie,
And that the bale, which in my brest I bare,

Hath

of Bathe.

Hath not the skill to kill me cunningly,
Therefore with all my whole devotion,
To Care I make this supplication.
Fato non fortuna.

His libell of request exhibited to Care.

O Curteous Care, whome others (cruelly) call,
And raile uppon thine honorable name,
O knife that canst cut off the thred of thrall,
O sheare that shredst the sement sheete of shame,
O happie end of every grevous game:
Vouchsafe O Prince, thy vassall to behold,
Who loves thee more, than can with tong be told.
And now vouchsafe to pittie this his plaint,
Whose teares bewray,
His truth alway,
Although his feeble tong be forst to faint.

I must confesse O noble king to thee,
That I have bin a Rebell in my youth,
I preast always in pleasures courte to be,
I fled from that, which *Cypide* still eschuth,
I fled from Care, lo now I tell the truth,
And in delights, I loved so to dwell,
Thy heavenly house, did seeme to me but hell.
Such was my rage, the which I now repent,
And pardon crave,
My soule to save,
Before the webbe of weary life be spent.

But marke what frutes did grow on such a tree,
What crop did rise uppon so rash sowne seede,
For when I thought my selfe in heaven to be,
In depth of hell I drowned was in deede:

Where-

Whereon to thinke my heavie hart doth bleede:
 Me thought I swumme in Seas of all delight,
 When as I sunke in puddles of despite.
 Alas alas I thought my selfe below'd,
 When deadly hate,
 Did play check mate,
 With me poore pawne, that no such prancks had prov'd.

This when I tryed (ay me) to be to true,
 I wept for woe, I pined all for paine,
 I tare my heare, I often chaunged hewe,
 I lefte delight, with dolours to complayne.
 I shund each place where pleasure did remaine,
 I cride, I calde on every kind of death,
 I strove each way to stop my fainting breath.
 Shorte tale to make, I slept so farre in strife,
 That still I sougth,
 With all my thought,
 Some happie helpe to leave my lothed life.

But hope was he that held my hand abacke,
 From quicke dispatch of all my griping griefe,
 When heate of hate had burnt my will to wracke,
 Then hope was cold and lent my life reliefe,
 In every choyce hope challengde to be chiefe.
 When coldest crampes had cleane orecome my harte,
 Then hope was hotte, and warnde my weary smart,
 When hart was hardie, hope was still in dread,
 When hart was faint,
 With feares attaint,
 Then hardie hope held up my fearefull head.

Thus when I found that neither flowing teares
 Could drowne my hart in waves of wery wo,
 Nor hardy hand could overcome my feares,

To

To cut the sacke of all my sorrow so,
 Nor death would come, nor I to death could go.
 And yet I felt great droppes of secret smart,
 Distilling still within my dying harte:
 I then perceivd that only Care was he,
 Which as my friend,
 Might make an end,
 Of all these paines, and set my fancie free.

Wherefore (oh Care) graunt thou my just request,
 Oh kill my corps, oh quickly kill me now,
 Oh make an end and bring my bones to rest,
 Oh cut my thred (good Care) I care not how,
 Oh Care be kind: and here I make a vowe,
 That when my life out of my brest shall parte,
 I will present thee with my faithfull harte:
 And send it to thee as a Sacrifice,
 Bycause thou hast,
 Vouchsaf't at last,
 To end my furies in this friendly wise.

Fato non fortuna.

WHat greater glory can a *Keywar* gaine,
 If madde moode move his subjects to rebell,
 Than that at last (when all the traytours traine,
 Have trod the path, of deepe repentance well,
 And naked neede with *Cold* and *Hunger* both,
 Hath bitten them abroad in forren land,
 Whereby they may their lewde devises loth.
 When harebrained hast, with cold advise is scande)
 If then at last, they come upon their knee,
 And pardon crave with due submission,
 And for this cause, I thinke that Care of me,
 Was moved most, to take compassion.
 For now I find, that pitie pricks his mind,

To

Dan Bartholmew

To see me plounged still in endlesse paine,
 And right remorse, his princely hart doth bind,
 To rule the rage wherein I do remaine.
 I feele my teares do now begin to stay,
 For Care from them their swelling springs doth soke,
 I feele my sighes their labours now allaye,
 For care hath quencht the coles that made them smoke.
 I feele my panting harte begins to rest,
 For Care hath straide the hammers of my hed,
 I feele the flame which blazed in my brest,
 Are now with carefull ashes overspred.
 And gentle Care, hath whet his karving knife,
 To cut in twaine the thred of all my thrall,
 Desired death now overcommeth life,
 And we still works to helpe in hast with all.
 But since I feele these panggs approaching so,
 And lothed life begin to take his leave,
 Me thinks it meete, to give before I go,
 Such lands, and goodes, as I behind me leave.
 So to discharge my troubled conscience,
 And eke to set an order for mine heire,
 Who might (perhaps) be put to great expence,
 To sue for that, which I bequeath him here.
 Wherefore (deere wench) with all my full intent,
 I thus begin to make my Testament.

Fato non fortuna.

His last will and Testament.

IN *Jose* his mightie name, this eight and twentieth day,
 Of frosty bearded Januar, the enemy to May:
 Since Adam was create, fve thousand yeares I gesse,
 Fve hundredth, forty more and fve, as stories do expresse.
 I being whole of mind, (immortal Gods have praise)
 Though in my body languishing with panggs of paine all wayes,
 Do

of Barthe.

Do thus ordeyne my will which long in woes have wepte,
 Beseeking myne executours to see it duely kepte.
 Firste I bequeath my soule on *Charons* boate to tende,
 Untill thy lyfe (my love) at laste may light on Luckie ende,
 That there it may awaye, to wayte upon thy ghost,
 When^y haste quite & clean forgot what pranks now please thee
 So shal it wel be seene whose love is lyke to myne: (most.
 For so I meane to trie my truth, and there till then to pine.
 My bodie be enbalmd, and cloazed up in chest,
 With oynments and with spiceries of every sweete the best:
 And so preserved still untill the day doe come,
 That death devorce my love from life, & trusse hir up in tombe.
 Then I bequeath my corps to couche beneath hir bones,
 And there to feede the greedie woorms that linger for the nones
 To frette upon hir fleshe, whiche is too fyne therefore,
 This service may it doe hir yet, although it do no more.
 My hearte (as heretofore) I must bequeath to Care,
 And God he knowes, I thinke the gift to simple for his share,
 But that he may perceive, I meane to pay my dew,
 I will it shall be taken quick, and borne him bleding new,
 As for my funeralls, I leave that toye at large,
 To be as mine executors will give thereto in charge.
 Yet if my goods will stretch unto my straunge device,
 Then let this order be observ'd, mine heire shall pay the price:
 First let the torche bearers be wrapt in weedes of woe,
 Let all their lighs be virgin waxe, bicause I lov'd it so.
 And care not though the twist be course that lends them light,
 If fansie fume, & fire will flame, then must they needs burn bright.
 Next them let come the quyer, with psalmes & dolefull song,
 Recording all my rough repulse and wraying all my wrong,
 And when the deskant sings, in treble tunes above,
 Then let fa burden, say (by love) *I th' d and dyde for love:*
 About my heavie hearse, some mourners wold I have,
 Who might the same accompany, and stand about the grave,
 But let them be suche men, as may confesse with me,
 Howe

Howe contrary the lots of love, to all true lovers be.
 Let *Pacience* be the Priest, the Clarke be Close conciet,
 The Sexten be *Symphonicie*, which meaneth no disceit.
 Let almes of *Love* be delf, even at the Chauncell dore,
 And feede them there with fresh delayes, as I have ben of yore:
 Then let the yongest sort, be set to ring *Lovers* bells,
 And pay *Repentance* for their paines, but give them nothing else,
 Thus when the Dirge is done, let every man depart,
 And learne by me what harme it is to have a faithfull hart.
 Those little lands I have, mine heyre must needes possesse,
 His name is *Lmsy*, the lands be losse, few lovers scape with lesse.
 The best of all my goods, which I not here rehearse,
 Give learned Poets for their paines, to deck my tomb w^t verse:
 And let them wryte these words upon my carefull chest,
La bete he lyes, that was as true (in love) as is the best.
 Alas I had forgot the persons dewe to paye,
 And so my soule in *Purgatory*, might remaine alway.
 Then for my privie Tythes, as kysses caught by stealth,
 Sweete collings & such other knacks as multiplied my wealth:
 I give the Vicar here, to please his griedie will,
 A deyntie dishe of suger soppes but saust with sorrow still:
 And twice a weeke at least, let dight them for his dishe,
 On frydayes and on wednesdayes, to save expence of fishe.
 Now have I much bequeathed and little left behynde,
 And others mo must yet be served or else I were unkynde.
 Wet eyes and wayling words, Executors I make,
 And for their paines ten pounds of teares let either of them take.
 Let sorrow at the last my Supravisor be,
 And stedfastnesse my surest stead, I give him for his fee:
 Yet in his pattent place this *Sentence of proviso*,
 That he which loveth stedfastly, shall want no sause of sorrow.
 Thus now I make an ende, of this my wearie will,
 And signe it with my simple hand, and set my seale there till.
 And you which reade my words, although they be in rime,
 Yet reason may perswade you eke, *Thus lovers dote sometime.*
 The

The Subscription and seale.

MY Mansion house was Mone: from *Dolors* dale I came,
MI Fatio: Non Fortuna, hight, lo now you know my name:
 My seale is sorowes sythe, within a felde of fame,
 Which cuts in twaine a carefull hart, y^e sweltreth in the same.
Fatio non Fortuna.

A Las, lo now I heare the passing Bell,
 Which Care appoynteth carefully to knowle,
 And in my breast, I feele my hart now swell,
 To breake the strings, which joynde it to my soule.
 The Cristall yce, which lent mine eyes their light,
 Doth now waxe dym, and dazeled all with dread,
 My senses all, will now forsake me quite,
 And hope of health abandoneth my head,
 My weary tongue can talke no longer now,
 My trembling hand now leaves my penne to holde,
 My joynts now stretch, my body cannot bowe,
 My skynne lokes pale, my blood now waxeth colde.
 And are not these, the very panges of death?
 Yes sure (sweete hart) I know them so to be,
 They be the panges, which strive to stop my breath,
 They be the panges, which part my love from thee.
 What said I? *Love? Nay lyfe*: but not my love,
 My life departes, my love continues still:
 My lothed lyfe may from my corpse remove,
 My loving Love shall alwayes worke thy will.
 It was thy will even thus to trye my truth,
 Thou hast thy will, my truth may now be seene,
 It was thy will, that I should dye in youth,
 Thou hast thy will my yeares are yet but grene.
 Thy penance was that I should pync in paine,
 I have performed thy penance all in wo,
 [aa] Thy

Dan Bartholmew

Thy pleasure was that I should here remayne,
 I have bene glad to please thy fansie so.
 Now since I have performed every part
 Of thy commaunde, as neare as tong can tell,
 Content thee yet before my Muse departe,
 To take this Sonet for my last farewell.

Fato non fortuna.

His Farewell.

Farewell deere love whome I have loved and shall,
 Both in this world, and in the world to come,
 For prooffe wherof my spryte is *Charons* thrall,

And yet my corpse attendant on thy toome.

Farewell deere sweete, whose wanton will to please,
 Eche taste of trouble seemed mell to me,

Farewell swete deere, whose doubts for to appease,
 I was contented thus in hale to be.

Farewell my lyfe, farewell for and my death,

For thee I lyv'd, for thee nowe must I dye,

Farewell from *Barbe*, whereas I feele my breath

Forsake my brest in great perplexitie,

Alas how welcome were this death of mine,

If I had dyde betweene those armes of thine.

Fato non Fortuna.



This should have bin placed in the

dolorous discourse, before the Supplication
 to Care in Folio. [168.]

The Reporter.

THese vaunting verses with a many mo,
 (To his mishap) have come unto my hands,
 Whereof the rest (bycause he sayled so

In braggers boate which set it selfe on sands,

And brought him eke fast bounde in follyes bands)

Of curtesye I keepe them from your sight,

Let these suffice which of my selfe I wryte.

The highest tree that ever yet could growe,

Although full fayre it florysht for a season,

Founde yet at last some fall to bring it lowe,

This olde sayd sawe is (God he knoweth) not reason:

For when things passe the reache and bounds of reason

They fall at last, although they stande a time,

And bruse the more, the higher that they clyme.

So *Bartholmew* unto his payne dyd prove,

For when he thought his happe to be most hie,

And that he onely reapt the frutes of love,

And that he swelt in all prosperitie,

His comferte chaunged to calamitie:

And though I do him wrong to tell the same,

Yet reade it you, and let me beare the blame.

The Saint he serv'd became a craftie devill,

His goddessse to an Idoll seemed to chaunge,

Thus all his good transformed into evill,

And every joy to raging griefe did raunge:

Which *Metamorphosis* was mervells strange:

Yet shall you seldome otherwyse it prove,

Where wicked Lust doth beare the name of Love.

This

The Reporter.

This sodayne chaunge when he began to spye,
 And cold suspect into his mynde had crept,
 He bounst and bet his head tormentingly,
 And from all companye himselfe he kept,
 Whereby so farre in stormes of strife he stept,
 That nowe he seemed an Image not a man,
 His eyes so dead, his colour waxt so wan.

And I which alwayes bare him great good will,
 (Although I knew the cause of all his grieffe,
 And what had traynde and tyed him theretyll,
 And playne to speake, what moved his myschiefe,
 Yet since I sought to ease him with reliefe :)
 I did become importunate to knowe,
 The secrete cause wheron this grudge shuld growe.

At last with much ado, his trembling tong
 Bewrayde the effect of his unwylling will,
 Which here to tell since it were all to long,
 And I therewith too barren am of skyll,
 And trouble you with tedious tydings styll,
 Content you nowe to heare himselfe rehearse,
 His strange affects in his lamenting verse.

Which verse he wrote at *Balbe* (as earst was sayd)
 And there I sawe him when he wrote the same,
 I sawe him there with many moanes dysmayde,
 I saw him there both fryse and flashe in flanne,
 I sawe him greev'd when others made good game:
 And so appeareth by his darke discourse,
 The which to reade I crave your just remorse.

The reporters conclusion unfinished.

WHere might I now find fluddes of flowing teares,
 So to suffice the swelling of mine eyes?
 How might my brest unlode the bale it beares?
 Alas alas how might my tong devise
 To tell this wery tale in wofull wyse?
 To tell I say these tidings now of truth,
 Which may provoke the craggy rocks to ruth?

In depth of dole would God that I were drownde,
 Where flattering joyes might never find me out,
 Or graved so within the greedy ground,
 As false delights might never breede my doubt,
 Nor guilefull love hir purpose bring about:
 Whose trustlesse traines in colours for to paint,
 I find by prooffe my witts are all to faint.

I am that man whome destenies ordeine,
 To beare each grieffe that groweth on the mold,
 I am that man which prove unto my paine,
 More pangas at once than can with tong be told,
 I am that man (hereof you may be bold)
 Whome heaven and earth did frame to scoffe and scorne,
 I, I am he which to that end was borne.

Suffzed not myselfe to tast the frute,
 Of sugred sowres which growe in gadding yeares,
 But that I must with paine of like pursute,
 Perceive such pangas by paterne of my peares,
 And feele how fansies fume could fond my pheares:
 Alas I finde all fates against me bent,
 For nothing else I live, but to lament.

The force of frendship bound by holy oth,

Did

The

Did drawe my will into these croked wayes,
 For with my frend I went to *Babe* (though loth)
 To lend some comfort in his dolle dayes,
 The stedfast friend stricks fast at all assays:
 Yet was I loth such time to spend in vaine,
 The cause whereof, lo here I tell you playne.

By prooffe I found as you may well perceiue,
 That all good counsell was but worne in wast,
 Such painted paines his passions did deceiue,
 That bitter gall was mell to him in tast,
 Within his will such rootes of ruine plast,
 As graftes of griefes were only given to growe,
 Where youth did plant and rash conceite did sowe.

I sawe long since his eares were open aye
 To every tale which fed him with some hope,
 As fast againe I sawe him turne away
 From grave advise, which might his conscience grope,
 From reasons rule his fansie lightly Iope,
 He only gave his mind to get that gaine,
 Which most he wisht and least could yet attayne.

Not I alone, but many mo with me,
 Had found what fcklenesse his Idoll used,
 And how she claimed *Cressides* heire to be,
 And how she had his great good will abused,
 And how she was of many men refused,
 Who tride hir tricks and knew hir by the kinde,
 Save only him she made no lover blinde.

But what for this? whose face is plainer scene,
 Than he which thinks he walketh in a net?
 Or who in bale hath ever deeper beene,
 Than he which thought his state might not be bet,

In

In such a jealousie these lovers jet,
 That weale to them doth seeme to be but wo,
 And grieffe seemes joy, they feede their fancies so.

Tell him that reason ought to be his rule,
 And he allowed no reason but his owne,
 Tell him that best were quickly to recule,
 Before all force by feare were overthrowen,
 And that his part. &c.

I Have not (hitherto) recovered a full ende of this discourse, the author thereof being more curious in delivrie of the same, than he hath bene heretofore in any other of his doings. But since my trust is that you will use that and therest but for your owne private commoditie, I am the bolder to present you with a copie therof unperfected as it is, and nowe having finished this written register, it amounteth to a good rounde vollume, the which some woulde judge worthy the Imprinting, but hoping of your curtesie (ut supra) I ceasse wysshing you no lesse profyete than pleasure in reading and perusyng these tryffes.

(::)

FINIS.

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 don for Richard Smith.