A Handefull
of pleasant delites,
Containing sundrie new Sonets
and deletable histories, in
divers kindes of Meeter.

Newly devised to the newest tunes
that are now in use, to be sung:
euerie Sonet orderly pointed
to his proper Tune.

With new additions of certain Songs,
to verie late devised Notes, not
commonly knowne, nor
ved heretofore,

By Clement Robinson,
and divers others.

AT LONDON
Printed by Richard Ihones: dwelling at the signe of the Rose
and Crowne, neare
Holburne Bridge
1584.
The Printer to
the Reader.

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

Farewell.
A Nofegaie alvvaies
sweet, for Louersto send for Tokens,
of loue, at Newyeres tide, or for fairings,
as they in their minds shall be dispos'd to write.

A
Nofegaie lacking flowers fresh,
to you now I do send.
Desiring you to look thereon,
when that you may intend:
For flowers fresh begin to fade,
and Boreas in the field,
Even with his hand concealed frost,
no better flowers dost yeald:
But if that winter could have synging,
a sweeter flower than this,
I would have sent it presently

to you withouten mile:
Accept this then as time doth serve,
be thankful for the same,
Despise it not, but keep it well,
and marke ech flower his name.
I Lauander is for louers true,
which evermore be faine:
Desiring alvvaies to have,
some pleasure for their pain:
And when that they obtained have,
the loue that they require,
Then have they al their perfect soile,
and quenched is the fire.

All
I Rofe
Sonets and Histories.

Rofemarie is for remembrance,
   betweene by day and night:
Wishing that I might alwaies have,
   you present in my sight.
And when I cannot have,
   as I have laid before,
Then Cupid with his deadly dart,
   both wound my heart full sore.

For I do still lie languishing,
   continually in paine,
And shall do still until I die,
   except thou savour how:
My paine and all my grievous smart,
   ful wel you do it know.

Fenel is for latererys,
   an euell thing it is sure:
But I have alwaies meant truly,
   with constant heart most pure:
And will continue in the same,
   as long as life doth last,
Still hoping for a fruitful daie,
   when all our paines be past.

Violet is for faithfulness,
   which in me shall abide:
Hoping likewise that from your heart,
   you will not let it slide.
And will continue in the same,
   as you have nowe begunne:

   And
to sundrie new Tunes.

And then for ever to abide,
then you my heart have wonne.

Time is to try me,
as e'er be tried must,
triumph you know while life doth last,
I will not be dull,
And if I should I would to God,
to hell my soul should bear.
And eke all that Belzebub,
with teeth he should me caress.

Roses is to rule me.
with reason as you will,
\textit{For} to be still obedient,
your mind is not to fulfill:
And thereto will not disagree,
in nothing that you say:
But will content your mind truly,
in all things that I may.

Iris flowers is for gentleness,
which in me shall remain:
Hoping that no sedition shall,
depart our hearts in twain.
As some the sun shall lose his course,
the moon against her kind.
Shall have no light, if that I do
once put you from my mind.

Carnations is for graciouseth,
mark that now by the way,
Have no regard to flatterers,
not praise not what they lay.

Aiii \quad \textit{For}
Sonets and Histories.

For they will come with lying tales,
your eares for to fulfill:
In anie case do you consent,
nothing unto their will.

I Marigolds is for marriage,
that would our minds suffice,
Least that fulplition of vs twaine,
by anie meanes should rise:

As for my part, I do not care,
my self I will still ble,
That all the women in the world,
for you I will refuse.

I Penriall is to print your love,
so deep within my heart:
That when you look this Polegay on,
my pain you may impart,
And when that you have read the same,
consider well my too,
Think ye then how to recompence,
euen him that loves you so.

I Cowloppes is for counsell,
for letters vs between,
That none but you and I alone,
should know the thing we meane:
And if you will thus wisely do,
as I think to be best:
Then haue you surely won the field,
and let my heart at rest.
I pray you keep this Polegay wel,
and let by it come store:

And

6
to sundrie new Tunes.
And thus faretwel, the Gods thee guide,
both now and euermore.
Not as the common lot do ble,
to let it in your brest:
That when the smel is gone away,
on ground he takes his rest.
FINIS.

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

To the tune of, Down right Squire.

Du Loydings, calk of your weedes of
me thinks I heare (wo
A trumpet shill which plain both show
my Lord is near:
Tantara tara tantara,
this trumpet glads our hearts,
Therefore to welcome home your King,
you Loydings plait your parts,
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
I harke harke, me thinks I heare again,
this trumpets bosome,
He is at hand this is certaine,
wherefore rejoice.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
this trumpet still both lay,
With trumpets blast, all dangers pass,
both flew in Marshall rap.

A llii

\[\text{FA}\]
Sonets and Histories.

A soiffull sight my hearts delight,
my Diophon deere:
Thy comely grace, I do embrace,
with soifull cheere:
Tantara tara tantara,
what pleasant sound is this,
Which brought to me with victory,
my joy and onely blisse.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
Diophon.

My Queene and wife, my joy and life
in whom I minde:
In every part, the truest hart,
that man can finde.
Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare your piaisle,
Your vertues race in euerie place,
which trumpet to both raiile.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.

I Now welcome home to Siria soile,
from battered field:
That gallantly thy foes did soile,
with speare and shiled:
Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare it still,
Thy sounding piaisle, abroad to raile,
with trumpe that is most stille,
Tantara tara tantara, &c.

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

Then
to sundrie new Tunes.

Then Diophon here to purchase fame,
    hath done this talke:
Tantara tara tantara,
    returnd he is againe,
To leade his life, with thee his wife,
    in soie without disdain.
       Tantara tara tantara, &c.
       Finis.  L. G.

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

Which was once a happie wight,
    and hee in Fortune's grace:
And which did spend my golden prime,
    in running pleasures race,
Am now enfoist of late,
    contrariwise to mourne,
Since fortune ines, into annoses,
    my former state to turne.

The toiling ore, the house, the ale,
    have time to take their rest,
Pea all things else which Nature wrought,
    sometimes have tides in heist:
    Saue onely I and such
    which vexed are with paine:
    For still in teares, my life it weares,
    and to I must remaine.
How oft haue I in folded armes,
    expresed my delight,
    How
Sonets and Histories,

How oft have I excuses made,
of her to have a sight?
But now to fortunes will,
I cauled am to bow.
And so to reap a huge heape,
which youthful yeares did low.

Wherefore all ye which do as yet,
remaine and hide behind:
Whole eyes dame beauties blazing beams,
as yet did never blind.
Example let me be,
to you and other moze:
Whole heauie hart, hath felt the smart,
Subdued by Cupids love.

Take heed of gazing over much,
on Damsels faire unkowne:
For oftentimes the Snake doth lie,
with roses overgrowne:
And under fairest flowers,
do noisome Aaders lute:
Of whom take heed, I thee arceed:
lest that thy cares they wrooke.

What though that she doth smile on thee,
perchance thee doth not loue:
And though she smack thee once or twice,
she thinks thee so to proue,
And when that thou dost thinke,
the loueth none but thee:
She hath in store, perhaps some moze,
which so deceived be,
to sundrie new Tunes.

I Trust not therefore the outward shew
beware in anie case:
For good conditions do not lie,
where is a pleasant face:
But if it be thy chance,
a lover true to have:
Be sure of this, thou shalt not miscle,
ech thing that thou wilt crave.
I And when as thou (good Reader) shalt
peruse this stcrol of mine:
Let this a warning be to thee,
and laie a friend of thine,
Did wyte thee this of love,
and of a jealous mind:
Because that he sufficently,
hath tried the female kind.
I Here Cambridge now I bid farewell,
ade to Students all:
Adue unto the Colledges,
and unto Gunvil Hall:
And you my fellowes once,
pay unto Ioue that I
May haue releef, for this my grief,
and speedie remedie.
I And that he sheld you everichone,
from Beauties luring looks:
Whole baite hath brought me to my baine,
and caught me from my Books:
Wherefore, for you, my praiser shall be,
to lend you better grace,

That
Sonets and Histories,

That modestie with honestie,
may guide your youthfull race.

Finis quod Thomas Richardson, sometime
Student in Cambridge.

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

A

Trend thee, go play thee,
Sweet love I am bulke:
my silke and twill is not yet spun:
My Ladie will blame me,
If that she lend for me,
and find my woorke to be bndun:
How then?
How shall I be set me?
To lay love did set me?
Fie no, it will not fit me,
It were no use for me.
If love were attained,
By loves were unsained,
my leame and silk wil take no hold:
Oft hauve I beene warned,
By others proofe learned:
hoor wanton love soone warthe cold,
Go now:
I lay go pack thee,
Of my needle shal pick thee:

Go
to fundrie new Tunes.

Go seeke out Dame Idle:
Hope fit for thy bydle,
Hope fit for thy bydle.

I wel worthie of blaming,  
For thy long detaining,  
All baine it is that thou hast done:  
Best now to be wandying,  
Go haunt of thy winning,  
And tell thy Dame what thou hast won:

Say this:

Then lay as I bade thee:  
That the little dogge Fancie,  
Lies chaste without mooving,  
And needeth no threatning,  
For feare of wel beating.  
For feare of wel beating.

The boy is gone lucking,  
Good Ladies be working,  
dispatch a while that we had done,  
The tide will not tarrie,  
All times it doth varie,  
The day doth passe, I see the sun,  
The frost bites faire flowers,  
Lets worke at due howses,  
Haste, haste, and be merie,  
Till our needles be worie.  
Till our needles be worie.

Now Ladies be merie,  
Because you are worie:  
leawe worke I lay, and get you home,  
Yours
Sonets and Histories.

Your buisnesse is slacking,
Your lover is packing:
Your answer hath cut off his comb.
How then?
The fault was in him Sir,
He wooed it to trim Sir,
Alas poore sicke fellow,
Make much of thy pillow.
Make much of thy pillow. Finis.

An answr as pretie to the scof of his Lady,
by the yongman that came a wooing,
Wherein he doth flout her,
Being glad he went without her,
Misliking both her and her dooing.

Las Loue, why chafe ye?
Why fret ye, why lume ye?
to me it seemeth verie strange,
He thinks ye mislike me,
So soone to refuse me,
unlesse you hope of better change:
Wel, wel:

Wel now, I perceive ye,
You are mindful to leave me:
How sure it doth grieve me:
That I am vnworthie:
That I am vnworthie.

I mean not to let ye, nor I can not forger
it will not to out of my minde: (ye,
My love is not daintie, I see you have plenty
that let to little by your friend.

Goe
to sundrie new Tunes.

Goe too spin on now I pray you, I list not to
    I will goe play me:    (leap,
    I am trust for you, &c.
Leave off to flout now, & prick on your clout
    you are a daintie Dame indeed,    (now
And though of your tainting, I may make my
    as bad as worse the J hal speed: (haunting
Sweet heart, though now you so slake it.
I trust you will take it:
and sure I spak it, as fine as you make it, &c
Now will I be trudging, without anie grud:
    I am content to guilt you ground: (ging
Good rekonwith bind me, to leue you behind
    for you are better lost than found:    (me,
Go play, go seeke out Dame pleasure:
You are a trim treasure,
    Wise women be daintie,
Of sooles there be plentiful, &c.
If I might advise ye, few words shuld suf-
    yet you shold bellow them wel:    (see ye
Maids must be manerly, not ful of leurility,
    wherein I see you do excel,
Farewel good Nicibicetur,
God send you a sweeter,
A luttie but better, you are a trim hidden, &c.

Finis. Peter Picks.

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

The
Sonets and Histories.

The life that erst thou ledst my friend,
was pleasant to thine eyes:  
But now the losse of libertie,
thou seemest to despise.
Where then thou lovestt thy will,
now thou dostt grudge in heart:
Then thou no paine nor grief didst feele,
but now thou pinest in smert.
What mov'd thee into loute,
express and tell the same:
Save fancie thine, that heapt thy paine,
thy soltie learne to blame.
For when thou freedome didst enioye,
thou gavest thyセルke to ease,
And lest self-will the ruling beare,
thy fancie fond to please:
Then stealing Cupid came,
with bow and golden dart:
He struck the stroke, at pleasure he
that now doth paine thy hart:
Blame not the Gods of love,
But blame thy self thou maist:
For freedome was disdain'd of thee,
and bondage more thou waiest.
Who list, thou list, to live at rest,
and freedome to possess:
The light of gorgeous Dames must shun,
least loute do them distresse:
Thou blamest Cupidoes craft,
who strikes in stealing lot:

And
to fundrie new tunes.
And let's thee midst the princely Dames,
of Beauties famous Lyon:
And meaning wel thou saiest,
as one not bent to loure,
Then Cupid he constrains thee yeeld,
as thou thy self canst prooue.
Faire Ladies looke in libertie,
enlarged not thy paine:
He yet the light of gorgeous Dames,
could cause thee thus complaine.
It was thy self indeed,
that cauf'd thy pining woe,
Thy wanton wil, and sole minde,
cauf'd Cupid strike the blow:
Blame not his craft, no, by
that Beauties darlings be,
Accuse thy selfe to seke thy care,
thy fancie did agree.
There is none thou faist, that can
more truly judge the tale:
Than thou that hast the wound receiv'd,
by sight of Ladies face.
Her beautie thee bewitcht,
thy minde that erst was free:
Her corps so comely fraind, thou saiest,
did forse thee to agree:
Thou gauest thy selfe it seemes,
her bondman to abide,
Before that her good willingnesse,
of thee were knownen and tride.

B        What
Sonets and Histories,

What judgemen canst thou give:
how dost thou plead thy case?
It was not the that did thee wound,
although thou seeft her face:
He could her beautie so,
Inchaunt or her thy spites,
He feature hers so comely fcamde,
could weaken to thy wits.
But what thou mightest have shonone
the cause to her indeede,
Who spares to speak, thy self dost know,
doth faile of grace to speede.
By this thou laiest, thou soughtest by means
of torment that you heare,
By this thou wouldest men take heed,
and learen of love to feare:
For taking holde thou tellst,
to site it is too late,
And no where canst thou shewd thy self,
but Care must be thy mate.
Though love do pleasure seeme,
yet plagues none such there are:
Therefore all lovers now thou willest,
of liking to be ware.
I thy self hast sought the meane and way,
and none but thou alone:
Of all the grief and care you heare,
as plainly it is shonone:
Then why should men take heed,
yth counsell is bsnf:

Thou
to sundrie new Tunes.

Thou sparedst to speak, and failedst to speed,
Thy will had banished thee.
And now thou blamest love,
And ladies faire and free:
And better lost than found my friend,
Your coward's heart we see. Finis. I.P.

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

Green-sleeues was all my joy,
Green-sleeues was my delight:
Green-sleeues was my hart of gold,
And who but Ladie Green-sleeues.

A

Last my love, ye do me wrong,
To call me off discreetly:
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your companie.
Green-sleeues was all my joy,
Green-sleeues was my delight:
Green-sleeues was my heart of gold,
And who but Ladie Green-sleeues.

I have been readie at your hand,
To grant what euer you would craue.
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and good will for to have.
Green-sleeues was all my joy, &c.
I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
That were wought fine and gallantly:

B ii
Sonets and Histories.

I kept thee both at boory and bed,
Which cost my purfe wel savouredly,
Greenleues was al my soye, &c.
I bought thee petiotes of the bel,
the cloth to sene as sene might be:
I gaue thee siewels for thy chest,
and al this cost I spent on thee.
Greenleues was all my soye, &c.

I Thy smock of silk, both saire and white,
with gold embrodred gorgeously:
Thy peticote of Sendall right:
and thus I bought thee gladly.
Greenleues was all my soye, &c.

I Thy girdle of gold so red,
with pearles bedecked sumptuously:
The like no other lasses had,
and yet thou wouldest not love me,
Greenleues was all my soye, &c.

I Thy purle and eke thy gay guilt knyues,
thy pincace gallant to the eie:
No better boze the Burgelle wyes,
and yet thou wouldest not love me.
Greenleues was all my soye, &c.

I Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
with golde all wyught aboue the knee.
Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
and yet thou wouldest not love me.
Greenleues was all my soye, &c.

I Thy gown was of the grossle green,
thy leues of Satten hanging by:

Which
to sundrie new Tunes.

Which made thee be our haruest Queen,
   and yet thou wouldest not love me.
   Greenlees was all my joy, &c.

Thy garters fringed with the golde,
   And siluer aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to behold ye,
   And yet thou wouldest not love me.
   Greenlees was all my joy, &c.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
   To ride where ever liked thee,
No Ladie ever was so haue,
   And yet thou wouldest not love me.
   Greenlees was all my joy, &c.

My men were clothed all in green,
   And they did ever wait on thee:
All this was gallant to be seen,
   and yet thou wouldest not love me.
   Greenlees was all my joy, &c.

They set thee by, they took thee downe,
   they servued thee with humilitie,
Thy foote might not once touch the ground,
   and yet thou wouldest not love me.
   Greenlees was all my joy, &c.

For everie morning when thou rose,
   I sent thee vainties orderly:
To cheare thy stomack from all woes,
   and yet thou wouldest not love me.
   Greenlees was all my joy, &c.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing.
   But still thou hadst it readily:

    B iii  Thy
Sonets and Histories,

Thy musique still to play and sing,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensteues was all my joy, &c.

And who did pay for all this grace,
That thou didst spend when pleased thee?
Even I that am rejected here,
And thou didst refuse to love me.
Greensteues was all my joy, &c.

Well, I will pray to God on thee,
That thou my constancie maintaine:
And that yet once before I die,
Thou wilt收回 love me.
Greensteues was all my joy, &c.

Greensteues now farewell adue,
God I pray to prosper thee:
For I am till thy lover true,
Come once againe and love me.
Greensteues was all my joy, &c.

Finis.

A proper sonet, wherein the Lauer dolefully sheweth his grief to his L. & requireth pity.
To the tune of, Row wele ye Mariners.

A

Some without refuge,
For life doth please with panting
And ruthfully the Judge, (breath
Beholds (whole doone grants life of
So fare I now my only Lene, (death,
Whom I tender as Turtle Dove,
Whole tender looks (O soye oye)
Shall win me sure your loving boy:

Faice
to sundrie new Tunes.

Faire lookes, sweet Dame,
By elle (alas) I take my bane:
Nice talke, copying,
Will bring me sure to my ending,
Too little is my skill,
By pen (I feare) my love to paint,
And when that my good will,
By song would they, my heart both saint:
Sith both the meanes do faire therefore,
My love so to express with love:
The tormentes of my inward smart.
You may well gette within your hart:
Wherefore, sweet wench,
Some loving words, this heart to quench
Fine smirks, smirke lookes,
And then I neede no other lookes,
I your gleams hath gript the hart,
Alas within my captive breast:
O how I feele the smart,
And how I find my grief increasst:
My fancie is to sitt on you,
That none away the same can do:
My deeristle you it remove:
Without reprove I die for love,
Lament with me,
He Muses nine, where euer be,
My life I loth:
My Joves are gone, I tel you truely,
I all Muses solemnne sound,
Of song, or else of instrument:

B iiii

Me
Sonets and Histories.

He thinks they do confound,
with doleful tunes, me to lament,
And in my sleep unsound, alas,
He thinks such dreadful things to passe:
that out I crie in midst of drestmes,
Wherewith my tears run down as streams,
O Lord, think I,
She is not here that should be by:
What chance is this,
That I embrace that crooked is?

The Lions noble minde,
His raging mood (you know) oft sates,
When beasts do yeeld by kinde,
On them (fostoth) he never piaies:
Then thence that I am your thall,
To eale my smart on you I call.
A bloudie conquest is your part,
To kill so kind a loving heart:
Alas remove,
O presently I die perfoye:
God grant pitie,
Within your breast now planted be.

As nature hath you deckt,
with worthie gifts above the rest,
So to your piaie most great,
Let pitie dwell within your breast,
That I may live with heart and wil,
Lo, this is the that might me kil:
For why? in hand she held the knife,
And yet (fostoth) she saued my life.

Hey
to sundrie new Tunes.

Hey ho, darling:
With lustie love, now let us sing,
Plate on, Minstrer,
My Lady is mine owne gicle.

The Historie of Diana and Acteon.
To the Quarter Braules.

Diana and her darlings beare,
Walkt once as you shall hear:
Through woods and waters cleare,
themselves to play:
The leaves were gay and green,
And pleasant to be seen:
They went the trees between,
in coole aray,
So long, that at the last they found a place,
of waters full cleare:
So pure and faire a bath neuer was
found many a yeare.
There she went faire and gent,
er to sport, as was her wonted solace:
In such delireous solace,
Thus goeth the report:
Diana daintely began her selfe therein to
And her body sol to laue,
bathe
So curious and dvaue.

As they in water stood,
Bathing their lustie blood:
Acteon in the wood,
chaunt to come by:
And bewed their bodies bare,
Sonets and Histories,

Marvailing what they weare,
And still devoud of care,
on them cast his eie;
But when the Nymphs had perceived him,
 aloud then they cried,
Enclosed her, and thought to hide her skin,
which he had spied:
But too true I tell you,
She seeke was,
For in height she did passe,
Ech Dame of her race,
Harke then Acteons tale:
Whë Diana did perceue, where Acteon did
She took bove in her hand, (land,
And to shoot she began.

As she began to shoot, Acteon ran about,
To hide he thought no boote,
his sightes were dim:
And as he thought to escape,
Changed was Acteons shape,
Such was unluckie fate,
peeld to him:
For Diana brought it thus to passe,
and plased her part,
So that poore Acteon changed was
to a huge hart,
And did heare, naught but haire:
In this change,
Which is as true as strange,
And thus did he range,

Abroad
to fundric new Tunes.
Sonets and Histories,
to sundrie new Tunes.

So that his loves impotent,
Had ended his life incontinent,
    Had not Lady Venus grace, Lady Lady,
Pitied her poor servant's case,
        My dear Lady.
For when the law the torments strong,
Wherewith the Knight was sore oppressed,
Which he God knowes had suffered long,
Al though her Iadies mercielle,
    Of their desires he made exchange,
        Ladie, Ladie.
And wrought a miracle most strange,
        My dear Ladie.
So that this Ladie faithfully,
Did love this Knight above all other:
And he unto the contrarie,
Did hate her then above all measure,
And pitifull she did complain: ladie, ladie.
Requiring favour, and might not obtaine.
        My dear ladie.
But when the law, that in no case,
She might unto his love attaine:
And that he could not finde some grace,
To ease her long enduring paine,
And yet his hart wold not remove. Lady, ladie
Without all cure he died for love, My deer.
Besides these matters marvelous,
One other thing Iwil you tell:
Of one whose name was Narcyfus,
A man whose beautie both excel.
Sonets and Histories,

Of natures gifts he had no mille, Lady, lady
He had ye whole of beautys blisse, My deere.
I so that out of manie a far Countrie,
I reade of manie a woman faire,
Did come this Narcissus to see,
Who perished when they came there,
Through his default I lay in line, lady, lady
Who unto love would not incline. My deere.
I Whole disobedience unto love,
When unto Venus it did appeare.
How that his hart would not remove,
She punisht him as you shal heare:

A thing most strange soltooth it was,
Ladie, Ladie.

Now harken how it came to passe, My deere,
For when he went upon a daie,
With other mo in strange disguise,
Himselfe soltooth he did array

In womans attire of a new devise,
And over a bridge as he did go. Ladie, ladie.
In the water he sawe his owne shadow, My.

Which when he did perceiue and see,
A Ladie faire he faite it seemeth:

Forget himselfe that it was he,
And subside that it was Diaenes Nymph,
Who in the waters in such fashion, Lady, la
Did els themselves by recreation, My deere.

And though the beautie of whose looks,
Taken he was with such fond desiere,
That after manie humble lutes,

Inconti-
to fundrie new Tunes.

Incontinent he did aspire.
Unto her grace him to refer, Ladie, Ladie
Trusting ye merrie was in her, My deer, &c.
With armes displeid he took his race,
And leapt into the ruer there,
And though his Ladie to imbace,
Being of himselfe, devoid of feare,
And there was dwound without redyelle,
His crueltie rewarded was, (Ladie, Ladie.
with such follie.

Loe, hereby you may perceive,
How Venus can, and if she please,
Her disobedient Subiects grieue,
And make them drinke their owne disease,
Wherfore rebel not I you with, Lady, lady.
Leaft that your chaunce be woyle than this,
If woyle may be. Finis.

The Louer cöplaineth the losse of his Ladie
To Cicilia Paulin.

Earl, what makes thee thus to be,
in extreame heauinelle?
If care do cause all thy distrelle,
Why seekest thou not some redyelle,
to eale thy carefulinelle?

Hath Cupid stroke in Unerie,
Thy woefull coys in isoperdie:
right wel then may I sob and cri, (crie
Til that my Distrelle deer, my faith may
Why would I cloake from her presence,
My loue and faithfull diligentce?

And
Sonets and Histories.

And cowardly thus to die.
And cowardly thus to die.
No, no, I will shew my woe,
in this calamitie.
To her whom Nature hapte to free:
With all Dianaes chastitie,
or Venus rare beautie:
Then shall I care felicitie,
And live in all prosperitie.
then leave off this woe, let tears go,
thou shalt embrace thy Ladie beere to joy,
In these thy armes so lovingly,
As Paris did faire Helenie.
By force of blinded boy.
By force of blinded boy.
If Venus would grant unto me,
such happenelle:
As she did unto Troylus,
By help of his friend Pandarus,
To Crefsid's love who wrofe,
Than all the women certainly:
That ever lived naturally.
Whole night called faith, the stroie faith,
Did breed by plagues, her great and loxe di-
For the became so leprous,
That she did die in penitie:
Because she did transgress,
Because she did transgress.
If the, I saie, will me regard,
in this my seoperdie,
to sundrie new Tunes.

I will shew heridelitie,
And eke declare her curteisie,
to Lourys far and nie:
O heart how happy shouldst thou be,
When my Ladie both smile on me:
Whole mild merie cheare,
Wil dyue away skare,
Cleave from my hest, and let toy in ye place
when I shall kisse so tenderly:
Her angers small and slenderly,
which both my heart solace,
c.
Therefoye ye amorous imp's who burne
to still in Cupids fire,
Lett this the toyce of my retire
Example be to your desire,
That to to love aspice:
For I did make deniance,
And let her at deniance:
Which made me full toy, it chanced so,
Because I look at my mistresse to toy:
Therefoye, when she is merciful
Disposed, look you curteously:
Receive her for your toy.
Receive her for your toy.

Finis  I. Tomson.

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

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

The
And cowardly thus to die.
And cowardly thus to die.
No, no, I will shew my woe,
in this calamitie.

To her whom Nature shapte to free:
With all Danaes chastitie,
or Venus rare beautie:
Then shall I brace felicitie,
And live in all prosperitie.

Then leave off this woe, let tears go,
Thou shalt embrace thy Ladie bree to joy,

In these thy armes to lovingly,
As Paris did faire Helenie,
By force of blinded boy.
By force of blinded boy.

If Venus would grant unto me,
such happinelle:
As the did unto Troylus,
By help of his friend Pandaros,
To Cressids love who wroate,
Than all the women certainly:
That ever lived naturally.
Whole night called faith, the stoute faith,
Did brede by plagues, her great and loze dis-
For she became so leprous,
That she did die in penitie:
Because she did transgresse.
Because she did transgresse.

If she, I laie, will me regard,
in this my jeopardy,

Sonets and Histories.
to sundrie new Tunes.

I will shew her sidellie,
And eke declare her curtelle,
to Loures far and nie:
O heart how happy shouldest thou be,
When my Ladie doth smile on me:
Whole milde merie cheare,
Wilt dye awaye fear,
Cleane from my brest, and set joy in ye place
When I shall kisse so tenderly:
Her singes small and slenderly,
Which doth my heart solace, &c.
Therefore ye amorous imps who burne
to stil in Cupids fire,
Let this the course of my retire
Example be to your desire,
That so to love aspire:
For I did make defiance,
And set her at defiance:
Which made me full wo, it chanced so,
Because I look at my mistresse so coy:
Therefore, when she is marry
Disposed, look you courteously:
Receive her for your toy.
Receive her for your toy.

Finis. I. Tomson.

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

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

The
Sonets and Hiftories,

The Hart to hunt, and set about,
with willie trace,
He doth it move to see and view,
Her willinelle (I tell you true.)
Her trips and skips, now here, now there,
With squats and slats, which hath no perce.
Hope than to win or get the game
to beare away:
He is not greedie of the same,
(thus hunters laie):
So some men hunt by hote desire,
To Venus Dames, and do require
With fauo$ to have her, or els they wil die,
they love her, & proove her, and wot ye why?
I forsooth to see her subtilnelle, & wily way,
Wh$ they (God knows) mean nothing lesse
than they do say:
For when they see they may her win,
They leaue then where they did begin.
they plate and make the matter nice,
And leaue her in fooles paradise.
Wherefore of such (God Lable now)
wisely beware,
Least singeing fancies in their brow,
do heed you care:
And at the first guie them the checke,
Least they at last guie you the gack,
And scornfully disdain ye then,
In faith there are such kind of men.

But
to sundrie new Tunes.

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

A new Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie.
To the, Downe right Squier.

You Dames (I lay) that clime the
of Helicon,
Come on with me, and gue account,
what hath been don:
Come tell the chaunce ye Muses all,
and doestfull newes,
Which on those Louers did befall,
which I accrue.
In Babilon not long agone,
A noble Prince did dwell:
whole daughte bright blind ech ones light,
to farre he did excel.
An other Lord of high renowne,
who had a sonne:
And dwelling there within the towne,
great love begunne:
Pyramus this noble Knight,
I tel you true:

Eli Who

35
Sonets and Histories,

Who with the loue of Thisbie Bryght,
Did cares renue:
It came to palle, their secretes was,
As knowne vnto them both:
And then in minde, they place do finde,
Where they their loue vnto the.

'This loue they vse long tract of time,
Till it befall:
At last they promised to meet at prime,
By Minus well:
Where they might louingly imbrace,
In loues deliht:
That he might see his Thisbies face,
And she his light:
In soylful caufe, the approchte the place,
Where the her Pyramus
Had thought to viste, but was rened,
To them mosst dolous.

'Thus while the states for Pyramus,
There did proceed:
Out of the wood a Lion fierce,
Made Thisbie dyed:
And as in halfe she fled awhale,
Her Mantle tyme:
The Lion rared in stead of praise,
Till that the time
That Pyramus proceeded ths,
And see how lion rared
The Mantle this of Thisbie his,
He desperately doth face,
to sundrie new Tunes.

I For why he thought the lion had,
   caire Thisbie slain.
And then the beast with his blyght blade,
   he new certaine:
Then made he mone and laid alas,
   (O wretched wight)
How art thou in a woeful case
   for Thisbie blyght:
Oh Gods above, my faithfull love
   shal neuer caile this need:
For this my breaths by fatale death,
   shal weane Atropos threed.
Then from his sheathe he drew his blade,
   and to his harte
He tyred the point and life did fade,
   with painfull smart:
Then Thisbie she from cabin came
   with pleasure great,
And to the well apace she ran,
   there for to treat:
And to distirce, to Pyramus
   of al her former teares.
And when slaine she, found him truly,
   she shed soothe bitter teares.
I When sorowe great that she had made,
   she took in hand
The bloudie knife to end her life,
   by fatale hand.
You Ladies all, peruse and see,
   the faithfullnesse,
Sonets and Histories,

How these two Louers did agree,
to die in distress:
Your Hules waile, and do not faile,
but still do you lament:
These love's twaine, who with such paine,
did die to well content.

Finis. I. Tomson.

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

Where as I view your comly grace, Ca. &c
Your golden haires, your angels face,
Your azured heines much like the skies,
Your siluer teeth, your Thillfall eyes.
Your Coyall lips, your cristmon cheeks,
That Gods and men both love and elee.
Your pettie mouth with duers gifts,
Which djueth wise men to their wishs:
So blyue, so fine, so trim, so Yong,
With heavenlie wit and pleasan tongue,
That Pallas though he did excell,
Could frame ne tel a tale so well.
Your voice so sweet, your necke so white,
your bosie fine and small in sight:
Your fingers long so nimble be,
To teter sooth such harmonie,
As all the Rules for a space:
To sit and heare do give you place.
Your pettie foot with all the rest,
That may be scene o2 may be get:

Both
to sundrie new Tunes.

Both beare suche shape, that beautie may
Gleue place to thee and go her way:
And Paris notowe must change his doome,
For Venus lo must gleue thee roome.
Whole gleams both heat my hart as her,
Although I burne, yet would I nere:
Within my selke then can I say:
The night is gone, behold the day:
Behold the star to cleare and blyght,
As dimmes the light of Phcebus light:
Whole came by pen for to descrye,
Both pale eoch wight that is aslue:
Then how dare I with boldoned face,
Presume to crave q with your grace?
And thus amazed as I stand,
Not seeling tence, not movung hand.
Why soule with silence movung tence,
Both with of God with reverence,
Long life, and vertue you posctelle:
To match those gifts of worthynesse,
And love and pitie may be spide,
To be your chief and onely guide.

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

And, wil you marie? I pray sir tarie,
I am not disposed to wed a:
For he y'chall have me, will never de
he shall have my maidhed a, (ny me
Why then you will not wed me?
No lure can I have lyed me,


till you
Sonets and Histories,

You must go seke some other wight,
That better may your heart delight.
For I am tyed I tell you true,
beleue me it greius me, I may not have you,
To wed you & bed you as a woman shold be
For if I could, be sure I would,
content to your delire:
I would not doubt, to bying about,
ech thing you would require:
But promize now is made,
Which cannot be staide:
It is a woomans honestie,
To keep her promize faithfully,
And so I do meane til death to do,
Consider and gather, that this is true:
Choose it, and ble it, the honester you.
But if you seek, soz to misleeke,
with this that I have done:
Or elle dissaide, that I do plaine
this talke with you have begone:
Farewell I will not let you,
He sterty boel that gets you.
And luse I think your other friend,
Will ymoure a Cuckold in the end:
But he will take heed it he be wife,
To watch you & catch you, with Argus eyes,
Betetering and letting your woundt guise.
Although the Cat doth winke a while,
yet luse she is not blinde:
It is the wase to beguile,
the Mice that run behind:
And if she see them running,
Then straightway she is comming:
Upon their head she claps her foot,
To strive with her it is no soute.
The feele poole Mice dare never play,
She catcheth and snatcheth them every day,
Yet whip they, & chip they, why she is away.
And if perhaps they fall in trap,
to death then must they yeeld:
They were better the, to have kept their den
than strait abroad the field:
But they that will be ranging,
Shall soone repent their changing:
And to shall you ere he be long,
Wherefofe remember well my song:
And do not snuffle though I be plaine,
But cherfully, meryly, take the same.
For huffing & snuffing deserves blame.
For where you lay you must obey,
the promise you have made,
So sure as I will never die,
from that I have said:
Therefore to them I leave you,
Which gladly will receive you:
You must go choose some other mate,
According to your own estate.
For I do mean to live in rest,
Sonets and Histories,

Go seek you, and seek you an other guest,
And choose him, and ble him, as you like best.
The ioy of Virginitie: to, The Gods of loue

I Judge and finde, holo God doth minde,
    to furnish, to furnish
    his heavenly thone above,
    With virgins pure, this am I luce, without mille, without mille:
    with other Saints he doth loue:
It is allowed as you may reade,
And eke auowed by Paul indeede,
    Virginitie is accepted,
    a thing high in Gods light:
Though marriage is celested,
    a thing to be most right:
    yet must I praise Virginitie,
    For I would laine a Virgin be.
You Virgins pure, your selues allure,
    and credite, and credite:
    great joy you shall possesse,
Which I (God knows) cannot disclose,
    ne spyede it, nor speyede it,
    ne yet by pen express.
For halfe the loyes that you shall finde,
I can not judge for you assignde:
When hence your ghost shall peeld be,
    into the thone of blisse:
In chaste and pure Virginitie,
    for thought of deed y wilde:
    When you shall reign, with God on hie
    For evermore eternally.
    And
to fundrie new Tunes.

And when doubtfull, you shall pollute,
  with Jesus, with Jesus,
  these sores celestial.
Then Lady Fame, will blaze your name,
  amongst vs, amongst vs,
  which then on earth reign she shall.
She will resound in every coast,
By trumpet sound, and will you boast?
  So that although you do depart
  This most all life to vaine:
Your chaste in every heart,
  by memoire shall remaine.
But hard it is, I say no more,
To finde an hundred in a score.    Finis.

A warning for Wooers, that they be not
  over hastie, nor deceived with womens
  beautie. To, Salisburie Plaine.

Loving woomes, come Learne of me
The plagues to leaue that linked be:
The grudge, the grief, the gree anoy,
The sickle faith, the fading toy:
in time, take heed,
In fruitfull loss to thy seed:
  buie not, with coxt,
  the thing that yields but labour lost.
If Cupids dart do chance to light,
So that affecion dimmes thy light,
Then raffe by reason by and by,
With skill thy heart to fortifie

Whee
Sonets and Histories,

Where is a breach,
Oft times too late both come the Leach:
Sparks are put out,
when soynace flames do rage about.
I Thine owne delay must win the field,
When lust both leade thy heart to yeeld:
When steed is stole, who makes al falt,
May go on foot for al his halfe:
In time shut gate,
For bad I will, both come too late,
Fast bind, fast find,
Repentance always commeth behind.
I The Syrens times oft time beguiles,
So both the teares of Crocodiles:
But who so learnes Vlyfles love,
May passe the leas, and win the shor.
Stop eares, stand fast,
Through Cupids trips, thou halt him cast:
Flie hastes, hun hookes,
Be thou not snarbe with lovely lookes.
I Where Venus hath the maisterie,
There love hath lost her libertie:
Where love both win the victorie,
The fowl is lackt with crueltie.
First look, then leap,
In suretie to your thinnes you keepe:
The snake doth sting,
That lurking leeth with hilling.
Where Cupids fowl hath made a waie,
There grave advise both heare no swaie,
to fundrie new Tunes.

Where Looke both reigne and rule the rokke,
There reason is erlude the coast:
Like all, love none, except ye be discretion.
First try, the trust, he not deceived with lust
Marke Priams sonne, his fond devise (lust,
When Venus did obtaine the piece:
For Pallas skill and Junoes strength,
He chose that bred his bane at length.
Choeo wol, leue wille, let Helen he wille Paris skill:
Amis goeth al, wher satie soother sooles to fall.
Where was there found a happier wight,
Than Troylus was til love did light?
What was the end of Romeus.
Did he not die like Piramus
who baths in bliss? let him be mindful of Iphis
who seeks to please, may ride he like Hercules.
I lothe to tel the peevish fabless,
And fond delights of Cupids fabless,
Like momis mates of Midas mood,
They gape to get that doth no good: (Cup
Now down, now on, as tapers bie to tolle ye
One breedeth joy, another breedeth as great annoy
I some love for wealth, and some for hue,
And none of both these loves are true.
For when the Mil hath lost his bales,
Then must the Miller lose his bales:
Of grasse commeth hay,
And flowers faile will soon decay:
Of ripe commeth rotten,
In age al beautie is forgotten.

Some
Sonets and Histories,
Some loueth too hie, and some too lowe,
And of them both great griefs do growe,
And some do loue the common sort:
And common solke bse common sport.
   Looke not too hie,
   Least that a chip fall in thine eie:
   But hie or lowe,
   He may be sure the is a howe.
   But urs, I bie to tell no tales,
   Eth that draws doth not beare scales,
   In euerie hedge I finde nor thoynes:
   Noe euerie beast btho caree byynes:
   I saie not so,
   That euerie woman cauleth too:
   That were too byoad,
   Who loueth not venom must shun the tode.
   Who bleseth still the truth to tel,
   May blamed be though he saie wel:
   Say Crowe is white, and Snowe is blake,
   Lay not the fault on womans backe,
   Thoulands were good,
   But fewe scape dystoning in Noe flood:
   Woef are wel bent,
   I must lay so, leafe I be shent.     Finis.

An excellent Song of an outcast Louer.
To, All in a Garden green.

M

My fancie did I re,
in faithful some and frame:
in hope ther shuld no blustring blast
have power to moue the same.

And
to fundrie new Tunes.

I And as the Gods do know,
    and world can witnesse heare:
I never seene other Saint,
    no! Idol other where.
I But one, and that was she,
    whome I in heart did hyne:
And made account that precious pearle,
    and jewel rich was mine.
I No toyle, no! labour great,
    could weare me herein:
For stil I had a Iasons heart,
    the golden fleece to win.
I And sure my sire was hearde,
    I spent no time in vaine:
A grant of friendship at her hand,
    I got to quite my paine.
With tolemne bote and othe.
    was knit the True-love knot,
And friendly did we treat of love,
    as place and time we got.
I Now would we send our sightes,
    as far as they might go,
Now would we worke with open sightes,
    to blaze our inward wo.
I Now rings and tokens too,
    renude our friendship stil,
And eyc deuice that could be wyought,
    expyest our plaine goodwill.
True meaning went withal,
    it cannot be denide:
    Per:
Sonets and Histories,

Performance of the promitie past,
was hope to of e'ry side:
And looke for out of hand:
such bowes did we two make,
As God himselfe had present been,
record thereof to take.
And for my part I sweare,
by all the Gods above,
I never thought of other friend,
not sought for other love.
The same consent in her,
I saw ful oft appeare,
If eyes could see, or head could judge,
or eare had power to heare.
Yet loe words are but winde,
an other new come guest.
Hath won her favour (as I hear)
as fancies rise in hest.
Her friend that wel deserved,
is out of countenaunce quite,
She makes the game to see me shoot,
while others hit the white.
He way wel beat the bush,
as manie thousands doo:
And metre the birds, and haply loose
his part of feathers too.
The hops without the ring,
yet daunceth on the trace,
When some come after soft and saie,
a heauie hobling pace.
to sundrie new Tunes.

In these unconstant daies,
Such troth these women have:
As wavering as the alpen leaf
They are, to God me saue.

For no deltees of men
Are wied, what ere they be;
For in a mood their minds are led
With new delights we see.

The guistlefe goeth to wyck,
The gogeous peacocks gay:
They do esteem upon no cause,
And tume their friends away.

I blame not al soe one,
Some flowers grow by the weeds,
Some are as sere as lock and key,
And full of words and deeds.

And yet of one I wase,
Of one I erie and plaine:
And for her sake shall never none,
To nip my heart againe:

If for offence or fault,
I had been sloong at heele:
The lefte had been my bitter smart,
And gnawing greefe I feel.

But being once retind,
A friend by her consent:
And after that to be distain'd,
When best good will I ment.

I take it nothing well,
For if my power could show,

With
Sonets and Histories,

With Larum bel and open criē,
the world should throughtly know.
The complaint of a woman Louer,
To the tune of, Raging loue.

Though wold I should refrain,
My heaped cares here to unfold:
Good Ladies yet my inward paine,
So picketh me I have no holde:
But that I must my grieue bewray,
Bedewed in teares with dolefule tunes,
That you may heare, and after lay,
Loe, this is the whom loue consoles.

My grieue doth grow by my desire.
To fante him that causeth my woe:
He naught regards my flaming lire,
Alas why doth he serve me so?

Wholes slaine teares I did beleue,
And wept to heare his wailing bole,
But now, alas, too soon I precise,
Al men are false, there is no choice.

I had ever woman such reward,
At anie time for her goodwill?
Had ever woman hap to hard,
So cruelly for loue to spill?

What papes ( alas ) did gue him food,
That thus unkindly workes my wo?
What beast is of so cruell moode,
to hate the hart that loves him so?

Like as the simple Turtle true,
In mourning groanes I spend the day:

My
to sundrie new Tunes.

My daily cares night dooth renew,
To thinke how he did me betray:
   And when my wearey limmes wold rest,
My sleepe unfound hath dreadfull dreams,
Thus greevous greefes my hart doth wret
That till mine eies run downe like dreams:
And yet, full oft it dooth me good,
To haunt the place where he hath beene,
To kille the ground whereon he stoohe,
When he (alas) my loue did win.
   To kille the Bed whereon we laye?
How may I thinke unto my paine,
O blisstfull place full oft I lay:
Render to me my loue againe,
But all is lost that may not be,
Another dooth pollute my right:
His cruell hart, disdaineth me,
New loue hath put the olde, to sight:
   He loues to see my watered eyes,
   and laughes to see how I do pine:
   No words can well my woes console,
alas what griece is like to mine?
You comly Dames, oversee by me,
To rue Sweete words of sikele trust:
For I may well example be,
How fuled talke oft prooues unuust
But uth deceit haps to my pay,
Good Ladyes helpe my dolefull tunes,
That you may here and after lay:
Lye this is he whom loue consumes.

Dis
Sonets and Histories,

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

I smile to see how you devise,
New making meat my eyes to bleare:
your self you cannot so disguise:
But as you are, you must appeare.
Your pynke winkes at boogh I see,
And how you set your rouing mind:
your selfe you cannot hide from me,
Although I wincke, I am not blind.

The secret sighs and sained cheare,
That oft doth paine thy carefull heart:
To me right plainly doth appeare,
I see in whom thy hart doth rest.

And though thou makest a sained bow,
That love no more thy heart should nip,
yet think I know as well as thou,
The sickey helm doth guide the ship.

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

So thou in change dost take delight,
Ful wel I know thy slippery kinde:
In baine thou seemst to dim my light,
Thy rowling eies bewaileth thy minde.
I see him smile that doth pollece
Thy love which once I honoured most:
If he be wise, he may well grille,
Thy love soon won, will soon be lost.

And
to sundrie new Tunes.

|And sth thou canst no man intice, |
|That he shoule stil love thee alone: |
|Thy beautie now hath lost her price, |
|I see thy favorie tent is gone. |
|Therefore leave off thy wonted plaie, |
|But, as thou art, thou wilt appere, |
|Unlesse thou canst devise a waie, |
|To bark the Sun that shines so cleare. |
|And keep thy friend that thou hast won, |
|In trueth to him thy love supplie, |
|Least he at length as I have done, |
|Take off thy Belles and let thee flie. |

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

To the tune of Kypacie.

The famous Prince of Macedon, whole warz increst his worthy name Triumphed not so, when he had won By conquest great, immoxtall fame,

As I rejoice, rejoice, For thee, my choice, with heart and voice, Since thou art mine,

Whom, long to love, the Gods assigne. The secret names of this my love,
The stars had wrought ere I was borne, Whose lugred foose my hart both move, And eke my will to sure hath sowe.

that Fortunes loze, no more, though I therefore, did like abhore: Shall never make, Forgetful dewes my heat to flake.

If
Sonets and Histories,

If that I false my faith to thee,
Or seeke to change for any newe:
If thoughts appeare so ill in me,
If thou thy life shall lustly rew,
Such kindes of woe, of woe:
As friendes or foe, might to me shewe:
Betide me than,
Or wourke, if it may hap to man.

Then let us joy in this our love:
In spite of Fortunes wrath, my deere:
Twoo willes in one, as dooth behoove,
One love in both, let still appeare:
And I will be, will be,
Piramus to thee, my owne Thisbie,
So thou againe,
My constant lover shalt remaine.

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

Such bitter fruit thy love both yeilde,
Such broken sleepe, such hope vntrue,
Thy call to oft hath me beguilde.
That I booneth can well endure:
But crye (alas) as I haue caule,
Fie upon Loue and all his Lawes.

Like Piramus, I sigh and groane,
Whom Stonie walls, kept from his loue,
And as the wofull Palemon,
A thousand stomes, for thee I prove,
Yet thou a cruel Tiger's whelpe,
All stales the hart, whom thou maist help.

A
to fundrie new Tunes.

A craggie Rocke, thy Cradle was,
And Tigers milke sace was thy toode,
Wtherby Dame Nature hyrought to pass,
That like the Purle should be thy moode:
Wild and unkinde, cruell and fell,
to rent the hart that loues thee well.

The Crocodile with fained teares,
The Fisher not to oft beguiles:
As thou hast luld my stinted eares,
To here sweet words full fraught with wiles,
that I may lay, as I doo pioque,
Woo worth the time, I give to loue.

With thou hast bowd to worke my wack
And hast no will my wealth to way:
Farewell unkinde, I will kepe backe,
Such toyes as may my helth decay:
and still will cry as I have caule.
He upon Loue and all his lawes.

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

To the tune of Apelles.

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

In bewing thee, I tooke such joy,
As one that sought his quiet rest:
Untill I felt the fettered boy,

Aye
Sonets and Histories,

My sickerne in my captue brest:
Since that time loe, in deep dispaire,
all bodie of joy, my time I weare.

The wofulle prisoner Palemon,
And Troylus eke kynge Pyramus lonne,
Constraigned by loue did neuer mone:
As I my deere for thee haue done.

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

If constant loue may reape his hire,
And faith untyed may purchase:
Great hope I haue to my desire.
Your gentle hart will grant me grace,
Til then (my dear) in few words plaine,
In pensue thoughts I shall remaine.

The lamentation of a woman being wryngh-

fully defamed. To the tune of Damon & Pithias.

Ou Ladies sally deemd,
of anie fault of crime:
Command your pensue harts to help
this dolesfull tune of mine:

For spitefull men there are,
that faultes would fain elpse:
Alas, what heart would heare their talke,
but willingly would die.

I waste oft times in woe,
and curse mine house of birth,
Such flanderous pangs do me oppreffe,
when others joy in mirth:

Belike
to sundrie new Tunes.

Belike it was ovdaind to be my destine,  
Alas what heart would heare their talk, &c.  
A thousand good women,  
haue guishtelle been accusde:  
For vertie spite, although that they,  
their bodies never abulde:  
the godly Sufana accusd was falsly alas &c.  
The poisoned Pancalier,  
ful falsly did accus  
The good Duchelle of Sauoy,  
because she did refuse.  
To grant vnto his love,  
that was so ungodlie. Alas what, &c.  
Such falsse dissembling men,  
stoong with Alectos darr:  
Muff needs haue place to spit their spite,  
upon some guishtelle harr:  
Therefore, I must be pleade,  
that they triumph on me, Alas, &c.  
Therefore, Lord, I thee pray,  
the like death downe to send,  
Upon these falsse suspected men,  
or els their minds t'amend:  
As thou hast done tosoye,  
unto these persons thee. Alas what, &c.  
A proper Song, Intituled: Fain wold I haue  
a pretie thing to giue vnto my Ladie.  
to the tune of lustie Gallant.  
Fain would I haue a pretie thing,  
to giue vnto my Ladie:  
I name
Sonets and Histories,
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.

Wentie saine eyes would I make,
and twenty waies would hie me,
To make aduenture for her sake,
to see some matter by me:
But I would saine have a pretie thing, etc.
I name nothing, nor I meane nothing, etc.
Some do long for pretie knackes,
and some for strange devices:
God lend me that my Ladie lackes,
I care not what the price is, thus saine, etc.
Some goe here, and some go there,
where gases be not geason:
And I goe gaping every where,
but still come out of season. Her saine, etc.
I walke the towne, and tread the streete,
in every corner looking:
The pretie things I cannot meete,
that s for my Ladie's liking. Saine, etc.
The Mercers pull me going by,
the Silke wifes say, what lacke ye?
The thing you have not, then lay I,
pe foolish cooles, go packe ye. But saine etc.
It is not all the Silke in Cheape,
not all the golden treasure:
No twentie Bushels on a heape,
can do my Ladie pleasure. But saine, etc.
The Grauers of the golden Howes,
with Juelles do beter me.

The

58
to sundrie new Tunes.

The Shemsters in the shoppes that lowes,
they do nothing but let me: But laine, &c.

But were it in the wit of man,
by any meanes to make it,
I could so: Money buy it than,
and say, faire Lady, take it. Thus, fain, &c.

I O Lady, what a lucke is this:
that my good willing miller:
To finde what pretie thing it is,
that my good Lady willeth.

Thus fain wold I have had this pretie thing
to give unto my Ladie:
I said no harme, no I ment no harme,
but as pretie a thing as may be.

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

M

Aye will ye loue me yea or no?
tell me the trothe, and let me goe.

It can be no lese then a sinfull deed,
trust me truely,
To linger a Lovers that looke to speede,
in due time duly.

If you Maids that thinke yourセルas so fine,
As Venus and all the Muses nine:
The Father himselfe who he first made ma
trust me truely:
Made you for his help whde the world began
in due time duly.

Then
Sonets and Histories,

Then 1 s'th Gods wil was even so.
Why s'hould you disdaine you Louer tho?
But rather with a willing heart,
Lowe him truely?
For in so doing, you do but your part,
Ler reason rule ye.
I Consider (sweet) what lighs and lobbies,
Do nip my heart with cruell throbbes,
And al (my dear) for the loue of you.
Trust me truely:
But I hope that you wil some mergile shouw,
In due time duely.

If that you do my case well way,
And shew some signe whereby I may
Have some good hope of your good grace,
Trust me truely:
I count my selfe in a blessed case,
Ler reason rule ye.

And for my part, whilst I do live,
To love you most faithfull, my hand I give,
Forsaking all other, for your sweet sake,
Trust me truely:
In token whereof, my truth I betake,
To your selfe most duely.

And though for this time we must depart,
Yet keep you this ringe token of my hart,
Till time do serue, we meet againe,
Ler reason rule ye.
Why an answer of whom I trust to obtain,
In due time duely.

Now
to sundrie new Tunes.

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

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

W

He as thy eies, yt wretched spies
did bleed my cause of care:
And sifers thre did full agree,
my fatal thred to spare.
Then let these words ingrauen be,
on toomb whereas I lie,
That here lies one whom spaciful loue,
hath caused fou to die.

I sometime I spend the night to end,
in dolours and in woe:
Somtime againe unto my pain,
my chiefeest joy doth grow.
When as in minde, thy shape I finde,
as fancie doth me tell:
Whome nowe I knowe, as prooke doth
I loued theer ouer wel. (show

I how oft within my weathed arme,
desired I to solde:
Thy Chisfall corps, of whom I loved,
moze dearer than of golde.

But
Sonets and Histories,

But now disdain, death bredde my paine,
and thou canst not denie:
But that I loved thee ouer well:
that causeth me to die.
The hound that serveth his Masters will,
in ravinge here and there,
The moyling bole, that labours still,
his burden great to heare:
- In lew of paine, receiveth againe,
of him which did him owe:
As Natures beast, wiles most and least
them thankesfull so to showe.

I. The Lyon and the Tyger fierce,
as Nature both them bindeth:
For love, like love repay againe:
in Stories we doo finde:
Thole beaks & birds, both wild & tame,
of frendships loze can tell:
But thy reply, willest me to die,
that loved thee ouer well.

Therefore, my deare and Darling faire,
ensample take by thole,
Which equally with love againe,
their loving minde dispole:
And giee him glee, whole death we see,
approcheth very nie:
Without he gaine, to ease his paine,
which loved thee heartely.

Then shal thy say that see the same,
where euer that they goe:

And
to sundrie new Tunes.

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

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

Shall distance part our love,
or daily choice of chauenge?
Or spirits below, or Gods above,
have power to make us straunge:
No nothing here on earth,
that kinde hath made or wrought,
Shall force me to forget.
good will so dearly bought,
And for my part I bow,
to serve for terme of life:
Which promise may compare with her,
which was Vlisses wife.
Which bow if I doo breake,
let vengeance on me fall,
Ere plague that on the earth may raigne,
I ask not one, but all.
Though time may breede suspect,
to fill your hart with toyes:
And absence may a mischief breede,
to let your wish'd toyes:
Yet thinke I have a troth,
and honesty to keepe:

And
Sonets and Histories,

And weigh the time your love hath dwelt,
within my hart so deep.
And peise the words I spake,
and marke my countenance then:
And let not slip no earnest sigh,
if thou remember can.
At least forger no teares,
that trickled downe my face:
And marke howe oft I woong your hand,
and blushed all the space.
Remember how I sware,
and strook therewith my brest:
In wittnesse when thou parted me fro,
my heart with thee should rest.
I thinke on the eger lookes,
full loth to leave thy sight,
That made the signes when that the lift,
to like no other sight.
If this be out of thought,
yet call to minde agayne,
The bulse frite, the much aboe,
the labour and the paine,
That at the first I had,
ero thy good will I gate:
And think howe for thy love alone,
I purchase partly hate.
But all is one with me,
my heart to letsed is:
No friend, no foe, no want of wealth,
shall neuer hurt in this.
to fandrie new Tunes.

Be constant now therefore,
and faithfull to the end?
Be careful how we both may do,
to be e'ch others friend.
With free and cleane consent,
two hearts in one I knitt:
Which for my part, I vow to keep,
and promise not to sit,
Now let this vow be kept,
exchange thy heart for mine:
So that two hearts be in one breast,
and both of them be thine.

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

To the tyme of Labandala Shot.

Waste in wo, I plunge in pain,
with lowowing lobs, I do complain,
With wallowing waues I wish to die,
I languish love whereas I lie,
In fear I faint in hope I holde,
With rurhe I runne, I was too holde:
As luckelie lot assigned me,
in dangerous dale of destinsie:
Hope bids me smile, Fear bids me weep,
My seelie soule thus Care both keep.
I see too too late I do repent,
the youthful yeares that I have spent,
The reech leste race of carelle kinde,
which hath bewitcht my woeful minde.
Sonets and Histories,

Such is the chaunce, such is the state,
Of those that trust too much to fate.
No bragging boast of gentle blood,
What so he be, can do thee good:
No wit, no strength, no beautyes hue,
No friendly lure can death elue.
The dismal day hath had his will,
And justice seekes my life to spill:
Reuengement craues by rigorous law,
Whereof I little stood in awe:
The bolesfull doom to end my life,
Betted with care and worldly strife:
And crowning judge hath given his doome.
O gentle death thou art welcome:
The losse of life, I do not fear,
Then welcome death, the end of care.
O prisoners poore, in dungeon deep,
Which passe the night in dumbyng deep:
Wel may you rue your youthful race.
And now lament your curtled race.
Content your selfe with your estate,
Impute no shame to sickle fate:
With twoong attempts, increas no wealth,
Regard the state of prosperous health:
And think on me, when I am dead:
Whom such delights have lewdly led.
My friends and parents, where euer you be
Full little do you thinke on me:
My mother misnde, and dame to deer:
Thy loving childe, is setted here:

Would

66
to sundrie new Tunes.

Would God I had, I wish too late,
Been hied and borne of meaner estate:
Or else, would God my rechistle care,
Had been obedient so to heare,
Your sage advice and counsel true:
But in the Lord parents due.

You valiant hearts of youthfull train,
Which heard my heauie heart complain:
A good example take by me,
Which runne the race where ever you be:
trust not too much to bilhowe blade,
not yet to fortunes fickle trade.

Hont not your failes no more in winde,
Least that some cocke, you chance to finde,
or else be dyuen to Lybia land,
whereas the Barque may sink in land.

You students all that present be,
To view my fatall destine,
would God I could requite your pain,
wherein you labour, although in bain,
if mightie God would think it good,
to spare my life and vitall blood,

For this your proffered curstelle,
I would remaine most stedfastly,
your seruant true in deed and word,
But welcome death as please the Lord.

Psa welcome death, the end of woe,
And farewell life, my fatall foe:
Psa welcome death, the end of strife,
Abue the care of mortall life,
Sonets and Histories,

For though this life doth fleet away,
In heauen I hope to live for euer:
A place of joy and perfect rest,
Which Christ hath purchase for the best:
Till that we meet in heauen most blest:
Adieu, farewell in Jesu Christ.

A proper Sonet, of an vnkinde Damfell, to
her faithful Loner. To, the nine Muses.

The ofter that I biew and see,
That pletant face and faire beautie,
whereby my heart is bound:
The neer my Mistrelle is to me,
My healeth is farthest off I see:
and fresher is my wound:
Like as the flame doth quench by fire,
of streams consume by raigne,
So both the light that I desire,
appeale my grief and paine:
Like a fle that doth hie,
and haste into the fire:
So in grief, findes her grief,
that thought to sport aspire.

When first I saw those Christiall streams,
I little thought on beautyes beames:
Sweet venom to have found,
But toilful toil did prick me soorth,
Perforce to take my grief in woorth,
that could my mortall wound:
And Cupid blind compeld me to,
my Mistrelles hope to hide:

Wherein
to fundrie new Tunes.

Wherein remaind my bitter wo:
    heues stil he did me guid;
Then his dart, to my hart,
    he hung with cruell stil:
Whole poison fel, I know right wel,
    no souer may resist.
Thus vainly stil, I frame my lute,
Of ill cownen seeds, such is the fleete,
experience both it shew:
The soule is hers the pain is mine,
And thus my sentence I define,
I hapned on a shew:
And now beware, ye yongmen all,
    Example take by mee:
Least beauties bait in Cupids thyall,
    do catch you pitullly:
So stay you, I pray you,
    and mare you my great wyng,
For taken, not taken,
    thus end I now my song.
The Louer complaineth the absence of
    his Ladie, wifeth for death.
    To, the new Almaine.

Jth spetfull spite hath spide her time,
    my wished soies to end:
And drooping bread hath dyuen me
    from my new chosen friend: (now
I can but waile the want,
    of this my souer soie:
Sith spetfulfe force hath fought so long,
    my blisse so to annoie.

uB
Sonets and Histories,

I But though it be our chance
   alunber for to be,
My heart in pawne til we do meet,
    Shal stil remaine with thee:
   And then we hall renue,
our fugred pleasures past:
And loul that loul, that seekes no change,
    whilstt life in vs do last.
   Perhaps my absence may,
   or else some other let:
By choice of change, caule thee my deer,
   our lourney loul foget:
   And thou renounce the oth,
which erst thou bowdelt to me:
My dearest blood in recompence,
   thou luce shouldst shortly see.
A thousand sighs to fed to thee I will not let,
    Pe to bewaise the losse of thee, I never will
But stil suppose I see,
    (foget
the same before my face:
And louingly between my armes,
thy corps I do embrace.
I Thus feed I fancie stil,
   for lacke of greater joy:
With such like thoughts, which dally both,
    my woeful heart annoy:
   thus stil in hope I live,
   my wished loyes to have:
And in dispaire off time I wish,
my feeble Corps in grave.

This
to sundrie new Tunes.

This is the life I leave, til I thee see again
And to will do, til dreadful death,
do seek to ease my paine,
who rather I do wish, by force to end in wo,
than so to live in happy state,
thy love so to forgo.

And thus farewell my dear,
with whom my heart shall rest,
Remember him that this did write,
lit he doth love thee best:
And will till greedy death,
my days do shorten now:
Farewel my deare, loe here my faith
and truth to thee I bow.  Finis.

The Louer compareth himself to the painful Falconer. To the tune, I loved her over well.

The soaring hawk from all that flies,
her Falconer doth constrain:
Sometimes to range the ground un-
to find her out again: (known,
And if by light or found of bell,
his falcon he may see:
wo so he cries, with cheerful voice,
the gladdest man is he.

By lure then in finest joy,
he seekes to bring her in:
But if that she, ful goyled be,
he can not to her win:
Although her becks and bending eies,
the manie proffers makes: wo
Sonets and Histories.

Wo ho ho he cries, awaie the fles,
and to her leaue the takes:
|This wosull man with weare limmes,
runnes wandying round about:
At length by noise of chattering Pies,
his hawke agayne found out
His heart was glad his eies had seen,
his falcon swift of flight:
Wo ho ho he cries, the emptie gorgde,
upon his Lure both light.
|How glad was then the falconer there,
no pen nor tongue can tel:
He swam in bliss that lately felt
like paines of cruel hell.
His hand somtime upon her train,
somtime upon her bytell:
Wo ho ho he cries with chearfull voice,
his heart was now at rest.
|My deere likewise, beholde thy love,
what paines he doth endure:
And now at length let pite moue,
to stoup unto his Lure.
A hood ofilk, and iluer belles,
new gifts I promise theere:
Wo ho ho, I erie, I come then laie,
make me as glad as her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Page 5. "Nor passe not what they say."[—By passe not is probably meant report not. [It may mean, But pass by.]
Page 11. "And unto Gunvil hall."[— Or rather Gonville hall, Cambridge, founded in 1348 by Edmund de Gonville; and in 1557 advanced to Caius college by Dr. Caius, physician to Edward VI. and his royal sisters.

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

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

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

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

Page 20. "Thy peticote of sendall right."[— Mr. Ellis, in explanation refers to Du Cange, voce candalum, “a thin silk.”

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

Page 25. "To the Quarter Braules."[— Braul was a French dance;
and, from a description of the figure in Marston's *Malcontent*, it would seem to have resembled the *Cotillon*.

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

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

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

*Page 34.* "And leave her in fool's paradise."—Shakspeare introduces this term in his *Romeo and Juliet*, and Milton in his *Paradise Lost* assigns it to the *Limbus patrum* of the schoolmen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Page 42. "Go seek you, and leek you."—Leek for look.

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


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

O you that bath in courtly byse.

Page 48. "He hops without the ring, yet daunceth on the trace."—Qu. if an allusion to hop-scotch?

Page 50. "To fancie him that stormes my woe."—For stormes we should perhaps read scornes.

Page 51. "How filed talke."—i.e. artfully polished or refined: as in
Notes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Page 67.* "Trust not too much to bilbow blade."[— At Bilboa, a city of Biscay in Spain, the best sword blades were manufactured. Hence Shakspeare speaks of "a good bilbo," in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 5; and Spenser in his *Muiopotmos* introduces "Bilbo steele."
Page 69. "To, the new Almaine." — The Almaine, Allemaine, or Allemand, was a dance derived from Germany as its name imports. In a breviate of the notes or tunes to the ditties contained in Munday's Banquet of daintie Conceits, 1588, there is one entitled "The olde Allemaine," to which this "new Allemaine" might be nominally contrasted.

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

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