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May 1, 1880
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EDWARD ARBER,
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TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY

SONGS AND SONNETS

BY

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of SURREY.

Sir THOMAS WYATT, the Elder.

NICHOLAS GRIMALD,

AND

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

5 June—31 July 1557.

LONDON:

5 QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

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TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY.

SONGES AND SONETTES

BY

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY,
SIR THOMAS WYATT, THE ELDER,
NICHOLAS GRIMALD,
AND
UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

FIRST EDITION OF 5TH JUNE; COLLATED WITH THE SECOND EDITION OF 31ST JULY, 1557.

BY

EDWARD ARBER.

* Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.

LONDON:
5 QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

E N T. S T A T. H A L L.] 15 August, 1870.  [A l l R i g h t s r e s e r v e d.]
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The Earl of Surrey .......................... 40
Sir Thomas Wyatt ......................... 96
Nicholas Grimald .......................... 40
And of Uncertain Authors ............... 134

Total number in the Miscellany .......... 310

Of the 134 poems by Uncertain Authors: there are still 130, of which the authorship has yet to be ascertained.
A PROLOGUE.

HE immense quantity of English verse that was written between 1530-1600 is probably far beyond the conception of most readers of our literature. The printed Poetry—whether it appeared as the production of a single Poet or in the shape of Poetical Collections, (not to speak of the innumerable commendatory verses prefixed to prose works) —constitute the bulk of all the publications of that time; just as Religious literature does in the present day. But a flight collection of those publications, will confirm the following testimony of William Webbe, in 1586.

Among the innumerable sorts of English Booke, and infinite fardles of printed pamphlets, wherewith thys Countrey is pestered, all shopes stuffed, and every study furnished: the greatest part I thinke in any one kinde, are such as are either meere Poeticall, or which tende in some respecte (as either in matter or forme) to Poetry.—Preface to A Discourse of English Poetrie.

To this printed Poetry; must be added in our estimate, all the manuscript verse at present extant in all our various public and private collections. Lastly, we must allow somewhat, for the Poems—both printed and manuscript—that have perished beyond all possibility of recovery.

2. The Poets of that age, wrote for their own delectation and for that of their friends: and not for the general public. They generally had the greatest aversion to their works appearing in print. In The Arte of Englyshe Poesie, 1589, attributed to George Puttenham, are the two notable complaints of this bashfullnes.

"Now also of such among the Nobilitie or gentrie as be very well scene in many laudable sciences, and especially in making or Poesie, it is so come to passe that they have no courage to write and if they haue, yet are they loath to be a knowen of their skill. So as I know very many notable Gentlemen in the Court that haue written commendably and suppressed it agayne, or els suffred it to be publisht without their owne names to it: as if it were a discredit for a Gentleman, to seeme learned, and to shew him selfe amorous of any good Art." p. 37. Ed. 1869.

"And in her Maiesties time that now is are sprung vp an other crew of Courtly makers Noble men and Gentlemen of her Maiesties owne seruauntes, whoe haue written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publike with the rest." p. 75. Ed. 1869.

Numerous instances of this hesititation arising out of fear of criticism or of natural bashfulness, could be readily given. The result of this hesititation was, that a large number of poems never came to the press at all; at least in that age.

Coinciding with these numerous unprinted compositions; was a frequent practice of keeping Poetical Note-books by many who were not poets themselves. As the manuscript or scarce printed Poems passed from hand to hand, they were neatly copied into folio or quarto shaped books; such as we find in the Bodleian or the British Museum. All these copies, however, are not clear gain as to quantity. They sometimes contain additions to the printed texts; but as often simply present merely verbal variations. Thus, with
originals and copies together, it has come to pass that the Elizabethan verse extant in manuscript is in greater proportion in bulk to that which was then printed than is the case in the present day.

3. With regard to the totality of this verse: there is yet much to be done. Chiefly however it is to restore—in a just measure of fame—not a few of our best English Poets to their places in the National Literature. All our good Poets are not yet recognised.

When all these hidden and published poems have been brought to light, verified, and collated: we may hope to gauge the poety, and to possess—in much larger bulk than is now thought to exist—the poems of Queen Elizabeth; Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford; Thomas, Lord Vaux; Henry, Lord Paget; Sir Edward Dyer; Sir John Graunge; Thomas Lodge, M.D.; Edwyn Sandys, M.D.; William Hunnis; Clement Robinson; William Wilmot; Francis and George Davison; and who not? Then may we hope to solve the whole host of Initials and Pseudonyms which are, but often vainly, supposed to attest the authorship of so many extant poetical pieces. Then may we aspire to wipe away Ignoto from verses, the composers of which were unknown to their own contemporaries.

4. Nor shall, in any case, the search go unrewarded. The Elizabethan age produced the most blitheforme of our English Song. True Poetry is not cramped like prose to the expression of the fact. It is not limited to the locality of its own age and civilization, 

A Thing of Beauty, a Joy for ever,
it refreshes all after time: and the Searcher will find that the aggregate Minor Poets of Elizabeth's reign—varying infinitely in merit among themselves—do far surpass, both in the quantity and quality of their productions, all their English conpeers that have written since.

5. Putting aside from our further consideration the manuscript poetry; let us return to what was actually published. It seems very desirable that with the reproduction of works by single Poets, the celebrated Poetical Miscellanies should, as far as possible, be also republished by the public. Not a very numerous class: they are distinguished by great intrinsic charm and beauty of thought and expression; by the excessive rarity and value of the very few copies of the early editions that have come down to us; and by the costliness of the excessively limited editions, which English Scholars have published of them in the course of this century; not for an universal enjoyment, for which they thought the world not refined enough, but for the preservation of the Texts from the accidents and ravages of Time.

6. How popular these Miscellanies were will be seen from the following List of editions: which is the more expressive, as these Collections would almost only circulate among the cultivated of that time.
A PROLOGUE.

Early Editions of Poetical Miscellanies.

1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th.

Songs and Sonnets. By H. Howard Earl of Surrey and others.

1557. 1557. 1559. 1565. 1567. 1574. 1585. 1587.

5 June. 31 July.

A Myrour for Magistrates. [Ed. by W. Baldwin, J. Higgins, T. Blenner-hassett.]

1559. 1563. 1571. 1574. 1575. 1578. 1587. 1610. 1621?

The Paradise of Dainty Devises. [Collected by R. Edwardes.]

1576. 1577. 1578. 1580. 1585. [1590.] 1596. 1600. 1606.


1578. Only two copies known.

A Handefull of Pleasant Delites. * By Clement Robinson and divers other.

1584. Only one copy known.

The Phoenix Nest. Ed. by R. S.

1593. Two copies known.

Englands Helicon. [Ed. by J. Bodenham.]

1600. 1614.

A Poetical Rapsody. Ed. by Francis Davison.

1602. 1608. 1611. 1621.

7. To these, the following works, as being somewhat akin to them, may be added.

Collections of Poetical Quotations.

Englands Parnassus. [Ed. by R. Allot?] 1600.

Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses. [Ed. by J. Bodenham.

1600. 1610.

Rare Works by single Parts.

Sometimes including Prose, and occasionally poetical contributions by the Author’s friends.

B. Googe. Eglogs Epitaphes and Sonettes. 88 leaves.

1563. 1570. Three copies known.

G. Turbervlle. Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets with a Discourse of the Frendly Affections of Tymetes to Pyndara his Ladie. 145 leaves.


N. B[retton.] A small Handfull of Fragrant Flowers. 8 leaves.

1575 Only one copy known.


1576. Not more than three copies seem to exist.

T. Lodge. Phillis honoured with Pastoral Sonnets, Elegies and amorons delights, &c.

1593. Five copies known.

8. It would, at this moment, be a great presumption to aspire to the reproduction of even half of the above. Even that is quite impossible without the approval and generosity of the possessors of the unique or rare copies. What we may leave undone; let others finish. Meanwhile may it please the reader to accept, as an earnest, one of the first of these Collections in Importance as it is the first in point of Time—Tottel’s Miscellany.
THE TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

It is quite a further study, altogether beyond the limits of the present edition, to distinguish which of the following poems are translations or imitations of Latin or Italian verse, and which may lay claim to originality and of a native English vein. In grouping the first Lines under each known Author: the first word of Poems that only appear in the First Edition is put in Small Capitals: those first added in the Second Edition are shown in Italics.

**Known Authors.**

**Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.**

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<td>Although I had a check</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>As oft I as behold and se</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>Brittle Beattie, that nature</td>
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<td>Dyuers thy death doe diversly</td>
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<td>6</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>From Tuskeane came my</td>
<td>9</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>Geue place ye louers, here</td>
<td>20</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Good Ladies, ye that haue</td>
<td>19</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>I neuer sawe my Ladye laye</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>If care do cause men cry, why</td>
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<td>12</td>
<td>In Ciprus, springes (whereas</td>
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<td>13</td>
<td>In the rude age</td>
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<td>14</td>
<td>In winters iust returne, when</td>
<td>16</td>
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<td>15</td>
<td>Layd in my quiet bed, in</td>
<td>30</td>
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<td>16</td>
<td>Loue that lineth, and reigneth</td>
<td>8</td>
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<td>17</td>
<td>Martiall, the things that do</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>My Ratcliff, when thy</td>
<td>32</td>
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<td>19</td>
<td>O happy dames, that may</td>
<td>15</td>
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<td>20</td>
<td>O lothsome place where I</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Of thy lyfe, Thomas, this</td>
<td>27</td>
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<td>22</td>
<td>Set me wheras the sunne doth</td>
<td>11</td>
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<td>23</td>
<td>So cruell prison how coulde</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
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<td>24</td>
<td>Such waiward waies hath loue,</td>
<td>6</td>
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<td>25</td>
<td>Syns fortunes wrath enuieth</td>
<td>217</td>
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<td>26</td>
<td>Thassirian king in peace,</td>
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<td>27</td>
<td>The fansy which that I haue</td>
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<td>28</td>
<td>The golden gift that nature</td>
<td>12</td>
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<td>29</td>
<td>The great Macedon, that out</td>
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<td>30</td>
<td>The sonne hath twise brought</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>31</td>
<td>The soote season, that bud and</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
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<td>32</td>
<td>The stormes are past these</td>
<td>31</td>
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<td>33</td>
<td>Though I regarded not</td>
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<td>34</td>
<td>To dearly had I bought my</td>
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<td>35</td>
<td>W. resteth here, that quick</td>
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<td>36</td>
<td>When ragnyng loue with</td>
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<td>When somer toke in hand</td>
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<td>40</td>
<td>Wrat in my careless cloke</td>
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**Sir Thomas Wyatt.**

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<td>Accused though I be, without</td>
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<td>Alas, Madame, for stealing</td>
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<td>Al in thy loke my life doth</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>Avising the bright beams of</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>Because I still kept thee fro</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>Behold, Loue, thy power how</td>
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<td>Cesar, when that the traytou</td>
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<td>Desire (alas) my master, and</td>
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<td>Go burning sighes vnto the</td>
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<td>How oft haue I, my deare and</td>
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<td>I find no peace, and all my</td>
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<td>I see that chance hath chased</td>
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On the six ascertained Writers—not to speak of those others whose names cannot even be guessed at—who, in part, composed these famous poems: there is much truth yet to be learned, as well as many fables to be forgotten.

Confusion respecting them began early. Even the title page is a misnomer: Lord Henry Howard, K.G., was not actually Earl of Surrey, as his father was; but was so called by courtesy. In the next generation, Puttenham confounds Sir Nicholas the rst, with Thomas the 2nd Baron Vaux.

Fifteen years onwards, Tom Nashe published his Unfortunate Traveller fabulous adventures on the Continent, by the Earl of Surrey; which were received as gospel by Drayton, and credited for a long time afterwards. And since Strype’s time, Grimald, the chaplain, in 1556, of Thomas Thirleby, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ely, has been confounded with Grymbold, a chaplain of the Protestant Bishop Ridley. All existing statements respecting these six ascertained authors seem to require a severe testing; and many new facts respecting them would no doubt reward a further lengthened inquiry.

For our present purpose the few following notes, selected from many others, may suffice: and we would refer the reader to the Rev. Dr. Nott’s bulky edition of the Works of Surrey and Wyatt, 1815-16, as a starting point for further research.


1503.—T. Wyatt, son of Sir Henry Wyatt, was born at Allington Castle, Kent.

1509. April 22. Henry VIII. begins to reign.

1514.—1 Feb. After the battle of Flodden Field, king Henry VIII., being desirous of rewarding the services of Thomas Howard, 2nd Earl of Surrey, and of his son Thomas, created the former Duke of Norfolk, and the latter, 3rd Earl of Surrey, on 1 Feb. 1514: the Duke, before the grant, formally surrendering the Earldom to his son, for his lifetime.

This 3rd Earl of Surrey had five children. The names of three of them have been preserved. Henry, the Poet.

Thomas, created by Queen Elizabeth, on 13 Jan. 1559, Viscount Howard of Bindon.

Mary, who was affianced to Henry Fitz-Roy, Duke of Richmond.

1515.—T. Wyatt admitted to St. John College Cambridge; which had been founded in 1512.

1516.—Dr. Nott supposes Henry Howard to have been born about this year. He quotes a household book of the family between 1513 and 15 Jan. 1524: which proves that our Poet must have passed his infancy in the summer time at Tending Hall, Suffolk; and in the winter tide at Hunsdon, in Hertfordshire.

1518.—T. Wyatt takes his B.A. at Cambridge.

Henry Fitz-Roy, a natural son of Henry VIII. by Elizabeth, widow of Lord Talboys, born about this time.

1519.—N. Grimald is supposed to have been born this year in Huntingdonshire. He has given us the story of his childhood in a beautiful Funeral Song upon the decease of Anne, his mother, see p. 115.

1523.—[Sir William Vaux, of Harrowden, adhered to King Henry VI., and was slain at the battle of Tewkesbury.] Upon the accession of Edward IV., Nicholas Vaux, son and heir of Sir William, was despoiled of his estates in virtue of an act of attainder passed against his father; but in the 1st of Henry VII., this attainder was totally reversed, and Nicholas, then Sir Nicholas, was restored to all the possessions of which he had then been deprived. Sir Nicholas was highly distinguished as a statesman and a warrior, and was much in favour with Henry VII. and Henry VIII.; by the latter he was summoned to parliament, as Baron Vaux, of Harrowden, the 27 of April, 1523, but did not long enjoy his honours, as he d. 24 May following. Thomas, 2nd Lord Vaux, was only twelve years of age upon his father’s death; he took his seat in parliament on attaining his majority, in the 22nd of Henry VIII., and d. in 1562. Burke’s Peerage. 1870.
1520.—T. Churchyard is believed to have been born this year. He lived on till 1604. In this year Wyatt married.

1524.—On the death of his father; Thomas, 3rd Earl of Surrey, becomes 3rd Duke of Norfolk; but his son Henry, the poet, does not become 4th Earl of Surrey, but only has that title by courtesy. He appears to have passed his boyhood at Kenninghall.

1525.—18 June. Henry Fitz-Roy is created Duke of Richmond, &c.

1527.—Jan. In the Gent. Mag. Sept. 1850, p. 237; Mr. J. Bruce quotes from a collection of family papers made by Richard Wyatt (who died Dec. 1753, æt. 80), then, in 1850, in the possession of the Rev. B. D. Hawkins, of Rivenhall in Essex. Among the MSS. in this volume, is a paper by a grandson (name not stated) of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who gives the following on the authority of Edward, 3rd Earl of Bedford [succeeded to the title 1585; d. 1627].

"Sir John Russell [made 1st Baron Russell, 9 Mar. 1539; 1st Earl of Bedford 19 Jan. 1550; d. 1555], after lord privy seal, having his depeache of ambassage from Henry VIII. to the Pope, in his journey on the Thames encountered Sir Thomas Wyatt, and after salutations, was demanded of him whither he went, and had answer 'To Italy, sent by the king.' 'And I,' said Sir Thomas, 'will, if you please, ask leave, get money, and go with you.' 'No man more welcome,' answered the ambassador. 'So this accordingly done, they passed in post togerther.'

This is the principal authority for Wyatt's visit to Italy.

1532.—5 Jan. Parliament sits; Thomas Lord Vaux is summoned to it. T. Wyatt is sworn of the Privy Council, this year.

1534.—About this time Surrey and Fitzroy were living together at Windsor.

1535.—Fitzroy is aflianced to Surrey's sister Mary, but the marriage is never consummated. He dies in the next year.

1536.—18 Mar. Wyatt is knighted.

April 1537.—June 1539. Wyatt's first embassage to the Emperor in Spain.

1539.—2 Sept. There is a draft of Bonner's celebrated secret letter of this date from Blois, lodging grievous complaints against Wyatt, in the Petry MSS. No. 47, fol. 9, in the Inner Temple. This letter was unheeded till after T. Cromwell's execution, when Wyatt was thrown into the Tower, and interrogated upon it.

1539.—Wyatt's second embassage to the Emperor in France and Flanders.

1540.—Grimald, educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, takes his B.A. 18 Dec. Thomas Thirlby created the first Bishop of Westminster.

1541.—Harleian MS. contains Wyatt's most brilliant Defence of himself from Bonner's charges: written in the Tower. He is exonerated and received into the King's favour again.

1542.—Sir T. Wyatt journeying to Falmouth in too great haste, to bring the Emperor's ambassador to London, dies at Sherbourne; and is buried on the 11 Oct. in the great Church there.

John Leland, the antiquary, publishes a Latin poem of six leaves, Nonia in mortem Thome Viati Equitis incomparabilis, which he dedicates to the Earl of Surrey. This tract contains a striking portrait of Wyatt, having a head somewhat bald, a keen face, and a flowing beard: drawn on wood by Holbein. [At the Mote, near Maidstone, the Earl of Romney has charming portraits of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir Henry Wyatt in prison, with the cat that fed him there; his son, Sir T. Wyatt, the elder; and his son, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the younger; all historic characters (all most authentic): Lord Romney representing the families. N. & Q. 3rd, S. viii., 367.]

April. Grimald is incorporated at Oxford.

May. Grimald is elected a probationer fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

1544.—P. Betham, in his translation of The Earl of Purilias [Jacopo di Porcia] Precepts of war, refers to Surrey, in his Dedication to Lord C. Audley. 14 July. King Henry crosses to Calais on the 10th, the English army lays siege to Boulogne, and is joined by the king on 26 July. The town surrenders on 25 Sept., and the king returns to Dover on 1 Oct.

1546.—Grimald takes his M.A. at Oxford.

12 Dec. Th. D of Norfolke, and Henry Earle of Surrey his son and heire, vpon certain surmyses of treason, were committed to the tower of London, the one by water, the other by land, that the one knew not of the others apprehension. J. Stow. Chronicle, p. 997. Ed. 1600.

1547.—13 Jan. The king then lying dangerously sick, the Earl of Surrey
was arraigned in the Guild hall of London, before the Lord Maior, the lord chancelor, and other lords and judges being there in commission; some things hee flatly denied, weakening the credite of his accusers, by certaine circumstances, other hee excused with interpretations of his meanings to proove the same to be far other otherwise than was alleadged against him: the especiallest matter wherewith he was charged, was, for bearing certaine armes that were said belonged to the king and prince: the bearing whereof he justified, that as he tooke it, he might beare them, as belonging to his ancesitors, and withall affirmed that he had the opinion of the heranits therein, and so to his indictment he pleaded, not guilty. And for that he was no lord of the parliament, he was enforced to stand to the triall of a common inquest of his country, which found him guiltie, and thereupon he had judgement of death: and shortly after, to wit, on the 19 of January he was beheaded on the tower hill.

Stowe, idem.


1549.—6 Jan. The Privy Council inform Lord Deputy Bellyngham that Sir F. Bryan is to be Marshall of the Army in Ireland. [He was also Lord Justice]. Bryan appears to have died this year.

Ascham in his Scholemaster, 1570, thus alludes to him.

"If his stile be still euer rancke and lustie, as some men being neuer so old and spent by yeares, will still be full of youthfull conditions as was Syr F. Bryan, and euermore would have bene," p. 112. Ed. 1870.

31 Dec. The printing Wyatt's translation of the Seven Penitential Psalms finished. Surrey's verses thereon, see p. 28, were first printed in this work.

1550.—1 April. Thirlbey, Bp. of Westminster, translated to Norwich. The Bishopric of Westminster is suppressed.


1554.—15 Sept. Thirlbey, Bp. of Norwich, is translated to Ely.

1555.—Tottel, who Ames states, "had his name spelt as different as possible," and who seems to have printed chiefly Law and Poetry; printed this year Stephen Hawes' Grained Amoure and la bel Pucell.

1556.—R. Tottel prints Grimald's translation of Cicero's De Officiis. This is dedicated to the Bp. of Ely. This fact explodes the Grymbold theory.


Malone's copy in the Bodleian is the only known copy. Mr. J. P. Collier re-discovered its importance, and printed a limited edition of 50 copies of this impression of it in 1867, in his Seven English Poetical Miscellanies. The principal peculiarities are the additional Poems by Surrey and Wyatt, added at the end, see pp. 217-225, incorporated in their proper places in later editions: its containing Thirty Poems by Nicholas Grimald, not found anywhere else; and the absence of a Table of First Lines.

21 June. London. 1 vol. 8vo. Tottel on this day finished the First Edition of Surrey's translation of the Second and Four Books of the Æneid. These were the first written blank verse in English, although some by Grimald had preceded it in print in the Miscellany. This translation occupied 26½ similarly printed leaves, and was produced in 16 days, including Sundays: at the same speed, Tottel would have begun the first edition of this Miscellany in April.

2. 31 July. London. 1 vol., 8vo. Tottel finished the Second edition of the Miscellany; in which Thirty poems by Grimald are substituted by the Thirty-nine poems by Uncertain Authors, which will be found between 226-271. This Second edition is quite distinct as the variations show, and was produced in at most 57 days, including Sundays. The Editing of the entire Selection must have therefore been continuous from April to August.

The two known copies—one in Grenville Collection, British Museum; and
the other in the Capel Collection, Trinity College, Combridge; vary in some
minutiae from each other: but it is incredible that there should be two dis-
tinct editions finished by the same printer, on the same day.
1558.—23 April. Tottel finished another edition of Grimald’s translation
of De Officis. It is also dedicated to Bp. Thirlseley.
16 July. John Poyntz dies, see pp. 85, 88.
5 Nov. Parliament began to sit. Thomas Lord Vaux is summoned. Dug-
dale’s Summons, p. 519. Ed. 1685.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.
1559.—23 Jan. Parliament began to sit. Neither of the Vaux’s, father or
son, are summoned. Dug. Summons, idem.
unique imperfect copy in the Grenville Collection.]
1562.—Thomas Lord Vaux died in this year, according to Burke Peer-
age, 1670.

Barnabe Googe mourns over Grimald’s death, in an epitaph certainly
written before May 1562, and included in his Eglogs, &c. 1563.

D An Epitaphe of the Death of Nicolas Grimaold.
Beholde this fleetyng world how al things fade
Howe every thyng doth passe and weare awaye,
Eche state of lyfe, by common course and trade,
Abydes no tyme, but hath a passyng daye.
For looke as lyfe, that pleasant Dame hath brought,
The pleasant yeares, and dayes of lustynes,
So Death our Foe, consumeth all to nought,
Enuyeng these, with Darte doth vs oppresse,
And that which is, the greatest gryfe of all,
The grede ye Gyype, doth no estate respect,
But wher he comes, he makes them down to fall,
Ne stayes heat, the hie sharpe wytted sect.
For yt that wyt or worthy Eloquens,
Or learning deape couldel mueve him to forbeare:
O Grimaold then, thou hadst not yet gon hence,
But heare hadest sene full many an aged yeare,
Ne had the Muses lost so fyne a Floure,
Nor had Minerva wept to leue thee so:
If wisdome myght haue fled the fatal howre,
Thou haste not yet ben suffred for to go.
A thousand doltysh geese we myght haue sparde,
A thousand wyttes heads death might haue found,
And taken them, for whom no man had carde,
And layde them lowe, in deepe oblivious grounde.
But Fortune fauours Fools as old men saye,
And lets them lyue, and take[s] the wyse awaye

1563.—11 Jan. Parliament again sits. William, 3rd Lord Vaux, is sum-
moned. Dug. Summons, idem.
1565.—4 London. 1 vol. 8vo. Fourth Edition of this Miscellany. It
was printed by Tottel.

G. Turberville in his Epitaphs, p. 9, has the a “Verse in praise of Lorde
Henry H’warde, Earle of Surrey.”
1570.—In the Scholemaster, Ascham attacking rhyme, allows “that my
L. of Surrey, M. Wiat . . . haue gonne as far as to their great praise,
as the copie they followed could carry them, p. 145. Ed. 1870.
1572.—Harleian MS. 1703, is a Note-book of Roman Catholic verse, partly
composed, partly copied by William Forrest. On the last page is written the
following colophon:—Finis. 27 Octobris 1572 per me Guillemum Forrestum.
This MS. establishes the authorship of two Poems in this Miscellany.
At fol. 100 is the heading, A dyttoe or somet made by the lorde vaux in time
of the noble quene Marye representinge the Image or Image of death, to the poem.
I loath that I dyd loue In youth that I thought sweete, see p. 173.
And at fol. 108, is *A discription of a most noble Ladye, advowd by John Heywood, &c.*, to the poem.

"Geue place ye ladies all be gone," see p. 163.


1575.—Churchyard, in his *Churchyard Chippes* gives his own autobiograpy in *A tragical discourse of the Unhappy mans life*.

1580.—Churchyard in his *Dedication of Churchyard's Charge* as a New Year's gift to the then Earl of Surrey, makes the following allusion:

"Honoryng in harte the Erle of Surrie, your Lordshipps grandfather, and my master who was a noble warriour, an eloquent Oratour, and a second Petrarke, I could doe no lesse but publishe to the worlde somewhat that shoulde shewe, I had lost no time in his service."

[1582] 1595.—Sir P. Sidney in *An Apologue for Poetry*, writes,


1585.—7. *Seventh Edition of this Miscellany*. It was printed by R. Robinson. The work is then not reprinted for 130 years.

1589.—In *The Arte of English Poesie*, are the following important passages.

1. "In the latter end of the same kings [Henry VIII.] raigne sprong vp a new company of courtly masters, of whom Sir Thomas Wyat th'elder and Henry Earle of Surrey were the two chieftanes, who hauing trauiled into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian Poesie as noiuces newly crept out of the schooles of Dante, Arioste and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely maner of vulgar Poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and stile. In the same time or not long after was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facillite in vulgar makings . . . ." p. 74. Ed. 1689.

2. "Henry Earle of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat, betwene whom I finde very little difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that, haue since employed their pennes vpon English Poesie, their conceits were loftie, their stiles stately, their conuenauncie cleanly, their termes proper, their metre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister Francis Petrarcha. The Lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facillite of his metre and the aptnes of his descriptions as he taketh vpon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he sheweth the counterfayt action lively and pleasantly . . . ." p. 76.

3. "I serve at ease, and governe all with woe. This meeter of twelve syllables the French man calleth a verse *Alexandrine*, and is with our moderne rimers most vsual: with the auncient makers it was not so. For before Sir Thomas Wyats time they were not vsed in our vulgar," p. 86.

4. "The same Earle of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat the first reformers and polishers of our vulgar Poesie much affecting the stile and measures of the Italian Petrarcha, vse the foote *dactil* very often but not many in one verse . . . ." p. 139.

5. *Pragmatographia or Counterfait action.*

"In this figure the Lord Nicholas Vaux a noble gentleman, and much delicated in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning but hauing herein a marvelous facillitie, made a dittie representing the battayle and assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in euery part, I cannot choose but set done the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it can not be amended," p. 247.

When Cupid scaled first the fort,

[see p. 172.]

[It is confidently believed that, though Puttenham is so precise, he mistook Sir Nicholas Vaux, who only 27 days enjoyed the title of Lord Vaux in 1523;]
for his son, Lord Thomas Vaux, who possessed the title for 39 years. Poems by Lord Vaux the elder were contributed to The Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1576, &c.: but the Christian name is not quoted. All that this proves, is that they were written by the father or grandfather of William, the then third Lord Vaux, who succeeded his father in 1562-3, and d. 1595. It is, however, certain that the Lord Vaux who wrote in 'Queen Mary's time,' was Lord Thomas: and as the poem, I laethe, &c., quoted as his by Forrest, see 1572 above, immediately follows herein, When Cupide sealed, &c., see pp. 172-174; the inference amounts to certainty that Puttenham mistook the Christian name; as it is altogether beyond credence that the poems of two Lords Vaux, the only ones that had ever been, should follow, in like style, one after the other, in the same early Miscellany.

The modern belief is further strengthened by the fact that Vaux is always mentioned after Wyatt and Surrey. Lord Nicholas Vaux dying in 1523 could not be, as Puttenham states above, "in the same time or not long after," as Wyatt was in that year 20, and Surrey about 8 years old.]

1591.—G. Bishop printed a Latin prose paraphrase by N. Grimald of the Four Books of Virgil's Georgics: made at Christ Church, Oxford, in the second year of Ed. VI. [Grimald is also spelt Grimald and Grimald.]

1592.—Grimald has been credited, on the strength of the translator's initials N.G. to the Epistle Ded.; with having translated George Sohn's treatise Quod Papa Romanus sit antichristus, &c., of which work a translation was published at Cambridge this year as "A true description of the Antichrist:" but as Sohn's dedication is dated Heidelberg, 16 Aug. 1588, twenty-six years after Grimald's death, this must be incorrect.

1593.—Churchyard thus begins a list of his works in Churchyard's Challenge, "The booke that I can call to memorie alreadie Printed; are these that followes.

First in King Edwards daies, a book named Dauie Dicars dreame, which one Camell wrote against, whom I openly confuted Shores wife I penned at that season. Another booke in those daies called the Mirror of Man.

In Queen Maries raigne, a book called a New-years gift to all England, which book treated of rebellion.

And many things in the booke of songs and Sonets, printed then, were of my making. Since that time till this day I wrote all these works . . ."

1594.—Tom Nash in his novel of The Unfortunate Traveller, or The Life of Jack Wilton, represents Wilton, after witnessing the destruction of the Anabaptists at Munster, meeting the Earl of Surrey at Middleborough, and they journeying to Italy via Rotterdam, where they listen to Erasmus and More, whereupon More concludes to write his Utopia [which book was written in 1516, the year Surrey was born], come to Wittemburg, and thence to the Emperor's court, and thence to Florence, where they separate.

1596.—Nash's farrago of fabulous adventures was apparently credited by Michael Drayton. In his Englands Heroicall Epistles; Drayton gives a suppositions Epistle from Surrey to Geraldine, based upon Nash's romance.

1601.—April. T. Churchyard having written over 60 works, and known in his old age as 'the old court poet,' died poor, and on this day was buried near the grave of Skelton, in the choir of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

1627.—Michael Drayton writing Of Poets and Poesie, among Elegies, at the end of The Battale of Agincourt, &c., thus refers to the present work.

When after those, foure ages very neare,
They with the Muses which conuersed, were
That Princely Surrey, early in the time
Of the Eight Henry, who was then the prime
Of Englands noble youth; with him there came
Wyat; with reverence whom we still doe name
Amongst our Poets, Brian had a share,
With the two former, which accompted are
That times best makers, and the authors were
Of those small poems, which the title beare,
Of songs and sonnets, wherein they hit
On many dainty passages of wit.

This passage is the authority for associating Sir Francis Bryan with the uncertain authors of this work.
INTRODUCTION.

It would be interesting to know with whom originated the idea of this first Miscellany of English Verse. Who were its first editors? What was the principle of selection? Who were the Uncertain Authors?

This much we do know: that quite half of the Collection was posthumous. Wyatt had been dead fourteen, Surrey ten, Bryan eight years when it appeared: and if it includes poems by George Bullen, Earl of Rochford; twenty-one years had elapsed since his execution upon Tower Hill.

Of other of its contributors living; there were Lord Vaux, who was about 46, Grimald 39, Heywood 50, and Churchyard 37 years of age. If to any of these four, we might assign as a guess, first the existence of the work, in conjunction with the printer; then its chief editing and supervision through the preface; it would be to Grimald.

We know that he was previously in business relations with the Printer of this work: for Tottel had printed in 1556, Grimald's translation of Cicero's De Officiis, dedicated by him, as his humble "Oratour," to Thirleby, Bishop of Ely: and on the 23 April 1558, Tottel finished a Second edition of the same work. It is probable, also, that it was to Grimald's position as Chaplain to that genial Bishop, that Tottel was able to put Cum privilegio on so buoyant a book, at a time when the martyrs fires were luridly lighting up England. Furthermore, the only poems suppressed in the revision, are Grimald's own. It may, therefore, be fairly guessed that Grimald, if not the Originator, was the chief Editor of this Collection of Poetry upon a plan then new to English Literature.

2. Mr. Collier, to whose research the reader ultimately owes the present reprint, thus writes of this work:—

Everybody at all acquainted with the history of our literature, will be well aware of the value of all these productions, which may be looked upon as the earnest revival of a true taste for poetry, after a dreary century between the death of Chaucer and the birth of Surrey.

Tottel's 'Songs and Sonettes,' by Henry, Earl of Surrey, 'and other,' published on 5th June, 1557 (although hitherto not supposed to have made its first appearance until 31st July in that year) has usually been considered our oldest Poetical Miscellany, and perhaps, strictly speaking, such is the fact; but the earliest collected edition of Chaucer's Works in 1532 (printed by Thomas Godfrey) was a Miscellany consisting, in the main, of productions by him, but including also pieces by Lidgate, Occleve, Gower, Scoggin, and anonymous writers in prose and verse. Pref. to Seven Eng. Poet. Misc. 1867.

3. In the two first editions; we possess the work both in its imperfect and its perfect conception. Their collation together affords us of the whole and exact text. The First edition, immediately after its publication, was subjected to a most thorough revision; in which the anonymity of the work increased. The name of Nicholas Grimald disappears and is subsequently represented by N. G. ; and similar instances will be seen in the footnotes. In like manner, Grimald's Funeral Song over his Mother (a companion poem to Cowper's On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture); his New Year's verses to Catherine Day, Damascene Aud-
Introdution.

ley, and other lady friends; his Elegies over the deaths of his bosom friend William Chambers and of his brother Nicholas; all these personal poems are removed to make way for thirty-nine others by Uncertain Authors—undoubtedly a designation more of concealment than ignorance—of a more general, imaginative, and idealistic cast. So that while the First edition contains 271, and the Second 280 poems; there are between the two, 310 in all.

4. Rank undoubtedly placed Surrey’s name on the Title page; but Sir T. Wyatt is the most important of all the Contributors, both as to priority in time, as to literary influence, and as to the number of poems contributed. The whole of these poems may be said to have been written within the thirty years, between 1527-1557. It is suggested that this work should be studied in close connection with the second and third Books of Puttenham’s Arte of Eng. Poetie, 1589; to which it furnishes many examples.

5. This work has been singularly unfortunate in its printed impressions. The early Texts became more and more corrupt. Modern editors have often both repeated and added to these inaccuracies. Hence the importance of the First and Second editions. Mistakes have also been common as to the authorship of some of the poems. Yet there is Surrey’s signature at p. 32; and Wyatt’s at p. 95, to attest the foregoing poems as their own. Which is the more conclusive, inasmuch as the poem on p. 61, was eliminated in the revision, from Wyatt’s contributions and transferred to Uncertain Authors. To prevent further error, the Author’s name when known, has been placed in the Headline.

6. There was a freeness of fancy among the Contributors to our Early Poetical Miscellanies and similar works, which often provoked them, when some Complaint or other had been recognized as excellent, to endeavour to cap it with as good an Answer, and that frequently in like metre. It is highly probable that the various Answers in this Miscellany were all written, while the work was going through the press. They will all be found towards the end of the First edition; and in the order of the Second, they were shifted, so as to follow the Verses of which they were the Responses. A later answer, that by Shep. Tonie to Phylida was a fayer mayde, on p. 138; is in Englands Helicon, 1600. Many of the headings of the poems also, may have been supplied by the Editor.

7. It must not be forgotten that these Poetical Miscellanies are but Selections. Their essential principle is, to separate the Verse from its antecedents and occasion, even to the using the Author’s name simply as a label; in order to present its intrinsic Excellence and Beauty to the close Attention and subtle Penetration of the Reader. We, at least, may be most thankful to their several Editors; for their preservation to us, in them, of so many beautiful Poems, which we should not otherwise have known: and may not a little wonder, that such Literary Treasures should have for so long a time been hid from the world at large.
SONGES AND SONETTES,
written by the ryght honorable Lorde
Henry Haward late Earle of Sur-
rey, and other.

Apud Richardum Tottel.
1557.
Cum privilegio.
The Printer to the Reader. ¹

Hat to have wel written in verse, yea and in small parcelles, deserveth great praise, the workes² of divers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently. That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiseworthely as ye rest, the honorable stile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightnesse of the depewitted sir Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with feuerall graces in fondry good Englishe writers, doe show abundantly. It refeth nowe (gentle reder) that thou thinke it not euill doon, to publish, to the honor of the Englishe tong, and for profit of the studious of Englishe eloquence, those workes which the vngentle borders vp of such treasure haue heretofore enuied thee. And for this point (good reder) thine own profit and pleasure, in these presentely, and in moe hereafter, shal answere for my defence. If parhappes some mislike the statelinessse of stile remoued from the rude skill of common eares: I aske help of the learned to defend their learned frendes, the authors of this work: And I exhort the vnlearned, by reding to learne to be more skilfull, and to purge that swine-like grossenesse, that maketh the swete maierome not to smell to their delight.

¹ To the reder. ² workes
He fonne hath twise brought furth his tender grene,
And\(^1\) clad the earth in liuely lustinesse:\nOnes haue the windes the trees despoiled clene,
And new\(^2\) again begins their cruelnesse,
Since I haue hid vnder my breft the harm
That neuer shall recouer healthfulnesse.
The winters hurt recouers with the warm:
The parched grene restored is with the\(^3\) shade.
What warmth (alas) may serue for to disarm

The frozen hart that mine in flame hath made?
What colde againe is able to restore
My fresh grene yeares, that wither thus and fade?
Alas, I fe, nothing hath hurt so fore,
But time in time reduceth a returne:
In time my harm increaseth more and more,
And femes to haue my cure alwaies in scorne.
Strange kindes of death, in life that I doe trie,
At hand to melt, farre of in flame to burne.
And like as time lift to my cure aply,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refufe.
All thing aliue, that feeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer, and excuse
It self from travauil of the dayes vnrest,
Saue I, alas, against all others vfe,
That then stirre vp the tormentes of my breft.
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate.
And when the sonne hath eke the dark opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The travailes of mine endles smart and payn,
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more couertly to playn,
And me withdraw from every haunted place,

\(^1\) Twise  
\(^2\) ones  
\(^3\) om. the.
Left by my chere my chance appere to playn:
And in my minde I measure pace by pace,
To feke the place where I my self had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In femyng flack that knitteth euer moft:
But neuer yet the trauaile of my thought
Of better flate coulde catche a caufe to boft.
For if I found some time that I haue fought,
Those flerres by whom I trusted of the porte,
My fayles doe fall, and I aduance right nought,
As ankerd fast, my fpretes' doe all reforte
To flande agazed, and finke in more and more
The deadly harme which she dothe take in fport.
Lo, if I feke, how I doe finde my fore:
And yf I flee I carie with me still
The venomde shaft, which dothe his force restore
By haft of flight, and I may plaine my fll
Vnto my felfe, vnlesse this carefull fong
Printe in your harte fome parcell of my tene
For I, alas, in filence all to long
Of myne olde hurte yet fele the wounde but grene.
Rue on my life: or els your cruell wronge
Shall well appere, and by my death be fene.

Description of Spring, wherin eche thing renewes, faue onelie the lower.

The foote feason, that bud and blome furth bringes,
With greene hath clad the hill and eke the vale:
The nightingale with fethers new the finges:
The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale:
Somer is come, for euery spray nowe fpringes,
The hart hath hong his olde hed on the pale:
The buck in brake his winter cote he flinges:
The fifies flote1 with newe repaired fcale:
The adder all her floughe awaye she flinges:
The swift swalow purfueth the flyes fmale:
The busie bee her honye now she minges:

---

1 sprites.
2 flete.
Winter is worn that was the flowers bale: b
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorrow springs.

**Descripción of the restlesse state of a lover.**

When youth had led me halfe the race,
That Cupides scourge me causeth to runne,\(^1\)
I look'd back to mete the place,
From whence my wery course begonne.

And then I sawe how my desire
Misguiding me had led the way:
Mine eyen to gredy of their hire,
Had made me lose a better pray.

For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloke my griefe with game,
The boiling smoke did still bewray
The perfaunt heate of secrete flame.

And when falt teares doe bayne my brest,
Where loue his pleasant trains hath lowen
Her bawty hath the fruites opprest,
Ere that the buds were spronge and blowen.

And when myne eyen dyd stille pursue
The flying chace that was their quest,\(^2\)
Their gredy lokes dyd oft renewe.
The hidden wound within my brest.

When euery loke these chekes might slain,
From deadly pale to glowing red:
By outwarde signes appered plaine,
The woe wherein my hart was fed.\(^3\)

But all to late loue learneth me,
To painte all kinde of colours new,
To blinde their eyes that els shoulde fee,
My specled chekes with Cupides hewe.

And nowe the couert brest I claim,
That worship Cupide secretely:
And norished his sacred flame,
From whence no blasing sparkes doe flye.

\(^1\) That Cupides scourge had made me runne:
\(^2\) The flyng chace of their request
\(^3\) To her for help my hart was fled.
Description of the fickle affections panges and sleightes of loue.

Vche waiward waies hath loue, that most part in discord
Our willes do stand, whereby our hartes but feldom doe accord,

Disceit is\(^1\) his delight, and to begile, and mock\footnote{1} 
The simple hartes whom he doth strike with froward diuers
He makes the one\(^2\) to rage with golden burning dart,
And doth alay with leaden colde agayn the other hart.

Whote glemes of burnyng fire, and eafy sparkes of flame
In balance of vnegall weight he pondereth by aime.
From eafy forde, where I might wade and passe ful wel,
He me withdrawes, and doth me drue into a depe dark hel,
And me withholdes where I am calde and offred place,
And willes me that my mortall foe I doe befeke of grace:
He lettes me to pursue a conquest welnere wonne,
To folow where my paines were loft ere that my sute begonne.
So by this meanes I know how foone a hart may turne,
From warre to peace, from truce to strife, and so againe returne,
I know how to content my self in others lust,
Of little stufte vnto my self to weaue a webbe of truft:
And how to hide my harmes with soft dissembling chere,
When in my face the painted thoughtes would outwardly aper.
I know how that the blood forfakes the face for dred:
And how by shame it staines again the chekes with flaming red.
I know vnder the grene the serpant how he lurkes.
The hammer of the reflles forge I wote eke how it wurkes.
I know and can by roate the tale that I would tel:
But oft the wordes came\(^3\) furth awrie of him that loueth wel.
I know in heat and colde the louer how he shakes:
In singing how he doth complain, in slepyng how he wakes:
To languishe without ache, ficklese for to confume:
A thousand things for to deuise resoluing all in fume.
And though he lift to se his ladies grace ful fore,
Such pleasures as delight the\(^4\) eye doe not his health restore.
I know to seke the track of my desired foe,
And feare to finde that I do seke. But chiefly this I know,
That louers must transforme into the thing beloued,
And liue (alas who would beleue?) with sprite from lifre removed,
I know in hartie fighes, and laughteres of the splene,
At once to change my flate, my wyll, and eke my colour clene.
I know how to deceau my selfe with others help:
And how the Lion chaflifed is by beating of the whelp.
In standyng nere my fire I know how that I freze.
Farre of I burne, in both I waft, and so my life I leze.
I know how loue doth rage vpon a yelding mynde:
How fmal a net may take and meafh a hart of gentle kinde:
Or els with seldom swete to seafon heapes of gall,
Reuiued with a glimfe of grace olde forowes to let fall,
The hidden traines I know, and secret snares of loue:
How foone a loke wil printe a thought, that neuer may remque.
The flipper flate I know, the sodain turnes from wealth,
The doubtfull hope, the certain woe, and sure despeir of health.

Complaint of a louer, that defied loue, and was
by loue after the more tormented.

Wen somer toke in hand the winter to affail, [quail,]
With force of might, and vertue grete, his stormy blasts to
And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene,
And euery tree new garmented, that pleasure was to fene:
Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood dyd flur
Me to withdraw my winter woe, that kept within the dore.
Abrode, quod my desire: assay to set thy fote, [rote.
Where thou shalt finde the fauour sweete: for sprong is euer
And to thy health, if thou were fick in any cafe,
Nothing more good, than in the sprong the aire to fele a space.
There shalt thou here and se all kindes of birdes ywrought,
Well tune their voice with warble fmal, as nature hath them
tought.
Thus pricked me my luft the sluggifh houfe to leaue:
And for my health I thought it best fuee counfail to receaue.
So on a morow furth, vnwift of any wight,
I went to proue how well it would my heavie burden light.
And when I felt the aire so pleasan round about,
Lorde, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out.
There might I fe how Ver had euery blossom hent:
And eke the new betrothed birdes ycouples how they went.
And in their songes me thought they thanked nature much,
That by her lycence all that yere to loue their happe was such,
Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout:
With much reioyfing to their Lord thus flew they all about.
Which when I gan resolue, and in my head conceau,
What pleafant life, what heapes of ioy thefe little birdes receue,
And fawe in what eflate I wery man was brought,
By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at nought:
Lorde how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demean.
I cursed loue, and him defied: I thought to turne the flreame.
But when I well behelde he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercie for my fault, that fo transfreft his law.
Thou blinded god (quoth I) forgeue me this offense,
Vnwillingly\(^1\) I went about to malice thy pretense.
Wherewith he gaue a beck, and thus me thought he swore,
Thy forow ought suffice to purge thy faulte, if it were more.
The vertue of which founde mine hart did fo reuiue,
That I, me thought, was made as hole as any man alive.
But here ye\(^2\) may perceiue mine errore all and some,
For that I thought that fo it was: yet was it still vndone:
And all that was no more but mine emprefsed\(^3\) mynde,
That fayne would have fome good relefe of Cupide wel affinde.
I turned home forthwith, and might perceiue it well,
That he agraued was right fore with me for my rebell.
My harmes haue euer since increased more and more,
And I remaine, without his help, vndone for euer more.
A miror let me be vnto ye louers all:
Striue not with loue: for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

\(^{1}\) Vnwillingly \(^{2}\) I \(^{3}\) expressed

\textit{Complaint of a lover rebuked.}
My doutfull hope, and eke my hote defyre,  
With shamefaft cloke to shadowe and refraine,  
Her smyling grace couerteth straight to yre.  
And cowarde Loue then to the hart apace  
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurkes, and plaines  
His purpose lost, and dare not shewe his face.  
For my lorde's gilt thus faultlesse byde I paynes.  
Yet from my lorde shall not my foote remoue,  
Swete is his death, that takes his end by loue.

Complaint of the louer disdained.

IN Ciprus, springes (whereas dame Venus dwelt)  
A well so hote, that whofo' taftes the fame,  
Were he of stone, as thawed yse shoulde melt,  
And kindled fynde his brest with fired flame.  
Whose moyst poyson dissolued hath my hate.  
This creeping fire my colde lims so opprest,  
That in the hart that harborde freedome late,  
Endlesse despeyre longe thraldome hath impref.'
An other so colde in frozen yse is founde,  
Whose chilling venom of repugnant kynde  
The seruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde:  
And with the spot of change infectes the minde:  
Whereof my dere hath tafted, to my paine.  
My seruice thus is growen into disdaine.'

Description and praise of his loue Geraldine.

From Tuskeane came my Ladies worthy race:  
Faire Florence was sometyme her auncient feate:  
The Western yle, whose pleasaunt shore dothe face  
Wilde Cambers clifs, did geue her liuely heate:  
Fostered she was with milke of Irifhe brest:

1 A Well so hotte is, that who  
2 hart  
6 With  
8 ar supprest,  
3 Feeleth the hart that harbore freedome smart,  
4 An other well of frosen yse is founde,  
5 Feeleth the hart that harbore freedome smart,  
7 Wherby my seruice growes into disdaine.  
8 furst gaue
Her fire, an Erle: her dame, of princes blood.
From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest,
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.
Honfdon did first present her to mine yien:
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
And Windsor, alas, dothe chafe me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind her vertues from aboue.
Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue.

The frailtie and hurtfulnes of beautie.

Rittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,
Wherof the gift is small, and short the season,
Flowring to-day, to morowe apt to faile,
Tickell treasure abhorred of reacon,
Daungerable to dele with, vaine, of none auaille,
Costly in keping, paft not worthe two peason,
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile,
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason,
Iewe of ieopardie that perill dothe affaile,
False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason,
Enmy to youth: that most may I bewaile.
Ah bitter sweete infecting as the poyfon:
Thou farest as frute that with the froft is taken,
To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

A complaint by night of the lower not beloued.

Las so all thinges nowe doe holde their peace.
Heauen and earth disturbed in nothing:
Thebeastes, the ayer, the birdestheir song doe cease:
The nightes chare the starres aboute dothe bring:
Calme is the Sea, the waues worke leffe and leffe:
So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great encrae:
Of my desires, whereat I wepe and fyng,

1 did she rest, 2 With a kinges child, who tasteth ghostly food.
In ioye and wo, as in a doutfull ease.
For my swete thoughtes sometyme doe pleafure bring:
But by and by the caufe of my disease
Geues me a pang, that inwardly dothe fting,
When that I thinke what griefe it is againe,
To liue and lacke the thing shou’d ridde my paine.

How eche thing faue the louver in spring 
renieth to pleafure.

When Windfor walles fufteyned my wearied arme,
My hande my chin, to eafe my refleffe hed:
The pleafant plot reuefLed green with warme,
The blossomed bowes with lufty Ver yspred,
The flowred meades, the wedded birdes fo late
Mines eyes discouer: and to my minde reforte
The ioly woes, the hateleffe shorte debate,
The rakehell lyfe that longes to loues disporte.
Wherewith (alas) the heavy charge of care
Heapt in my brefl breakes forth againft my will,
In smoky fighes, that ouercaft the ayer.
My vapor’d eyes fuche drery teares diftill,
The tender spring whiche quicken where they fall,
And I halfebent to throwe me downe withall.

Vow to loue faithfully howfoever he be 
rewarded.

Set me wheras the funne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not disfolue the yfe:
In temperate heate where he is felt and fene:
In preſence preſt of people madde or wife.
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree:
In longest night, or in the shortest daye:
In cleareſt skye, or where clowdes thickeſt be:
In lufty youth, or when my heeres are graye.

1 Set pleasant plots
Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell.
In hyll, or dale, or in the fomyng flood:
Thrall, or at large, alioe where so I dwell:
Sicke, or in health: in eyyll fame, or good.
Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
Content my selfe, although my chaunce be nought.

Complaint that his ladie after she knew of his
love kept her face alway hidden from him.

Neuer sawe my Ladye laye apart
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith first she knew my griefe was growen so great,
Which other fancies driueth from my hart
That to my selfe I do the thought refereue,
The which vnwares did wounde my wofull brefl:
But on her face mine eyes mought neuer reft,
Yet, sune she knew I did her love and ferue
Her golden tressees cladde alway with blacke,
Her smilyng lokes that hid thus euermore,
And that restraines whiche I desire so sore.
So dothe this cornet gouerne me alacke:
In fomer, funne: in winters breath, a frost:
Wherby the light of her faire lokes I loft.

Request to his love to ioyne bountie with beautie.

He golden gift that nature did thee geue,
To fasten frendes, and fede them at thy wyll,
With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue,
How thou art made to shew her greatest skill.
Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknowen,
But liuely domes might gather at the firft:
Where beautye fo her perfect feede hath lowen,
Of other graces folow nedes there muft.
Now certesse Ladie, sune all this is true,

1 Sins that she knew    2 tresse is    3 lokes to    4 corner gouerne my
5 of        6 furst    7 Now certesse Garret,
That from aboue thy gyfts are thus elect:
Do not deface them than with fanfies newe,
Nor chaunce of mindes let not thy minde infect:
But mercy him thy frende, that doth thee ferue,
Who seekes alway thine honour to preferue.

Prisoned in windsor, he recounteth his plea-
sure there passed.

O cruell prifon how coulde betide, alas,
As proude Windsfor? where I in luft and ioye,
With a kingses fonne, my childishe yeres did passe,
In greater feast than Priams sonnes of Troy:
Where eche fwete place returns a tast full fower,
The large grene courtes, where we were wont to houe,
With eyes caft vp into the maydens tower.
And easie sighes, fuch as folke drawe in loue:
The stately feates, the ladies bright of hewe:
The daunces thorte, long tales of great delight:
With wordes and lokes, that tygers coulde but rewe,
Where eche of vs did pleade the others right:
The palme play, where, dispoyled for the game,
With dazed eies oft we by gleames of loue,
Haue misf the ball, and got fight of our dame,
To baite her eyes, whiche kept the leads aboue:
The grauell grounde, with fleues tyed on the helme:
On fomynge horfe, with swordes and frendlye hertes:
With cheare, as though one shoud another whelme:
Where we haue fought, and chafed oft with dartes,
With siluer droppes the meade yet spred for ruthe,
In actiue games of nimblenes, and stength,
Where we did straine, trayned with swarmes of youth,
Our tender lymmes, that yet shot vp in length:
The secrete groues, which oft we made refounde
Of pleasaunt playnt, and of our ladies prayse,
Recordyng ofte what grace eche one had founde,
What hope of sped, what dreade of long delayes:

feastes
The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene:
With rayns auailed, and swift ybreathed horse,
With crye of houndes, and mery blasts betwene,
Where we did chafe the fearfull harte of force,
The wide vales eke, that harborde vs ech night,
Wherwith (alas) reuiueth in my brefl
The swete accordre: such slepcs as yet delight,
The plesant dreams, the quiet bed of rest:
The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust:
The wanton talke, the diuers change of play:
The frendfhip sworne, eche promise kept so iuft:
Wherwith we pafl the winter night
And, with this thought, the bloud forsakes the face,
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe:
The whiche as fone as lobbyng fiches (alas)
Vpsummed haue, thus I my plaint renewe:
O place of blissfe, renuer of my woes,
Geue me accompt, where is my noble fere:
Whom in thy walles thou doest eche night enclose,
To other leefe, but vnto me most dere.
Eccho (alas) that dothe my forow rewe,
Returns therto a hollow sounde of playnte.
Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
In prifon pyne, with bondage and restrainte,
And with remembrance of the greater greefe
To banishe the leffe, I find my chief releefe.

The louver comforteth himself with the
worthinesse of his loue.

Wen ragyng loue with extreme Payne
Most cruelly disfrains my hart:
When that my teares, as floudes of rayne,
Beare witnes of my wofull smart:
When fiches haue wafted to my breath,
That I lye at the poynte of death:
I call to minde the nauye greate,
That the Greekes brought to Troye town:

\(^1\) nightes
And how the boysteous windes did beate  
Their fhyps, and rente their fayles adowne,  
Till Agamemnons daughters bloode  
Appeasfe the goddes, that them withftode.  
And how that in those ten years warre,  
Full many a bloudye dede was done,  
And many a lord, that came full farre,  
There caught his bane (alas) to fone:  
And many a good knight ouerronne,  
Before the Grekes had Helene wonne.  
Then thinke I thus: fithe fuche repayre,  
So longe time warre of valiant men,  
Was all to winne a ladye fayre:  
Shall I not learne to fuffer then,  
And thinke my life well fpent to be,  
Seruyng a worthier wight than sfe?  
Therefore I neuer will repent,  
But paynes contented ftill endure.  
For like as when, rough winter fpent,  
The pleafant spring ftraight draweth in vre:  
So after ragyng ftormes of care  
Joyful at length may be my fare.

Complaint of the abfence of her louer  
being vp0n the sea.

Happy dames, that may embrace  
The frute of your delight,  
Help to bewaile the wofull cafe,  
And eke the heauy plight  
Of me, that wonted to reioyce  
The fortune of my pleafant choyce:  
Good Ladies, help to fill my moorning voyce.  
In fhip, freight with rememberance  
Of thoughts, and pleafures paft,  
He failes that hath in gouernance  
My life, while it wil laft:  
With scalding fighes, for lack of gale,
Furdering his hope, that is his fail
Toward me, the sweete port of his auail.

Alas, how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes, that were my food,
Which sometime so delighted me,
That yet they do me good.

Wherewith I wake with his returne,
Whose absent flame did make me burne.
But when I find the lacke, Lord how I mourn?

When other lovers in arms acrosse,
Rejoyce their chief delight:
Drowned in tears to mourn my loss,
I stand the bitter night,

In my window, where I may see,
Before the windes how the cloudes flee.
Lo, what a mariner love hath made me.

And in green waves when the salt flood
Doth rise, by rage of wnde:
A thousand fancies in that mood
Assaye my restlesse mind.

Alas, now drencheth my sweete so,
That with the spoyle of my hart did go,
And left me but (alas) why did he so?

And when the seas waxe calm againe,
To chase from me annoy.
My doutfull hope doth cause me plaine:
So dready cuts of my joye.

Thus is my wealth mingled with wo,
And of ech thought a dout doth growe,
Now he comes, will he come? alas, no no.

Complaint of a diying lover refused upon his
ladies unjust mistaking of his writing.

In winters iust returne, when Boreas gan his raigne,
And evey tree vnclathed fast, as nature taught them plaine:
In misty morning darke, as sheepe are then in holde,
I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my sheep for to vnfolde.
And as it is a thing, that louers haue by fittes,
Vnder a palm I heard one crye, as he had loft his wittes.
Whose voice did ring so shrill, in vttering of his plaint,
That I amazed was to hear, how loue could hym attaine.
Ah wretched man (quod he) come death, and ridde thy wo:
A just reward, a happy end, if it may chaunce thee so.
Thy pleasures paft haue wrought thy wo, without redresse.
If thou hadft neuer felt no ioy, thy smart had bene the lesse.
And retchlesse of his life, he gan both fighe and grone,
A rufull thing me thought, it was, to hear him make such mone.
Thou curved pen (fayd he) wo worth the bird thee bare,
The man, the knife, and all that made thee, wo beto their share.
Wo worth the time, and place, where I fo could endite.
And wo be it yet once agayne, the pen that fo can write.
Unhappy hand, it had ben happy time for me,
If, when to write thou learned first, vnioynted hadft thou be.
Thus curved he himself, and every other wight, [night.
Saue her alone whom loue him bound to ferue both day and
Which when I heard, and saw, how he himselfe fordid,
Againft the ground with bloudy strokes, himself even there to rid:
Had ben my heart of flint, it must haue melted tho:
For in my life I neuer saw a man so full of wo.
With teares, for his redresse, I rashly to him ran,
And in my armes I caught him fast, and thus I spake hym than.
What wofull wight art thou, that in such heavy cafe
Tormentes thy selfe with such despite, here in this desert place?
Wherwith, as all agaft, fulfild wyth ire, and dred,
He cast on me a staring loke, with colour pale, and ded.
Nay, what art thou (quod he) that in this heavy plight,
Doest finde me here, most wofull wretch, that life hath in de-
I am (quoth I) but poore, and simple in degr: [spight :
A shepardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be.
With that he gaue a fighe, as though the skye should fall:
And lowd (alas) he shrysted oft, and Shepard, gan he call,
Come, hie the fast at ones, and print it in thy hart:
So thou shalt know, and I shall tell the, giltlesse how I smart.
His backe against the tree, fore febled all with faint,
With weares spriete heef stretcht him vp: and thus hee told hisplaint.
Ones in my hart (quoth he) it chanced me to loue [proue. 
Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her cunning for to 
And sure I can not say, but many yeres were spent, 
With such good will to recompenst, as both we were content. 
Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also, 
The sonne should runne his course awry, ere we this faith forgo. 
Who ioied then, but I? who had this worldes blisse? 
Who might compare a life to mine, that neuer thought on this? 
But dwelling in thythis truth, amid my greatest joy, 
Is me befallen a greater losse, than Priam had of Troy. 
She is reveredit cleene: and beareth me in hand, [band. 
That my desertes haue giuen her cause to break thythis faithful 
And for my iust excuse auaileth no defenfe. 
Now knowest thou all: I can no more, but shepard, hye the henfe: 
And giue him leaue to die, that may no longer liue: 
Whose record lo I claime to haue, my death, I doe forgiue. 
And eke when I am gone, be bolde to speake it plain: 
Thou haft seen dye the truest man, that euer love did paine. 
Wherith with he turned him round, and gasping oft for breath, 
Into his armes a tree he raught, and sayd, welcome my death: 
Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer vnto me, 
Than should, without her loue to liue, an emperour to be. 
Thus, in this wofull state, he yelded vp the ghost: 
And little knoweth his lady, what a louer she hath loft. 
Whose death when I beheld, no maruail was it, right 
For pitie though my heart did blede, to see so piteous sight. 
My blood from heat to colde oft changed wonders fore: 
A thousand troubles there I found I neuer knew before. 
Twene dread, and dolour so my sprites were brought in feare, 
That long it was ere I could call to minde, what I did there, 
But, as eche thing had end, so had these paynes of mine: 
The furies past, and I my wits restored by length of time. 
Then, as I could deuise, to seke I thought it best, 
Where I might finde some worthy place, for such a corse to reft. 
And in my mind it came: from thence not farre away, 
Where Chreifeids loue, king Priams sonne, ye worthy Troilus 
By him I made his tomb, in token he was trew: [lay. 
And, as to him belonged well, I couered it with bleew. 
Whose soule, by Angels power, departed not so fone, 
But to the heauens, lo it fled, for to receiue his dome. 

\[1\] hath
Complaint of the absence of her lover being upon the sea.

Good Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile, [while Step in your foote, cometake a place, and moornewith me a And such as by their lordes do set but little price, Let them sit still: it skilles them not what chance come on ye dice. But ye whom loue hath bound by ordre of desire [quire: To loue your lords, whose good deserts none other wold re- Come ye yet ones again, and set your foote by mine, Whose wofull plight and sorrowes great no tong may wel define. My loue and lord, alas, in whom confistes my wealth, Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazarde of his health. Whome I was wont tembrace with well contented minde Is nowe amidde the foming floods at pleasure of the winde. Where God well him preferue, and fone him home me send, Without which hope, my life (alus) wer shortly at an end. Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me plaine, With short returne he comes anon, yet ceafith not myayne. The fearfull dreams I haue, oft times do greue me so: That when I wake, I lye in doute, where they be true, or no. Sometime the roring seas (me femes) do grow fo hye: That my dere Lord (ay me alas) me thinkes I fe him die. Another time the same doth tell me: he is cumme: And playeng, where I shall him find with his faire little fonne, So forth I go apace to fe that leefrom fight. And with a kiffe, me think, I say: welcome my lord, my knight: Welcome my sweete, alas, the stay of my welfare. Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me, and my care. Then liuely doth he loke, and salueth me againe, And faith: my dere, how is it now, that youhaue all thyse paine? Wherwith the heavy cares: that heapt are in my bref. Breake forth, and me dischargen clene of all my huge vnref. But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreme, The anguishe of my former wo beginneth more extreme: And me tormenteth so, that vnneath may I finde Sum hidden place, wherein to flake the gnawing of my mind,*

[* Some lines apparently left out here.]
Thus euery way you fe, with absence how I burn:
And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good return.
Saue whan I think, by fowre how swete is felt the more:
It doth abate fom of my paines, that I abode before.
And then vnto my self I say : when we shal meeete.
But little while shall feme this paine, the ioy shal be so sweete.
Ye windes, I you coniure in chiefeft of your rage,
That ye my lord me safely fende, my forowes to affwage:
And that I may not long abide in this exceffe.
Do your good will, to cure a wight, that liueth in distresse.

A praise of his loue: wherin he reproueth them that compare their Ladies with his.

Eue place ye louers, here before
That spent your bofles and bragges in vaine:
My Ladies beawtie paffeth more
The best of yours, I dare well fayen,
Than doth the fonne, the candle light:
Or brightest day, the darkest night.
And thereto hath a trothe as iuft,
As had Penelope the fayre.
For what she faith, ye may it truift,
As it by writing fealed were.
And vertues hath she many moe,
Than I with pen haue skill to showe.
I could rehearfe, if that I wolde,
The whole effect of natures plaint,
When she had loft the perfit mold,
The like to whom she could not paint:
With wringlyng handes howe she dyd cry,
And what she faid, I know it, I.
I knowe, she swore with ragyng mynd:
Her kingdom onely fet apart,
There was no losse, by loue of kind,
That could haue gone fo nere her hart.

1 There was no losse, by lawe of kinde,
And this was chiefly all her payne:
She coulde not make the lyke agayne.
Sith nature thus gaue her the prayse,
To be the chiefeft worke she wrought:
In faith, me thinke, tome better waies
On your behalfe might well be fought,
Then to compare (as ye haue done)
To matche the candle with the fonne.

To the Ladie that scorned her lover.

A
lthough I had a check,
To geue the mate is hard.
For I haue found a neck,
To kepe my men in gard.
And you that hardy ar
To geue so great assay
Vnto a man of warre,
To drieue his men away,
I rede you, take good hede,
And marke this foolish verse:
For I will so prouide,
That I will haue your ferse.
And when your ferse is had,
And all your warre is done:
Then shal your selfe be glad
To ende that you begon.
For yi by chance I winne
Your person in the feeld:
To late then come you in
Your selfe to me to yeld.
For I will vse my power,
As captain full of might,
And such I will deouer,
As vse to shew me spight.
   And for because you gaue
Me checke in such degre,
This vantage loe I haue:
Now checke, and garde to the.
Songes

Defend it, if thou may:  
Stand stiffe, in thine estate.  
For sure I will assay,  
If I can giue the mate.

A warning to the lover how he is abused by his love.

To dearly had I bought my grene and youthfull yeres,  
If in mine age I could not finde when craft for loue apperes.  
And feldom though I come in court among the rest:  
Yet can I iudge in colours dim as depe as can the best.  
Where grefe tormentes the man that suffreth secret smart,  
To breke it forth vnto som frend it easeth well the hart.  
So standes it now with me for my beloued frend.  
This case is thine for whom I fele such torment of my minde.  
And for thy fake I burne so in my secret brest.  
That till thou know my hole diffeyse my hart can haue no rest.  
I fe how thine abuse hath wrestled so thy wittes,  
That all it yeldes to thy desire, and followes the by fittes.  
Where thou haft loued so long with hart and all thy power.  
I fe thee fed with fayned wordes, thy fredom to deuour.  
I know, (though she fay nay, and would it well withfand)  
When in her grace thou held the moft, she bare the but in hand.  
I see her pleafant chere in chiefefl of thy fuite:  
Whan thou art gone, I fe him come, that gathers vp the fruite.  
And eke in thy respect I fe the base degre  
Of him to whom she gaue the hart that promised was to the.  
I fe (what would you more) flode neuer man so fure  
On womans word, but wifedome would mistrust it to endure.

The forfaken lover describeth and forfaketh love.

Lothfome place where I  
Haue fene and herd my dere,  
When in my hert her eye  

1 So standes it now with me for my well beloued frend.
Hath made her thought appere,
By glimfing with such grace
As fortune it ne would,
That lasten any space
Betwene vs lenger shold.
   As fortune did auance,
To further my desire:
Euen fo hath fortunes chance
Throwen all ammiddles the myre.
And that I haue deseued
With true and faithful hart,
Is to his handes referued
That neuer felt the smart.
   But happy is that man,
That scaped hath the griefe
That loue well teche him can
By wanting his reliefe.
A scourge to quiet mindes
It is, who taketh hede,
A comon plage that bindes,
A trauell without mede.
   This gift it hath also,
Who fo enioies it moft,
A thousand troubles grow
To vexe his weried ghost.
And laft it may not long
The trueft thing of all
And sure the greatest wrong
That is within this thrall.
   But fins thou desert place
Canft giue me no accompt
Of my desired grace
That I to haue was wont,
Farewel thou haft me tough!
To thinke me not the furft,
That loue hath set aloft.
And caften in the duft.

1 troules
The lover describes his restless estate.

As oft as I behold and see,
The soueraigne bewtie that me bound:
The nier my comfort is to me,
Alas the fresher is my wound.
As flame doth quenche by rage of fire,
And running stremes confume by raine:
So doth the sight, that I desire,
Appease my grief and deadely paine,
First when I saw those cristall stremes,
Whose bewtie made my mortall wound:
I little thought within her beames
So swete a venom to haue found.
But wilfull will did prick me forth,
And blind Cupide did whippe and guide:
Force made me take my griefe in worth:
My fruitles hope my harme did hide.
As cruell waues full oft be found
Against the rockes to rore and cry:
So doth my hart full oft rebound
Ageinst my breft full bitterly.
I fall, and fe mine own decay,
As on that beares flame in hys breft,
Forgets in paine to put away
The thing that bredeth mine vnrest.

The lover excuseth himself of suspected change.

Hough I regarded not
The promise made by me,
Or passed not to spot
My faith and honeste:
Yet were my fancie strange,
And wilfull will to wite,
If I fought now to change
A falkon for a kite.
All men might well dispraise
My wit and enterprize,
If I esteemed a pece:
Aboue a perle in price:
Or iudged the oule in fight
The sparehauke to excell,
Which flieth but in the night.
As all men know right well:
Or if I fought to faile
Into the brittle port,
Where anker hold doth faile,
To such as doe ressort,
And leaue the hauen sure,
Where blowes no bluflring winde,
Nor fickelnesse in vre
So farforth as I finde.

No, thinke me not fo light,
Nor of fo chorlish kinde,
Though it lay in my might
My bondage to vnbinde,
That I would leue the hinde
To hunt the ganders fo.
No no I haue no minde
To make exchanges fo:

Nor yet to change at all.
For think it may not be
That I should feke to fall
From my felicite,
Defyrous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin:
How may all this be fo?

The fire it can not freze:
For it is not his kinde,
Nor true loue cannot lese
The conflance of the minde,
Yet as sone shall the fire
Want heat to blaze and burn,
As I in iuch desire,
Haue once a thought to turne.
A carelesse man, scorning and describing, the subtle vsage of women toward their louers.

Rapt in my carelesse cloke, as I walke to and fro:
I fe, how loue can shew, what force there reigneth in his bow
And howl he shoteth eke, a hardy hart to wound:
And where he glanceth by agayne, that little hurt is found.
For feldom is it fene, he woundeth hartes alike.
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to feke.
All this I fe, with more: and wonder thinketh me:
Howe he can strike the one so fore, and leave the other fre.
I fe, that wounded wight, that suffreth all this wrong:
How he is fed with yeas, and nayes, and liueth all to long.
In silence though I kepe such secretes to my felf:
Ye do I fe, how she somtime doth yeld a loke by ftelth:
As though it seamed, ywys I will not lose the fo.
When in her hart fo swete a thought did neuer truely go.
Then say I thus: alas, that man is farre from bliffe:
That doth receive for his relief none other gayn, but this.
And she, that fedes him fo, I fele, and finde it plain:
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer such can reign.
Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinkes, that he,
A weried man is fully bent such fancies to let flie:
Then to retain him til she wrafeth new her grace, [brace.
And smilet lo, as though she would forthwith the man em-
But when the profe is made to try such lokes withall:
He findeth then the place all voyde, and fraughted full of gall.
Lord what abuse is this? who can such women praise?
That for their glory do deniue to vs such crafty wayes.
I, that among the rest do fit, and mark the row,
Fynde, that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty mo.
Whose tender yeris, alas, with wyles fo well are spedde:
What will she do, when hory heares are powdred in her hedde?

[In the Second Edition, the poem at p. 198, entitled A dissembling lover, is transposed here under the title of An answer in the behalfe of a woman, (to the above poem by Surrey,) Of an uncertain author.
After which in the same edition, follow three of the poems, added by way of postscript to the First edition, see pp. 215-20, viz.:—

1 walker Syn fortunaes wrath enuie th the welth, see p. 215.
2 grow If care do cause men cry, why do I not complaine. see p. 220.
The meanes to attain happy life.

Martial, the thinges that do attayn
The happy life, be these, I finde.
The richeffe left, not got with pain:
The frutefull ground: the quiet mynde:
The egall frend, no grudge, no strife:
No charge of rule, nor gouernance:
Without deseafe the healthfull lyfe:
The houfhold of continuance:
The meane diet, no delicate fare:
Trew wisdom ioyned with simpilenesse:
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppresse:
The faithful wife, without debate:
Suche flepes, as may begyle the night:
Contented with thine owne estate,
Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

Praise of meane and constant estate.

Of thy lyfe, Thomas, this compasse well mark:
Not aye with full sayles the hye feas to beat:
Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes dark,
On shalow shores thy keel in perill freat.
Who fo gladly halfeth the golden meane,
Voyde of dangers aduifdly hath his home
Not with lothfom muck, as a den vnkleane:
Nor palacelyke, wherat disdayn may glome.
The lofty pyne the great winde often riues:
With violenter swey falne turrets flepe:
Lightninges assault the hye mountains, and cliues.
A hart well flayd, in ouerthwartes depe,
Hopeth amendes: in swete, doth feare the fowre.
God, that fendeth, withdraweth winter sharp.
Now ill, not aye thus: once Phebus to lowre
With bow vn bent shall ceffe, and frame to harp.
His voyce. In straite estate appere thou stout:
And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde
All thy puff sailes shall stil, loke well about:
Take in a ryft: hast is waft, profe doth finde.

Praise of certain psalms of David, translated by sir T. W. the elder.

The great Macedon, that out of Persie chafed
Darius, of whose huge power all Asie rong,
In the rich ark dan Homers rimes he placed,
Who sayned gestes of heathen princes song.
What holy graue? what worthy sepulture
To Wiattes Psaumes shouleth Christians then purchase?
Where he doth paint the liuely faith, and pure,
The stedfaft hope, the swete returne to grace
Of iuft Dauid, by persite penitence.
Where rulers may fe in a mirrour clere
The bitter frute of false concupiscence:
How Lewry bought Vrias death full dere.
In princes hartes gods scourge imprinted depe,
Ought them awake, out of their sinfull slepe.

Of the death of the same sir T. W.

Yuers thy death doe diuerfly bemone.
Some, that in presence of thy liuelyhed
Lurked, whose brestes enuy with hate had swolne,
Yeld Ceafars teares vpon Pompeius hed.
Some, that watched with the murderers knife,
With egre thirt to drink thy giltlesse blood,
Whose practife brake by happy ende of lyfe,
Wepe\(^1\) enuous teares to heare thy fame to good.
But I, that knew what harbred in that hed:
What vertues rare were temperd in that brest:
Honour the place, that such a iewell bred,

---

\(^1\) With
And kiss the ground, whereas thy corpse doth rest,
With vapored eyes: from whence such streames avail,
As Pyramus dyd on Thisbes brest bewail.

Of the same.

W. refleth here, that quick could never rest:
Whose heauenly giftes encreased by disdayn,
And vertue fank the deeper in his brest.
Such profit he by enuy could obtain.
A hed, where wisdom misteries did frame:
Whose hammers bet flyll in that luvely brayn,
As on a fithe: where that some work of fame
Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gayn.
A filage, ftern, and myld: where bothe did grow,
Vice to contemne, in vertue to rejoyce:
Amid great forms, whom grace assured fo,
To lyue vpright, and smyle at fortunes choyce.
A hand, that taught, what might be sayd in ryme:
That refst Chaucer the glory of his wit:
A mark, the which (vnpafited, for time)
Some may approche, but never none fhall hit.
A toung, that ferved in forein realmes his king:
Whose courteous talke to vertue did enflame.
Eche noble hart: a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth, by travaile, vnto fame.
An eyé, whose judgement none affect could blinde,
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile:
Whose persing loke did represent a mynde
With vertue fraught, repofed, voyd of gyle.
A hart, where drede was never fo impreft,
To hyde the thought, that might the trouth auance:
In neyther fortune loft, nor yet repreft,
To fwell in wealth, or yeld vnto mischance.
A valiant corps, where force, and beawty met:
Happy, alas, to happy, but for foes:
Lived, and ran the race, that nature fet:
Of manhodes shape, where she the molde did lose.
But to the heauens that simple foule is fled:
Which left with such, as couet Christ to know,
Witness of faith, that never shall be ded:
Sent for our helth, but not receiued fo.
Thus, for our gilte, this iewel haue we loft:
The earth his bones, the heauens possesse his goft.

[Here is incorporated in the Second edition, the last of the additional poems at p. 218. In the rude age when knowledge was not rife.]

Of Sardinapalus\(^1\) dishonorabyle life,
and miserable death.

Haffirian king in peace, with foule desire,
And filthy lustes, that flaynd his regall hart
In warre that should set princely hartes on fire:
Did yeld, vanquifht for want of marcilll art.
The dint of swordes from kiffes semed strange :
And harder, than his ladies fyde, his targe :
From glutton feasltes, to fouldiars fare a change :
His helmet, farre aboue a garlands charge.
Who fcase the name of manhode did retayn,
Drenched in flouth, and womanifh delight,
Feble of sprite, impacient of pain :
When he had loft his honor, and his right :
Proud, time of wealth, in flormes appalled with dere, 
Murthered himself, to shew some manfull dede.

How no age is content with his own estate, and
how the age of children is the happiest, if
they had skill to understand it.

Ayd in my quiet bed, in fudy as I were, [appere:
I faw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes
And euery thought did shew fo liuely in myne eyes, [ryfe.
That now I sighed, and then I smilde, as cause of thought doth\(^2\)
I faw the lytle boy in thought, how oft that he

\(^1\)Sardanopulus
\(^2\)dyd
Did wish of god, to scape the rod, a tall yongman to be.
The yongman eke that feles, his bones with paines opprest,
How he would be a rich olde man, to lyue, and lye at ref.
The rich oldman that feeis his end draw on fo fore,
How he would be a boy agayn, to lyue fomuch the more.
Wherat full oft I smilde, to fe, how all these three, [degree.
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change
And musyng thus I thynk, the cafe is very strange,
Thatmanfrom welth,to lyueinwo,doth euer feke to change.
Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I saw my wythered skyn, [thyn:
How it doth shew my dented chewes, the fleshe was worne so
And eke my tothelessse chaps, the gates of my rightway,
That opes and fluts, as I do speake, doe thus vnto me fay:
Thy white and hoarifli heares, the messengers of age,
That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life doth affwage,
Byds thee lay hand, and fele them hanging on thy chin:
The whiche do write two ages paft, the third now comming in.
Hang vp therfore the bit of thy yong wanton tyme:
And thou that therin beaten art, the happiefli life define
Whereat I fighed, and fayd, farewell, my wonted ioy:
Trufe vp thy pack, and trudge from me to euery litle boy:
And tell them thus from me, theyr tyme moft happy is:
If, to their time, they reason had to know the trueth of this.

Bonum est mihi quod humiliaisti me.

He ftormes are paft these cloudes are ouerblowne,
And humble chere great rygour hath repreft :
For the defeute is fet a paine foreknowne,
And pacience graft in a determed bref.
And in the hart where heapes of griefes were growne,
The fwete reuenge hath planted mirth and reft,
No company fo pleafant as myne owne.
Thraldom at large hath made his\textsuperscript{1} prifon fre,
Danger well paft remembred workes delight :
Of lingring doutes such hope is fprong pardie,
That nought I finde displeasaunt in my fight :
But when my glasse presented vnto me.
The curelesse wound that bledeth day and nyght,
To think (alas) fuch hap should graunted be
Vnto a wretch that hath no hart to fight,
To spill that blood that hath so oft bene shed,
For Britannes fake (alas) and now is ded.

Exhortacion to learne by others trouble.

My Ratclif, when thy rechlesse1 youth offendest:
Receive thy scourge by others chastifement.
For such callyng, when it workes none amends:
Then plages are sent without aduertifement.
Yet Salomon sayd, the wronged shall recure:
But Wiat sayd true, the skarre doth aye endure.

The fansie of a weried louer.

He fansy which that I haue ferued long,
That hath alway bene enmy to myne ease,
Semed of late to rue vpon my wrong,
And bad me flye the cause of my mifease.
And I forthwith dyd prease out of the throng,
That thought by flight my painfull hart to please
Som other way: tyll I faw faith more strong:
And to my self I sayd: alas, those dayes
In vayn were spent, to runne the race so long.
And with that thought, I met my guyde, that playn
Out of the way wherin I wandred wrong,
Brought me amiddes the hylles, in base Bullayn:
Where I am now, as restlesse to remayn,
Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

1 retchlesse

SURREY.
The lover for shamefastnesse hideth his desire within his faithfull hart.

He longe loue, that in my thought I harber, And in my hart doth kepe his residence, Into my face preafeth with bold pretence, And there campeth, displaying his banner. She that me learns to loue, and to suffer, And willesthatmytrust, and lustes negligence Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence, With his hardinesse takes displeasure.

Wherewith loue to the hartes forefl he fleeth, Leauyng his enterprife with paine and crye, And there him hideth and not appeareth. What may I do? when my maister feareth, But in the field with him to liue and dye, For good is the life, endyng faithfully.

The lover waxeth wiser, and will not die for affection.

Et was I neuer of your loue agreed, Nor neuer shall, while that my life doth laft: But of hatyng my self, that date is past And teares continual fore haue	extsuperscript{1} me weried. I will not yet on	extsuperscript{2} my graue be buried, Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed faft, As cruell cause, that did my sprite fone haft. From thunhappy boones by great fighes flirred. Then if an hart of amorous fayth and will Content your minde withouten doyng grief:

\textsuperscript{1} hath \quad \textsuperscript{2} in
Please it you so to this to do relief.
It otherwise you feke for to fulfill
Your wrath: you erre, and shal not as you wene.
And you your selfe the cause therof haue bene.

The abused louer seeth his folly, and entendeth
to trust no more.

As never file yet half so well yfiled,
To file a file for any smitches intent,
As I was made a flyng instrument,
To frame other, while that I was begiled.
But reason, loe, hath at my folly smiled,
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent
Of my lost yeres, and of my time mispent.
For youth led me, and falshod me misguided.
Yet, this trust I haue of great apparence:
Sins that deceit is ay returnable,
Of verye force it is agreeable,
That therwithall be done the recompence.
Then gile begiled playnd should be neuer,
And the reward is little trust for euer.

The louer describeth his being striken with
fight of his loue.

He liuely sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vaileth no defence,
Have pearl my hart, and done it none offence,
With quakyng pleasure, more then once or twife.
Was never man could any thing devise,
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
To daze mans sight, as by their bright presence
Dased am I, much like vnto the gise
Of on striken with dint of lightenyng,
Blind with the stroke, and erryng here and there.

1 last  2 crying
So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,
The payne of my fall paciently learnyng.¹
For ftreight after the blafe (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyfe heare I the fearfull thunder.

The waueryng louer wylleth, and dreadeth,
to moue his desire.

Vch vain thought, as wonted to mislead me
In desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to lye alone,
In folowyng her whom reason bids me fle.
And after her my heart would faine be gone:
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,
Twixt hope and dread lockyng my libertie.
So fleeth she by gentle crueltie.
Yet as I geffe vnder disdainfull brow
One beame of ruth is in her cloudy loke:
Which comfortes the mind, that erst for fear fhole.
That bolded straigh the way then fke I how
To vutter forth the smart I bide within:
But fuch it is, I not how to begyn.

The louer hauing dreamed enjoying of his
loue, complaineth that the dreame is
not either longer or truer.

Nftable dreame, accordyng to the place,
Be stedfaft ones, or els at least be true.
By tastfed fweetenesse, make me not to rew
The foden losse of thy falle fained grace.
By good respect in fuch a dangerous cafe
Thou broughteft not her into these toffing feas,
But madeft my sprite to lye my care tencreafe,
My body in tempeft her delight timbrace.
The body dead, the sprite had his desire.

¹ bearing
Painelesse was thone, the other in delight.  
Why then alas did it not kepe it right,  
But thus return to leape in to the fire:  
And where it was at wishe, could not remayne?  
Such mockes of dreames do turne to deadly payne.

*The lover vnhappy biddeth happy louers*  
*reioice in Maie, while he waileth that*  
*moneth to him most vnlucky.*

Ye that in loue finde luck and fwete abundance,  
And lyue in luft of joyfull iolitie,  
Aryse for shame, do way your fluggardy:  
Arisse I say, do May some obseruance:  
Let me in bed lye, dreamyng of mischance.  
Let me remember my missehappes vnhappy,  
That me betide in May most commonly:  
As one whom loue lift little to aduance.  
Stephan sáid true, that my natiiuitie  
Mischanced was with the ruler of May.  
He geft (I proue) of that the veritie.  
In May my wealth, and eke my wittes, I say,  
Haue ftand fo oft in fuch perplexitie.  
Ioye: let me dreame of your felicitie.

*The lover confesseth him in loue with Phillis.*

If waker care: if sodayn pale colour:  
If many fighes, with litle speach to plaine:  
Now ioye, now wo: if they my chere diftayne:  
For hope of small, if much to fear therfore,  
To haft, or slack: my pace to leffe, or more:  
Be signe of loue: then do I loue agayne.  
If thou ask whom: fure fins I did refrayne  
Brunet, that set my welth in fuch a rore,  
Thunfayned chere of Phillis hath the place  
That Brunet had: she hath, and euer shal:  
She from my self now hath me in her grace:
She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all:
My heart alone welworthy she doth stay,
Without whose helpe skant do I liue a day.

Of others fained sorrow, and the louers fained mirth.

Efar, when that the traytour of Egypt
With thonorable hed did him presen,
Coueryng his hartes gladnesse, did represent
Plaint with his teares outward, as it is writ.
Eke Hannibal, when fortune him outshyt
Clene from his reigne, and from all his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,
His cruel despite for to disgorge and quit.
So chanceth me, that every passion
The minde hideth by colour contrary,
With fayned visage, now sad, now mery.
Wherby, if that I laugh at myfeason:
It is because I haue none other way
To cloke my care, but vnder sport and play.

Of change in minde.

Che man me telth, I change moست my devise:
And, on my faith, me thinke it good reason
To change purpose, like after the season.
For in ech case to kepe still one guise
Is mete for them, that would be taken wise.
And I am not of such maner condicion:
But treated after a diuers fashion:
And therupon my diuersnesse doth rise.
But you, this diuersnesse that blamen moost,
Change you no more, but still after one rate
Treat you me well: and kepe you in that state.
And while with me doth dwell this weried goft,
My word nor I shall not be variable,
But alwaies one, your owne both firme and stable.
Some fowles there be, that haue so perfit sight
Against the funne their eies for to defend:
And some, because the light doth them offend,
Neuer appeare, but in the darke, or night.
Other rejoyce, to se the fire so bryght,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend:
But find contrary of it, that they intend.
Alas, of that fort may I be, by right.
For to withstand her loke I am not able:
Yet can I not hide me in no dark place:
So foloweth me remembrance of that face:
That with my teary eyn, swolne, and vnstable,
My desfeny to beholde her doth me lead:
And yet I knowe, I runne into the glead.

Against his tong that failed to utter his futes.

Ecaufe I stille kept thee fro lyes, and blame,
And to my power alwayes thee honoured,
Vnkind tongue, to yll haft thou me rendred,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In neede of succour most when that I am,
To aske reward: thou standst like one afraied,
Alway most cold: and if one word be sayd,
As in a dreame, vnperfit is the same.
And ye fall teares, agaynst my wyll eche nyght,
That are wyth me, when I would be alone:
Then are ye gone, when I should make my mone.
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shrigh,
Then are ye slacke, when that ye shoule outstart.
And onely doth my loke declare my hart.
Description of the contrarious passions
in a lover.

I find no peace, and all my warre is done:
I feare, and hope: I burne, and frefe like yfe:
I flye aloft, yet can I not arise:
And nought I hate, and all the world I feason.
That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in pryson,
And holdes me not, yet can I scrape no wise:
Nor lettes me lyue, nor dye, at my deuise,
And yet of death it geueth me occasion.
Without eye I fe, without tong I playne:
I wish to perysh, yet I aske for helth:
I loue another, and thus I hate my selfe.
I fede me in forow, and laugh in all my payne.
Lo, thus displeafeth me both death and life.
And my delight is caufer of this strife.

The lover compareth his state to a shippe
in perilous storme tossed on the sea.

My galley charged with forgetfulness,
Through sharpe seas, in winter nightes doth passe,
Twene rocke, and rocke: and eke my fo ( alas)
That is my lord, stereth with cruelnesse:
And every houre, a thought in readinesse,
As though that death were light, in such a case.
An endless wynd doth teare the fayle apace
Of forced fighes, and truely fearfulnesse.
A rayne of teares, a clowde of darke disdayne
Haue done the weried coardes great hinderance,
Wrethed with errour, and wyth ignorance.
The staeres be hidde, that leade me to this payne.
Drownde is reason that shoulde be my comfort:
And I remayne, dispearyng of the port.

1 om. thus
Of douteous loue.¹

A

Visyng the bright beames of thse fayre eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft moistes and washeth:
The weried mynd freight from the hart departeth,
To rest within his worldly Paradise,
And bitter findes the sweete, vnder this gyse.
What webbes there he hath wrought, well he preceaueth
Whereby then with him self on loue he playneth,
That spurs wyth fire, and brydleth eke wyth yse.
In such extremity thus is he brought:
Frozen now cold, and now he standes in flame:
Twixt wo, and welth: betwixt earnest, and game:
With feldome glad, and many a divers thought:
In fore repentance of his hardinesse.
Of such a roote lo cometh frute frutelesse.

The louer sheweth how he is forsaken
of such as he somtime enjoyed.

¹Of douteful loue.
And she also to vse newfangleneffe.
But, sins that I vnkyndly fo am ferued:
How like you this, what hath she now deserued?

To a ladie to answere directly with yea or nay.

Adame, withouten many wordes:
Once I am sure, you will, or no.
And if you will: then leaue your boordes,
And vse your wit, and shew it so:
For with a beck you shall me call.
And if of one, that burns alway,
Ye haue pity or ruth at all:
Answere hym fayer with yea, or nay.
If it be yea: I shall be faine.
Yf it be nay: frendes, as before.
You shall another man obtain:
And I mine owne, and yours nomore.

To his love whom he had kissed
against her will.

Las, Madame, for stealing of a kisfe,
Haue I so much your mynde therin offended?
Or haue I done so greuoufly amiffe:
That by no meanes, it may not be amended?
Reuenge you then, the rediet way is this:
Another kisfe my life it shal haue ended.
For, to my mouth the firft my heart did fuck:
The next shal cleene out of my brest it pluck.

Of the Ielous man that loued the same
woman and espied this other
fitting with her.

He wandring gadling, in the sommer tyde,
That findes the Adder with his rechleffe foote
Startes not dismaid so fodeinly aside,
As jealous despite did, though there were no boote,
When that he faw me sitting by her fyde,
That of my health is very crop, and roote,
It pleased me then to haue fo Fayre a grace,
To flyng the hart, that would haue had my place.

To his loue from whom he hadd her gloues.

Hat nedes these threatnyng woordes, and wafted
All this can not make me restore my pray, [wynd?]
To robbe your good ywis is not my minde:
Nor causeleffe your faire hand did I display.
Let loue be iudge: or els whom next we finde:
That may both hear, what you and I can say.
She reft my hart: and I a gloue from her:
Let vs fe then if one be worth the other.

Of the fained frend.

Ight true it is, and sayd full yore ago:
Take hede of him, that by the backe thee claweth.
For, none is worse, then is a frendly fo.
Thought he^ good, all thing that thee deliteth,
Yet know it well, that in the^ bosome crepeth.
For, many a man fuch fire oft times he kindleth:
That with the blafe his berd him felf he fingeth.

The louer taught, mistrusteth allurementes.

It may be good like it who lift:
But I do dout, who can me blame?
For oft assured, yet haue I mift:
And now againe I fear the fame.
The wordes, that from your mouth laft came,
Of fodayn change make me agaft.
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
Alas I tread an endleffe mafe:

1 thee 2 thy
That feke taccord two contraries:
And hope thus flyll, and nothing hafe:
Imprisoned in liberties,
As one vnheard, and flyll that cryes:
Always thorfly, and naught doth taffe,
For dreade to fall, I fland not faft.
    Assured I dout I be not fure,
Should I then truft vnto fuch furetie?
That oft haue put the proufe in vre,
And never yet haue found it truflie?
Nay fyr in fayth, it were great folly.
And yet my life thus do I waste,
For dreade to fall I fland not faft.

The lower complayneeth that his love doth
not pitie him.

Efownde my voyce ye woodes, that heare me
Both hilles and vales caufyng reflexion, [plaine:
    And riuers eke, record ye of my paine:
Which haue oft forced ye by compaffion,
As iudges lo to heare my exclamacion.
Amonge whom, fuch' (I finde) yet doth remaine.
Where I it feke, alas, there is disdaine.

    Oft ye riuers, to hear my wofull founde,
Haue flopt your cours, and plainely to expresse,
Many a teare by moifture of the grounde
The earth hath wept to hear my heauineffe:
Which caufelesse I endure without redresse.
The hugy okes haue rored in the winde,
Ech thing me thought complayning in their kinde.

    Why then alas doth not she on me rew,
Or is her hart fo hard that no pitie
May in it finke, my ioye for to renew?
O ftony hart who hath thus framed thee
So cruell? that art cloked with beauty,
That from thee may no grace to me procede,
But as reward death for to be my mede.

1 ruth
The louer reioyseth against fortune that
by hindering his fute had happily
made him forfake his folly.

In fayth I wot not what to say,
Thy chaunces ben fo wonderous,
Thou fortune with thy diuers play
That makft the ioyfull dolourous,
And eke the same right ioyous.
Yet though thy chayne hath me enwrat,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
Though thou haft set me for a wonder,
And fekeft by change to do me payne:
Mens mindes yet mayft thou not fo ordcr.
For honestie if it remayne,
Shall shine for all thy cloudy rayne.
In vayne thou fekeft to haue me trapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
In hindryng me, me didft thou further,
And made a gap where was a style.
Cruell willes ben oft put vnder,
Wenyng to lower, then didst thou smyle.
Lord, how thy selfe thou didst begyle,
That in thy cares wouldst me haue wrapt?
But spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

A renouncing of hardly escaped love.

Arewell the hart of crueltie.
Though that with payne my libertie
Deare haue I bought, and wofully
Finisht my fearfull tragedy.
Of force I must forfake such pleasure:
A good cause iuft, sins I endure

1 om. thy
Therby my wo, whiche be ye sure,
Shall therwith go me to recure.
I fare as one escapt that fleeth
Glad he is gone, and yet flyll feareth
Spied to be caught, and fo dredeth
That he for nought his paine lefeth.
In ioyfull payne rejoyce my hart,
Thus to sustaine of ech a part.
Let not this song from thee aftar.
Welcome among my pleafant fmarth.

_The lover to his bed, with describing_
_of his vnquiet flate._

The restfull place, renewer of my fmarth:
The labours falue, encreafyng my forow:
The bodyes eafe, and troubler of my heart:
Quieter of minde, myne vnquiet fo:
Forgetter of payne, remembrer of my wo:
The place of flepe, wherein I do but wake:
Besprent with teares, my bed, I thee forfake.

The frofly snowes may not redresse my heat:
Nor heat of funne abate my fervent cold.
I know nothing to eafe my paynes fo great.
Ech cure caufeth encreafe by twenty fold,
Renewyng cares vpon my forowes old.
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make.
Besprent with teares my bedde for to forfake.

But all for nought: I finde no better eafe
In bed, or out. This moft caufeth my paine:
Where I do feke how beft that I may pleafe,
My loft labour (alas) is all in vaine.
My heart once fet, I can not it refrayne.
No place from me my grief away can take.
Wherfore with teares, my bed, I thee forfake.
Comparison of love to a flame falling from the Alpes.

From these high hills as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with still and sullen course,
Of this and that it gathers ay and shall,
Till it have iuft downflowed to flame and force:
Then at the fote it rageth over all.
So fareth love, when he hath tane a fourfe.
Rage is his raine, Resistance vayleth none.
The first eschue is remedy alone.

Wyates complaint upon Love, to Reason:
with Love's answer.

Yne olde dere enmy, my froward maifter,
Afore that Queene, I causde to be accited,
Which holdeth the divine part of our nature,
That, like as golde, in fire he mought be tryed.
Charged with dolour, there I me presented
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dreedeth
A wrongfull death, and iustice alway seeketh.

And thus I sayd: once my left foote, Madame,
When I was yong, I set within his reigne:
Wherby other than fierly burning flame
I neuer felt, but many a greuous pain.
Torment I suffered, angre, and disdain:
That mine oppressed pacience was past,
And I mine owne life hated, at the laft.

Thus hitherto have I my time pasted
In pain and smart. What wayes profitable:
How many pleafant dayes have me escaped,
In seruing this falfe lyer fo deceauable?
What wit have wordes fo preft, and forceable,
That may conteyn my great mishappinesse,
And iust complaintes of his vgentlenesse?
So finall hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitterness, my blinde life hath ytafted.
His falte semblance, that turneth as a ball:
With fair and amorous daunce, made me be traced,
And, where I had my thought, and mynde araced,
From earthly frailnesse; and from vayn pleasure,
Me from my rest he toke, and set in errour:

God made he me regard leffe, than I ought,
And to my self to take right little hede:
And for a woman haue I set at nought
All other thoughtes: in this onely to spede.
And he was onely counseler of this dede:
Whettyng alwayes my youthly frayle desire
On cruell whetflon, tempered with fire.

But (Oh alas) where, had I euer wit?
Or other gift, geuen to me of nature?
That sooner shalbe changed my weried sprite:
Then the obstinate wyll, that is my ruler.
So robbeth he my fredom with di pleasure,
This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse:
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant vfe.

He hath me hasted, thorough diuers regions:
Through desert wodes, and sharp hye mountaines:
Through froward people, and through bitter passions:
Through rocky feas, and ouer hilles and plaines:
With very trauell, and with laborous paynes:
Alwayes in trouble and in tediousnesse:
All in errour, and dangerous distresse.

But nother he, nor she, my tother fo,
For all my flight, dyd euer me forfake:
That though my timely death hath been to flow
That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:
The heauenly goddes of pity doe it flake.
And, note they this his cruell tiranny,
That fedes him, with my care, and mifery.

Since I was his, hower rested I neuer,
Nor loke to do: and eke the waky nightes
The banished slepe may in no wise recover.
By guile, and force, over my thralled sprites,
He is ruler: since which bel never strikes,
That I hear not as founding to renew
My plaintes. Himself, he knoweth, that I say true.

For, never worms old rotten flocke have eaten:
As he my hart, where he is resident,
And doth the fame with death dayly threaten.
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment:
The sigthes: the wordes, and eke the languishtmlment:
That noy both me, and peraunture other.
Judge thou: that knowest the one, and eke the tother.

Mine aduerfair, with such greuous reproofe,
Thus he began. Heare Lady, thother part:
That the plain troth, from which he draweth aloofe,
This vnkinde man may shew, ere that I part.
In his yong age, I toke him from that art,
That felleth wordes, and makes a clatteryng Knight:
And of my wealth I gaué him the delight.

Now flame he not on me for to complain,
That held him euermore in pleasant gain,
From his desyre, that might have been his payn.
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame:
Which now, as wretchednes, he doth so blame:
And towarde honor quickned I his wit:
Where: as a dafskard els he mought haue hit.

He knoweth, how grete Atride that made Troy freat,
And Hanniball, to Rome fo troublous:
Whom Homer honored, Achilles that great,
And Thaffricane Scipion the famous:
And many other, by much nurture\(^1\) glorious:
Whose fame, and honor did bring them aboue:\(^2\)
I did let fall in base dishonest loue.

And vnto him, though he vnworthy were:
I chose the best of many a Milion:
That, vnder sonne yet neuer was her pere,
Of wisdom, womanhod, and of discretion:
And of my grace I gaué her such a faction

\(^1\) honour \(^2\) Whose fame, and actes did lift them vp aboue:
And eke such way I taught her for to teache,
That neuer basse thought his hart so hye might reche,
   Euermore thus to content his maistrefse,
That was his onely frame of honesty,
I stirred him still, toward gentlenesse:
And causde him to regard fidelity.
Pacience I taught him in adversite.
Such vertues learned he in my great schole:
Wherof repenteth, now the ignorant fool.

These, were the same deceites, and bitter gall,
That I haue vsed, the torment, and the anger:
Sweter, then euuer dyd to other fall,
Of right good fede yll frute loe thus I gather.
And fo shal he, that the vnkinde dothe further.
A Serpent nourish I vnder my wing:
And now of nature, ginneth he to flyng.
   And for to tell, at laft, my great seruise.
From thousand dishonesties haue I him drawen:
That, by my meanes, him in no maner wyse.
Neuer vile pleisure once hath ouerthrown.
Where, in his dede, shame hath him alvaies gnawen:
Doutyng report, that should come to her eare:
Whom now he blames, her wonted he to feare.
   What euuer he hath of any honest custome:
Of her, and me: that holdes he euerywhit,
But, lo, yet neuer was there nightly fantome
So farre in error, as he is from his wit.
To plain on vs, he striueth with the bit,
Which may rule him, and do him ease, and pain:
And in one hower, make all his grief his gayn.
   But, one thing yet there is, aboue all other:
I gaue him winges, wherwith he might vpflie
To honor, and fame: and if he would to higher
Than mortall things, aboue the starry skie:
Confidering the pleasure, that an eye
Might geue in earth, by reafon of the loue:
What shal that be that lafteth still aboue?
   And he the fame himself hath sayd, ere this.
But, now, forgotten is both that and I,
That gaeue her him, his onely wealth and blisfe.
And, at this word, with dedly shreke and cry:
Thou gaeue her once: quod I, but by and by
Thou toke her ayen from me: that wo worth the.
Not I but price: more worth than thou (quod he)
At laft: eche other for himself, concluded:
I, trembling still: but he, with small reuerence.
Lo, thus, as we eche other haue accused:
Dere Lady: now we waite thyne onely sentence.
She smiling, at the whifted audience:
It liketh me (quod she) to haue hard your question:
But, lenger time doth ask a resolucion.

The louers forowfull flate maketh him write
forowfull fonges, but Souche his loue
may change the fame.

Aruell no more altho
The fonges, I sing do mone:
For other lyfe then wo,
I neuer proued none.
And in my hart, also,
Is grauen with letters depe
A thousand fighes and mo:
A flood of teares to wepe.
How may a man in smart
Finde matter to rejoyce?
How may a moomyng hart
Set foorth a pleafant voice.
Play who fo can, that part:
Nedes muft in me appere:
How fortune ouerthwart
Doth caufe my moorning chere.
Perdy there is no man,
If he saw neuer ffight:
That perfitly tell can
The nature of the light.
Alas: how fhould I than,
That neuer tafle but fowre:
But do, as I began
Continually to lowre.
    But yet, perchance from chance
May chance to change my tune:
And, when (Souch) chance doth chance:
Then fhall I thank fortune?
    And if I haue (Souch) chance:
Perchance ere it be long:
For (Souch) a pleafant chance,
To fing fome pleafant fong.

The lover complaineth himfelf forfaken.

Where fhall I haue, at myne owne wyll,
    Such fighes? that I may figh my fyll:
And then agayne my plaintes repete.
For, though my plaint fhall haue none end:
My teares cannot fuffife my wo.
To mone my harm, haue I no frend.
For fortunes frend is mifhaps fo.
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none:
But in the winde to waft my wordes,
Nought moueth you my dedly mone:
But til you turne it into bordes.
I fpeake not, now, to moue your hart,
    That you fhould rue vpon my payn:
The fentence geuen may not reuert:
I know, fuch labour were but vayn.
But fince that I for you (my dere)
Haue loft that thyng, that was my beft:
A right fmalloffe it muft appere,
To lefe these wordes, and all the ref.
But, though they sparcle in the winde:
Yet, fhall they fhow your falfed faith:
Which is returned to his kynde:
For lyke to like: the prouerb fayeth,
Songes

Fortune, and you did me auance.
Me thought, I swam, and could not drowne:
Happiest of all, but my mischance
Did lift me vp, to throw me downe.
And you, with her, of cruelnesse,
Dyed set your foote upon my neck,
Me, and my welfare to oppresse:
Without offence, your hart to wreck,
Where are your pleafant wordes? alas:
Where is your faith? your ftefaftnesse?
There is no more: but all doth passe:
And I am left all comfortlesse.
But since so much it doth you greue,
And also me my wretched life:
Haue here my troth: Nought shall releue,
But death alone my wretched strife.
Therefore, farewell my life, my death,
My gayn, my losse: my value, my fore:
Farewell also, with you my breath:
For, I am gone for euermore.

Of his love that pricked her finger
with a needle.

He sat, and sowed: that hath done me the wrong:
Wherof I plain, and haue done many a day:
And, whilst she herd my plaint, in piteous fong:
She wiift my hart the fampler, that it lay.
The blinde maifter, whom I haue ferued fo long:
Grudgyng to heare, that he did heare her fay:
Made her owne weapon do her finger blede:
To fele, if pricking wer fo good in dede.

Of the fame.

Hat man hath hard fuch cruelty before?
That, when my plaint remembred her my wo,
That caused it: she cruell more, and more,
Wished eche ftitch, as she did fit, and sowe,
Had prickt my hart, for to encrease my fore.
And, as I think, she thought, it had bene fo.
For as she thought, this is his hart in dede:
She pricked hard: and made her self to blede.

Request to Cupide, for reuenge of his vnkinde love.

Behold, Loue, thy power how she despiseth:
My greuous payn how litle she regardeth,
The solemne oath, wherof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath: and yet, she bydeth sure,
Right at her eafe, and litle thee she dredeth.
Weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed fitteth:
To the disdainful, all her life she leadeth:
To me spitefull, without iust caufe, or measure.
Behold Loue, how proudly thee triumpheth,
I am in hold, but if thee pitie meueth:
Go, bend thy bow, that flony harten breaketh:
And with some froke reuenge the great displeasure
Of thee, and him that forow doth endure,
And as his Lord thee lowly here entreateth.

Complaint for true loue vnrequited.

What vaileth troth? or by it, to take payn?
To strive by stedfastnesse, for to attayn
How to be iust: and flee from doublenesse
Since all alyke, where ruleth craftinesse,
Rewarded is both crafty false, and plain.
Soonest he spedes, that moft can lye and fayn.
True meaning hart is had in hye disdain.
Against deceit, and cloked doublenesse,
What vaileth troth, or parfit stedfastnesse.
Deceaud is he, by false and crafty trayn,
That meanes no gyle, and faithfull doth remayn
Within the trap, without help or redresse.
But for to loue (lo) such a sterne maistresse,
Where cruelty dwelles, alas it were in vain.
The lover that fled love now folowes it with his hame.

Ofttimes I fled the fire, that me so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by wynde:
And now, the coales I folow, that be quent,
From Douer to Calais, with willing minde,
Lo, how desire is both furth sprong, and spent:
And he may see; that whilom was so blinde:
And all his labour, laughs he now to fcorne,
Meash'd in the breers, that erst was onely torne.

The lover hopeth of better chance.

He is not dead, that somtime had a fall.
The Sonne returnes, that hid was vnder clowd.
And when Fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I tru't, good luck to me shall be allowd.
For, I haue seen a ship in hauen fall,
After that florme hath broke both maste, and shroude.
The willow eke, that floupeth with the winde,
Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth binde.

The lover compareth his hart to the ouercharged gone.

He furious gone, in his most ragyng yre,
When that the boule is rammed in to fore:
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
Crackes in funder: and in the ayer doe rore
The sheuered peces. So doth my defyre,
Whose flame encreaseth ay from more to more.
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speake:
So inward force my hart doth all to breake.
The lover suspected of change praieth that
it be not beleued against him.

Accused though I be, without desert:
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true.
For neuer yet, since that you had my hert,
Intended I to falte, or be vntrue.
Sooner I would of death fuftayn the smart,
Than breake one word of that I promised you.
Accept therefore my seruice in good part.
None is alyue, that can yll tongues eschew.
Hold them as falte: and let not vs depart
Our frendship olde, in hope of any new.
Put not thy trust in such as vfe to sayn,
Except thou mynde to put thy frend to payn.

The lover abused renownseth loure.

M Y loure to skorne, my seruice to retayne,
Therin (me thought) you vsed crueltie.
Since with good will I loft my libertie,
Might neuer wo yet cause me to refrain,
But onely this, which is extremitie,
To geue me nought (alas) nor to agree,
That as I was, your man I might remain.
But fynce that thus ye lift to order me,
That would haue bene your seruant true, and fast:
Displeafe you not: my doting time is past.
And with my losse to leaue I muft agree.
For as there is a certayn time to rage:
So is there time such madness to aswage.
The lower profeffeth himself constant.

Within my bref f I neuer thought it gain,
Of gentle mynde the fredom for to lose.
Nor in my hart fanck neuer fuch disdain,
To be a forger, faultes for to disclose.
Nor I can not endure the truth to glofe,
To set a gloffe vpon an earnest pain.
Nor I am not in nomber one of thofe,
That lift to blow retrete to euery train.

The lower fendeth his complaintes and teares
to fue for grace.

Asfe forth my wonted cryes,
Those cruell eares to pearce,
Which in moft hatefull wyfe
Doe flyll my plaintes reuerfe.
Doe you, my teares, also
So wet her barrein hart:
That pitye there may grow,
And crueltie depart.

For though hard rockes among
She femes to haue bene bred:
And of the Tigre long
Bene nourished, and fed.
Yet fhall that nature change,
If pitie once win place.
Whom as vnknown, and ftrange,
She now away doth chafe.

And as the water foft,
Without forcyng or ftrength,
Where that it falleth oft,
Hard ftones doth perfe at length:
So in her ftony hart
My plaintes at laft fhall graue,
And, rygour fet apart,
Winne grant of that I craue.
Wherfore my plaintes, present
Styll so to her my fute,
As ye, through her affent,
May bring to me some frute.
And as she shall me proue,
So bid her me regarde,
And render loue for loue:
Which is a iust reward.

The louers cafe can not be hidden
how eu er he dissemble.

Our lokes so often cast,
Your eyes so frendly rolde,
Your flight fixed so fast,
Alwayes one to behold.
Though hyde it fain ye would:
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.
Fayn would ye finde a cloke
Your brendying fire to hyde:
Yet both the flame, and smoke
Breakes out on euery fyde
Yee can not loue so guide.
That in to issue winne.¹
Abrode nedes muft it glide,
That brend so hote within.
For faufe your self do wink,
Ye iudge all other blinde:
And secret it you think,
Which euery man doth finde.
In waft oft spend ye winde
Your self in loue to quit:
For agues of that kinde
Will show, who hath the fit.
Your fighes yow fet from farre,
And all to wry your wo:

¹ That it no issue winne.
Yet ar ye nere the narre,  
Men ar not blinded fo.  
Depely oft swere ye no :  
But all those othes ar vaine.  
So well your eye doth showe,  
Who puttes your hert to paine.  

Think not therfore to hide,  
That still it selfe betrayes :  
Nor feke meanes to prouide  
To darke the funny daies.  
Forget thofe wonted waies :  
Leaue of such frowning chere :  
There will be found no stayes  
To stoppe a thing so clere.

The lover praieth not to be disdained,  
refused, mistrusted, nor forsaken.

Disdaine me not without desert :  
Nor leave me not fo sodenly :  
Sins well ye wot, that in my hert  
I meane ye not but honestly.  

Refuse me not without cause why :  
Nor think me not to be vniufl :  
Sins that by lotte of fantasie,  
This carefull knot neades knit I muft.  

Mistrust me not, though sone there be,  
That faine would spot my fledfastnesse :  
Beleue them not, sins that ye se,  
The profe is not, as they expresse.  

Forfake me not, till I deferue :  
Nor hate me not, tyll I offend.  
Destroy me not, tyll that I fwerue.  
But sins ye know what I intend :  

Disdaine me not that am your owne :  
Refuse me not that am fo true :  
Mistrust me not till all be knowne :  
Forfake me not, ne' for no new.

1 now
The lover lamenteth his estate
with fute for grace.

Or want of will, in wo I playne:
Vnder colour of soberness.
Renewyng with my fute my payne,
My wanhope with your fledfastnesse.
Awake therfore of gentlenesse.
Regard at length, I you require,
The firstelyng paynes of my defire.
Betimes who geueth willingly,
Redoubled thankes aye doth deferue.
And I that fue vnfaynedly.
In fruteslesse hope (alas) do fterue.
How great my cause is for to fwerue:
And yet how fledfast is my fute:
Lo, here ye see, where is the frute?
As hounde that hath his keper lost,
Seke I your prefence to obtayne:
In which my hart deliteth moft,
And shull delight though I be flayne.
You may release my band of payne.
Lose then the care that makes me crye,
For want of helpe or els I dye.

I dye, though not incontinent,
By processe yet confumingly
As waste of fire, which doth relent.
If you as wifull wyll denye.
Wherfore cease of such crueltie:
And take me wholy in your grace:
Which lacketh will to change his place.

The lover waileth his changed ioyes.

F euer man might him auaunt
Of fortunes frendly chere:
It was my selfe I must it graunt,

1 My
For I haue bought it dere.
And derely haue I helde also
The glory of her name:
In yelding her fuch tribute, lo,
As did set forth her fame.

Sometyme I flode fo in her grace:
That as I would require,
Ech ioy I thought did me imbrace,
That furdered my desire.
And all those pleasures (lo) had I,
That fanfy might support:
And nothing she did me denye,
That was to my comfort.

I had (what would you more perdee?)
Ech grace that I did craue.
Thus fortunes will was vnto me
All thing that I would haue.
But all to rathe alas the while,
She built on fuch a ground:
In little space, to great a guyle
In her now haue I found.

For she hath turned fo her whele:
That I vnhappy man
May waile the time that I did fele
Wherewith she fedde me than.
For broken now are her behefes:
And pleasant lokes she gaue:
And therfore now all my requestes,
From perill can not faue.

Yet would I well it might appere
To her my chiefe regard:
Though my defertes haue ben to dere
To merite fuch reward.
Sith fortunes will is now fo bent
To plage me thus pore man:
I must my selfe therwith content:
And beare it as I can.
The lover lamenteth other to have the frutes of his service.

Some men would thinke of right to have
For their true meaning some reward.
But while that I do crye and craue:
I see that other be prefered.
I gape for that I am debard.
I fare as doth the hounde at hatch:
The worfe I spede, the lenger I watch.

My wasteful full will is tried by truft:
My fond fanfie is mine abuse.
For that I would refrayne my luft:
For mine auayle I can not chuse,
A will, and yet no power to vse.
A will, no will by reafon luft,
Sins my will is at others luft.

They eat the hony, I hold the hyue.
I sowe the fede, they reape the corne.
I waste, they winne, I draw, they drive.
Theirs is the thanke, mine is the skorne.
I seeke, they spede, in waste my winde is worn.
I gape, they get, and gredely I snatch:
Till wurfe I spede, the lenger I watch.

I fast, they fede: they drynke, I thurst.
They laugh, I wayle: they ioye, I mourne.
They gayne, I lofe: I haue the worst.
They whole, I sicke: they cold, I burne.
They leape, I lye: they flepe, I toffe and turne,
I would, they may: I craue, they haue at will.
That helpeth them, lo, cruelty doth me kyll.
To his lour that had geuen him anfwere of refusell.

He anfwere that ye made to me my deare,
When I did fue for my pore hartes redresse:
Hath fo appalde my countenance and my chere:
That in this case, I am all comfortable:
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.

I have no wrong, where I can clayme no right.
Nought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had.
Yet of my wo, I can not so be quite.
Namely, fins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in forow makes me fad.

Yet none can claime (I faie) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by defert, I dare well make auuaut,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that shall
Bear you more trouth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call againe that bitter word:
That toucht your frende so nere with panges of paine:
And faie my dere that it was fayd in bord.
Late, or tofone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherwith free will doth true defert retayne.

To his ladie cruel over her yelden lourer.

Vch is the course, that natures kind hath wrought,
That fnaus haue time to caft away their flynges.
Ainft chainde prisoners what nede defence be
The fierce lyon will hurt no yelden thinges:
[fought:
Why shoulde fuch spite be nursed then in thy thought?]
Sith all thefe powers are preft vnder thy winges:
And eke thou feest, and reafon thee hath taught:
What mischief malice many waies it brings.
Consider eke, that fpight auaileth naught,
Therefore this fong thy fault to thee it finges:
Displease thee not, for faiyng thus (me thought.)

1 Why should such spite be nursed then thy thought?
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springes,
For furies, that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made moft miserable.

_The lover complaineth that deadlie ficknesse can not helpe his affeccion._

He enmy of life, decayer of all kinde,
That with his cold wythers away the grene:
This other night, me in my bed did finde:
And offerd me to ryd my feuer clene.
And I did graunt: so did dispayre me blinde.
He drew his bow, with arrowes sharpe and kene:
And strake the place, where loue had hit before:
And draue the firft dart deper more and more.

_The lover reioiceth the enioying of his loue._

Once as me thought, fortune me kift:
And bade me aske, what I thought beft:
And I should haue it as me lift,
Therewith to set my hart in ref.
I asked but my ladies hart
To haue for euermore myne owne:
Then at an end were all my smart:
Then should I nede no more to mone.
Yet for all that a stormy blaff
Had ouerturnde this goodly day:
And fortune femed at the laft,
That to her promise she said nay.
But like as one out of dispayre
To sodain hope reuiued I,
Now fortune sheweth her felfe fo fayre,
That I content me wonderfly.
My moft desire my hand may reach:
My will is alway at my hand.
Me nede not long for to befeche
Her, that hath power me to commaunde.
What earthly thing more can I craue?
What would I wishe more at my will?
Nothing on earth more would I haue,
Saue that I haue, to haue it flyll.

For fortune hath kept her promesse,
In grauntyng me my most desire.
Of my foueraigne I haue redresse,
And I content me with my hire.

The lover complayneth the unkindnes of his loue.

My lute awake performe the last
Labour that thou and I shall wafte:
And end that I haue now begonne:
And when this song is song and paft:
My lute be flyll for I haue done.

As to be heard where eare is none:
As lead to graue in marble stone:
My song may pearse her hart as fone.
Should we then sigh? or singe, or mone?
No, no, my lute for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly
Repulse the waues continually,
As the my fute and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Wherby my lute and I haue done.

Proude of the spoile that thou haft gotte
Of simple hartes through loues shot:
By whom vnkinde thou haft them wonne,
Thinke not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I haue done.

Vengeaunce shall fall on thy disdaine
That makeft but game on earnest payne.
Thinke not alone vnder the sunne
Vnquit to cause thy louers plaine:
Although my lute and I haue done.

May chance thee lie withered and olde,
In winter nightes that are so colde,
Playning in vaine vnto the mone:
Thy wishes then dare not be tokle.
Care then who lift, for I haue done.
And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou haft lost and spent
To caufe thy louers figh andfwowne.
Then fhalt thou know beauty' but lent,
And wish and want as I haue done.
Now ceafe my lute this is the laft,
Labour that thou and I fhall waft,
And ended is that we begonne.
Now is this fong both fong and paft,
My lute be flill for I haue done.

How by a kiffe he found both his life and death.

Nature that gaue the Bee fo feat a grace,
To finde hony of fo wondrous fashion:
Hath taught the spider out of the fame place
To fetch poyfon by ftrange alteracion.
Though this be ftrange, it is a ftranger cafe,
With one kiffe by fecrete operacion,
Both these at once in thofe your lippes to finde,
In change wherof, I leaue my hart behinde.

The louer describeth his being taken
with figh of his loue.

Nearly fo was never no man caught,
With fledfaft loke vpon a goodly face:
As I of late: for fodainely me thought,
My hart was torne out of his proper place.
Thorow mine eye the stroke from hers did glide,
Directly downe into my hart it ranne:
In helpe wherof the blood therto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wanne.
Then was I like a man for wo amafed:
Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire.

1 beaute  2 om. proper.  3 And downe directly to
For while that I vpon her beauty gafed:
The more I burnde in my desire.
Anone the bloud start in my face agayne,
Inflamde with heat, that it had at my hart.
And brought therwith through out in euery vaine,
A quakyng heat with pleasant smart.
Then was I like the straw, when that the flame
Is driuen therin, by force, and rage of winde.
I can not tell, alas, what I shall blame:
Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.
But well I wot: the grieſe doth hold me fore
In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dreade:
That, but her helpe to health to me restore:
This restlesſe life I may not lead.

To his louer to loke vpon him.

Al in thy loke my life doth whole depende.
Thou hydeſt thy felf, and I muſt dye thersore.
But fins thou mayſt fo easily helpe they frend:
Why doſt thou stick to value that thou madeſt fore?
Why do I dye? fins thou mayſt me defend?
And if I dye, thy life may last no more.
For ech by other doth liue and haue relieſe,
I in thy loke, and thou moſt in my grieſe.

The louer excufeth him of wordes wherwith
he was vniustly charged.

Erdy I sayd it not:
Nor neuer thought to do.
As well as I ye wot:
I haue no power therto,
And if I did, the lot,
That firſt did me enchayne:
May neuer flake the knot,
But ſtrayght it to my payne.
And if I did ech thing,
That may do harme or wo:
Continually may wring
My hart where so I go.
Report may always ring
Of shame on me for aye:
If in my hart did spring
The wordes that you do say.
    And if I did ech starre,
That is in heauen aboue,
May frowne on me to marre
The hope I haue in loue.
And if I did such warre,
As they brought vnto Troye,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his lust and ioye.
    And if I did so say:
The beautie that me bounde,
Encrease from day to day
More cruell to my wounde:
With all the mone that may,
To plaint may turne my fong:
My life may fone decay,
Without redresse by wrong.
    If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complaine?
Then is this thing but fought.
To turne my hart to payne,
Then this that you haue wrought,
You must it now redresse,
Of right therfore you ought
Such rigour to represse.
    And as I haue deferued:
So grant me now my hire:
You know I neuer fwerued,
You neuer founde me lyer.
For Rachel haue I ferued,
For Lea cared I neuer:
And her I haue referued
Within my hart for euer.
Of such as had forsaken him.

Vx, my faire fawlcon, and thy felowes all:
How wel pleafant it were your libertie:
Ye not forfake me, that faire mought you fall.
But they that sometime liked my company:
Like lice away from dead bodies they crall.
Loe, what a proufe in light aduerfitie?
But ye my birdes, I fweare by all your belles,
Ye be my frendes, and very few elles.

A description of such a one as he would loue.

Face that shou'd content me wonderous well,
Shoul'd not be faire, but louely to beholde:
Of liuely loke, all griefe for to repell:
With right good grace, fo would I that it shoul'd
Speake without word, such wordes as none can tell.
The treffe alfo shoul'd be of cripped gold.
With wit, and thefe perchance I might be tryde,
And knit againe with knot, that shoul'd not flide.

How vnpossible it is to finde quiet in his1 loue.

Ver my hap is flack and flowe in commyng
Desire encreafyng ay my hope vncertaine:
That loue or wait it, alyke doth me payne.2
And Tygre like fo swift it is in partyng.
Alas the snowe black shal it be and scalding,
The sea waterles, and fishe vpon the mountaine:
The Temis shal backe returne into his fountaine:
And where he rofe the funne shal take his lodgyng.
Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse,
Or that loue or my lady rightwisely
Leaue to confpire againft me wrongfully.

1 om. his 2 With doubtful loue that but increaseth pain
And if I haue after such bitterness,  
Any thing sweete, my mouth is out of taste:¹  
That all my truft and trauell is but waste.

Of Loue, Fortune, and the louers minde.

Oue, Fortune, and my minde which do remember  
Eke that is now, and that that once hath bene:  
Torment my hart so sore that very often  
I hate and envy them beyond all measure.  
Loue fleeth my hart while Fortune is depriuer  
Of all my comfort: the follishe minde than:  
Burneth and playneth, as one that sildam²  
Liueth in rest. Still in displeasure³  
My plesant daies they flete away and passe.  
And dayly doth myne yll change to the worse.  
While more than halfe is runne now of my course.  
Alas not of flele, but of brittle glasse,  
I se that from my hand falleth my truft:  
And all my thoughtes are daffhed into duft.

The louer prayeth his offred hart to be received.

Ow oft haue I, my deare and cruell fo:  
With my great pain to get som peace or truce,  
Geuen you my hart? but you do not vse,  
In so hie things, to cast your minde so low.  
If any other loke for it, as you trow,  
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuse.  
And that thus I difdaine, that you refuse.  
It was once mine, it can no more be so.  
If you it chafe, that it in you can finde,  
In this exile, no maner of comfort:  
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde, ressort,  
He may wander from his naturall kinde.  
So shal it be great hurt vnto vs twayne,  
And yours the losse, and mine the deadly Payne.

¹ One drop of sweete, my mouth is out of taste:  
² Burneth and plaintith: as one that very sildam.  
³ Liueth in rest. So styl in displeasure,
The louers life compared to the Alpes.

Lyke vnto these vnmeasurable mountaines,
So is my painefull life, the burden of yre.  
For hye be they, and hye is my desire.
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.
Vnder craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,
Hard thoughtes in me my wofull minde doth tyre,
Small frute and many leaues their toppes do attire,
With small effect great trust in me remains.
The boytous windes oft their hye boughes do blast:
Hote sighes in me continually be shed.
Wilde beastes in them, fierce loue in me is fed.
Vnmoueable am I: and they fltedfafl.
Of singing birdes they haue the tune and note:
And I alwaies plaintes passing through my throte.

Charging of his loue as vnpiteous and louing other.

If amourous fayth, or if an hart vnfained
A fwete languor, a great louely desire:
If honest will, kindled in gentle fire:
If long errour in a blinde mafe chained,
If in my visage ech thought distayned,
Or if my sparkelyng voyce, lower, or hier,
Which fear and shame, so wofully doth tyre:
If pale colour, which loue alas hath distayned:
If to haue another then my self more dere,
If wailyng or fighyng continually,
With forowfull anger fedyling busily,
If burnyng a farre of, and frefyng nere,
Are cause that by loue my selfe I stroy: ¹
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A renouncing of loue.

Arewell, Loue, and all thy lawes for euer.
Thy bayted hokes shall tangle me no more.
Senec, and Plato call me from thy lore :

¹ Are cause that I by loue my selfe destroy:
To parfit wealth my wit for to endeuer.
In blinde errour when I dyd parfeuer:
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so fore:
Taught me in trifles that I fet no store:
But scape forth thence: since libertie is leuer.
Therfore, farewell: go trouble yonger hartes:
And in me claime no more auctoritie.
With ydle youth go vse thy propartie:
And thereon spend thy many brittle dartes.
For, hytherto though I haue loft my tyme:
Me lyft no lenger rotten bowes to clime.

The lover forfaketh his vnkinde love.

My hart I gaue thee, not to do it pain:
But, to preferue, lo it to thee was taken.
I ferued thee not that I should be forsaken:
But, that I should receiue reward again,
I was content thy feruant to remain:
And, not to be repayd after\(^1\) this fashion.
Now, since in thee is there none nother reafon:
Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.
Vnfaciat of my wo, and thy defyre,
Assured by craft for to excufe thy fault:
But, since it pleaafeth thee to fain defaut:
Farewell, I say, departing from the fire.
For, he, that doth beleue bearyng in hand:
Ploweth in the water: and foweth in the sandle.

The lover describeth his restlesse state.

The flaming fighes that boyle within my brest
Sometime breake forth and they can well declare
The hartes vnrest and how that it doth fare,
The pain therof the grief and all the rest.
The watred eyen from whence the teares doe fall,
Do fele some force or els they would be drye:
The wasted flesh of colour ded can trye,
And somthing tell what swetenesse is in gall.
And he that luft to see and to disfarne,
How care can force within a weried minde:
Come he to me I am that place affinde.
But for all this no force it doth no harme.
The wound alas happe in some other place:
From whence no toole away the skar can race.
   But you that of such like haue had your part,
Can best be judge wherfore my frend so deare:
I thought it good my state shound now appeare,
To you and that there is no great defart.
And wheras you in weighty matters great:
Of fortune faw the shadow that you know,
For trifling thinges I now am striken so
That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat:
I fit alone faue on the second day:
My feuer comes with whom I spend my time,
In burning heat while that she lift asigne.
And who hath helth and libertie alway:
Let him thank god and let him not prouoke,
To haue the like of this my painfull stroke.

The lover lamentes the death of his love.

The piller perisht is whereto I lent,
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet minde:
The like of it no man again can finde:
From East to West still seeking though he went.
To mine vnhappe for happe away hath rent,
Of all my ioy the very bark and rynde:
And I (alas) by chance am thus affinde,
Daily to moorne till death do it relent.
But since that thus it is by defteny,
What can I more but haue a wofull hart,
My penne, in plaint, my voyce in carefull crye:
My minde in wo, my body full of smart.
And I my selfe, my selfe alwayes to hate,
Till dreadfull death do eafe my dolefull state.

1 sometime 2 be judge. Wherfore
The lover fendeth fighes to mone his fute.

O burning fighes vnto the frozen hart,
Go breake the yfe which pities painfull dart,
Myght neuer perce and yf that mortall prayer,
In heauen be herd, at left yet I desire.
That death or mercy end my woffull smart.
Take with thee payn, wherof I haue my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot flart,
And leaue me then in rest, I you require:
Go burning fighes fulfil that I desire.
I muſt go worke I fee by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
Alas, I can not therfore affaile her,
With pitefull complaint and scalding fier,
That from my brefl disceuably doth flart.

Complaint of the absence of his love.

O feble is the threde, that doth the burden flay,
Of my poore life: in heauy plughht, that falleth in decay:
That, but it haue elfwhere some ayde or some succours:
The running fpindle of my fate anone fhall end his course.
For since thunhappy hower, that dyd me to depart,
From my swete weale: one onely hope hath flayed my life, apart:
Which doth perfwade fuch wordes vnto my fored minde:
Maintain thy felf, O woffull wight, fome better luck to finde.
For though thou be deprivéd from thy defired fight:
Who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy more delight?
Or, who can tell, thy losse if thou mayft once recouer?
Some pleafant hower thy wo may wrappe: and thee defend, and couer.
Thus in this truft as yet it hath my life fustained:
But now (alas) I fee it faint: and I, by truft, am trayned.
The tyme doth flete, and I fee how the howers, do bend
So faft: that I haue fcant the space to mark my commyng end
Westward the fonne from out the Eaft scant shewes his light:
When in the West he hides him strayt, within the dark of nyght.
And comes as faft, where he began, his path awry.
From East to West, from West to East so doth his journey ly.
The life so short, so fraile, that mortall men liue here:
So great a weight, so heavy charge the bodies, that we bere:
That, when I think vpon the distance, and the space:
That doth so farre deuide me from my dere desired face:
I know not, how tattain the winges, that I require,
To lift me vp: that I might flie, to folow my desyre.
Thus of that hope, that doth my life somethynge sustayne,
Alas: I feare, and partly fele: full litle doth remain.
Eche place doth bring me griefe: where I do not behold
Thofe liuely eyes: which of my thoughts wer wont ye keys to hold
[grace:
Thofe thoughtes were pleafant swete: whilst I enjoyed that
My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might well embrace:
And, for becaufe my want shoulde more my wo encrease:
In watch, and flepe, both day, and night, my will doth neuer cease
That thing to wish: wherof since I did leefe the sight:
Was neuer thing that mought in ought my woful hart delight,
Thynesf lyfe, I lead, doth teach me for to mete
The floodes, the feas, the land, the hylles: that doth them entermete
Twene me, and thofe fhene lightes: that wonted for to clere
My darked panges of cloudy thoughts, as bright as Phebus spere,
It teacheth me alfo, what was my pleafant state:
The more to fele, by such record, how that my wealth doth bate.
If such record (alas) prouoke thenflamed mynde:
Which fproung that day, that I did leaue the beft of me behynde:
If loue forget himzelf, by length of absence, let:
Who doth me guyde (O wofull wretch) vnto this bayted net?
Where doth encrease my care: much better wer for me,
As dumme, as stone, all thyng forgot, still absent for to be.
Alas: the clere criftall, the bright transplendent glaffe
Doth not bewray the colours hidde, which vnderneath it hase:
As doth thaccumbred sprite the thoughtfull throwes discouer,
Of feares delite, of feruent loue: that in our hartes we couer.
Out by these eyes, it sheweth that euermore delight, [night.
In plaint, and teares to feke redresse: and eke both day and
These' kindes of pleasures mofl wherein men so reioyce,
To me they do redubble still of stormy fighes the voyce.
For, I am one of them, whom playnt doth well content:
It fits me well: myne abfent wealth me femes for to lament:
And with my teares, taffay to charge myne eies twayn:
Lyke as my hart aboue the brink is fraughted full of payn.
And forbeacuse, therto, of those fair eyes to treate
Do me prouoke: I wyll returne, my plaint thus to repeate.
For, there is nothing els, that toucheth me so within:
Where they rule all: and I alone nought but the cafe, or fkin.
Wherefore, I shall returne to them, as well, or fpring:
From whom descendes my mortall wo, aboue all other thing.
So shall myne eyes in pain accompany my hart:
That were the guides, that did it lead of loue to fele the smart.
The crifped golde, that doth furmount Apollos pride:
The liuely freames of pleafant flarres that vnder it doth glyde:
Wherein the beames of loue doe flyll encreafe theyr heate:
Which yet fo farre touch me fo nere, in colde to make me fweate.
The wyfe and pleafant talk, so rare, ores lone:
That gaue to me the curteis gift, that erft had neuer none:
Be farre from me, alas: and every other thyng
I might forbeare with better wyll: then this that dyd me bryng,
With pleafant worde and chere, redresse of lingred pain:
And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to trayn.
Thus, am I forft to heare, and harken after newes.
My comfort fcant my large desife in doubtfull truft renewes.
And yet with more delite to mone my wofull cafe:
I muft complain those handes, those armes: yat firmly do embrace
Me from my felf: and rule the fterne of my poore lyfe:
The fwete disdaines, the pleafant wrathes, and eke ye louely ftrife:
That wonted well to tune in temper iuft, and mete,
The rage: that oft dyd make me erre, by furour vndiscrete. All this is hydde me fro, with sharp, and ragged hylles: As others will, my long abode my depe dispaire fullfils. And if my hope sometime ryfe vp, by some redresse: It stumbleth straite, for feble faint: my feare hath such excessive. Such is the sort of hope: the lesse for more defyre: And yet I trust ere that I dye to see that I require: The refyling place of loue: where vertue dwelles and growes There I desire, my wery life, sometime, may take repose. My song: thou shalt attain to finde that pleafant place: [grace Where she doth lyue, by whom I live: may chance, to haue this When she hath red, and fene the grief, wherin I fereue: [fereue Betwene her brefles she fhall thee put: there, fhall she thee re- Then, tell her, that I cumme: she fhall me shortly fee: And if for waighte the body fayle, the foule fhall to her flee.

The louer blameth his loue for renting
of the letter he fent her.

Vffised not (madame) that you did teare,
My wofull hart, but thus also to rent:
The weping paper that to you I fent.
Wherof eche letter was written with a teare.
Could not my prefent paines, alas fufife,
Your gredy hart? and that my hart doth fele,
Tormentes that pricke more sharper then the fele,
But new and new muft to my lot arife.
Vfe then my death. So fhal your cruelty:
Spite of your spite rid me from all my smart,
And I no more fuch tormentes of the hart:
Fele as I do. This fhalt thou gain thereby.

The louer curseth the tyme when he firft fell in loue.

When firft mine eyes did view, and marke,
Thy faire beawtie to beholde:
And when mine eares lifhtned to hark:

1 All this is hid fro me, 2 This shall you
The pleafant wordes, that thou me tolde:
I would as then, I had been free,
From eares to heare, and eyes to see.
And when my lips gan first to moue,
Wherby my hart to thee was knowne:
And when my tong did talk of loue,
To thee that haft true loue down throwne:
I would, my lips, and tong also:
Had then bene dum, no deale to go.
And when my handes haue handled ought,
That thee hath kept in memorie:
And when my fete haue gone, and fought
To finde and geat thy\(^{1}\) company:
I would, eche hand a foote had bene,
And I eche foote a hand had sene.
And when in mynde I did consent
To folow this my fancies will:
And when my hart did firft relent,
To taft such bayt, my life to spyll:
I would, my hart had bene as thyne:
Orels thy hart had bene, as mine.

_The louer determineth to ferue faithfully._

\(^{1}\) thee

Ynce loue wyll nedes, that I shall loue:
Of very force I muft agree.
And since no chance may it remoue:
In welth and in aduersitie,
I shall alway my self apply
To ferue and suffer paciently.
Though for good will I finde but hate:
And crueltie my life to waft:
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my dayes vnto the laft:
Yet I professe it willingly.
To ferue, and suffer paciently.
For since my hart is bound to ferue:
And I not ruler of mine owne:
What so befal, tyll that I sferue.
By proffe full well it shall be knowne:
That I shal still my selfe apply
To serue, and suffer paciently.

Yea though my grief finde no redresse:
But still increase before mine eyes:
Though my reward be cruelnesse,
With all the harme, happe can deuise:
Yet I professe it willingly
To serue, and suffer paciently.

Yea though fortune her pleasant face
Should shew, to set me vp a loft,
And streight, my wealth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as she doth oft:
Yet would I styll my selfe apply
To serue, and suffer paciently.

There is no grief, no smart, no wo:
That yet I fele, or after shal:
That from this mynde may make me go,
And whatsoeuer me befal:
I do professe it willingly
To serue and suffer paciently.

The lover suspected blameth yll tonges.

My trustfull mindes be moued
To haue me in suspect.
The troth it shalbe proued:
Which time shal once detect.
Though falshed go about
Of crime me to accuse:
At length I do not doute,
But truth shal me excuse.
Such fawce, as they haue serued
To me without defart:
Euen as they haue differued:
Therof god send them part.


The lover complaineth and his lady comforteth.

Lover. It burneth yet, alas, my hartes desire. [hert? Lady. What is the thing, that hath inflamde thy hart?  
Lo. A certain point, as seruent, as the fyre.  
La. The heate shall ceafe, if that thou wilt conveunt.  
Lo. I cannot stripe the seruent raging yre.  
La. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?  
Lo. Heare my request, alas, with weeping chere.  
La. With right good wyll, say on: lo, I thee here.  
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content.  
La. Thou fekeft, perchance, of me, that I may not.  
Lo. Would god, thou wouldest, as thou maist, well assent.  
La. That I may not, thy grief is mine: God wot.  
Lo. But I it fele, what fo thy wordes haue ment.  
La. Suspect me not, my wordes be not forgot.  
Lo. Then say, alas: shall I haue help? or no.  
La. I see no time to anfwer, yea, but no.  
Lo. Say ye, dere hert: and f tand no more in dout.  
La. I may not grant a thing, that is fo dere.  
Lo. Lo, with delayes thou drieues me flill about.  
La. Thou wouldest my death: it plainly doth appere.  
Lo. Firft, may my hart his bloode, and life blede out.  
La. Then for my fake, alas, thy will forbere,  
Lo. From day to day, thus waftes my life away.  
La. Yet, for the beft, fuffer fome small delay.  
Lo. Now, good, say yea: do once fo good a dede.  
La. If I sayd yea: what should therof enfue?  
Lo. An hart in pain of succour fo should sped,  
Twixt yea, and nay, my doubtes fhall fyll renew.  
My owete, say yea: and do away this drede.  
La. Thou wilt nedes fo: be it fo: but then be trew.  
Lo. Nought would I els, nor other treazure none.  
Thus, hartes be wonne, by loue, request and mone.  

1 Heare my request, and rew weeping chere.
Why love is blinde.

Of purpose, love chose first for to be blinde:
For, he with sight of that, that I beholde,
Vanquiht had been, against all godly kinde.
His bow your hand, and trufe should have vnfolde.
And he with me to serue had bene affinde.
But, for he blinde, and recklesse would him holde?
And still, by chance, his dedly strokes bestowe:
With such, as see, I serue, and suffer wo.

To his unkind love.

What rage is this? what furor? of what kinde?
What power, what plague doth wery thus my
Within my bones to rankle is affinde [minde:
What poyson pleasant sweete?
Lo, see, myne eyes flow with continuall teares:
The body still away slepelesse it weares:
My foode nothing my fainting strength repayres,
Nor doth my limmes sustaine.
In depe wide wound, the dedly stroke doth turne:
To cureles skarre that neuer shall returne.
Go to: triumph: reioyce thy goodly turne:
Thy frend thou doft oppresse.
Oppresse thou doest: and haft of him no cure:
Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure.
Fierce Tigre, fell, hard rock without recure:
Cruell rebell to Loue,
Once may thou loue, neuer beloued again:
So loue thou flyll, and not thy loue obtain:
So wrathfull loue, with spites of iust disdain,
May thret thy cruell hart.

The louer blameth his instant desyre.

Efire (alas) my master, and my fo:
So sore altred thy self how mayst thou see?
Sometime thou fekest, that drieues me to and fro.
Sometime, thou leadst, that leadeth thee, and me.  
What reason is to rule thy subjectes fo?  
By forced law, and mutabilitie.  
For where by thee I douted to have blame:  
Euen now by hate again I doubt the same.

The lower complayneth his estate.

See that chance hath chosen me  
Thus secretly to liue in paine:  
And to an other geuen the fee  
Of all my losse to have the gayn.  
By chance assinde thus do I serve:  
And other haue, that I deferue.  
Vnto my self sometime alone  
I do lament my woffull case.  
But what availeth me to mone?  
Since troth, and pitie hath no place  
In them: to whom I sue and serve:  
And other haue, that I deferue.  
To seke by meane to change this minde:  
Alas, I prove, it will not be.  
For in my hart I cannot finde  
Once to refrain, but still agree,  
As bounde by force, alway to serve:  
And other haue, that I deferue.  
Such is the fortune, that I have  
To loue them most, that loue me left:  
And to my pain to seke, and craue  
The thing, that other have possesst.  
So thus in vain alway I serve.  
And other haue, that I deferue.  
And till I may appease the heate:  
If that my happe will happe so well:  
To wailie my wo my hart shall freate:  
Whose pensif pain my tong can tell.  
Yet thus vnhappy must I serve:  
And other haue, that I deferue.
[Here follow in the Second edition, the six additional Poems by Sir Thomas Wyatt, inserted, by way of postscript, at the end of the First impression, see p. 223-25, viz.:

What word is that, that changeth not,
Venomous thornes that are so sharp and kene,
A Lady gave me a gift she had not,
Speake thou and spede where will or power ought help the
If thou will mighty be, flee from the rage
Lyke as the birde within the cage enclosed.]

Against hourders of money.

For shamefaile harm of great, and hatefull nede:
In depe despayre, as did a wretch go,
With ready corde, out of his life to spede:
His stumpling foote did finde an hoorde, lo,
Of golde, I say: where he preparde this dede:
And in eschange, he left the corde, tho.
He, that had hidde the golde, and founde it not:
Of that, he founde, he shapte his neck a knot.

Discripcion of a gonne.

Vlcane begat me: Minerua me taught:
Nature, my mother: Craft nourisht me yere by yere:
Three bodyes are my foode: my strength is in naught
Angre, wrath, waft, and noyce are my children dere.
Gesse, frend, what I am: and how I am wraught:
Monster of sea, or of land, or of els where.
Know me, and vfe me: and I may thee defend:
And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end.

Wiat being in prinson, to Brian.

Yghes are my foode: my drink are my teares.
Clinkyng of fetters would such Mufick craue,
Stink, and close ayer away my life it weares.
Pore innocence is all the hope, I haue.
Rayn, winde, or wether iudge I by mine eares.
Malice assaultes, that righteousnesse should haue.
Sure am I, Brian, this wound shall heale again:
But yet alas, the skarre shall still remayn.

1 fetters
Of dissembling wordes.

Though out the world if it were fought,
Faire wordes ynough a man shal finde:
They be good chepe they cost right nought.
Their substance is but onley winde:
But well to say and so to mene,
That swete accord is feldom sene.

Of the meane and faire estate.

Tond who so lift vpon the flipper whyle,
Of hye astate and let me here rejoyce,
And use my life in quietnesse eche dele,
Unknowen in court that hath the wanton toyes.
In hidden place my time shal flowly passe
And when my yeres be paft withouten noyce
Let me dye olde after the common trace
For gripes of death doth he to hardly passe
That known is to all: but to him selfe alas,
He dyeth unknowen, dafead with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life.

In court to serue decked with freshe aray,
Of fugred meates felyng the swete repast:
The life in bankets, and sundry kindes of play,
Amid the presse of lordly lokes to waftle,
Hath with it ioyned oft times such bitter taste.
That who so ioyes such kinde of life to holde,
In prison ioyes fettred with cheines of gold.

Of disapointed purpose by negligence.

Of Carthage he that worthy warriour
Could overcome, but could not use his chaunce
And I likewise of all my long endeuour
The sharpe conquest though fortune did advance,  
Ne could I use. The holde that is geuen ouer,  
I vnpossesft, so hangeth in balance  
Of warre, my peace, reward of all my paine,  
At Mountzon thus I restlesse rest in Spaine.

Of his returne from Spaine.

Agus farewell that westward with thy stremes  
Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried,  
For I with spurre and faile go seke the temmes,  
Gaineward the funne that sheweth her welthy pride,  
And to the towne that Brutus sought by dreames,  
Like bended monye that leanes her lufty side.  
My king, my countrey, I seke for whom I liue,  
O mighty Ioue the windes for this me geue.

Of sodaine trustyng.

Ruen by desire I did this dede  
To danger my self without cause why:  
To trust thuntrue not like to spede,  
To speake and promise faithfully:  
But now the proufe doth verifie,  
That who so trueth ere he know.  
Doth hurt him selfe and please his foe.

Of the mother that eat her childe  
at the siege of Jerusalem.

In doubtfull breast whiles motherly pity  
With furious famine standeth at debate,  
The mother sayth: O childe vnhappy  
Returne thy bloud where thou hadst milk of late  
Yeld me thoselymmes that I made unto thee,  
And enter there where thou were generate.  
For of one body agaynst all naturè,  
To an other must I make sepulture.
MY mothers maides when they do fowe and spinne:
They sing a song made of the feldishe mouse:
That forbicause her liuelod was but thinne,
Would nedes go se her townish sisters house,
She thought, her selfe endured to greuous payne,
The stormy blastses her caue so fore did sowse:
That when the furrowes swommed with the rayne:
She must lie colde, and wet in fory plight.
And worse then that, bare meat there did remaine
To comfort her, when she her house had sight:
Sometime a barley corne: sometime a beane:
For which she laboured hard both day and night,
In haruest tyme, while she might go and gleane.
And when her store was strowed with the floode:
Then weleaway for the vndone was cleane.
Then was she faine to take in stede of fode,
Slepe if she might, her honger to begyle.
My sister (quod she) hath a liuyng good:
And hence from me she dwelleth not a myle.
In colde and storme, she lieth warme and dry,
In bed of downe: the durt dotth not defile
Her tender fote, she labours not as I,
Richely she fedes, and at the richemans coft:
And for her meat she nedes not craue nor cry.
By sea, by land, of delicates the most
Her cater fekes, and spareth for no perill:
She fedes on boyle meat, bake meat, and on rost:
And hath, therafore no whit of charge nor trauell.
And when she lift the licour of the grape
Doth glad her hart, till that her belly swell.
And at this journey makes she but a iape:
So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth,
With her sister her part so for to shape:
That if she might there kepe her self in health:
To liue a Lady while her life doth last.

feldishe
And to the dore now is she come by stealth:
And with her fote anone she scrapes full fast.
Thother for fear, durft not well fcarce appere:
Of euery noyfe fo was the wretch agaft.
At laft, she asked softly who was there.
And in her language as well as she could,
Pepe (quod the other) sister I am here.
Peace (quod the townemouse) why speakest thou so loude:
And by the hand she toke her fayre and well,
Welcome (quod she) my sister by the rode.
She feasted her that ioye it was to tell
The fare they hadde, they drank the wine fo clere:
And as to purpose now and then it fell:
She chered her, with how sister what chere?
Amid this ioye be fell a fory chance:
That (weleaway) the stranger bought full dere
The fare she had. For as she lookt a fance:
Vnder a ftole she spied two flemying eyes.
In a rounde head, with sharpe eares: in Fraunce
Was neuer mouse fo ferde, for the vnwife
Had not yfene fuch a beast before.
Yet had nature taught her after her gise,
To know her fo: and dread him euermore.
The townemouse fled: she knew whither to go:
The other had no shift, but wonders fore
Ferde of her life, at home she wisht her tho:
And to the dore (alas) as she did skippe:
The heauen it would, lo: and eke her chance was fo:
At the threfhold her fely fote did trippe:
And ere she might recouer it agayne:
The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe:
And made her there against hir will remayne:
That had forgot her power, surety and reft,
For femyng welth, wherin she thought to raine.
Alas (my Poyns) how men do feke the best,
And finde the worst, by errour as they stray,
And no maruell, when fight is fo oppreft,
And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
Goeth guide and all in feking quiet life.
O wretched mindes, there is no golde that may
Graunt that you seke, no warre, no peace, no strife.
No, no, although thy head were hoopt with golde,
Sergeant with mace, with hawbart, sword, nor knife,
Can not repulfe the care that folow shoulde.
Ech kinde of life hath with him his disease.
Liue in delite,\(^1\) euens as thy luft would:
And thou shalt finde, when luft doth moft thee please:
It irketh straight, and by it felle doth fade.
A small thing is it, that may thy minde appease.
None of you al there is, that is fo madde,
To seke for grapes on brambles, or on bryers:
For none I trow that hath his witte fo badde,
To set his haye for conies ouer riuers:
Nor ye set not a dragge net for an hare.
And yet the thing, that moft is your desire,
You do misseke, with more trauell and care.
Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted
With hope or dreade, and se thy will be bare
From all affectes, whom vice hath euuer spotted.
Thy felle content with that is thee affinde:
And vse it well that is to thee alotted.
Then seke no more out of thy felle to finde
The thing that thou haft sought so long before.
For thou shalt feel it flickeyng in thy minde,
Madde if ye lift to continue your fore.
Let present passe, and gape on time to come:
And depe your\(^2\) felle in trauell more and more.
Henceforth (my Poins) this shalbe all and summe
These wretched foles shal haue nought els of me:
But, to the great God and to his dome,
None other paine pray I for them to be:
But when the rage doth leade them from the right:
That lokyng backward, Vertue they may se,
Euen as she is, so goodly sayre and bright.
And whilst they claspe their luftes in armes a croffe:
Graunt them good Lord, as thou maist of thy might,
To freate inward, for losyng such a losse.

\(^1\) delits
\(^2\) thy
Of the courtiers life written to Iohn Poins.

Yne owne Iohn Poyns: finst ye delite to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And fle the preaue of courtes, where so they go:
Rather then to liue thrall vnder the awe,
Of lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke,
To will and luft learnyng to set a law:
It is not, because I sorne or mocke
The power of them: whom fortune here hath lent
Charge ouer vs, of ryght to strike the stroke.
But true it is that I haue alwayes ment
Lesse to estéme them, then the common fort
Of outward thingses: that judge in their entent,
Without regard, what inward doth refort.
I graunt, sometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my hart. Me lift not to report
Blame by honour, and honour to defire.
But how may I this honour now attaine?
That can not dye the colour blacke a lyer.
My Poyns, I can not frame my tune to fayne:
To cloke the truth, for prayse without desert,
Of them that lift all nicez for to retaine.
I can not honour them, that set their part
With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long:
Nor holde my peace of them, although I smart.
I can not crouch nor knele to fuch a wrong:
To worship them like God on earth alone:
That are as wolues these fely lambes among.
I can not with my wordes complaine and mone,
And suffer nought: nor smart without complaynt:
Nor turne the worde that from my mouth is gone.
I can not speake and loke like as a faynt:
Vfe wiles for wit, and make discyezt a pleasure:
Call craft counsaile, for lucre still to paint.
I can not wrest the law to fill the coffer:
With innocent bloud to fede my felse fatte:

1 It is not that because
2 vice
And do most hurt: where that most helpe I offer.
I am not he, that can alowe the state
Of hye Ceafar, and damne Cato to dye:
That with his death did scape out of the gate,
From Ceafars handes, if Liuye doth not lye:
And would not liue, where libertie was lost,
So did his hart the common wealth apply.
I am not he, such eloquence to boft:
To make the crow in singing, as the swanne:
Nor call the lyon of coward beasts the most.
That can not take a mouse, as the cat can.
And he that dieth for honger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
Paffeth Appollo in musike manifold:
Praise syr Topas for a noble tale,
And scorne the story that the knight tolde:
Prayfe him for counsell, that is dronke of ale:
Grinne when he laughs, that beareth all the way:
Frowne, when he frownes: and grone when he is pale:
On others lust to hang both night and day.
None of these poyntes would euer frame in me.
My wit is nought, I can not learne the way.
And much the lesse of thinges that greater be,
That asken helpe of colours to devise
To ioyne the meane with ech extremite:
With nearest vertue ay to cloke the vice.
*And as to purpose likewise it shall fall:
To preffe the vertue that it may not rife.
As dronkenesse good fellowship to call:
The frendly foe, with his faire double face,
Say he is gentle and curties therewithall.
Affirme that fauell hath a goodly grace,
In eloquence: And cruelty to name
Zeale of Iustice: And change in time and place.
And he that suffreth offence withoutt blame:
Call him pitifull, and him true and plaine,

[* This and the next line are repeated by a misprint in the first edition, in which they occur first at the bottom of one leaf, then at the top of the next one.]
That rayleth rechlesse vnto ech mans shame.
Say he is rude, that can not lye and faine:
The lecher a louer, and tyranny
To be the right of a Prynces rayghne.
I can not, I no, no, it will not be.
This is the cause that I could neuer yet
Hang on their fleues, that weygh (as thou mayft fe)
A chippe of chance more then a pounde of wit.
This maketh me at home to hunt and hauke:
And in fowle wether at my boke to fit:
In frost and snew, then with my bow to falke.
No man doth marke where fo I ride or go.
In lefty leas at libertie I walke:
And of these newes I fele nor weale nor wo:
Saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my heele.
No force for that, for it is ordered fo:
That I may leape both hedge and dike full wele,
I am not now in Fraunce, to iudge the wine:
With favry sauce those delicates to fele.
Nor yet in Spaine where one muft him incline,
Rather then to be, outwardly to feme.
I meddle not with wyttes that be fo fine,
Nor Flaunders chere lettes not my fyght to deme
Of blacke and white, nor takes my wittes away
With beastlinesse: such do those beastes esteme.
Nor I am not, where truth is geuen in pray,
For money, poyson, and treafon: of fome
A common practife, vfed nyght and day.
But I am here in kent and chrif tendone:
Among the Mufes, where I reade and ryme,
Where if thou lift myne owne Iohn Poyns to come:
Thou shalt be iudge, how I do spende my time.

How to vfe the court and him felle therin,
written to fy  Fraunces Bryan.

Spendyng hand that alway powreth out,
Had nede to haue a bringer in as faft.
And on the ftone that fyll doth turne about,
There groweth no mossie. These proverbes yet do last:
Reason hath set them in so sure a place:
That length of yeres their force can neuer waste.
When I remember this, and eke the case,
Wherin thou standst: I thought forthwith to write
(Brian) to thee? who knowes how great a grace
In wryting is to counfaile man the right.
To thee therefore that trotteth still vp and downe:
And neuer restes, but runnyng day and night,
From realme to realme, from citye strete, and towne.
Why doest thou weare thy body to the bones?
And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe:
And drinke good ale so nopsy1 for the nones:
Fede thy selfe fatte, and heape vp pounde by pounde.
Likest thou not this? No. Why? For swyne so groines
In stye, and chaw dung moulded on the ground.
And driuell on pearles with head stylle in the manger,
So of the harpe the affe doth heare the sound.
So fackes of durt be filde. The neate courtier
So ferues for leffe, then do these fatted swyne.
Though I feme leane and drye, withouten moysture:
Yet will I ferue my prince, my lord and thine.
And let them liue to fede the paunch that lyist:
So I may liue to fede both me and myne.
By God well saide. But what and if thou wist
How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spend.
That would I learne. And it shal not be mist,
To tell thee how. Nowe harke what I intende.
Thou knowest well first, who so can feke to please,
Shall purchase friends: where truth, shall but offend.
Flee therefore truth, it is both welth and ease.
For though that trouth of euery man hath prayse:
Full neare that winde goeth trouth in great misease.
Vfe vertue, as it goeth now a dayes:
In worde alone to make thy language swete:
And of the dede, yet do not as thou faies.
Els be thou sure: thou shalt be farre vnmete
To get thy bread, ech thing is now so skant.
Seke still thy profite vpon thy bare fete.

1 nappy
Lende in no wife: for feare that thou do want:
Vnlesse it be, as to a calfe a chefe:
By which returne be sure to winne a cant;
Of halfe at leaft. It is not good to leese.
Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote,
From vnder the flall, withouten landes or feese,
Hath lept into the fhoppe: who knowes by rote
This rule that I haue told thee here before.
Sometime also riche age beginnes to dote,
Se thou when there thy gaine may be the more.
Stay him by the arme, where so he walke or go:
Be nere alway, and if he coughe to fore:
What he hath fpit treade out, and pleafe him so.
A diligent knaue that pikes his masters purfe,
May please him so, that he withouten mo
Executour is. And what is he the wurs?
But if so chance, thou get nought of the man:
The wydow may for all thy charge deburs.
A riueld skinne, a flinkyng breath, what than?
A tothelesse mouth shall do thy lippes no harme.
The golde is good, and though she curfe or banne:
Yet where thee liff, thou mayeft lye good and warme.
Let the olde mule bite vpon the bridle:
Whilft there do lye a fwteter in thine arme.
In this also fe thou be not idle:
Thy nece, thy cosyn, thy fifter, or thy daughter,
If she bee faire: if handsome be her middle:
If thy better hath her loue besought her:
Auaunce his caufe, and he shall helpe thy nede.
It is but loue, turne it to a laughter.
But ware I say, fo gold thee helpe and sped:
That in this case thou be not fo vnwise,
As Pandar was in fuch a like dede.
For he the fol of conscience was fo nice:
That he no gaine would haue for all his payne.
Be next thy selfe for frendshyp bears no price,
Laughest thou at me, why? do I speake in vaine?
No not at thee, but at thy thrifty left.

1 But if thou can be sure to winne a cant
2 disburse 3 It is but loue, turne thou it to laughter.
Wouldest thou, I should for any losse or gayne,
Change that for golde, that I haue tane for beft
Next godly thinges: to haue an honest name?
Should I leaue that? then take me for a beast.
Nay then farewell, and if thou care for shame:
Content thee then with honest pouertie:
With free tong, what thee mislikes, to blame.
And for thy trouth sometime aduerfitie.
And therewithall this thing I shall thee giue,
In this world now litle prosperitie:
And coyne to kepe, as water in a fiue.

The song of Iopas unfinished.

Whom Iunos wrath with stormes did force in Libyk
sands to light
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper laftyng long,
With cripped lockes on golden harpe, Iopas sang in sone.
That fame (quod he) that we the world do call and name:
Of heauen and earth with all contents, it is the very frame.
Or thus, of heauenly powers by more power kept in one
Repungnant kindes, in mids of whom the earth hath place
alone:
Firme, round, of liuing thinges, the mother place and nurfe:
Without the which in egal weight, this heuen doth hold his
course
And it is callde by name, the first and mouyng heauen,
The firmament is placed next, conteinyng other feuen,
Of heauenly powers that fame is planted full and thicke:
As shinyng lightes which we call stars, that therin cleue and
fticke.
With great swift swhy, the first, and with his restlesse fours,
Carieth it self, and al thofe eyght, in euen continuall cours.
And of this world fo round within that rollyng cafe,
Two points there be that neuer move, but firmely kepe their
place
The tone we see alway, the tother flandes object
Against the fame, deuidyng iust the grounde by line direct.
Which by imaginacion, drawen from the one to thother
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other.
And these be callde the Poles, discryde by starres not bright.
Artike the one northward we see: Antartike thother hyght.
The line, that we deuife from thone to thother fo:
As axel is, vpon the which the heauens about do go
Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fire haue kinde.
Therfore the substance of those fame were harde for man to finde.
But they bene vncorrupt, simple and pure vnmixt:
And so we say been all those starres, that in those fame be fixt.
And eke those erryng feuen, in circle as they stray:
So calld, because agaynst that first they haue repungnant way:
And smaller byways to, skant sensible to man:
To busy worke for my pore harpe: let fing them he, that can.
The wydest faue the first, of all these mine aboue
One hundred yere doth ake of space, for one degree to moue.
Of which degrees we make, in the first mouyng heauen,
Three hundred and threscore in partes iustly deuided euyn.
And yet there is another betwene thofe heauens two:
Whose mouyng is so fly so flack: I name it not for now.
The seuenth heauen or the shell, next to the starry sky,
All thofe degrees that gathereth\(^1\) vp, with aged pase so fly:
And doth performe the fame, as elders count hath bene,
In nine and twenty yeres complete, and daies almost fixtene:
Doth cary in his bowt the starre of Saturne old:
A threatner of all liuyng things, with drought and with his cold.
The fixt wom this conteyns, doth flalke with yoonger pase:
And in twelve yeredoth somwhat more then thother viagewas.
And this in it doth bear the starre of Ioue benigne,
Twene Saturns malice and vs men, frendly defendyng signe.
The fift bears bloudy Mars, that in three hundred daies,
And twife eleuen with one full yere, hath finisht all thofe wayes.
A yere doth ake the fourth, and howers therto fixe,
And in the fame the daies eie the funne, therin her flyckes.

\(^1\) gatherth
The third, that gouerd is by that, that gouners mee:
And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes: as oft we see:
In like space doth performe that course, that did the tother.
So dothe the next vnto the same, that second is in order
But it doth bear the flarre, that calld is Mercury:
That many a crafty secrete steppe doth treade, as Calcars try.
That skie is laft, and fixt next vs, those wayes hath gone,
In feuen and twenty common dayes, and eke the third of one:
And beareth with his sway, the diuers Moone about:
Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now her
light is out
Thus haue they of their owne two mouynges al these feuen
One, wherin they be caried still, ech in his feueral heuen.
An other of them selues, where their bodyes be layed
In bywayes, and in lesser rowndes, as I afore haue sayd.
Saue of them all the funne doth stray left from the streight,
The starry skie hath but one cours, that we haue calde the eight.
And all these mouynges eight are ment from weft to the eall:
Although they seeme to clime aloft, I say from eall to weft.
But that is but by force of the first mouyng skie:
In twife twelue houre from eall to weft yat carieth them by
and by.
But marke we well also, these mouinges of these feuen,
Be not about the axell tree of the first mouyng heuen.
For they haue their two poles directly tone to the tother. &c.

T. VVYATE the elder.
SONGES WRITTEN BY NICOLAS GRIMALD.

[Of the forty poems by this Author, only ten were included in the Second and subsequent Editions: wherein their place was supplied by the thirty-nine fresh poems by Uncertain Authors, see pp. 227-271.]

[The five following poems only occur in the first edition.]

A true loue.

Hat sweet releef the showers to thristie plants we see: [loue is to mee.]
What dere delite, the blooms to beeze: my true
As fresh, and lusty were foule winter doth exceed: [the evenings weed:
As morning bright, with scarlet sky, doth passe
As melewpeares above the crabs esteemed be:
So doth my loue surmount them all, whom yet
I hap to fe.

The oke shall olives bear: the lamb, the lion fray:
The owle shall match the nightingale, in tuning of her lay:
Or I my loue let slip out of mine entiere hert:
So deep repose in my brest is shee, for her desert.
For many blessed gifts, O happy, happy land: [stand
Where Mars, and Pallas strive to make their glory most to
Yet, land, more is thy blisse: that, in this cruel age,
A Venus ymp, thou haft brought forth, so ftedfaft, and so fage.
Among the Muses nyne, a tenth yf Ioue would make:
And to the Graces three, a fourth: her would Apollo take.
Let some for honour hoont, and hourd the massy golde:
With her so I may liue, and dye, my weal cannot be tolde.

The louer to his dear, of his exceeding loue.

Hebe twise took her horns, twise layd them by,
I, all the while, on thee could set no yie.
Yet doo I liue: if life you may it call,
Which onely holds my heavie hert, as thrall.
Certeffe for death doo I ful often pray,
To rid my wo, and pull these pangs away.
So plaines Prometh, his womb no time to faile:
And, ayelife left, had leeser, he might quaille.
I erre, orles who this deuife first found,
By that gripes name he cleped loue vnfound.
In all the town, what freat haue I not feen?
In all the town, yet hath not Carie been.
Eyther thy fier restraines thy free outgate,
O woman, worthy of farre better flate:
Or peoplepesterd London lykes thee nought,
But pleasant ayr, in quiet countrie fought.
Perchaunce, in olds our loue thou doest repeat,
And in sure place woldst every thing retreat.
Forth shall I go, ne will I stay for none,
Vntyll I may somwhere finde thee alone.
Therwhile, keep you of hands, and neck the heew:
Let not your cheeks becomo or black, or bleew.
Go with welcouerd hed, for you incafe
Apollo spied, burn wold he on your face.
Laphne, in groue, clad with bark of baytree:
Ay mee, if fuch a tale should rysfe of thee.
Calisto found, in woods, Ioues force to fell:
I pray you, let him not like you so well.
Eigh, how much dred: Here lurks of theeus a haunt:
Whofo thou beeft, preyseeker prow, auaunt,
Acteon may teach thee Dictynnaes ire:
Of trouth, this goddeffe hath as fiers a fire.
What doo I fpeak? O chief part of my minde,
Vnto your eares these woords no way doo finde.
Wold god, when you read this, obserue I might
Your voyce, and of your countinaunce haue fight,
Then, for our loue, good hope were not to seek:
I mought say with myself, she will be meek.
Doutlesse I coom, what euer town you keep,
Or where you woon, in woods, or mountanes steep:
I coom, and if all pear not in my face,
Myself will messenger be of my case.
If to my prayer all deaf, you dare faye, no:
Streight of my death agilted shall you go.
Yet in mid death, this fame shall eale my hart:
That Carie, thou wert caufe of all the smart.
The lover asketh pardon of his dere,
for fleeing from her.

Ouers men warn the corps beloved to flee,
From the blinde fire in case they would liue free.
Ay mee, how oft haue I fled thee, my Day?
I flee, but loue bides in my brest alway.
Lo yet agayn, I graunt, I gan remoue:
But both I could, and can say still, I loue.
If woods I seek, cooms to my thought Adone:
And well the woods do know my heauy mone.
In gardens if I walk: Narcissus there
I spy, and Hyacints with weepyng chere:
If meads I tred, O what a fyre I feel?
In flames of loue I burn from head to heel.
Here I behold dame Ceres ymp in flight:
Here bee, methynk, black Plutoes fl Seaes in flight.
Stronds if I look vpon, the Nymphs I mynde:
And, in mid sea, often fervent powrs I fynde.
The hyer that I clyme, in mountanes wylde,
The nearer mee approcheth Venus chylde.
Towns yf I haunt: in short, shall I all say?
There foondry fourms I view, none to my pay.
Her fauour now I note, and now her yies:
Her hed, amisfe: her foot, her cheeks, her guyfe.
In fyne, where mater wants, defautes I sayn:
Whom other, sayr: I deem, she hath foom stayn.
What boots it then to-flee, sythe in nightyde,
And daytyme to, my Day is at my side?
A shade therfore mayst thou be calld, by ryght:
But shadowes, derk, thou, Day, art euer bright.
Nay rather, worldly name is not for thee:
Sithe thou at once canst in twoo places bee,
Forgiue me, goddeffe, and becomm my sheeld:
Euen Venus to Anchife herself dyd yeeld.
Lo, I confesse my flight: bee good therfore:
Ioue, oftentimes, hath pardond mee for more.  
Next day, my Day, to you I coom my way:  
And, yf you suffer mee, due payns wyll pay.

N. Vincent. *to* G. Blackwood,  
*agaynfi wedding.*

If ye, Blackwood, you haue mynde to wed a wife:  
I pray you, tell, wherfore you like that life.  
What? that henceforth you may liue more in bliffe?  
I am beguylde, but you take mark amisfe.  
Either your fere shall be defourmd: (and can You blisful be, with flower of frying pan?)  
Orels, of face indifferent: (they say,  
Face but indifferent will soon decay.)  
Or faire: who, then, for many men femes fine:  
Ne can you say, she is all holly mine.  
And be the chast (if noman chaunce to few)  
A fort of brats she bringse, and troubles new:  
Or frutelesse will so passe long yeres with thee,  
That scant one day shall voyd of brawlyng bee.  
Hereto heap vp vndaunted hed, stife hart,  
And all the rest: eche spoufe can tell a part.  
Leave then, this way, to hope for happy life:  
Rather be your bed sole, and free from strife.  
Of blessed state if any path be here:  
It lurketh not, where women wonne so nere.

G. Blackwood *to.* N. Vincent,  
*with weddyng.*

If ye, Vincent, I haue minde to wed a wife:  
You bid me tell, wherfore I like that life.  
Foule will I not, faire I desire: content,  
If faire me sayle, with one indifferent.  
Fair, you allledge, a thousand will applie:
But, nere fo oft requirde, she will denie.
Meane beautie doth foone fade: therof playn hee,
Who nothing loues in woman, but her blee.
Frute if she bring, of frute is joyfull sight:
If none, what then? our burden is but light.
The rest, you ming, certesse, we graunt, be great,
Stif hert, vndaunted hed cause foom to freat.
But, in all things, inborne displeasures be:
Yea pleasure we, full of displeasure, se.
And maruail you, I looke for good estate,
Hereafter if a woman be my mate?
Oh straight is vertues path, if footh men say
And likewise, that I seek, straight is the way.

[The next two poems occur in the Second and subsequent editions.]

The Muses.¹

Imps of King Ioue, and quene Remembrance lo,
The sisters nyne, the poets pleasant feres.
Calliope doth flately ftyle bestow,
And worthy prayses payntes of princely peres.
Clio in solem songes, reneweth old² day,
With prefent yeres coniownyng age bypafi.
Delightfull talke loues Comicall Thaley:
In frefh green youth, who doth like laurell laft.
With voyces Tragicall fowndes Melpomen,
And, as with cheyns, thallured earr shee bindes.
Her ftringes when Terpfichor dothe touche, euen then
Shee toucheth hartes, and raigneth in mens mindes.
Fine Erato, whose look a liuely chere
Presents, in dauncyng keeps a comely grace.
With femely gesture doth Polymnie ftere:
Whose wordes holle routes of renkes³ doo rule in place,
Vranie, her globes to view all bent,
The ninefolde heauen obserues with fixed face.
The blaftes Euterpe tunes of instruuent,
With folace fweet hence heauie dumps to chafe.

¹ Of the ix. Muses. ² all ³ rankes
Lord Phebus in the mids (whose heauenly sprite
These ladies doth enspire) embraceth all.
The graces in the Muses weed, delite
To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

Musonius the Philosophers faiyng.

In workyng well, if trauell you sustaine:
Into the winde shall lightly passe the payne:
But of the deed the glory shall remaine,
And cause your name with worthy wightes to raigne.
In workyng wrong, if pleasure you attaine:
The pleasure soon shall vade, and uoide, as vaine:
But of the deed, throughout the life, the fhame
Endures, defacyng you with fowl defame:
And stil torments the minde, bothe night and daye:
Scant length of time the spot can wash awaye.
Flee then ylswading pleasures baits vntreew:
And noble vertues fayr renown pursew.

[The following fourteen poems only occur in the First edition.]

Marcus Catoes comparison of mans life with yron.

Ho wold beleueue mans life like yron to bee,
But proof had been, great Cato, made by thee?
For if, long time, one put this yron in vre,
Following ecb day his woork, with byfye cure:
With dayly vfe, hee may the metall wear,
And bothe the strength, and hardnesse eke impaire.
Again, in case his yron hee caft aside,
And carelesse long let it vntoucht abide:
Sythe, cankered rust inuades the mettall fore,
And her fowl teeth there faftneth more and more.
So man, in case his corps hee tyre, and faint
With labor long; his strength it shall attaint.
But if in fluggard flothe the fame doth lye:
That manly might will fall away, and dye:
That bodies strength, that force of wit remoue:
Hee shall, for man, a weaklyng woman prooue.
Wherfore, my childe, holde twene these twaine the waye:
Nother with to much toyl thy lyms decaye,
In idle ease nor giue to vices place:
In bothe who measure keeps, hee hath good grace.

Cleobulus the Lydians riddle.

One is my fire: my soons, twise six they bee:
Of daughters ech of them begets, you fee,
Thrisce ten: wherof one fort be fayr of face,
The oother doth vnseemly black disgrace.
Nor this holl rout is thrall vnto deathdaye,
Nor worn with waftful time, but liue alwaye:
And yet the fame alwaies (ftraunge case) do dye.
The fire, the daughters, and the soons disfry.
Incafe you can so hard a knot vnknit:
You shal I count an Edipus in wit.

Concerning Virgils Eneids.

By heauens hye gift, incafe reuiued were
Lyfip, Apelles, and Homer the great:
The moft renownmd, and ech of them fance pere,
In grauyng, paintyng, and the Poets feat:
Yet could they not, for all their vein diuine,
In marble, table, paper more, or leffe,
With cheezil, pencil, or with poyntel fyne,
So graue, so paynt, or so by ftyle expresse
(Though they beheld of euery age, and land
The fayreft books, in euery toung contriued,
To frame a fourm, and to direct their hand)
Of noble prince the liuely shape descriued:
As, in the famous woork, that Eneids hight,
The naamkouth Virgil hath fet forth in fght.
Of mirth.

A heavy hart, with wo encreaseth every smart:
A mirthfull minde in time of need, defendeth sorrowes dart.
The sprite of quicnesse seems, by drey forced nesse layn:
By mirth, a man to liuely plight, reuued is agayn.
Dolour dryeth vp the bones: the sad shal tone be sick:
Mirth can preferue the kyndly helth, mirth makes the body quick.
Depe dumps do nought, but dull, not meet for man but beast.
A mery hert fage Solomon countes his continuall feast.
Sad foll, before thy time, brings thee vpn to deaths dore:
That fond condicions haue bereft, late daye can not restore.
As, when the covered heauen, showes forth a lowryng face,
Fayr Titan, with his leam of light, returns a goodly grace:
So, when our burdened brest is whelmd with clowdy thought,
A pleafant calm throughout the corps, by chereful hart is Enioye we then our ioyes, and in the lorde reioyce: [brought Faith makynge fast  eternity, of ioyes while wee haue choyce.

To L. I. S.

Haris the fourth, Pieris the tenth, the second Cypris, Iane,
One to assemblies threadioynd: whom Phebus fere, Diane,
Among the Nymphs Oreades, might wel vouchsafe to place:
But you as great a goddeffe serue, the quenes most noble grace:
Allhayle, and while, like Terpsichor, much melody you make:
Which if the field, as doth the court, enioyd, the trees wold shawe:
While latine you, and french frequent: while English tales you tel:
Italian whiles, and Spanish you do hear, and know full well:
Amid such peares, and solemnne fightes, in case conuenient tyme
You can (good Lady) spare, to read a rurall poets ryme:
Take here his simple fawes, in breife: wherein no need to moue
Your Ladifhyp, but thus lo speakes thabundance of his loue.
The worthy feates that now fo much set forth your noble name,
So haue in vre, they still encreaft, may more encreafe your tame.
For though diuine your doings be, yet thews with yeres may
And if you stay, ftreight nowadayes fresh wits will ouergo.
Wherfore the glory got maintayne, maintayne the honour great.
So shal the world my doom approue, and fet you in that feat,
Where Graces, Muses, and Ioues ymp, the joyful Venus, raigne:
So shal the bacheler blessed bee, can such a Nymph obtaine.

To maistres D. A.

What cause, what reason moueth me: what fancy fils my brains
That you I minde of virgins al, whom Britain foile fus-
Both when to lady Mnemofynes dere daughters I refort,
And eke when I ye seafon flow deceaue, with glad disport?
What force, what power haue you so great, what charms haue you late found,
To pluck, to draw, to rauifh hartes, and stirre out of ther flownd?
To you, I trow, Ioues daughter hath the louely gyrdle lent,
That Ceflos hight: wherein there bee all maner graces blent,
Allurementes of conceits, of wordes the pleafurable taste:
That fame, I gesse, hath fliegiuen you, and girt about your walle
Befet with fute of precious pearl, as bright as funny day.
But what? I am beguilde, and gone (I wene) out of the way.
These causes lo do not fo much preffent your image preft,
That will I, will I, night and day, you lodge within this brefl:
Those gifts of your right worthy minde, those golden gifts of mind
Of my faft fixed fancy fourm firft moouing cause I finde:
Loue of the one, and threefold powr: faith sacred, found, sincere:
A modest maydens mood: an hert, from cloud of enuy clere:
Wit, fed with Pallas food diuine: will, led with lovely lore:
Memorie, containing leffons great of ladies fiue, and four:
Woords, sweeter, than the sugar sweet, with heauenly nectar dreft:
Nothing but coomly can they carp, and wonders well exprefst.
Such damfels did the auncient world, for Poets penns, suffife:
Which, now a dayes, welnye as rare, as Poets syne, aryfe.
Wherfore, by gracious gifts of god, you more than thrife ybleft,
And I welbleft myself suppofe: whom chastefull loue imprefst,
In friendships lace, with such a laffe, doth knit, and faft combine:
Which lace no threatening fortune shal, no length of time vntwine:
And I that daye, with gem snowwhite, will marke, and eke depaynt,
With pricely pen: which, Awdley, first gan mee with you acquaint.

Of m. D. A.

Eferts of Nymphs, that auncient Poets showe,
A not so kouth, as hers: whose present face,
More, than my Muse, may cause the world to knowe
A nature nobly giuen: of worthy race:
So trayned vp, as honour did beflowe.
Yllene, in fugerd speech, gaue her a grace.
Xcell in song Apollo made his dere,
No fingerfeit Minerue hid from her sight.
Xpreft in look, the hath fo fouerain chere,
As Cyprian once breathed on the Spartan bright.
W it, wisdom, will, woord, woork and all, I ween,
D are nomans pen presume to paint outright.
L o luyfter and light: which if old time had seen,
Entroned, shyne she should, with goddeffe Fame.
Y eeld, Enuie, these due prayses to this dame.

A neew yeres gift, to the l. M. S.

Ow flaming Phebus, passing through his heauenly region hye,
The vttrefl Ethiopian folk with feruent beams doth frye:
And with the soon, the yere also his secret race doth roon:
And Ianus, with his double face, hath it again begoon.
O thou, that art the hed of all, whom mooneths, and yeres obey:
At whose commaund bee bothethe sterres, and surges of the sea:
By powr diuine, now prosper vs this yere with good successe:
This well to lead, and many mo, vs with thy fauour bleffe.
Graunt, with found foll in body found that here we dayly go:
And, after, in that countrey lyue, whence bannisht is all wo:
Where hoonger, thirst, and foryage, and ficknesse may not mell:
No fenfe perceius, no hert bethinks the ioyes, that there do dwel.
An other to. l. M. S.

So happy bee the course of your long life:
So roon the yere intoo his circle rYTE:
That nothyng hynder your welmeanyng minde:
Sharp wit may you, remembrans redy fynde,
Perfect intelligence, all help at hand:
Styll stayd your thought in frutefull studys stand.
Hed framed thus may thother parts well frame,
Diuine demeanour wyn a noble name:
By payzed doom with leasure, and good heed:
By vpright dole, and much auayling deed:
By hert vnthirld, by vndiscomfite chere,
And breft discharged quite of coward fere:
By sobermod, and orders coomly rate:
In wealm, and wo, by holdynge one eftate.
And to that beauties grace, kynde hath you lent,
Of bodies helth a perfite plight bee blent.
Dame fortunes gifts may so stand you in fiel,
That well, and wealfully your lyfe be led.
And hee, who giues these graces not in vayn,
Direct your deeds, his honour to maintain.

To. l. K. S.

O you, madame, I wish, bothe nowe, and eke from yere to yere
[Anns chere
Strength with Debore, with Iudith faith, with Maudlen zeal,
With blessed Mary modest moode: like Sibill, life full long:
Amyndewith sacred sprite enspired, with fresh, and body strong:
And, when of your forepointed fate you haue outroon the race:
Emong all these, in Ioues hye raygn of blisses full, a place.

To. l. E. S.

A S this first daye of Ianus youthe restores vnto the yere:
So bee your minde in coourage good reuiued, and herty chere.
And asdame Tellus labreth now her frutes conceived to breed: Right so of your most forward wit may great auail proceed. So lucky bee the yere, the mooneths, the weeks, ye dayes, ye howrs, That them, with long recours, you may enioy in blisfull bowrs.

To. m. D. A.

Gorgeous attire, by art made trym, and clene, Cheyn, bracelet, perl, or gem of Indian riuer, To you I nil, ne can (good Damasfene) This time of Ianus Calends, here deliuer. But, what? My hert: which, though long fins certain Your own it was, aye present at your heft: Yet here itself doth it resigne agayn, Within these noombers clofde. Where, think you best This to repose? There, I suppose, where free Minerue you place. For it hath you embrasfe, As thHeliconian Nymphs: with whom, euen hee, That burn for soom, Apollo liueth chafe. Presents in case by raarnesse you esteem: O Lord, how great a gift shal this then feem?

To. m. S. H.

O you this present yere full fayre, and fortunable fall, Returning now to his prime part: and, good luck therewithall, May it proceed: and end, and oft return, to glad your hert: O Sufan, whom among my frendes I count, by your desert. Ioy may your heauenly sprite: endure fresh wit, in ye fyne brayn: Your knowledge of good things encreas: your body, fafe remain: A body, of fuch shape, as showeth a worthy wight by kynde: A closet, fit for to contein the vertues of that minde. What shal I yet moreouer add? God graunt, with pleafaunt mate A pleafaunt life you lead. Well may that man reioyse his fate.
To his familiar frend.

No image carued with coonnyng hand, no cloth of purpled dye,
No precious weight of metall bright, no filuer plate gyue I:
Such gear allures not heuenly herts: such gifts no grace they bring:
I lo, yat know your minde, will fend none such, what then?

[The next four poems occur in the Second and following editions.]

Description of Vertue.

What one art thou, thus in torn weed yclad?
Vertue, in price whom auncient fages had.
Why, poorely rayd? For fadyng goodes pafl care.
Why doublefaced? I marke eche fortunes fare.
This bridle, what? Mindes rages to restrain.
Tooles why beare you: I loue to take great pain.
Why, winges? I teach aboue the starres to flye.

Prayse of measurekepyng.

He auncient time commended, not for nought,
The mean: what better thing can ther be fought?
In mean, is vertue placed: on either fide,
Bothe right, and left, amiffe a man shall slide.
Icar, with fire hadfl thou the mid way flown,
Icarian beck by name had no man known.
If middle path kept had proud Phaeton,
No burning brand this erth had falln vpon.
Ne cruell powr, ne none to foft can raign:
That keeps a mean, the fame shall flyll remain.
Thee, Iule, once did too much mercy spill:
Thee, Nero flern, rigor extreem did kill.
How could August fo many yeres well passe?
Nor ouermeek, nor ouerferfe he was.
Worship not loue with curious fancies vain,
Nor him despife: hold right atween thefe twayn.
No wasteful wight, no greedy goom is prayzed.
Stands largeffe iuft, in egall balance payzd.
So Catoes meal furmountes Antonius chere.
And better fame his sober fare hath here,
To slender buildyng, bad : as bad, to grosse:
One, an eyesore, the tother falls to loppe.
As medicines help, in measure: fo (God wot)
By ouermuch, the fick their bane haue got.
Vnmeet mee seemes to vtter this, mo wayses:
Measure forbids vn-measurable prayse.

Mans life after Possidonius or Crates.

What path lift you to tred? what trade will you affayye?
The courts of plea, by braul, and bate, drieue gentle peace away.
In house, for wife, and childe, there is but cark, and care:
With trauail, and with toyl ynough, in feelds wee vse to fare.
Upon the feas lieth dreed: the riche, in foraine land,
Doo fear the loppe: and there, the poore, like misers poorly stand.
Strife, with a wife, without, your thirst full hard to fee:
Yong brats, a trouble: none at all, a maym it seemes to bee:
Youth, fond: age hath no hert, and pincheth all to nye.
Choose then the leeer of these twoo, no life, or soon to dye.

Metrodorus minde to the contrarie.

What race of life ronne you? what trade will you affayye?
In courts, is glory gott, and witt encreased daye by daye.
At home, we take our ease, and beak our selues in rest:
The feelds our nature doo refresh with pleasures of the best.
On feas, is gayn to gett: the straunger, hee shall bee Esteemed, hauing much: if not, none knoweth his lack, but thee.
A wife will trym thy house: no wife? then art thou free.
Brood is a louely thing: without, thy life is loose to thee.
Yong bloods be strong: old fires in double honour dwell.
Doo waye that choys, no life, or soon to dye, for all is well.
Songes. [Grimald.]

[This poem only occurs in the First edition.]

Of lawes.

When princes lawes, with reverend right, do keep ye commons under
As meek as babes, thei do their charge, and scatter not
But if they raise their heads aloft, and lawe her bridle flake:
Then, like a tyger fell, they fare, and lust for law they take.
Where water dothe preval, and fire, no mercy they expresse:
But yet the rage of that rude rout is much more mercileffe.

[This poem occurs also in the Second and subsequent editions.]

Of friendship.

Of all the heauenly gifts, that mortall men commend,
What trufty treasure in the world can counteruail a frend?
Our helth is soon decayd: goodes, casuall, light, and vain:
Broke haue we seen the force of powr, and honour suffer stain.
In bodies lust, man doth resemble but base brute:
True vertue gets, and keeps a frend, good guide of our pursuie:
Whose harty zeal with ours accord, in every case:
No terme of time, no space of place, so formme can it deface.
When fickle fortune fayls, this knot endureth still:
Thy kin out of their kinde may swarue, when frends owe thee
What sweeter solace shall fall, than one to finde,
Vpon whose brest thou mayst repose the secrets of thy minde?
Hee wayleth at thy wo, his tears with thine be shed:
With thee doth hee all ioyes enjoye: so leef a life is led:
Behold thy frend, and of thy selfe the pattern see:
One foull, a wonder shal it seem, in bodies twain to bee.
In absense, present, riche in want, in sickenesse found,
Yea, after death alieue, mayst thou by thy frend be found.
Ech house, ech towne, ech realm by stedfast love dothe stand:
Where sowlle debate breeds bitter bale, in ech diuided land.
O friendship, flour of flower: O liuely sprite of life,
O sacred bond of blissfull peace, the stalworth staunch of strife:
Scipio with Lelius didst thou conioyn in care,
At home, in warrs, for weal and wo, with egall faith to fare.
Gesippus eke with Tite, Damon with Pythias,
And with Menclus\(^1\) fonne Achill, by thee combined was.
Euryalus, and Nifus gaue Virgil caufe to sing:
Of Pylades doo many rymes, and of Orestes ring.
Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith, his frend to finde:
\(\) yat the wiues, in these our dayes, were to their mates fo kinde.
Cicero, the frendly man, to Atticus, his frend.
Offrendfhip wrote: such couples lo dothelott but feeldom lend.
Recount thy race, now ronne: how few thalt thou there fee,
Of whome to faye: This fame is hee, that neuer fayled mee.
So rare a iewel then muft nedes be holden dere:
And as thou wilt esteem thyfelf, fo take thy chofen fere.
The tyrant, in dispayre, no lack of gold bewayls:
But, Out I am vnfoon (sayth hee) for all my frendfhip fayls.
Wherfore fms nothing is more kindely for our kinde:
Next wifdome, thus that teacheth vs, loue we the frendful minde.

[The ten following poems only occur in the First edition.]

**The Garden.**

\(\) He issue of great Ioue, draw nere you, Mufes nine:
Help vs to praiſe the bliffull plott of garden ground fo fine.
The garden giues good food, and ayd for leaches cure:
The garden, full of great delite, his master dothe allure.
Sweet fallet herbs bee here, and herbes of euery kinde:
The ruddy grapes, the feemly frutes bee here at hand to finde.
Here pleafans wanteth not, to make a man full \[? full\] fayn:
Here marueilous the mixture is of folace, and of gain.
To water fondry feeds, the forow by the waye
A ronning riuer, trilling downe with liquor, can conuay.
Beholde, with liuely heew, fayr flowres that shyne fo bright:
With riches, like the orient gems, they paynt the molde in fhit.
Beez, humming with foft foun, (their murmurf is fo fmall)
Of bloomsand blossoms fuck the topps, on dewed leaues they fall
The creping vine holds down her owne bewedded elms:
And, wandering out with branches thick, reeds folded ouerwhelms.
Trees fpred their couerts wyde, with shadows fresh and gaye:
Full well their branched bowz defend the feruent fonne awaye.
Birds chatter, and fome chirp, and fome fweet tunes doo yeeld:

\(^1\) Menetus
All mirthfull, with their songs so blithe, they make both ayre, and
The garden, it allures, it feeds, it glads the sprite: [feeld.
From heauy hartes all doolfull dumps the garden chafeth quite.
Strength it restores to lims, draws, and fulfils the sight:
With chere reuues the fenses all, and maketh labour light.
O, what delites to vs the garden ground dothe bring? [fing.
Seed, leaf, flowr, frute, herb, bee, and tree, and more, then I may

An epitaph of Sir James Wilford knight.

He worthy Wilfords body, which alyue,
Made both the Scot, and Frenchman sore adrad:
A body, shapte of flomake flout to strieue
With forein foes: a corps, that coorage had
So full of force, the like nowhere was ryse:
With hert, as free, as ere had gentle knight:
Now here in graue (thus chaungeth ay, this lyfe)
Refts, with vnreft to many a wofull wight
Of largesse great, of manhod, of forecast
Can ech good Engli5h fouliour bear record.
Speak Launderfey, tell Muttrel maruails past:
Crye Musselborough: prayfe Haddington thy lord,
From thee that held both Scots, and frekes of Fraunce:
Farewel, may England say, hard is my chaunce.

An other, of the same knightes death.

Or Wilford wept first men, then ayr also,
For Wilford felt the wayters wayfull wo.
The men so wept: that bookes, abrode which bee,
Ot moornyng meeters full a man may fee.
So wayld the ayr: that, clowds confumde, remaynd
No dropes, but drouth the parched erth fuflaynd.
So greeted floods: that, where ther rode before
A ship, a car may go safe on the shore.
Left were nomo, but heauen, and erth, to make,
Throughout the world, this greef his rigor take.
But fins the heauen this Wilfords gosfte dothe keep,
And earth, his corps: faye mee, why shold they weep?
An Epitaph of the ladye Margaret Lee.
1555.

An, by a woman lern, this life what we may call:
Blod, frendfhip, beauty, youth, attire, welth, worship,
hehth and al
Take not for thine: not yet thy self as thine beknow.
For hauing these, with full great prayfe, this lady did but shew
Her self vnto the world: and in prime yeres (bee ware)
Sleeps doolfullen fitter, who is wont for no respect to spare,
Alas, withdrew her hence: or rather softly led:
For with good will I dare well say, her waye to him shee sped:
Who claymed, that he bought: and took that erft hee gaue:
More meet than any worldly wight, such heauenly gems to haue.
Now wold shee not return, in earth a queen to dwell.
As shee hathe doon to you, good frend, bid lady Lee, farewell.

Vpon the tomb of A. W.

Yrour of matrones, flowr of spouslike loue,
Of fayr brood frutefull norffe, poor peoples flay,
Neybours delite, true hert to him aboue,
In yeelding worlds encreas took her decaye:
Who printed liues yet in our hertes alway:
Whose closet of good thews, layd here a space,
Shall shortly with the foull in heauen haue place.

Vpon the deceas of W. Ch.

Ow, blythe Thaley, thy feastfull layes lay by:
And to resound these doolfull tunes apply.
Cause of great greef the tyrant death imports:
Whose vgfoom idoll to my brayns reforts.
A gracefull ymp, a flowr of youth, away
Hath she bereft (alas) before his daye.
Chambers, this lyfe to leaue, and thy dear mates,
So soon doo thee conftrayn enuyous fates?
Oh, with that wit, those maners, that good hert,
Woorthy to lyue olde Nesfors yeres thou wert.
You wanted outward yies: and yet aryght
In stories, Poets, oratours had fight.
Whatso you herd, by liuely voyce, exprefl,
Was soon repofde within that mindefull brefl.
To mee more pleafant Plautus neuer was,
Than those conceits, that from your mouth did passe.
Our studiemates great hope did hold alway,
You wold be our schooles ornament, one day.
Your parents then, that thus haue you forgone,
Your brethren eke mufl make theyr heauy mone:
Your louyng feres cannot theyr teares restrayn:
But I, before them all, haue caufe to playn:
Who in pure loue was conioyned with thee,
An other Grimald didfl thou feem to bee.
Ha lord, how oft wifht you, with all your hart,
That vs no chaunce a fonder might depart?
Happy were I, if this your prayer tooke place:
Ay mee, that it dothe cruell death deface.
Ah lord, how oft your fweet woords I repeat,
And in my mynde your woonted lyfe retreat?
O Chambers, O thy Grimalds mate mofle dere?
Why hath fell fate tane thee, and left him here?
But wherto these complaints in vain make wee?
Such woords in wyndes to wafte, what mooueth mee?
Thou holdft the hauen of helth, with blissfull Loue:
Through many waues, and feas, yet mufl I roue.
Not woorthy I, fo soon with thee to go:
Mee styll my fates reteyn, bewrapt in wo.
Liue, our companion once, now lyue, for aye:
Heauens ioyes enioy, whyle wee dye day by daye.
You, that of faith fo fure signes here exprefl,
Do triumph now, nodout, among the blef:
Haue changed sea for porte, darkneffe for light,
An inn for home, exile for countrey right,
Trauail for refl, straunge way for citie glad,
Battail for peas, free raign for bondage bad.
These wretched earthly sounds who can compare
To heauenly feats, and those delites moste rare?
We frayl, you firm: we with great trouble tost,
You bathe in blisse, that never shall bee lost.
Wherfore, Thaley, renew thy feastfull layes:
Her doolfull tunes my chered Mufe now stayes.

Of. N. Ch.

Why, Nicolas, why doeft thou make such hafte
After thy brother? Why goeft thou so? To taste
Of changed lyfe with hym, the better state?
Better? yea best of all, that thought can rate.
Or, did the deed of wretched world drive thee
Lest thou this afterfall should hap to see:
Mauortian moods, Saturnian furies fell,
Of tragicall turnoyls the haynous hell?
O, whose good thews in brief cannot be told,
The hartieft mate, that euer trod the mold:
If our farewell, that here liue in distresse,
Auayl, farewell: the rest teares do suppreffe.

A funerall song, vpon the deceas of
Annes his mother.

Ea, and a good cause why thus should I playn.
For what is hee, can quietly faftayn
So great a grief, with mouth as styll, as stone?
My loue, my lyfe, of ioye my ieewell is gone.
This harty zeale if any wight disprooue,
As womans work, whom feeble minde doth moue:
Hee neither knowes the mighty natures laws.
Nor touching elders deeds hath feen old saws.
Martius, to vanquish Rome, was set on fire:
But vanquished fell, at moothers boon, his ire.
Into Hesperian land Sertorius fled,
Of parent aye cheef care had in his hed.
Dear weight on shouleders Sicil brethren bore,
While Etnaes gyant spouted flames full fore.
Not more of Tyndars ymps hath Sparta spoke,
Than Arge of charged necks with parents yoke.
Nor onely them thus dyd foretyme entreat:
Then, was the noorffe also in honour great.
Caiet the Phrygian from amid fireflame
Rescued, who gaue to Latine ftronds the name.
Acca, in dubble fene Lupa ycleaped,
To Romane Calendars a feast hath heaped.
His Capra Ioue among the fterres hath pight:
In welkin clere yet lo the shineth bryght.
Hyades as gratefully Lyai did place,
Whom, in primetide, supports the Bulls fayr face
And shoule not I expresse my inward wo,
When you, most louyng dam, so soon hence go.
I, in your frutefull woomb conceyued, born was,
Whyle wanderyng moon ten moonths did ouerpasse.
Mee, brought to light, your tender arms fuftaynd:
And, with my lips, your milky paps I straynd.
You mee embraced, in bofom soft you mee
Cherished, as I your onely chylde had bee.
Of yffue fayr with noombers were you blest:
Yet I, the bestbeloued of all the rest.
Good luck, certayn forereadyng moothers haue;
And you of mee a speciall judgement gaue.
Then, when firm pafe I fixed on the ground:
When toung can cease to break the lišpyng found:
You mee ftreightway did too the Mufes fend,
Ne suffered long a loyteryng lyfe to spend,
What gayn the wooll, what gayn the wed had braught,
It was his meed, that me there dayly taught.
When with Minerue I had acquaintance woon:
And Phebus seemd to loue mee, as his soon:
Browns hold I bad at parents heft, farewell:
And gladly there in schools I gan to dwell:
Where Granta giues the ladies nyne fuch place,
That they reioyfe to see theyr bliffull cafe.
With ioyes at hert, in this pernasse I bode,
Whyle, through his signes, fiue tymes great Titan glode:
And twyfe as long, by that fayr foord, whereas
Swanfeeder Temms no furder course can passe.
O, what defire had you, therwhile, of mee?
Mid doutfull dreeds, what ioyes were wont to bee?
Now linnen clothes, wrought with those fyngers fyne,
Now other thynges of yours dyd you make myne:
Tyll your laft thredes gan Clotho to vntwyne,
And of your dayes the date extreem affygne.
Hearyng the chaunce, your neybours made much mone:
A dearworth dame, they thought theyr comfort gone.
Kinfwoomen wept: your charge, the maydens wept:
Your daughters wept, whom you so well had kept.
But my good fyre gaue, with soft woords, releef:
And clokes, with outward chere, his inward grefe:
Lefte, by his care, your ficknes shoule augment,
And on his case your thoughtfull hert be bent.
You, not forgetting yet a mootheres mood,
When at the dore darthirling death there ftood,
Did faye: Adeew, dear f spouse, my race is roon:
Wher fo he bee, I haue left you a soon,
And Nicolas you naamd, and naamd agayn:
With other speeche, aspiring heauenly raign:
When into ayre your fprire departed fled,
And left the corps a cold in lukewarm bed.
Ah, could you thus, deare mother, leaue vs all?
Now, shoule you liue: that yet, before your fall,
My fongs you might haue foong, haue heard my voyce,
And in commodities of your own reioyce.
My fifters yet vnwedded who fhall guide?
With whose good leffons fhall they bee applyed?
Haue, mother, monumentes of our fore fmart:
No costly tomb, areard with curious art:
Nor Maufoleean maffe, hoong in the ayre:
Nor loftie fteeples, that will once appayre:
But waylful verfe, and doolfull song accept.
By verfe, the names of auncient peres be kept:
By verfe, liues Hercules: by verfe, Achil:
Hector, Ene, by verfe, be famous ftil
Such former yeres, such death hath chaunced thee:
Clofde, with good end, good life is woont to bee.
But now, my sacred parent, fare you well:
God shall cause vs agayn togither dwell.
What time this vniuerfall globe shall hear
Of the laft troomp the ryning voyce: great fear
To soom, to such as you a heauenly chear.
Til then, reposde rest you in gentle sleepe:
While hee, whom to you are bequeathd, you keep.

Vpon the death of lord Mautrauers,
out of doctor Haddons latine.

Henoble Henry, he, that was the lord Mautrauers named:
Heyrto the houfe of thArundels, fo long a time nowfamed:
Who from Fitzalens doth recount difcent of worthy race, Fitzalens, earls of hye estate, men of a goodly grace:
Whom his renowned father had feen florifh, and excell,
In arms, in arts, in witt, in fkill, in speaking wonders well:
Whofeyeres, to timely vertue had, and manly graueneffe caught:
With foden ruine is downfalln, and into afhes braught:
While glory his coragious hert enflames to travaile great:
And, in his youthly brefh ther raigns an ouerferuent heat.
The pereleffe princeffe, Mary quene, her meffage to prefent,
This Britan lord, as one mofte meet, to Cefars broother fent.
On courfing fteeds hee rides the waye: in fhip hee fleeteth falt:
To royall Cefars court he comes, the payns, and perils paft:
His charge enjoiynd perfourmeth hee, attaìnd exceeding prayfe:
His name, and fame fo fully fpred, it dures for afterdayes.
But lo, a fervent feeuer doth, amid his triumphs, fall:
And, with hertgripypng greef, confumes his tender lyms and all.
O ruful youth, thy helth toofar forgot, and toomuch heed
To countrie, and too paren FYuen: whymakeft thou fuch fpred?
O, flaye your felf: your country fo to ferve dothe right require,
That often ferve you may: and then, at length, fucceeed your fire.
But thee perchaunce it likes, thy life the price of praiife to paye:
Nor deth doeft dred, where honor fhines, as bright as fonny day.
Certese no greater glory could, than this, to thee betide:
Though loue, six hundred yeres, had made thy fatall thread abide
Of iourneys, and of trauails huge the cause thy country was:
Thy funerall to honour, forth great Cefars court gan passe.
And, thus, O thus (good lord) this ymp, of heuen most worthy wight
His happy life with bliffull death concluded hath aright:
When, in fourt yere quene Maries raign proceeded: and what day,
Was laft of Julie moneth, the fame his laft took him awaye.
From yeres twife ten if you in count wil but one yere abate:
The very age then shall you finde of lord Mautrauers fate.
Likewise, was Titus Cefar hence withdrawn, in his prime yeres:
Likewise, the yong prince Edward went: and diuers other peres.
Father, forbear thy wofull tears, ceafe, England, too lament:
Fates fauour none, the enmie death to all alike is bent.
The onely mean, that now remains, with eloquence full fine.
Hath Shelly vfed, in fetting forth this barons name diuine.
Your Haddon eke, who erfl in your life time, bore you good hart,
Presenteth you this monument, of woonted zeal some part.
And now farewell: of English youth most chosen gem, farewell:
A worthyer wight, saue Edward, did in England neuer dwell.

Vpon the fayd lord Mautrauers death.

Ee thought, of late when lord Mautrauers dyed,
Our common weal, thus, by her selfe shee cryed:
Oft haue I wept for mine, so layd a sleep,
Yet neuer had I iusfer caufe to weep.
The death of Zoroas, an Egipitian Astronomer, in first fight, that Alexander had with the Persians.

Ow clattering arms, now ragyng broyls of warr
Gan passe the noyes of taratantars clang:\ [darts, Shrowed with shafts, the heuen: with clowd of Couered, the ayre: against fullfatted bulls, As forceth kindled ire the Lions keen: Whose greedy gutts the gnawing hoonger pricks: So Macedoins against the Persians fare.
Now corpfes hide the purpurde foyl with blood:
Large slaughter, on ech side: but Perfes more Moyst feelds bebledd\: their herts, and noombers bate. Fainted while they giue back, and fall to flight:
The lightning Macedon, by fwoords, by gleaus,
By bands, and trwops, of fotemen with his garde,
Speeds to Darie: but him, his nearest kyn,
Oxate preferues, with horfemen on a plump
Before his carr: that none the charge could giue.
Heregrunts, heregrones, echwhere strong youth is spent:
Shaking her bloody hands, Bellone, among
The Perfes, foweth all kindes\ of cruel death.
With throte ycutt, hee roores: hee lyeth along,
His entrails with a launce through girded quite:
Him down\ the club, him beats\ farftryking bowe,
And him the flyng, and him the shinand\ fwoord:
Hee dieth, hee is all dedd, hee pants, he refts.
Right ouer flood, in fnowwhite armour braue,
The Memphite Zoroas, a cooning clerk:
To whom the heauen lay open, as his book:
And in celestiall bodiyes hee could tell
The moouyng, meetyng, light, aspect, eclyps,

1 of dredfull trumpets clang:\ 2 Moyst feelds be bledd
3 kynde 4 smites 5 wounds 6 shinyng
And influence, and constellations all:
What earthly chaunces wold betide: what yere
Of plenty florde, what signe forwarned derth:
How winter gendreth snow: what temperature
In the primetide dothe season well the soyl:
Why soomer burns: why autum hath ripe grapes:
Whether the circle, quadrat may becom:\
Whether our tunes heauens harmony can yeeld:
Of fowr begynns, among them felues how great
Proportion is: what swaye the erring lightes
Dothe send in course gayn that first mouing heauen,
What grees, one from an other distant bee:
What flerr\ dothe lett the hurtfull fire to rage,
Or him more mylde what opposition markes:\
What fire doth qualifie Mauorses fire:
What house echone doth seek: what planet raings
Within this hemisphere, or that: small things
I speake: holl\ heauen hee clofeth in his brest.
This sage then, in the starrs had spied: the fates
Threatned him death, without delaye: and fitte
Hee saw, hee could not fallat order change:
Forward hee preast, in battayl that hee might
Meet with the ruler of the Macedoins:
Of his right hand desirous to be slayn,
The boldest beurn, and worthiest in the feeld:
And, as a wight now weary of his life,
And seeking death: in first front of his rage,
Cooms desperatly to Alisanders\ face:
At him, with darts, one after other, throwes:
With reckles woords, and clamour him prouokes:
And sayth, Nectanabs bastard, shamefull slain
Of mothers bed: why lovest thou thy strokes,
Cowards emong? Turn thee to mee, in case
Manhod ther bee so much left in thy hert:
Coom fight with mee: that on my helmet wear
Apolloes laule, both for learnings laude,
And eke for Martiall prayse: that, in my shield,
The feuenfold sophie of Minerue contein:
A match, more meet, sir king, than any here.
The noble prince amoued, takes ruthe vpon
The wilfull wight: and, with soft woords, ayen,
O monstrous man (quod he) whatso thou art,
I praye thee, lyue: ne do not, with thy death
This lodge of lore, the Muses mansion marr.
That treasoure house this hand shall neuer spoyle:
My saword shall neuer bruze that skyllfull brayn,
Longgatherd heapes of science soon to spyll.
O, how faire frutes may you to mortall men
From wisdoms garden, giue? How many may,
By you, the wyser, and the better prowe?
What error, what mad moode, what phrenzey\(^1\) thee
Persuades to bee downsent to deep Auern:
Where no artes florifh, nor no knowledge vails?
For all these fawes, when thus the fourerain sayde,
Alighted Zoroas: with saword vnsheathed,
The carelesse king there smote, aboue the greaue,
At thopening of his quishes: wounded him
So, that the blood down reyled on the ground.
The Macedon, perceyuing hurt, gan gnas\(\text{h}^{2}\):
But yet his minde he bent, in any wyse,
Hym to forbear: set spurrs vnto his steed,
And turnd away: lest anger of the smart
Should cause reuenger hand deal balefull blowes.
But of the Macedonian chieftanes knights
One, Meleager, could not bear this fight:
But ran vpon the sayd Egyptian renk\(^3\):
And cut him in both kneez: hee fell to ground:
Wherewith a hole route came of fouliours stern,
And all in peeces hewed the filly seg
But happily the foll\(^4\) fled to the fierres:
Where, vnder him, he hath full fight of all,
Wherat hee gazed here, with reaching looke.
The Persians wayld fuch sapience to forgo:
The very fone, the Macedonians wisht,
Hee wold haue lyued: kyng Alisander self
Deemd him a man, vnmeet to dye at all:
Who woon lyke prafe, for conquest of his ire,
As for stout men in feeld that daye subdeewd:

\(^1\) phrensy  \(^2\) reuk  \(^3\) soule
Who princes taught, how to discern a man,
That in his head so rare a iewell beares.
But ouer all, those fame Camenes, those fame
Diuine Camenes, whose honor he procurde.
As tender parent dothe his daughters weal:
Lamented: and, for thanks, all that they can,
Do cherish him deceaft, and set hym free
From derk obliuion of deuouryng death.

Marcus Tullius Ciceroes death.

Herefore, when restlesse rage of wynde, and waue
Hee saw: By fates, alas calld for (quod hee)
Is haplesse Cicero: fayl on, fhape course
To the next shore, and bryng me to my death.
Perdie these thanks, reskued from ciuil fwoord,
Wilt thou, my countrey, paye? I fee mine end:
So powrs diuine, fo bid the gods aboue,
In citie faued that Conful Marcus fhend.
Speakyng nomore, but drawyng from deep hert
Great grones, euen at the name of Room\(^1\) reherft:
His yies,\(^2\) and cheeks, with fhowrs of teares, hee wafht.
And (though a route in dayly daungers worn)
With forced face, the shipmen held theyr teares:
And, ftriuyng long the seas rough floods to passe,
In angry wyndes, and ftormy flouers made waye:
And at the laft, safe anchord in the rode.
Came heauy Cicero a land: with payn,
His faynted lyms the aged fire dothe draw:
And, round about their master, ftood his band:
Nor greatly with theyr own hard hap dismayd,
Nor plighted fayth, proue in ftarp time to break:
Soom fwoords prepare: foom theyr deare lord affift:
In littour layd, they lead hym vnkouth wayes:
If fo deceaue Antonius cruell gleaus\(^3\)
They might, and threats of folowing routs ecape.
Thus lo, that Tullie, went, that Tullius,
Of royall robe, and sacred Senate prince:

\(^1\) Rome \(^2\) eies \(^3\) gleaues
When hee afar the men approche espyeth,
And of his fone the ensignes dothe aknow:
And, with drawn fwoord, Popilius threatnyng death:
Whose life, and holl eestate, in hazard once,
Hee had preferued: when Room as yet to free
Herd hym, and at his thundryng voyce amazde.
Herennius eek, more eyger than the reft,
Present enflamde with furie, him purfeews.
What might hee doo? Should hee vfe in defenfe
Disarmed hands? or pardon ask, for meed?
Should hee with woords attempt to turn the wrath
Of tharmed knyght, whose safeguard hee had wrought?
No, age, forbids, and fixt within deep breft
His countreys loue, and falling Rooms image.
The charret turn, fayth hee, let loose the rayns:
Roon to the vnderuerued death: mee, lo,
Hath Phebus fowl, as meffanger, forwarnd:
And Ioue desires a neew heauensman to make.
Brutus, and Cassius foulls, liue you in bliffe:
In cafe yet all the fates gaynstriue vs not,
Neyther shal we perchaunce dye vnreuenged.
Now haue I liued, O Room, ynough for mee:
My passed lyfe nought suffreth mee to dout
Noyfom obluiion of the lothesom death.
Slea mee: yet all thoffpring to coom shal knowe
And this deceas shal bring eternall lyfe.
Yea and (onleffe I sayl, and all in vain
Room, I soomtyme thy Augur chofen was)
Not euermore shal friendly fortune thee
Fauour, Antonius: once the day shal coom:
When her deare wights, by cruell fpight, thus slayn,
Victorious Room shal at thy hands require.
Mee likes, therwhyle, go fee the hoped heauen.
Speech had he left: and therwith hee, good man
His throte preparde, and held his hed vnmoued,
His haftyng too\(^1\) those fates the very knights
Bee lothe to fee: and, rage rebated, when
They his bare neck beheld, and his hore heyres:
Scant could they hold the teares, that forth gan burst:

\(^1\) to
And almost fell from bloody hands the swords.
Onely the stern Herennius, with grym look,
Daftards, why stand you still: he sayth: and stright,
Swaps of the hed, with his presumptuous yron.
Ne with that slaughter yet is hee not fled:
Fowl shame on shame to heap is his delyte.
Wherfore the hands also doth hee of smyte,
Which durft Antonius life so liuely paynt:
Him, yeldying strayned goste, from welkin hye,
With lothly chere, lord Phebus gan behold:
And in black cloud, they faye, long hid his hed.
The latine Mufes, and the Grayes, they wept:
And, for his fall, eternally shall weep.
And lo, hertperfyng Pitho (straunge to tell)
Who had to him suffisde bothe sens, and woords,
When fo he spake: and dreft, with nectar foote,
That flowyng toung: when his wyndpype discloide,
Fled with her fleanng frend: and (out alas)
Hath left the erth, ne wil nomore return.
Popilius flyeth, therwhyle: and, leauyng there
The fenflesse flock, a gryzely fight doth bear
Vnto Antonius boord, with mishief fed.

Of M. T. Cicero.

Or Tullie, late, a toomb I gan prepare:
When Cynthie, thus, bad mee my labour spare.
Such maner things becoome the ded, quoth hee:
But Tullie liues, and flyll alyue shall bee.

N. G.
The complaint of a lover with fute to his love for pitye.

F ever wofull man might moue your hartes to ruthe,
Good ladies here this woful plaint, whose deth shal
try his truth
And rightfull iudges be on this his true report :
If he deferue a louers name among the faithfull fort.
Five hundred times the sonne hath lodged him in
the West:
Since in my hart I harbred first of all the
goodlyest gest.
Whose worthinesse to shew my wittes are all to faint.
And I lack cunnyng of the scoles, in colours her to paynt.
But this I briefly saye in wordes of egall weight.
So void of vice was neuer none, nor with such vertues freyght.
And for her beauties prayse, no wight, that with her warres.
For, where she comes, she shewes her self as sonne among ye
ftarres.

But Lord, thou waft to blame, to frame such parfitenesse :
And puttes no pitie in her hart, my forowes to redresse.
For ye knew the paynes, and panges, that I haue past :
A wonder would it be to you, how that my life had laft.
When all the Goddes agreed, that Cupide with his bow
Should shothe his arrowes from her eies, on me his might to show
I knew it was in vain my force to truft vpon :
And well I wist, it was no shame, to yelde to such a one.
Then did I me submit with humble hart, and minde,
To be her man for euermore : as by the Goddes affinde.
And since that day, no wo, wherwith loue might torment,
Could moue me from this faithfull band : or make me once
Yet haue I felt full oft the hottest of his fire:
The bitter teares, the scalding fighes, the burning hote defyre.
And with a sodain fight the trembling of the hart:
And how the blood doth come, and go, to succour every part.
When that a pleasan loke hath lift me in the ayer:
A frowne hath made me fall as fast into a depe despayrer.
And when that I, er this, my tale could well by hart:
And that my tong had learned it, so that no worde might flart:
The figh of her hath fet my wittes in such a flay:
That to be lord of all the world, one word I could not fay,
And many a sodayn cramp my hart hath pinched so:
That for the time my fenses all felt neither weale, nor wo.
Yet faw I neuer thing, that might my minde content:
But wisht it hers, and at her will, if she could so consent.
Nor neuer heard of wo: that did her will displease:
But wisht the fame vnto my self, so it might do her eafe.
Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked face:
Vnlesse it did resemble her, or some part of her grace.
No distance yet of place could vs so farre deuide:
But that my hert, and my good will did still with her abide.
Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortunes powre,
To put that fweete out of my thought, one minute of an howre.
No rage of drenching fea, nor woodeneffe of the winde,
Nor cannons with their thundryng cracks could put her from my minde
For when bothe fea and land asunder hath vs fet:
My hole delite was onely then, my self alone to get.
And thitherward to loke, as nere as I could geffe:
Whereas I thought, that shee was then, yat might my woredresse.
Full oft it did me good, that waies to take my winde:
So pleasan ayre in no place els, me thought I could not finde.
I faying to my self, my life is yonder waye:
And by the winde I haue here fent, a thousand fighes a daye.
And sayd vnto the funne, great gifts are geneen thee:
For thou mayft see mine earthly bliffe, where euer that she bee.
Thou feell in euery place, wold God I had thy might:
And I the ruler of my selfe, then should she know no night.
And thus from wish to wishe my wits haue been at strife:
And wantyng all that I haue wisht, thus haue I led my life.
But long it can not laft, that in such wo remaines.
No force for that: for death is sweet to him, that feels such paines.
Yet most of all me greues: when I am in my graue,
That the shall purchase by my death a cruel name to haue.
Wherfore all you that heare this plaint, or shall it see:
Wish, that it may so perceive her hert, that she may pitie mee.

For and it were her will: for bothe it were the best,
To faue my life, to kepe her name, and set my hert at rest.

Of the death of master Deuerox
the lord Ferres sonne.

Ho iustly may reioyce in ought vnder the skye [dye.
As life, or lands: as frends, or frutes: which only liue to
Or who dothenot well know all worldly works are vaine?
And eueth nought but to the lendes, to take the fame againe.
For though it lift some vp: as wee long vpward all:
Such is the fort of flipper welth: all things do rife to fall.
Thuncertentie is such: experience teacheth fo:
That what things men do couet most, them foonest they forgo.
Lo Deuorox where he lieth: whose life men heeld so deare
That now his death is forowed fo, that pitie it is to heare.
His birth of auncient blood: his parents of great fame:
And yet in vertue farre before the formost of the same.
His king, and countrye bothe he serued to so great gaine:
That with the Brutes record doth ref, and euer shall remaine.
No man in warre fo mete, an enterprize to take:
No man in peace that pleasur'd more of enmies frends to make.
A Cato for his counsell: his head was surely fuch.
Ne Theseus friendship was fo great, but Deuorox was as much.
A graffe of fo small grothe fo much good frute to bring:
Is feldome heard, or neuer sene: it is fo rare a thing.
A man sent vs from God, his life did well declare:
And now sent for by god again, to teach vs what we are.
Death, and the graue, that shall accompany all that liue,
Hath brought him heuen, though somewhat fone, which life could
God graunt well all, that shall professee as he professt: [neuer geue
To liue fo well, to dye no worse: and send his soule good rest.
They of the meane estate are happiest.

If right be rackt, and ouerronne:
And power take part with open wrong:
If fear by force do yelde to foone,
The lack is like to laft to long.
If God for goodes shalbe vnplaced:
If right for riches lose his shape:
If world for wisdome be embraced:
The geffe is great, much hurt may happe.
Among good things, I proue and finde,
The quiet life dothe most abound:
And sure to the contented minde
There is no riches may be found.
For riches hates to be content:
Rule is enmy to quietnesse.
Power is most part impacient:
And feldom likes to liue in pease.
I hard a herdman once compare:
That quite nightes he had mo flept:
And had mo mery daies to spare:
Then he, which ought the beastes, he kept.
I would not haue it thought hereby
The dolphin swimme I meane to teach:
Nor yet to learne the Fawcon flie:
I rowe not fo farre paft my reache.
But as my part aboue the reft,
Is well to wish and well to will:
So till my breath shal fail my breft,
I will not ceasse to wish you styll.

Comparison of lyfe and death.

He lyfe is long, that lothfumly doth laft:
The dolefull dayes draw slowly to theyr date:
The present panges, and paynfull plages forepast
Yelde griefe aye grene to stablish this estate.
So that I fele, in this great storme, and strife,
The death is swete that endeth such a life.

Yet by the stroke of this strange overthrow,
At which conflict in thraldom I was thrust:
The Lord be prayed: I am well taught to know,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must:
And by the way vpon how feble force
His term doth stand, till death doth end his course.

The pleasant yeres that seme, so swifte that runne:
The mery dayes to end, so fast that flete:
The ioyfull nightes, of which day daweth so foone:
The happy howers, which mo do misse, then mete,
Doe all consume: as snowe against the sunne:
And death makes end of all, that life begunne.

Since death shall dure, tyll all the world be waft.
What meaneth man to drede death then so fore?
As man might make, that life should alway last.
Without regard, the lord hath led before
The daunce of death, which all must runne on row:
Though how, or when, the lord alone doth know.

If man would minde, what burdens life doth bring:
What greuous crimes to god he doth commit:
What plages, what panges, what perilles therby spring:
With no sure hower in all his dayes to fit:
He would sure think, as with great cause I do:
The day of death were better of the two.

Death is a port, wherby we passe to ioy.
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in pain.
Death is so dere, it ceaseth all annoy.
Life is so leude, that all it yeldes is vayn.
And as by life to bondage man is braught:
Euen so likewise by death was fredome wraught.

Wherfore with Paul let all men wish, and pray
To be dissolude of this foule flechy masse:
Or at the leaft be armed against the day:
That they be found good fouldiers, preft to passe
From life to death: from death to life agayn
To such a life, as ever shall remain.
The tale of Pigmalion with conclusion upon the beautye of his loue.

In Greece sometime there dwelt a man of worthy fame:
To graue in stone his connyng was: Pygmalion was his name.
To make his fame endure, when death had him bereft:
He thought it good, of his owne handesome filede work were left.
In secrete studie then such work he gan deuise,
As might his conning best commend, and please the lokers eyes.
A courser faire he thought to graue, barbd for the field:
And on his back a femely knight, well armed with speare and
Ores fome foule, or fish to graue he did deuise: [shielde:
And still, within his wandering thoughtes, newesfancies did aryse.
Thus varyed he in mynde, what enterprife to take:
Till fanfy moued his learned hand a woman fayre to make.
Whereon he flayed, and thought such parfite fform to frame:
Whereby he might amaze all Greece, and winne immortall name.
Of Yuorie white he made so faire a woman than:
That nature scornd her perfitneffe so taught by craft of man.
Welshaped were her lyms, full cumly was her face:
Eche little vayn moft liuely coucht, eche part had femely grace.
Twixt nature, and Pygmalion, there might appeare great stryfe.
So femely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothyng but life.
His curious eye beheld his own deuised work:
And, gasyng oft thereon, he found much venome there to lurke.
For all the featurde shape so dyd his fanfie moue:
That, with his idoll, whom he made, Pygmalion fell in loue.
To whom he honour gaue, and deckt with garlandes fwete,
And did adourn with iewels riche, as is for louers mete.
Somtimes on it he fawned: some time in rage would cryn:
It was a wonder to beholde, how fanfy bleard his eye.
Since that this ymage dum enflamde so wyfe a man:
My dere, alas since I you loue, what wonder is it than?
In whom hath nature set the glory of her name: [frame.
And brake her mould, in great dispayre, your like she could not
The lover sheweth his woeful state, and prayeth pitye.

Yke as the lark within the marlians foote
With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay:
So syng I now, feyng none other boote,
My rendering fong, and to your wyll obey.
Your vertue mountes aboue my force so hye.
And with your beautie feased I am so sure:
That their auails resistance none in me,
But paciently your pleasure to endure
For on your wyll my fansy shall attend:
My lyfe, my death, I put both in your choyce:
And rather had this lyfe by you to end,
Than lyue, by other alwayes to reioyce.
And if your crueltie doe thirst my blood:
Then let it forth, if it may doe you good.

Upon consideracion of the state of this lyfe
he wisheth death.

The lenger lyfe, the more offence:
The more offence, the greater payn:
The greater payn, the lesse defence:
The lesse defence, the lesser gayn.
The losse of gayn long yll doth trye:
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.
The shorter life, lesse count I fynde:
The lesse account, the sooner made:
The count soon made, the meryer minde:
The mery minde doth thought euade.
Short lyfe in truth this thing doth trye:
Wherefore come death, and let me dye:
Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care, the flood of lyfe,
The flood of lyfe, the ioyfull fare,
The ioyfull fare, the end of strife.
The end of strife, that thing wishe I:
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.

The lover that once disdained loue is now
become subiect beyng caught
in his snare.

To this my fong geue eare, who list:
And mine intent iudge, as you wyll:
The tyme is cume, that I haue mift,
The thyng, wheron I hoped styll,
And from the top of all my trust,
Myhap hath throwen me in the dust.
The time hath been, and that of late:
My hart and I might leape at large.
And was not shut within the gate
Of loues defyre: nor toke no charge
Of any thyng, that dyd pertain
As touching loue in any payn.
My thought was free, my hart was light:
I marked not, who loft, who faught.
I playde by day, I slept by night.
I forced not, who wept, who laught.
My thought from all such thinges was free:
And I my self at libertee.
I toke no hede to tauntes, nor toyes:
As leefe to see them frowne as smile:
Where fortune laught I scorned their ioyes:
I found their fraudes and euery wile.
And to my self oft times I smiled:
To see, how loue had them begiled.
Thus in the net of my conceit
I masked styll among the fort
Of such as fed vpon the bayt,
That Cupide laide for his disport.
And euer as I faw them caught:
I them beheld, and thereat laught.

Till at the length when Cupide spied
My scornfull will and spitefull use
And how I past not who was tied.
So that my self might still liue lose:
He set himself to lye in wait:
And in my way he threw a bait.

Such one, as nature neuer made,
I dare well say saue she alone.
Such one she was as would invade
A hart, more hard then marble stone.
Such one she is, I know, it right,
Her nature made to shew her might.

Then as a man euen in a maze,
When use of reason is away:
So I began to flare, and gaze.
And sodeinly, without delay,
Or euer I had the wit to loke:
I swalowed vp both bayt, and hoke.

Which daily greues me more and more
By foncry fortes of carefull wo:
And none aliue may saue the fore,
But onely she, that hurt me so.
In whom my life doth now consift,
To saue or slay me as she lift.

But seing now that I am caught,
And bounde so fast, I cannot flee.
Be ye by mine enexample taught,
That in your fancies fele you free.
Despife not them, that louers are:
Left you be caught within his snare.

Of Fortune, and Fame.

The plage is great, where fortune frownes:
One mischief brings a thousand woes
Where trumpets geue their warlike fownes:
The weake suflain sharpe overthowes.
No better life they taste, and fele:
That subiect are to fortunes whele.

Her happy chance may laft no time:
Her pleasure threateneth paines to come.
She is the fall of those, that clime:
And yet her whele auanceth fome.
No force, where that she hates, or loues:
Her ficle-minde fo oft remoues.

She geues no gift, but craues as fast.
She foone repentes a thankful dede.
She turneth after every blast.
She helps them oft, that haue no nede.
Where power dwelles, and riches reft:
Falfe fortune is a common geft,

Yet fome affirm, and proue by fkyll:
Fortune is not as fleyng Fame,
She neither can do good, nor yll.
She hath no fourme, yet beares a name.
Then we but ftriue agaynft the fstreames,
To frame fuch toyes on fancies dreames.

If she haue shape, or name alone:
If she do rule, or beare no fway:
If she haue bodie, lief, or none:
Be fhe a sprite I cannot fay.
But well I wot, fome caufe there is:
That causeth wo, and fendeth bliffe.

The caufe of thinges I will not blame:
Left I offend the prince of pease.1
But I may chide, and braule with Fame:
To make her crye, and neuer ceafe.
To blow the trump within her eares:
That may apeafe my wofull teares.

Against wicked tonges.

Euyll tonges, which clap at euery winde:
Ye flea the quick, and eke the dead defame:
Those that liue well, fon faute in thm ye finde.

1 pease.
Ye take no thought, in flaundring\(^1\) theyr good name.
Ye put iust men oft times to open shame.
Ye rynge so loude, ye found vnto the skyes:
And yet in proved ye bowe nothyng, but lyes.
Ye make great warre, where peace hath been of long,
Ye bring rich realmes to ruine, and decay.
Ye pluck down right: ye doe enhaunce the wrong.
Ye turne fwete myrth to wo,
And yet in proofe ye fowe nothyng, but lyes.

Of mischiesfes all ye are the grounde, I say.
Happy is he, that liues on such a fort:
That nedes not feare such tonges of false report.

[The following poem was, in the Second and later editions, transferred further on,
to p. 215, with a fresh heading: The lover dredding to moue his sute for dout of denial, accuseth all women of disdaine and ficklenesse. See p. 215 for the answer.]

Not to trust to much but beware by others calamities.

O walke on doubtfull ground, where danger is vnseen
Doth double men that carelesse be in depe dispaire I wene,
For as the blynde doth feare, what footing he shal fynde:
So doth the wife before he speak, mistrust the strangers mynde.
For he that blontly runnes, may light among the breers,
And so be put vnto his plunge where danger leaft apperes:
The bird that felly foole, doth warn vs to beware,
Who lighteth not on euery rushe,\(^2\) he dreadeth so the snare.
The mouse that shonnes the trap, doth shew what harmedothly:
Within the fwete betraying bait, that oft deceuies the eye.
The fishe auoides the hoke, though hunger byds him bite,
And houreth still about the worme, whereon is his delyte.
Yf birdes and beastses can see, where their vndoyng lies: [eyes.
How should a mischief scape our heads, yat haue both wit and
What madnesse may be more, then plow the barreyn field:
Or any frutefull wordes to sow, to eares that are vnwyld.
They here and then mislyke, they like and than they lothe,
Thei hate, thei loue, thei skorn, thei praife, yea sure thei can do both

We see what falles they haue, that clyme on trees vnknowne:
As they that trufe to rotten bowes, must nedes be ouerthrowne.
A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much more,
Than for to plain where is no value, for to recure the fore. 
Wherfore my grief I hide, within a hollow hart:
Untill the smoke thereof be spied, by flaming of the smart.

\textit{Hell tormenteth not the damned ghostes so fore as vnkindnesse the lower.}

He restlesse rage of depe deouryng hell,
The blasing brandes, that neuer do confume,
The roryng route, in Plutos den that dwell:
The fiery breath, that from those ymps doth fume:
The dropsy dryeth, that Tantale in the flood 
Endureth aye, all hopelesse of relief:
He hongerieruen, where frute is ready food:
So wretchedly his soule doth suffer grief:
The liuer gnawne of gylefull Promethus,
Which Vultures fell with frayned talant tyre:
The labour loft of wearyed Sifiphus:
These hellish houndes, with paines of quenchlesse fyre,
Can not so fore the silly soules torment,
As her vntruth my hart hath alltorent.\footnote{all to rent.}

\textit{Of the mutabilitie of the world.}

By fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to fynde \[minde
Such sanfies, as my carefull thought had brought into my
And when eche one was gone to rest, full soft in bed to lye:
I would haue slept: but then the watch did folow stillmyne eye.
And fodeinly I saw a sea of wofull forowes preft:
Whose wicked wayes of sharp repulfe bred mine vnquiet rest.
I saw this world: and how it went, eche state in his degree:
And that from wealth ygraunted is, both lyfe, and libertee.
I saw, how enuy it did rayne, and beare the greatest price:
Yet greater poyson is not found within the Cockatrice.
I saw also, how that disdayn oft times to forge my wo,
Gaue me the cup of bitter swete, to pledge my mortall so.
I saw also, how that desire to rest no place could finde
But still constrainde in endlessse pain to follow natures kynde.
I saw also most strange of all how nature did forfake [snake
The blood, that in her womb was wrought: as doth ye lothed
I saw how fancy would retayn no lenger then her lust:
And as the winde how she doth change: and is not for to trust.
I saw, how stedfastnesse did fly with winges of often change:
A flying bride, but seldom seen, her nature is so strange.
I saw, how pleasant times did passe, as flowers doe in the mede:
To day that ryfeth red as rose: to morow falleth ded.
I saw, my tyme how it did runne, as sand out of the glasse.
Euen as eche hower appointed is from tyme, and tyde to passe.
I saw the yeares, that I had spent, and losse of all my gayn:
And how the sport of youthfull playes my foly dyd retayn.
I saw, how that the little ant in somer still dothe runne
To feke her foode, wherby to liue in winter for to come.
I saw eke vertue, how she sat the threde of life to spinne.
Which sheweth the end of euery work, before it doth beginne.
And when all these I thus beheld with many mo pardy:
In me, me thought, eche one had wrought aparfite proprity.
And then I said, vnto my self: a lessoon this shalbe
For other: that shall after come, for to beware by me.
Thus, all the night I did deuise, which way I might confrayn.
To foume a plot, that wit might work these branches in my brain.

Harpelus complaynt of Phillidaes love be-
flowed on Corin, who loued her not
and denied him, that loued her.

Hylida was a fayer mayde,
And fresh as any flowre:
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayed
To be his paramour.
Harpalus and eke Corin
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phillida could twift and spin
And therto sing full clere.

1 A flying bird
2 fayre
But Phillida was all to coy
For Harpelus to winne.
For Corin was her onely ioye,
Who forst her not a pynne.
How often would the flowers twine
How often garlandes make:
Of Couslippes and of Colombine,
And all for Corins fake.
But Corin he had haukes to lure
And forced more the field:
Of louers lawe he toke no cure
For once he was begilde.
Harpalus preualed nought
His labour all was loft:
For he was fardest from her thought
And yet he loued her moft.
Therfore waxt he both pale and leane
And drye as clot of clay:
His flethe it was confumed cleane
His colour gone away.
His beard it had not long be shaue,
His heare hong all vnkempt:
A man mosle fitte euens for the graue
Whom spitefull loue had fpent.
His eyes were red and all forewatched
His face besprent with teares:
It femde vnhap had him long hatched.
In middes of his dispayres.
His clothes were blacke and also bare
As one forlome was he:
Vpon his heade alwaies he ware,
A wreath of wilow tree.
His beaftes he kept vpon the hyll,
And he fete in the dale:
And thus with fighes and forowes fhryll,
He gan to tell his tale.
O Harpelus thus would he fay,¹
Vnhappiefte vnder funne:
The caufe of thine vnhappy day

¹O Harpalus (thus would he say,)
By loue was first begone.
   For thou wentest first my fute to seeke
A Tygre to make tame:
That fets not by thy loue a leke
But makes thy grefe her game.
   As easye it were, for to convерт
The frost into the flame:
As for to turne a froward hert
Whom thou so fain wouldst frame.
   Corin he liueth carelesse
He leapes among the leaues:
He eates the frutes of thy redresse
Thou reapes he takes the sheaues.
   My beastes a while your fode refrayne
And herken your herdmans founde:
Whom spitefull loue alas hath flaine
Throughgirt with many a wounde.
   Oh happy be ye beastes wilde
That here your pasture takes:
I fe that ye be not begylde
Of these your faythefull face.1
   The Hart he fedeth by the Hynde
The Bucke hard by the Doo,
The Turtle Doue is not vnkinde
To him that loues her fo.
   The Ewe she hath by her the Ramme
The yong Cow hath the Bulle:
The calf with many a lufty lamme
Do feede their hunger full.
   But wellaway that nature wrought
Thee Phillida fo faire:
For I may fay that I haue bought
Thy beauty all to deare.
   What reason is it that cruelty
With beauty shoule haue part
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart.
   I fee therfore to shape my death
She cruelly is preft:

1 Of these your faithfull makes.
To thend that I may want my breathe
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide graunt this my request
And do not stoppe thine eares:
That she may fele within her brest
The paynes of my dispayres.

Of Corin that is carelesse
That she may craue her fee:
As I haue done in great distresse
That loud her faithfully.

But fins that I shall die her slawe
Her slawe and eke her thrall:
Write you my frendes, vpon my graue
This chance that is befall.

Here lieth vnhappy Harpelus
Whom cruel loue hath slayne:
By\(^1\) Phillida vniustly thus
Murdred with falfe disdaine.\(^2\)

Vpon Sir Iames Wilfordes death.

O here the end of man the cruel sisters three
The web of Wilfords life vnethe had half yponne,
When rash vpon misdede they all accorded bee
To breke vertues course er\(^3\) half the race were ronne
And trip him on his way that els had won the game
And holden highest place within the house of fame.

But yet though he begone, though fence with him be past
Which trode the euen steppes that leaden to renowne
We that remaine alieue ne suffer shall to waste
The fame of his deserts, so shall he lose but fowne.
The thing shall aye remaine, aye kept as frehe in flore
As if his eares shold ring of that he wrought before.

Waile not thercfere his want Sith he so left the stage
Of care and wretched life, with ioye and clap of hands
Who plaith lenger partes may well haue greater age
But few so well may passe the gulf of fortunes fandes
So triedly did he treade ay preit at vertues beck

\(^1\) Whom

\(^2\) Hath murdred with disdaine.

\(^3\) ere
That fortune found no place to geue him once a check.
The fates haue rid him hence, who shall not after go,
Though earthed be his corps, yet florish shall his fame,
A gladfome thing it is that er he step vs vs fro,
Such mirrours he vs left our life therby to frame,
Wherfore his praise shall last aye frehe in Brittons fight,
Till sunne shall ceaseto shine, and lende the earth his light.

Of the wretchednes of this world.

Ho lift to liue vpright, and holde him self content,
Shall se such wonders in this world, as neuer erst was sent.
Such gropying for the sweete, such tafltyng of the fower
Such wandryng here for worldly welth that lost is in one houre.
And as the good or badde gette vp in hye degr, 
So wades the world in right or wrong it may none other be.
And loke what lawes they make, ech man muft them obay,
And yoke himself with pacient hart to driue and draw yat way.
For^1 such as long ago, great rulers were affinde
Both liues and lawes are now forgot and wonne clene out of minde
So that by this I fe, no flate on earth may last
But as their times appointed be, to rife and fall as faft.
The goodes that gotten be, by good and iufl defart,
Yet vfe them so that neady handes may helpe to fpende the part
For loke what heape thou hordft, of rufty golde in flore,
Thine enemies shall waste the fame, that neuer swat therfore.

The repentant sinner in durance and aduersitie.

To the liuyng Lord for pardon do I pray,
From whom I graunt euen from the shell, I haue run flyl afray.
And other liues there none (my death shal well declare)
On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty folkes do fare.
But thee O Lorde alone, I haue offended so,

^1 Yet
That this small scourge is much to scant for mine offence I know
I ranne without returne, the way the world liekt best
And what I ought most to regard, that I respected left
The throng wherein I thrust, hath thrown me in such case
That Lorde my foule is fore beset without thy greater grace
My giltes are growen so great, my power doth so appayre
That with great force they argue oft, and mercy much dispayre.
But then with fayth I flee to thy prepared place
Where there lieth help for every hurt, and sale for every sore.
My loste time to lament, my vaine waies to bewaile,
No day no night no place no houre no moment I shal faile
My foule shal never cease with an assured fath
To knock, to craue, to call, to cry to thee for helpe which fayth
Knochke and it shalbe heard, but ask and geuen it is
And all that like to kepe this course, of mercy shal not misse.
For when I call to minde how the one wandryng shepe,
Did bringe more ioye with his returne, then all the flocke did kepe.
It yeldes full hope and trust my strayed and wandryng ghost
Shalbe receiued and held more dere then those were never lost.
O Lord my hope beholde, and for my helpe make haste
To pardon the forpassèd race that carelesse I haue past.
And but the day draw neare that death must pay the det,
For lone of life which thou haft lent and time of payment set.
From this sharpe shower me shilde which threatened is at hand,
Wherby thou shalt great power declare and I the storme withstand.
Not my will lord but thyne, fulcilde be in ech case,
To whose gret wil and mighty power al powers shal once geue
My fayth my hope my trust, my God and eke my guide
Stretch forth thy hand to faue the foule, what so the body bide.
Refuse not to receiue that thou so dere haft bought,
For but by thee alone I know all safety in vaine is sought.
I know and knowledge eke albeit very late,
That thou it is I ought to loue and dreade in ech eflete.
And with repentant hart do laude thee Lord on hye,
That haft so gently set me straignt, that erst walkt so awry.
Now graunt me grace my God to stand thine strong in spirite,
And let ye world then work such wayes, as to the world femes mete.
The lover here telleth of his divers ioyes and adversities in love and lastly of his ladies death.

S
Y the singyng gladdeth oft the hartes
Of them that fele the panges of loue:
And for the while doth ease their smartes:
My self I shall the fame way proue.

And though that loue hath smit the stroke,
Wherby is lost my libertie:
Which by no meanes I may reuoke:
Yet shall I sing, how pleasanctly.

Ny twenty yeres of youth I past:
Which all in libertie I spent:
And so from fyrfte vnto the last,
Er aught I knew, what louing ment.

And after shall I fyng the wo,
The payne, the greefe, the deadly smart:
When loue this lyfe did ouerthrowe,
That hydden lyes within my hart.

And then, the ioyes, that I did feele
When fortune lifted after this,
And set me hye vpon her whele:
And changed my wo to pleasanct bliffe,

And so the fodeyn fall agayne
From all the ioyes, that I was in.
All you, that lift to heare of payne,
Geue eare, for now I doe beginne.

Lo, fyrfte of all, when loue began,
With hote defyres my heart to burne:
Me thought, his might auailde not than
From libertie my heart to turne.

For I was free: and dyd not knowe,
How much his might manners hert may greuc,
I had profest to be his fo:
His law, I thought not to beleue.

I went vntyed in lusty leas,
I had my wish alwayes at will:
Ther was no wo, might me displeafe:
Of pleafant ioyes I had my fill.
    No paynfull thought dyd paffe my hart:
I fpilt no teare to wet my brefte:
I knew no forow, figh, nor smart.
My greateft grefe was quyet reft.
    I brake no flepe, I toffed not:
Nor dyd deleyte to fit alone.
I felt no change of colde, and hote:
Nor nought a nightes could make me mone.
    For all was ioy that I did fele:
And of voide wandering I was free.
I had no clogge tied at my hele:
This was my life at libertie.
    That yet me thinkes it is a bliffe,
To thinke vpon that pleafure paft.
But forthwithall I finde the misfe,
For that it might no lenger laft.
Those dayes I fpent at my defire,
Without wo or aduerfitie:
Till that my hart was set a fire,
With loue, with wrath, and ielousie.
    For on a day (alas the while)
Lo, hear my harme how it began:
The blinded Lord, the God of guile
Had lift to end my fredome than.
    And through mine eye into my hart,
All fodenly I felt it glide.
He fhot his sharped fiery dart,
So hard, that yet vnnder my fide
    The head (alas) dothe ftil remaine,
And yet fince could I neuer know,
The way to wring it out againe:
Yet was it nye three yere ago.
    This foden stroke made me agaft:
And it began to vexe me fore.
But yet I thought, it would haue paft,
As other fuch had done before.
Soilge

But it did not that (wo is me)
So depe imprinted in my thought,
The stroke abode: and yet I see,
Me thynkes my harme how it was wrought.
Kinde taught me freight that this was loue
And I perceived it perfectlye.
Yet thought I thus: Nought shall me moue:
I will not thrall my libertie.
And divers waies I did assay,
By flight, by force, by frend, by fo,
This fyrye thought to put away.
I was fo lothe for to forgo.
My libertie: that me was leuer,
Then bondage was, where I heard faie:
Who once was bounde, was sure never
Without great paine to scape away.
But what for that, there is no choyce,
For my mishap was shapen so:
That those my dayes that did reioyce,
Should turne my blisse to bitter wo.
For with that stroke my blisse toke ende.
In fled the wherof forthwith I caught,
Hotte burnynge fighes, that sins haue brend,
My wretched hart almoft to naught.
And sins that day, O Lord my life,
The misery that it hath felt.
That nought hath had, but wo and fries,
And hotte desires my hart to melt.
O Lord how sodain was the change
From such a pleafant liberty?
The very thraldome semed strange:
But yet there was no remedy.
But I must yeld, and geue vp all,
And make my guide my chift fo.
And in this wise became I thrall.
Lo loue and happe would haue it fo.
I suffred wrong and helde my peace,
I gaue my teares good leaue to ronne:
And neuer would feke for redresse,

1 chiefist
But hopt to live as I begonne.
For what it was that might me ease,
He liued not that might it know.
Thus dranke I all mine owne diseafe:
And all alone bewailde my wo.
    There was no fight that might mee please,
I fled from them that did rejoyce.
And oft alone my hart to ease,
I would bewayle with wofull voyce
    My life, my flate, my miserie,
And curse my selfe and all my dayes.
Thus wrought I with my fantafie,
And sought my helpe none other waies.
    Saue sometime to my selfe alone,
When farre of was my helpe God wot:
Lowde would I cry: My life is gone,
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.
    Then wifht I freight, that death might end
These bitter panges, and all this grief.
For nought, methought, might it amend.
Thus in dispaire to haue relief,
    I lingred forth: tyll I was brought
With pining in so piteous case:
That all, that saw me, sayd, methought:
Lo, death is painted in his face.
    I went no where: but by the way
I saw some fight before mine eyes:
That made me figh, and oft times say:
My life, alas I thee despyfe.
    This lasted well a yere, and more:
Which no wight knew, but onely I:
So that my life was nere forlore:
And I dispaired utterly.
    Tyll on a day, as fortune would:
(For that, that shalbe, nedes must fall)
I fat me down, as though I shoule
Haue ended then my lyfe and all.
    And as I fat to wryte my plaint,
Meaning to shew my great vnrest:
With quaking hand, and hart full faint,
Amid my plaintes, among the rest,
I wrote with ynk, and bitter teares:
I am not myne, I am not mine:
Behold my lyfe, away that weares:
And if I dye the losse is thyne.
Herewith a little hope I caught:
That for a whyle my life did flay.
But in effect, all was for naught.
Thus liued I still: till on a day,
As I fat staring on those eyes:
I meane, those eyes, that first me bound:¹
My inward thought tho cryed: Aye:
Lo, mercy where it may be found.
And therewithall I drew me nere:
With feble hart, and at a braide,
(But it was softly in her eare)
Mercy, Madame, was all, I sayd.
But wo was me, when it was tolde.
For therewithall fainted my breath.
And I fate still for to beholde,
And heare the judgement of my death.
But Loue nor Hap would not consent,
To end me then, but welaway:
There gaue me blisse: that I repent
To thinke I liue to see this day.
For after this I playned still
So long, and in so piteous wise:
That I my wish had at my will
Graunted, as I would it devise.
But Lord who euer heard, or knew
Of halfe the ioye that I felt than?
Or who can thinke it may be true,
That so much blisse had euer man?
Lo, fortune thus set me aloft:
And more my sorowes to releue,
Of pleasant ioyes I tastted oft:
As much as loue or happe might geue.
The sorowes olde, I felt before

¹Those shining eyes, that first me bound.
About my hart, were druen thence:
And for eche greefe, I felt afore,
I had a blisse in recompence.

Then thought I all the time well spent:
That I in plaint had spent so long,
So was I with my life content:
That to my self I sayd among.

Sins thou art ridde of all thine yll:
To showe thy ioyes set forth thy voyce.
And fins thou haft thy wish at will:
My happy hart, reioyce, reioyce.

Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo,
Then by my fong may well be tolde:
And thinkyng on my passed wo,
My blisse did double many fold.

And thus I thought with mannes blood,
Such blisse might not be bought to deare.
In such estate my ioyes then flode:
That of a change I had no feare.

But why fing I so long of blisse?
It lasleth not, that will away,
Let me therfore bewaile the misse:
And fing the cause of my decay.

Yet all this while there liued none,
That led his life more pleasauntly:
Nor vnnder hap there was not one,
Me thought, so well at eafe, as I.

But O blinde ioye, who may thee trufl?
For no estate thou canst assure?
Thy faithfull vowes proue all vniust:
Thy faire beheftes be full vnflure.

Good proue by me: that but of late
Not fully twenty dayes ago:
Which thought my life was in such flate:
That nought might worke my hart this wo.

Yet hath the enemy of my eafe,
Mishappe I meane, that wretched wight:¹
Now when my life did moste me pleafe:
Deuised me such cruel fpight.

¹Cruell mishappe, that wretched wight.
ISO

That from the hiesf place of all,
As to the pleasyng of my thought,
Downe to the deepeft am I fall,
And to my helpe auailleth nought,

Lo, thus are all my ioyes gone:
And I am brought from happinesse,
Continually to waile, and mone.
Lo, fuch is fortunes flableneffe.

In welth I thought fuch furetie,
That pleasure should haue ended neuer.
But now (alas) aduerfitie,
Doth make my fingyng ceafe for euer.

O brittle ioye, O slidynng bliffe,
O fraile pleasure, O welth vnstable:
Who feles thee moft, he shall not misfe
At length to be made miferable.

For all muft end as doth my bliffe:
There is none other certentie.
And at the end the worft is his,
That moft hath knowen prospertie.

For he that neuer bliffe affaied,
May well away with wretchednesse:
But he shall finde that hath it fayd,
A paine to part from pleasantnesse:

As I doe now, for er I knew
What pleasure was: I felt no griefe,
Like vnto this, and it is true,
That bliffe hath brought me all this mischiefe.

But yet I haue not fongen, how
This mischiefe came: but I intend
With wofull voice to fmg it now:
And therwithall I make an end.

But Lord, now that it is begoon,
I feele, my fprites are vexed fore.
Oh, geue me breath till this be done:
And after let me liue no more.

Alas, the enmy of my life,

1 Lo, thus are all my ioyes quite gone.
2 O brittle ioye, O welth vnstable,
3 O fraile pleasure, O slidynng blisse.
4 [The alternation of the rhyme shows that the First edition is the correct reading.]
The ender of all pleasentnesse:
Alas, he bringeth all this strife,
And causeth all this wretchednesse.

For in the middes of all the welth,
That brought my hart to happinesse:
This wicked death he came by stelthe,
And robde me of my joyfulnesse.

He came, when that I little thought
Of ought, that might me vexe so fore:
And fodenly he brought to nought
My pleasentnesse for euermore,

He flew my ioye (alas, the wretch)
He flew my ioye, or I was ware:
And now (alas) no might may stretch
To fet an end to my great care.

For by this cursed deadly stroke,
My bliffe is lost, and I forlore:
And no help may the losse reuoke:
For lost it is for euermore.

And closed vp are those faire eyes,
That gaue me first the signe of grace:
My faire swete foes, myne enemies,
And earth dothe hide her pleasent face.

The loke which did my life vpholde:
And all my forowes did confounde:
With which more bliffe then may be tolde:
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground.

But ceafe, for I will sing no more,
Since that my harme hath no redresse:
But as a wretche for euermore,
My life will wafte with wretchednesse.

And ending thys my wofull song,
Now that it ended is and past:
I wold my life were but as long:
And that this word might be my last.

For lothsome is that life (men faye)
That liketh not the liuers minde:
Lo, thus I seke myne owne decaye,
And will, till that I may it finde.
Of his loue named White.

Of the louers vnquiet state.

Where good will is some profe will appere.
A perfect leche applieth his wittes,
To gather herbes of all degrees:
And feuers with their feruent fittes,
Be cured with their contraries.

New wine will search to finde a vent,
Although the caske be neuer\(^1\) so strong:
And wit will walke when will is bent,
Although the way be neuer so long.

The rabbets runne vnder the rockes,
The fnailes do clime the highest towers:
Gunpowder cleues the flurdy blockes,
A feruent will all thing deuowers.

When witte with will and diligent
Apply them felues, and match as mates,
There can no want of resident,
From force defende the castell gates.

Forgetfulness makes\(^2\) little haste,
And sloth delites to lye full soft:
That telleth the deaf, his tale doth waste,
And is full drye that craues full oft.

**Verses written on the picture of Sir Iames Wilford.**\(^3\)

Las that euer death such vertues shoule forlet,
As compaft was within his corps, who picture is here set.
Or that it euer laye in any fortunes might, \(^4\)
Through depe disdaine his life to traine\(^4\) yat was so worthy a
For fith he first began in armour to be clad,
A worthier champion then he was yet Englande neuer had.
And though recure be past, his life to haue againe,
Yet would I wish his worthinesse in writyng to remaine.
That men to minde might call how farre he did excell,
At all assayes to wynne the praise,\(^5\) which were to long to tell.
And eke the restlesse race that he full oft hath runne,
In painfull plight from place to place, where seruice was to doon\(^6\)
Then shoule men well perceiue, my tale to be of trouth,
And he to be the worthieft wight that euer nature wrought.

\(^1\) set \(^2\) make \(^3\) Verses written on the picture of sir Iames Wilford knight. \(^4\) end \(^5\) fame \(^6\) don
Songes

The ladye praieth the returne of her louer abidyng on the feas.

Hall I thus euer long, and be no wht the neare,
And shal I styll complayn to thee, the which me will not here?
Alas say nay, say nay, and be no more so dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and say that thou wilt come.
Wherby my hart may thinke, although I see not thee,
That thou wilt come thy word so sware, if thou a liues man be.
The roaryng hugy waues, they threaten my pore ghast,
And toffe thee vp and downe the feas, in daunger to be lost.
Shall they not make me feare that they have swalowed thee,
But as thou art most fure alieue so wilt thou come to me.
Wherby I shall go see thy shippe ride on the strande
And thinke and say lo where he comes, and sure here will he land.
And then I shall lift vp to thee my little hande,
And thou shalt thinke thine hert in eafe, in helth to fe me stand.
And if thou come in dede (as Christ the send to do,)
Those armes whiche misse thee now\(^1\) shall then imbrace thee to.
Ech vaine to every ioynt, the liuely bloud shall spred, [dead.
Which now for want of thy glad fight, doth shou full pale and
But if thou slip thy trouth and do not come at all,
As minutes in the clocke do strike so call for death I shall.
To please bothe thy false hart, and rid my self from wo,
That rather had to dye in trouth then liue forfaken so.

The meane estate is best.

He doutfull man hath feuers strange
And constant hope is oft diseased,
Dispair can not but brede a change,
Nor fletyng hartes can not be pleased.
Of all these badde, the best I thinke,
Is well to hope, though fortune shrinke.
Desired things are not ay preft,
Nor thinges denide left all vnfought,
Nor new things to be loued best,

\(^1\) yet
Nor all offers to be set at nought,
Where faithfull hart hath bene refus'd,
The chosers wit was there abuses.
The wofull shyppe of carefull sprite,
Fletyng on seas of wellyng teares,
With sayles of wishes broken quite,
Hangyng on waues of dolefull feares,
By surge of sigthes at wrecche nere hand,
May fast no anker holde on land.
What helps the dyall to the blinde,
Or els the clock without it found,
Or who by dreames dothe hope to finde,
The hidden gold within the ground:
Shalbe as free from cares and feares,
As he that holds a wolfe by the eares.
And how much mad is he that thinkes
To clime to heauen by the beames,
What ioye alas, hath he that winkes,
At Titan or his golden f tremes,
His ioyes not subiect to reasons lawes,
That ioyeth more then he hath caufe.
For as the Phenix that climeth hye,
The sonne lightly in ashes burneth,
Againe, the Faulcon fo quicke of eye,
Sone on the ground the net maeth.
Experience therfore the mean assurance,
Prefers before the doutfull pleasance.

The loyer thinkes no payne to great, wherby
he may obtaine his lady.

Ith that the way to welth is woe,
And after paynes\textsuperscript{1} pleasur preft,
Whie shold I than dispaire so.
Ay bewailling mine vnrest,
Or let to lede my liefe in paine,
So worthy a lady to obtayne.

\textsuperscript{1}payne
The fisher man doth count no care,
To cast his nets to wracke or waft,
And in reward of eche mans share,
A gogen gift is much imbrast,
Sould I than grudge it griefe or gall.
That loke at length to whelm a whall.

The pore man ploweth his ground for graine,
And soweth his feede increase to craue,
And for thexpence of all his paine.
Oft holdes it hap his feede to faue,
These pacient paines my part do shew,
To long for loue er that I know.

And take no skorne to scape from skill,
To spende my spirites to spare my speche,
To win for welth the want of will.
And thus for rest to rage I reche,
Running my race as rect vpriight:
Till teares of truth appease my plight.

And plant my plaint within her brest,
Who doubtles may restore againe,
My harmes to helth my ruthe to rest.
That laced is within her chayne,
For earft ne are the grieues so greet:
As is the ioy when loue is met.

For who couets so high to clim,
As doth the birde that pitsoll toke,
Or who delightes so swift to swim,
As doth the fishe that scapes the hoke,
If these had never entred woe:
How mought they haue reioyfed so.

But yet alas ye louers all,
That here me ioy thus leffe reioyce,
Iudge not amys whatso befall.
In me there lieth no power of choyse,
It is but hope that doth me moue:
Who standerd bearer is to loue.

On whose ensigne when I beholde,
I see the shadowe of her shape,
Within my faith so fast I folde:

1 should
Through dread I die, through hope I scape,
Thus ease and wo full oft I finde,
What will you more she knoweth my minde.

Of a new married Student.¹

A Student at his book to plait,
That welth he might haue wonne:
From boke to wise did fleete in haste,
From wealth to wo to runne.
Now, who hath plaied a feater cast,
Since iuglyng first begoon?
In knittyng of him selfe fo fast,
Him selfe he hath vndoon.

The meane estate is to be accompted the best.

Ho craftly castes to steere his boate
and safely skoures the flattering flood:
He cutteth not the greatest waues
for why that way were nothing good.
Ne fleteth on the crooked shore
left harme him happe awayting left.
But wines away between them both,
as who would say the meane is best.
Who waiteth on the golden meane,
he put in point of sickernes:
Hides not his head in fluttishe coates,
ne shroudes himself in filthines.
Ne sittes aloft in hye estate,
where hatefull hartes enuie his chance:
But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine,
ne proudly doth himself auance
The highest tree in all the woode
is rifest rent with blustring windes:
The higher hall the greater fall
such chance haue proude and lofty mindes,

¹ Of a new maried studient that plaied fast or lose.
When Jupiter from hie doth threat  
with mortall mace and dint of thunder  
The highest hilles ben batrid eft  
when they stand still that floden vnder  
The man whose head with wit is fraught  
in wethl will feare a worser tide  
When fortune failes dispaireth nought  
but constantly doth stil abide  
For he that fendeth grisely stormes  
with whisking windes and bitter blastes  
And cowltth with haile the winters face  
and frotes the foile with hory frostes  
Euen he adawth the force of colde  
the spring in fendes with somer hote  
The fame full oft to stormy hartes  
is caufe of bale: of ioye the roote.  
Not always il though so be now  
when cloudes ben driuen then rides the racke  
Phebus the fresh ne shoteth still  
sometime he harpes his mufe to wake  
Stand still therfore pluck vp thy hart  
lose not thy port though fortune faile  
Againe whan wind doth serue at will  
take hede to hye to hoyfe thy faile.

The lover refused lamenteth his estate.

Lent my loue to losse and gaged my life in vaine,  
If hate for loue and death for life of louers be the gaine.  
And curfe I may by course the place eke time and howre  
That nature first in me did forme to be a liues creature  
Sith that I mufl absent my selfe so secretly  
In place desert where never man my secretes shall discrye  
In doling\(^1\) of my dayes among the beastes so brute  
Who with their tonges may not bewray the secretes of my fute  
Nor I in like to them may once to moue my minde  
But gafe on them and they on me as bestes are wont of kinde

\(^1\)doling
Thus ranging as refuife to reche some place of rest,
All ruff of heare, my nayles vnnocht, as to fuch femeth beft.
 Than wander by theyr wittes, deformed so to be,
That men may say, fuch one may curse the time he first gan fe,
The beauty of her face, her shape in fuch degree,
As god himself may not difcerne, one place mended to be.
 Nor place it in lyke place, my fansy for to pleafe,
Who would become a heardmans hyre one howre to have of eafe.
 Wherby I might restore, to me some fledfaftnes,
Thathauemothoughtskept in my head then life may long disges.
 As oft to throw me downe vpon the earth so cold,
Wheras with teares moft rufully, my forowes do vnfold.
 And in beholding them, I chiefly call to mynd,
What woman could find in her heart, fuch bondage for to bynd.
 Then rashly furth I yede, to caft me from that care,
Lyke as the byrd for foode doth flye and lyghteth in the snare.
 From whence I may not meue, vntil my race be roon,
So trayned is my truth through her, yatthinkes my lifewell woon.
 Thus toffe I too and fro, in hope to have reliefe,
But in the fine I fynd not so, it doubleth but my grief.
 Wherfore I will my want, a warning for to be,
Vnto all men, wishing that they, a myrrour make of me.

The felicitie of a mind imbracing vertue,
that beholdeth the wretched desyres
of the worlde.

When dredful swelling seas, through boifterous windy blastes
So tosse the shippes, that al for nought, ferves ancor
Who takes not pleasure then, safely on shore to rest,
And fee with dreads and depe despayre, how shipmen are disrest.
Not that we pleasure take, when others felen smart,
Our gladnes groweth to fee their harmses, and yet to feleno parte.
Delyght we take alfo, well ranged in aray,
When armies meete to fee the fight, yet free be from the fray.
But yet among the rest, no joy may match with this,
Taspayre vnto the temple hye, where wisdom troned is.
Defended with the faws of hory heades expert, [peruert.
Which clere it kepe from errours myft, that myght the truth
From whence thou mayest loke down, and fee as vnder
foote,
Mans wandring wil and doutful life, from whence they take
How some by wit contend by proves some to rise
Riches and rule to gaine and hold is all that men deuise.
O miserable mindes O hertes in folly drent
Why se you not what blindnesse in thyts wretched life is spent.
Body deuoyde of grefe mynde free from care and dreede
Is all and some that nature craues wherwith our life to feede.
So that for natures turne few thinges may well suffice
Dolour and grief clene to expell and some delight surprice:
Yea and it falleth oft that nature more contente
Is with the leffe, then when the more to cause delight is spent.

All worldly pleasures fade.¹

He winter with his grieved stormes no lenger dare abyde,
The trees haue leues, ye bowes don spred, new changed is
ye yere.
The plesant graffe, with lusty grene, the earth hath newly dyde.²
The water brokes are cleane fonke down, the plesant bankes
apere
The spring is come, the goodly nimphes now daunce in euery
Thus hath the yere most plesantly of late ychangde his face.
Hope for no immortalitie, for welth will weare away,
As we may leare by euery yere, yea howres of euery day.
For Zepharus doth mollifye the colde and blustering windes:
The somers drought doth take away ye spryng out of our minds.
And yet the somer cannot laft, but once must step asyde,
Then Autumn thinkes to kepe hiss place, but Autumn cannot
bide.
Then Autumn thinkes to kepe hiss place, but Autumn cannot
bide.

¹ vade ² The plesant grasse, with lusty grene, the earth hath 'newly dide.
The trees haue leues, the bowes don spred, new changed is the yere.
[The rhyme in couplets shows that the Second edition is here the correct reading.]
Then hory frostes possesse the place, then tempestes work much harm,

Then rage of stormes done make al colde which somer had made

Wherfore let no man put his trust in that, that will decay,

For slipper welth will not continue, pleasure will weare away.

For when that we haue lost our lyfe, and lye vnder a stone,

What are we then, we are but earth, then is our pleasure gon.

No man can tell what god almighty of every wight doth cast,

No man can say to day I liue, till morne my lyfe shall last.

For when thou shalt before thy iudge stand to receive thy dome,

What sentence Minos dothe pronounce that must of thee

Then shall not noble flock and blud redeeme the from his handes,

Nor surged talke with eloquence shal lowse thee from his Nor yet thy lyfe vprightly lead, can help thee out of hell,

For who descendent downe so depe, must there abyde and Diana could not thence deliuer chaste Hypolitus, [dwell. Nor Theseus could not call to life his frende Periothous.]

A complaint of the losse of libertie by loue.

In sekyng rest vnrest I finde,
I finde that welth is cause of wo:
Wo worth the time that I inclinde,
To fixe in minde her beauty so.

That day be darkened as the night,
Let furious rage it cleane deuour:
Ne sunne nor moone therin gene light,
But it confume with storme and shower.

Let no small birdes slraine forth their voyce,
With pleasant tunes ne yet no beast:
Finde cause wherat he may rejoyce,
That day when chaunced mine vnrest.

Wherin alas from me was raught,
Mine owne free choyfe and quiet minde:
My life my death in balance braught
And reason rasde through barke and rinde.

1 Perithous. 2 streame
And I as yet in flower of age,
Bothe witte and will did still aduaunce:
Ay to resist that burnyng rage:
But when I darte then did I glaunce.
Nothing to me did feme so hye,
In minde I could it straight attaine:
Fanfy persuaded me therby,
Lowe to esteeme a thing most vaine.
But as the birde upon the brier.
Dothe pricke and proyne her without care:
Not knowyng alas pore foole how nere
She is vnto the fowlers snare,
So I amid deceitfull truft,
Did not mistrust such woeful happe:
Till cruel loue er that I wist
Had caught me in his carefull trappe.
Then did I fele and partly know,
How little force in me did raigne:
So fone to yelde to overthrow,
So fraile to flit from ioye to paine.
For when in welth will did me leade
Of libertie to hosh my faile:
To hale at thete and caft my leade,
I thought free choife wold still preuaile
In whose calme streames I sayld fo farre
No ragyng flormes had in respect:
Vntyll I rayfdde a goodly flarre,
Wherto my course I did direct.
In whose prospect in doolfull wise,
My tackle failde my compasse brake:
Through hote defires such flormes did risle,
That sterne and toppe went all to wrake.
Oh cruel happe oh fatall chaunce,
O Fortune why vert thou vnkinde:
Without regard thus in a traunce,
To reue fro me my ioyfull minde.
Where I was free now must I ferue,
Where I was lofe now am I bounde:
In death my life I do preferue,
As one through girt with many a wound.

1 Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere
A praise of his Ladye.

In due place you Ladies and begun.¹
Baft not your selves at all:
For here at hande approacheth one
Whose face will staine you all.
The vertue of her liuely lokes,
Excels the precious stone:
I wishe to haue none other bokes
To read or loke vpon.
In eche of her two cristall eyes.
Smileth a naked boye:
It would you all in harte suffife
To see that lampe of ioye.
I thinke nature hath loft the mould,
Where she her shape did take:
Or els I doubt if nature could,
So faire a creature make.
She may be well comparde
Vnto the Phenix kinde:
Whose like was neuer sene or heard,
That any man can finde.
In life she is Diana chaft,
In truth Penelopey:
In word and eke in dede stedfast,
What will you more we fey.
If all the world were fought so farre.
Who could finde such a wight:
Her beauty twinkleth like a starre,
Within the frostly night.
Her roziall colour comes and goes,
With such a comely grace:
More redier to then doth the rofe,
Within her liuely face.
At Bacchus feast none shall her mete,
Ne at no wanton play:
Nor gasyng in an open strete,
Nor gaddying as a stray.

¹be gone,
The modest mirth that she dothe use,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse:
All vice she dothe wholy refuse,
And hateth ydlenesse.

O lord it is a world to see,
How vertue can repaire:
And decke in her such honestie,
Whom nature made so fayre.

Truely she dothe as farre excede,
Our women now adayes:
As dothe the Ielifioure a wedef
And more a thousande wayes.

How might I do to get a graffe:
Of this unpotted tree.
For all the rest are plaine but chaffe,
Which feme good corne to be.

This gift alone I shall her geue
When death doth what he can:
Her honest fame shall euer liue,
Within the mouth of man.

The pore estate to be holden for best.

Xperience now doth shew what God vs taught before,
Desired pompe is vaine, and feldome dothe it laft: [fore.
Who climbes to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full
A las the wofull ende that comes with care full faft,
R eiect him dothe renowne his pompe full lowe is caste.
D eceiued is the birde by swetenesse of the call
E xpell that pleasaunt tafle, wherein is bitter gall.

S uch as with oten cakes in pore estate abides,
O f care haue they no cure, the crab with mirth they rost,
M ore easie fele they then those, that from their height downe
E xceffe doth brede their wo, they faile in scillas coft,
R emainynge in the stormes till shyp and all be loft.
S erue God therfore thou pore, for lo, thou liues in reft,
E schue the golden hall, thy thatched house is best.¹

¹ Eschue the golden hall, thy thatched house is best.
[The final capital in the last line, in the Second edition, completes the author's name—Edwarde Somerset.]
The complaint of Thestilis amid the desert wodde.

Thestilis is a fely man, when loue did him forfake,
In mourning wife, amid ye woods thus gan his plaint to
Ah wofull man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mone
And pyne away with carefull thoughts, vnto thy loue vnknown.
Thy lady thee forfakes whom thou diidst honor
That ay to her thou wer a frend, and to thy self a foe.
Ye louers that haue lost your heartes defyred choyfe,
Lament with me my cruell h appe, and help me my trembling voyce.
Was neuer man that stode fo great in fortunes grace:
Nor with his swete alas to deare poffefl fo high a place.
As I whose simple hart aye thought him selfe full sure,
But now I fe hye springyng tides they may not aye endure.
She knowes my giltteleffe hart, and yet she lets it pine,
Of her vntrue proffessed loue fo feble is the twine.
What wonder is it than, if I berent my heeres,
And crauynge death continually do bathe my selfe in teares,
When Crefus king of Lide was caft in cruell bandes,
And yelded goodes and life also into his enemies handes.
What tong could tell hys wo yet was hys grief much leffe:
Then mine for I haue lost my loue which might my woe redresse.
Ye woodes that shroud my limes giue now your holow found,
That ye may helpe me to bewaile the cares that me confound.
Ye riuers ref t a while and stay the stremes that runne,
Rew Thestilis moft woful man that liued ynder sunne.
Transport my sighes ye windes vnto my pleafant foe,
My trickling teares shall witnesse bear of this my cruell woe.
O happy man wer I if all the goddes agreed:
That now the suflers three shoule cut in twain my fatall th rede.
Till life with loue shall ende I here resigne my j oy:
Thy pleafant swete I now lament whose lack breedes myne anoy
Farewell my deare therfore farewell to me well knowne
If that I die it shalbe sayd that thou haft slaine thine owne.

1 heares, 2 lues under the sunne. 3 al

[In the second and later editions, the poem at p. 189, entitled "A comfort to the complaint of Thestilis," was transposed here, with the heading of An answere of comfort.]
The lover praieth pity showing that nature hath taught his dog as it were to sue for the same by kissing his ladies handes.

Nature that taught my filly dog got wat:
Euen for my fake to like where I do loue,
Inforced him wheras my lady fat
With humble fute before her falling flat.
As in his forte he might her play and moue
To rue vpon his lord and not forgete
The stedfast faith he beareth her and loue,
Kissing her hand whom she could not remoue.
Away that would for frowning nor for threte
As though he would haue sayd in my behoue.
Pity my lord your flauie that doth remaine
Left by his death you giltes flay vs twaine.

Of his ring sent to his lady.

Ince thou my ring mayst goe where I ne may.
Since thou mayst speake where I must hold my peace.
Say vnto her that is my liues flay.
Grauen the\textsuperscript{2} within which I do here expresse:
That sooner shall the sonne not shine by day,
And with the raine the floodes shall waxen leFFE.
Sooner the tree the hunter shall bewray,
Then I for change or choyce of other loue,
Do euer seke my fansy to remoue.

The changeable state of louers.

Or that a refle\textsuperscript{s} head must somewhat haue in vre
Wherwith it may acquaynted be, as falcon is with lure.
Fansy doth me awake out of my drowfy slepe,
In seeing how the little mouse, at night begins to crepe.
   So the defyrous man, that longs to catch hys pray,
In spyeing how to watch hys tyme, lyeth lurkyng flyll by day.
   In hopyng for to haue, and fearynge for to fynde
The value that should recure his fore, and foroweth but the mynde,
   Such is the guyfe of loue, and the vncertain state
That some should haue theyr hoped happe, and other hard eflate.
   That some should feame to ioy in that they never had,
And some agayn shall frown as fast, where causeles they be sad.
   Such trades do louers use when they be most at large,
That gyde thesere when they themselues lye fettered in ye barge.
   The grenes of my youth cannot thereof expresse
The proces, for by profe vnknowen, all this is but by gesse.
   Wherfore I hold it beft, in tyme to hold my peace,
But wanton will it cannot hold, or make my pen to cease.
   A pen of no auayle, a fruitles labour eke,
My troubled head with fanfies fraught, doth payn it self to seke.
   And if perchappes my wordes of none auayle do pricke,
Such as do sele the hidden harmes, I would not they hold kicke.
   As causeles me to blame which thinketh them no harme,
Although I feme by others fyre, sometyme my self to warme.
   Which clerely I denye, as gyltles of that cryme,
And though wrong demde I be therin, truth it will trye in tyme.

A praise of Audley.

Hen Audley had runne out his race and ended wer his days,
   [praise.
His fame leapt forth and bad me write of him some worthy
   What life he lad, what actes he did: his vertues and good name,
Wherto I calde for true report, as witnes of the same.
   Wel born he was wel bent by kinde, whose mind did neuer swarue
A skilfull head, a valiant hert, a ready hand to serue.
   Brought vp and trained in feast of war long time beyond the feas
Cald home again to serue his prince whom flyll he fought to
   [please.
What tornay was there he refusde, what seruice did he shone,
Where he was not nor his aduice, what great exploit was done,
In towne a lambe in felde full fierce a lyon at the nede,  
In fober wit a Salomon, yet one of Hectors fede.  
Then shame it were that any tong fhold now defame his dedes  
That in his life a mirror was to all that him fuccedes.  
No pore eflate nor hie renowne his nature could peruart,  
No hard mifchaunce that him befel could moue his constant hart.  
Thus long he liued loued of all as one milift of none,  
And where he went who cald him not the gentle Peragon\(^1\)  
But courte of kinde doth cause eche frute to fall when it is ripe,  
And spitefull death will suffer none to scape his greuous gripe.  
Yet though the ground receiued haue his corps into her  
This epitaph ye graue in brasfe, shall ftand vpon his tombe,  
Lo here he lies that hateth vice, and vertues life imbraft,  
His name in earth his sprite aboue defures to be well plaft.

\[\text{Time trieth truth.}\]

The thing I fe hath time which time muft trye my truth,  
Which truth defures a special turft, on truft gret friendfhip groweth  
And friendfhip may not faile where faithfulneffe is founde,  
And faithfulneffe is ful of frute, and fruteful thinges be founde.  
And found is good at proufe, and proufe is prince of praiue,  
And precious praiue is fuch a pearle asfeldome ner decayes.  
All these thinges time tries forth, which time I muft abide,  
How shold I boildy credite crauete till time my truth haue tryed.  
For as I found a time to fall in fansies frame,  
So I do wishe a lucky time for to declare the fame.  
If hap may anfwere hope and hope may haue his hire,  
Then shall my hart poffeffe in peace the time that I desiere.

\[\text{The lover refused of his love imbraceth death.}\]

My youthfull yeres are past,  
My joyfull dayes are gone:  
My life it may not laft,  
My graue and I am one.

\(^{1}\)Paragon
My mirth and ioyes are fled,
And I a man in wo:
Desirous to be dedde,
My mischiefe to forgo.
    I burne and am a colde,
I frife amids the fire:
I see she doth withholde
That is my most desire.
    I see my helpe at hand,
I see my life also:
I see where she dothe stande
That is my deadly foe.
    I see how she dothe see,
And yet she will be blinde:
I see in helping me
She seekes and will not finde.
    I see how she doth wry,
When I begyn to mone:
I see when I come nie,
How faine she wold be gone.
    I see what will ye more
She will me gladly kyll:
And you shall see therfore
That she shall haue her will.
    I can not liue with stones
It is to hard a fode:
I will be dead at once
To do my Lady good.

The Picture of a lover.

Behold my picture here well portrayed for the nones,
With hart consumed and falling flesse, lo here the very bones.
Whose cruell chaunce alas and desesty is such,
Onely because I put my trust in some folke all to much.
For since the time that I did enter in this pine,
I neuer saw the rising funne but with my weepyng eyen.

1 behold the very bones.
Nor yet I neuer heard so swete a voice or founde,
But that to me it did encrease the dolour of my wounde.
Nor in so foste a bedde, alas I neuer laye,
But that it seemed hard to me or euer it was daye.
Yet in this body bare that nought but life retaines,
The strenght wherof clene past away the care yet flill
remaines.

Like as the cole in flame dothe spende it selfe you se,
To vaine and wretched cinder dust till it confumed be.
So dothe this hope of mine inforse my feruent fute,
To make me for to gape in vaine, whilft other eate the frute.
And shal do till the death do geue me such a grace,
To rid this silye wofull spirit out of this doeplefull case.
And then wold God were writte in stone or els in leade,
This Epitaphe vpon my graue, to shew why I am deade.
Here lieth the louer loe, who for the loue he aught,
Aliue vnto his ladye dere, his death therby he caught.
And in a shielde of blacke, loe here his armes appears,
With weeping eies as you may fee, well poudred all with teares.
Loe here you may beholde, aloft vpon his brest,
A womans hand strainyng the hart of him that loved her best.
Wherfore all you that se this corps for loue that starues,
Example make vnto you all, that thankelesse louers starues.

Of the death of Phillips.

Ewaile with me all ye that haue profeft,
Of musicke tharte by touche of coarde or winde:
Laye downe your lutes and let your gitterns rest,
Phillips is dead whose like you can not finde.
Of musicke much excedyng all the rest,
Muses thercfor of force now must you wrest.
Your pleasant notes into an other founde,
The string is broke, the lute is dispossed,
The hand is colde, the bodye in the grounde.
The lowring lute lamenteth now thercfor,
Phillips her frende that can her touche no more.

1 sprite
That all thing sometime finde ease of their paine, saue onely the lower.

See there is no fort,
Of thinges that liue in griefe:
Which at sometime may not refort,
Wheras they haue reliefe.

1 Dere by kinde,
Of death that standes in awe:
For his recure an herbe can finde,
The arrow to withdrawe.

The chafed dere hath foile,
To coole him in his het:
The asse after his wery toyle,
In ftable is vp fet.

The conye hath his caue,
The little birde his nest:
From heate and colde them felues to faue,
At all times as they lyft.

The owle with feble fight,
Lieth lurkyng in the leaues:
The sparrow in the frostly nyght,
May shroude her in the eaues.

But wo to me alas,
In funne nor yet in shade.
I can not finde a reflyng place,
My burden to vnadle.

But day by day still beares,
The burden on my backe:
With weeping eyen and watry tears,
To holde my hope abacke.

All things I fee haue place,
Wherin they bowe or bende:
Saue this alas my wofull cafe,
Which no where findeth ende.
When Cupide scaled first the fort,
    Wherin my hart lay wounded fore:
    The battry was of such a fort
That I must yelde or dye thersore.
    There saw I loue vpon the wall,
How he his banner did display:
    Alarme alarme he gan to call,
And bad his souldiers kepe aray.
    The armes the which that Cupide bare
Were pearced harts with teares besprent:
In filuer and fable to declare
The fildfaft loue he alwayes ment.
    There might you se his band all dreft,
In colours like to white and blacke:
    With powder and with pellets preft,
To bring the fort to spoile and facke.
    Good will the master of the shot,
Stode in the rampyre braue and proud:
For spence of powder he spared not,
Assault assault to crye aloude.
    There might you heare the cannons rore
Eche pece discharged a louers loke:
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place whereas they toke.
    And euen with the trumpets fowne,
The fcalyng ladders were vp set:
And beauty walked vp and downe
With bow in hand and arrowes whet.
    Then first desire began to scale,
And shrowded him vnder his targe:
As on the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to geue the charge.
    Then puffhed souldiers wiht their pikes
And holbarders with handy strokes:
The hargabushe in fleshe it lightes,
And dims the ayre with misty smokes.
And as it is the fouldiers vfe,
When shot and powder gins to want:
I hanged vp my flagge of truce,
And pleaded for my liues graunt.
When fanfy thus had made her breach
And beauty entred with her bande:
With bag and baggage felye wretch,
I yelded into beauties hand.
Then beaty had\(^1\) to blowe retrete.
And euery foldiour to retire.
And mercy wilde with spede to set:\(^2, 3, 4\)
Me captiue bound as prifoner.
Madame (quoth I) fith that thys day,
Hath serued you at all affaies:
I yeld to you without delay,
Here of the fortresse all the kaiies.
And fith that I haue ben the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye:
Nedes mufl you with your handy warke,
Or value my fore or let me dye.

---

**The aged lover renounceth love.**

Lothe that I did loue,
In youth that I thought swete:
As time requires for my behoue
Me thinkes they are not mete,
My lustes they do me leeue,
My fanfies all be fledde:
And tract of time begins to weaue,
Gray heares vpon my hedde.
For age with fleyng steppes,
Hath clawed me with his cowche:\(^5\)
And lufty life away she leapes,
\(^2\) So also in the Second Edition.
\(^3\) And mercy mylde with spede to set, 1559.
\(^4\) And mercy milde with spede to set, 1547. [This is probably the true reading.]
\(^5\) crowch:
As there had bene none such.
My muse dothe not delight
Me as she did before:
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they haue bene of yore.

For reafon me denies,
This youthly, idle rime:
And day by day to me the cryes,
Leaue of these toyes in time.

The wrinckles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face:
Say limpyng age will hedge him now
Where youth must geue him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride:
The cough, the colde, the gaspyng breath,
Dothe bid me to prouide,

A pikeax and a spade
And eke a shrowdyng shete,
A house of claye for to be made,
For such a gest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
That knols the careful knell:
And bids me leue my wofull warke,
Er nature me compell.

My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to scorne:
Of me that clene shalbe forgot,
As I had not ben borne.

Thus muft I youth geue vp,
Whose badge I long did weare:
To them I yelde the wanton cup
That better may it beare.

Loe here the bared scull,
By whose balde signe I know:
That stoupyng age away hall pull,
Which youthfull yeres did fowe.

For beauty with her bande
These croked cares hath wrought:
And shipped me into the lande,
From whence I first was brought.
    And ye that bide behinde,
Haue ye none other trust:
As ye of claye were cast by kinde,
So shall ye waste to dust.

Of the ladie Wentworthes death.

To liue to dye, and dye to liue againe,
With good renowne of fame well led before
Here lieth she that learned had the lore,
Whom if the perfect vertues wolden daine.
To be set forth with foile of worldly grace,
Was noble borne and matcht in noble race,
Lord Wentworthes wife, nor wanted to attain
In natures giftes her praisse among the rest,
But that that gaue her praisse aboue the best
Not fame her wedlocks chaftnes durst dislayn
Wherein with child deliuyryng of her wombe,
Thuntimely birth hath brought them both in tombe
So left she life by death to liue again.

The lover accusing hys loyce for her vnfaithfulness, purposeth to liue in libertie.

He smoky sighes the bitter teares,
    That I in vaine haue wafted:
The broken flepes, the wo and feares,
That long in me haue lafted:
The loyce and all I owe to thee,
Here I renounce and make me free.
    Which fredome I haue by thy guilt,
And not by my deferuing,
Since so vnconstantly thou wilt,
Not loue, but still be swaruyn.¹
To leue me oft² which was thine owne,
Without cause why as shalbe known.
The frutes were faire the which did grow,
Within thy garden planted,
The leauces were grene of euery bough.
And moysture nothing wanted,
Yet or the blossoms gan to fall,
The caterpillar wafted all.

Thy body was the garden place,
And fugred wordes it beareth,
The blossomes all thy faith it was,
Which as the canker wereth.
The caterpillar is the same,
That hath wonne thee and lost thy name.

I meane thy louer loued now,
By thy pretended folye,
Which will proue lyke, thou shalt fynd how,
Vnto a tree of holly:
That barke and bery beares alwayes,
The one, byrdes feedes, the other flayes.

And right well mightest thou haue thy wish
Of thy loue new acquaynted:
For thou art lyke vnto the dishe
That Adrianus paynted:
Wherin wer grapes portrayed so fayre
That fowles for foode did there repayre.

But I am lyke the beaten fowle
That from the net escaped,
And thou art lyke the raunening owle
That all the night hath waked.
For none intent but to betray
The sleepeing fowle before the day.

Thus hath thy loue been vnto me
As pleasant and commodious,
As was the fyre made on the sea
By Naules hate so odious.
Therwith to trayn the grekish host
From Troyes return where they wer lost.

¹ swering ² of
The lover for want of his desyre, sheweth his death at hande.

As Cypres tree that rent is by the roote.
As branch or flyppe bereft from whence it growes
As well sowen feede for drought that can not sproute
As gaping ground that raineles can not close
As moules that want the earth to do them bote
As fishe on lande to whom no water flowes,
As Chameleon that lackes the ayer so fote.
As flowers do fade when Phebus rarest shoues.
As salamandra repulfed from the fyre:
So wanting my wishe I dye for my desyre.

A happy end excedeth all pleasures and riches of the worlde.

The shynge season here to fome,
The glory in the worlds fight,
Renowmed fame through fortune wonne
The glitteryng golde the eyes delight.
The fensual life that femes so fwere,
The hart with ioyfull dayes replete,
The thing wherto eche wight is thrall,
The happy ende excedeth all.

Against an vnstedfast woman.

Temerous tauntres that delightes in toyes
Tumbling cockboat tottryng to and fro,
Ianglyng iestres depraueres of fwere ioyes,
Ground of the graffe whence al my grief dothe grow
Sullen serpent enuironned with dispite,
That yll for good at all times doest requite.

\(^1\) deprauers
A praise of Petrarke and of Laura
his ladie.

Petrarke hed and prince of Poets all,
Whose liuely gift of flowyng eloquence,
Wel may we seke, but finde not how or whence
So rare a gift with thee did rife and fall,
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortall
Be to thy name, and to her excellence.
Whose beauty lighted in thy time and fence
So to be set forth as none other shall.
Why hath not our pens rimes so perfit wrought
Ne why our time forth bringeth beauty such
To trye our wittes as golde is by the touche,
If to the stilte the matter aided ought.
But therwas neuer Laura more then one,
And her had petrarke for his paragone.

That Petrark cannot be passed but
notwithstanding that Lawra
is far surpassed.

With petrarke to compare there may no wight,
Nor yet attain vnto so high a stilte,
But yet I wote full well where is a stilte.
To frame a learned man to praise aright:
Of stature meane of femele forme and shap,
Eche line of iust proportion to her height:
Her colour freshe and mingled with such fleight:
As though the rose sate in the lilies lap.
In wit and tong to shew what may be fed,
To euery dede she ioynes a parfite grace,
If Lawra liude she would her clene deface.
For I dare say and lay my life to wed
That Momus could not if he downe discended,
Once iustly say lo this may be amended.

1 Why hath not our pens, rimes so parfit wrought
Against a cruel woman.

Ruell and vnkind whom mercy cannot moue,
Herbour of vnhappe where rigours rage doth raigne,
The ground of my griefe where pitie cannot proue:
To tickle to trust of all vntruth the traine,
Thou rigorous rocke that ruth cannot remoue.
Daungerous delph depe dungeon of disdaine:
The sacke of self will the chest of craft and change.
What causeth the thus fo causels [?causelesse] for to change.

Ah piteles plante whome plaint cannot prouoke.
Darke den of disceite that right doth still refuse,
Causles vnkinde that carieth vnder cloke
Cruelty and craft me onely to abuse,
Statelye and stubberne withstanding cupides stroke,
Thou merueilouse maie that makest men to muse,
Sollevyn by selfe will, most stony stone and straunge,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change.

Sliper and secrete where surety can not fowe
Net of newelty, neast of newfanglenesse,
Spring of veryspite, from whence whole fluddes do
Thou caue and cage of care and craftiness
Waueryng willow that euer blaste dothe blowe
Graffe withouten grothe and cause of carefulnesse.
The heape of mishap of all my griefe the graunge
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change.

Haft thou forgote that I was thine infeft,
By force of loue haddest thou not hart at all,
Sawefst thou not other that for thy loue were left
Knowesft thou vnkinde, that nothing might besall
From out of my hart that could haue the bereft.
What meanesft thou then at ryot thus to raunge,
And leauest thine owne that neuer thought to chaunge.
If it were so that God would graunt me my request,
And that I might of earthly thinges haue yat I liked best.
I would not wishe to clime to princely hye atstate,
Which flipper is and slides so oft, and hath so fickle fate.
Nor yet to conquere realmes with cruell sword in hande,
And so to shede the giltlesse bloude of such as would withstand.
Nor I would not desire in worldly rule to raigne,
Whose frute is all vnquietnesse, and breakyng of the braine.
Nor richesse in excessse of vertue so abhorde,
I would not craue which bredeth care and causeth all dif-
But my request should be more worth a thousand solde:
That I might haue and her enioye that hath my hart in holde.
Oh God what lufty life should we liue then for euer,
In pleasant joy and perfect blisse, to length our liues together.
With wordes of frendlye chere, and lokes of lively loue,
To utter all our hotte desires, which neuer should remoue.
But grofe and gredie wittes which grope but on the ground.
To gather muck of worldly goodes which oft do them confounde.
Can not attaine to know the misteries deuine
Of perfite loue wherto hie wittes of knowledge do incline
A nigard of his gold suche ioye can neuer haue
Which gettes with toile and kepes with care and is his money
As they enioy alwayes that taste loue in his kinde,
For they do holde continually a heauen in their minde.
No worldly goodes could bring my hart so great an easse,
As for to finde or do the thing that might my ladye please.
For by her onely loue my hart shoulde haue all ioye,
And with the fame put care away, and all that coulde annoy.
As if that any thyng shold chance to make me fadde,
The touching of her corall lippes would straighteways make me
And when that in my heart I fele that dyd me greue
With one embracing of her armes she might me sone releue:
And as the Angels all which fit in heauen hye
With prefence and the fight of god haue theyr felicitie.
So lykewyfe I in earth, shoulde haue all earthly blis,
With prefence of that paragon, my god in earth that is.
The lady forsaken of her lovere, prayeth his returne, or the end of her own life.

O loue, alas, who would not feare
That feeth my woffull state,
For he to whom my heart I beare
Doth me extremely hate,
And why thersore I cannot tell,
He will no lenger with me dwell.
    Did you not fewe and long me serue
Ere I you granted grace?
And will you this now from me swarue
That neuer did trefpace?
Alas poore woman then alas,
A weery lyfe here must I passe.


And shal my faith haue fuch refuse
In dede and shall it fo,
Is ther no choife for me to chufe
But must I leue you fo?
Alas poore woman then alas,
A weery life hence must I pas.]

And is there now no remedy
But that you will forget her,
Ther was a tyme when that perdy
You would haue heard her better.
But now that time is gone and past,
And all your loue is but a blast.
    And can you thus break your beheft
In dede and can you fo?
Did you not swnare you loue\(^1\) me best,
And can you now say no?
Remember me poore wight in payne,
And for my sake turne once agayne.
    Alas poore Dido now I fele
Thy present paynful state,
When false Eneas did hym flele
From thee at Carthage gate.

\(^1\) loued.
And left thee sleapynge in thy bedde,
Regardyng not what he had sayd.

Was never woman thus betrayed,
Nor man so false forsworne,
His faith and truthe so strongly tayd,¹

Vntruthe hath alltoterne:
And I haue leaue for my good will,
To waile and wepe alone my fill.

But since it will not better be,
My teares shall never blyn:
To moyst the earth in such degree,
That I may drowne therin:
That by my death all men may faye,
Lo women are as true as they.

By me all women may beware,
That see my wofull smart,
To feke true loue let them not spare,
Before they set their hart.
Or els they may become as I,
Which for my truthe am like to dye.

The louer yeldyn into his ladys handes,
praieth mercie.

1

N fredome was my fantasie
Abhorryng bondage of the minde,
But now I yelde my libertie,
And willingly my felfe I binde.
Truely to serue with all my hart,
While the life doth laft not to reuart.

Her beauty bounde me firft of all
And forst my will for to consent:
And I agree to be her thrall,
For as the lift I am content.
My will is hers in that I may,
And where she biddes I will obey.

It lieth in her my wo or welth,
She may do that she liketh best,
¹tyed
If that she lift I haue my helth,  
If she lift not in wo I rest.  
Sins I am fast within her bandes,  
My wo and welth lieth in her handes.  
She can no leffe then pitie me,  
Sith that my faith to her is knowne,  
It were to much extremitie,  
With cruelty to vfe her owne.  
Alas a sinnenfull enterprice,  
To flay that yeldes at her deuice.  
But I thinke not her hart fo harde,  
Nor that she hath such cruell luft:  
I doubt nothing of her reward,  
For my defert but well I truft,  
As she hath beauty to allure,  
So hath she a hart that will recure.

That nature which worketh all things for our behoef, hath made women also for our comfort and delite.

A Mong dame natures workes such perfite lawe is wrought,  
That things be ruled by course of kinde in order as they  
And serueth in their state, in such iust frame and sorte, ought  
That slender wits may judge the same, and make therof report.  
Beholde what secrete force the winde dothe easely shoue,  
Which guides the shippes amids the seas if he his bellowes blow.  
The waters waxen wilde where blustering blafts do rife,  
Yet feldome do they passe their bondes for nature that deuise.  
The fire which boiles the leade and trieth out the golde:  
Hath in his power both help and hurte if he his force vnfolde.  
The frost which kilth the fruite doth knit the brused bones:  
And is a medecin of kind prepared for the nones.  
The earth in whose entrails the foode of man doth liue,  
At euery spring and fall of leafe what pleure doth she giue.  
The aier which life desires and is to helth so swete  
Of nature yeldes such liuely smelles that comforts euery sprete.  
The sonne through natures might doth draw away the dew,
And spredes ye flowers where he is wont his princely face to
The Mone\(^1\) which may be cald the lanterne of the night, [shew
Is halfe a guide to traveling men such vertue hath her light.
The sters not vertueleffe are bewtie to the eies,
A lodes man to the mariner a signe of calmed skies.
The flowers and fruitefull trees to man doe tribute pay,
And when theyhaue their duety done by course they fade away.
Eche beast both fishe and foule, doth offer lief\(^2\) and all,
To norishe man and do him eafe yea serue him at his call.
The serpentes venemous, whose vglye shapes we hate, [flate.
Are soueraigne values for fondry fores, and nedefull in their
Sith nature shewes her power, in eche thing thus at large,
Why should not man submit hymself to be in natures charge
Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall,
The wysefl cannot slip her snare, for nature gouernes all.
Lo, nature gaue vs shape, lo nature fedes our lyues: [ftriues.
Then they are worfe then mad I think, against her force yat
Though some do vse to say, which can do nought but fayne,
Women were made for this intent, to put vs men to payne.
Yet sure I think they are a pleafure to the mynde,
A joy which man can neuer want, as nature hath asfynde.

\textit{When aduersitie is once fallen, it is to
late to beware.}

\begin{verbatim}
To my mishap alas I fynde,
That happy hap is daungerous:
And fortune worketh but her kynd
To make the ioyfull dolorous.
But all to late it comes to minde,
To waile the want that makes me blinde,
Amid my mirth and pleafantnesse,
Such chaunce is chaunced sodainly,
That in dispaire without redresse,
I finde my chiefest remedy.
No new kinde of vnhappinesse,
Should thus haue left me comfortlesse.
Who wold haue thought that my request,
\end{verbatim}

\(^1\) Moone  \(^2\) life.
Should bring me forth such bitter frute:
But now is hapt that I feard left,
And all this harme comes by my fute,
For when I thought me happiest,
Euen then hapt all my chiefe vnrest.

In better case was neuer none
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,
My chiefe desire doth cause me mone,
And to my harme my welth is hapt,
There is no man but I alone,
That hath such cause to sigh and mone.

Thus am I taught for to beware
And truft no more such pleafant chance,
My happy happie bred me this care,
And brought my mirth to great mischance.
There is no man whom happe will spare,
But when she lift his welth is bare.

Of a louer that made his onelye God of his loue.

All you that frendship do professe,
And of a frende present the place:
Geue eare to me that did possesse,
As frendly frutes as ye imbrace.
And to declare the circumftaunce,
There were them selues that did auauance:
To teache me truely how to take,
A faithfull frende for vertues fake.

But I as one of little skill,
To know what good might grow therby,
Vnlo my welth I had no will,
Nor to my nede I had none eye,
But as the childe dothe learne to go,
So I in time did learne to know.
Of all good frutes the worlde brought forth,
A faythfull frende is thing moft worth.

Then with all care I fought to finde,
One worthy to receive such trust:
One onely that was riche in minde,
One secrete, sober, wife, and iust.
Whom riches could not raife at all,
Nor pouertie procure to fall:
And to be short in few wordes plaine,
One such a frend I did attaine.

And when I did enjoy this welth,
Who liued Lord in such a case,
For to my frendes it was great helth,
And to my foes a fowle deface,
And to my felfe a thing fo riche
As feke the worlde and finde none fich\(^1\)
Thus by this frende I set such ftore,
As by my felfe I fet no more.

This frende fo much was my delight
When care had clene orcome my hart,
One thought of her rid care as quite,
As neuer care had caufed my smarte
Thus ioysd I in my frende fo dere
Was neuer frende pete man fo nere,
I carde for her fo much alone,
That other God I carde for none

But as it dothe to them befall,
That to them felues respect haue none:
So my swete graffe is growen to gall,
Where I fowed mirthe I reaped mone
This ydoll that I honorde fo,
Is now transformed to my fo,
That me moft pleased me moft paynes,
And in dispaire my hart remains.

And for iust scourge of such defart,
Thre plages I may my felfe affure,
Firt of my frende to lose my parte,
And next my life may not endure,
And laft of all the more to blame,
My soule shal suffer for the fame,
Wherfore ye frendes I warne you all,
Sit fad for feare of fuch a fall.

\(^1\) such.
Upon the death of Sir Antony Denny.

Death and the kyng did as it were contende,
Which of them two bare Denny greatest loue,
The king to shew his loue gan farre extende,
Did him aduaunce his betters farre aboue.
Nere place, much welthe, great honour eke him gaue,
To make it knowen what power great princes haue.

But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly cark he quite his weried ghost,
Free from the corps, and straight to heauen it lift,
Now deme that can who did for Denny most.
The king gaue welth but fadyng and vnfure,
Death brought him bliffe that euer shall endure.

A comparison of the louers paines.

Lyke as the brake within the riders hande, [payne, Doth strayne the horfe nye woode with greife of Not vfed before to come in such a bande, Striueth for griefe, although godwot in vayne. To be as erit he was at libertie, But force of force dothe straine the contrary.

Euen fo fince band dothe cause my deadly griefe, That made me fo my wofull chaunce lament, Like thing hath brought me into paine and mischiefe, Saue willingly to it I did assent. To binde the thing in fredome which was tre, That now full fore alas repenteth me.

Of a Rosemary braunche fente.

Vche grene to me as you haue fent, Such grene to you I fende agayn : A flowring hart that wyll not feint,
For drede of hope or losse of gaine:
A stedfaft thought all wholy bent,
So that he maye your grace obtain:
As you by profe haue alwaies fene,
To liue your owne and alwayes grene.

To his loue of his constanl hart.

As I haue bene so will I euer be,
Unto my death and lenger yf I might.
Haue I of loue the frendly lokyng eye,
Haue I of fortune the fauour or the spite,¹
I am of rock by profe as you may fee:
Not made of waxe nor of no metall light,
As leefe to dye, by chaunge as to deceaue,
Or breake the promise made. And so I leaue.

Of the token which his loue sent him.

The golden apple that the Troyan boy,
Gaue to Venus the fayrest of the thre,
Which was the caufe of all the wrack of Troy,
Was not receiued with a greater ioye,
Then was the fame (my loue) thou sent to me,
It healed my fore it made my forowes free,
It gaue me hope it banisht mine annoy:
Thy happy hand full oft of me was blift,
That can geue such a value when that thou lift.

Manhode auailleth not without good Fortune.

Ho² Cowerd oft whom deinty viandes fed,
That bofrted much his ladies eares to please,
By helpe of them whom vnder him he led
Ha¹h reapt the palme that valiance could not ceafe.
The vnexpert that shoores vnknowne neare fought,
Whom Neptune yet apaled not with feare;

¹ Haue I of fortune fauour or despite?
² TH}e
In wandryng shippe on trutlesse seas hath tought,  
The skill to sele that time to long doth leare.  
The sportyng knight that scorneth Cupides kinde,  
With fayned chere the payned cause to brede:  
In game vnhides the leden sparkes of minde,  
And gaines the golde, whereglowyng flames should sped,  
Thus I see proufe that trouthe and manly hart,  
May not auayle, if fortune chaunce to flart.

That constancy of all vertues is most worthy.

Hough in the waxe a perfect picture made,  
Dothe shew as fayre as in the marble stone,  
Yet do we see it is estemed of none,  
Because that fire or force the forme dothe fade.  
Whereas the marble holden is full dere,  
Since that endures the date of lenger dayes.  
Of Diamondes it is the greatest prayse,  
So long to last and always one tappere.  
Then if we do esteme that thing for best,  
Which in perfection lenger time dothe last:  
And that most vayne that turnes with euery blast  
What iuwell then with tonge can be expreft.  
Like to that hart where loue hath framed such sethe,  
That can not fade but by the force of dethe.

[In the Second and subsequent editions, the following poem was transposed further back, see p. 165; with the heading, An answere of comfort.]

A comfort to the complaynt of Thestilis.

Hestilis thou fely man, why dost thou so complaine,  
If nedes thy loue will thee forfake, thy mourning is in vaine.  
For none can force the streames against their course to ronne,  
Nor yet vnwillyng loue with teares or wailyng can be wonne.  
Cease therefore thy plaintes, let hope thy forrowes eafe, [seas  
The shippmen though their failes be rent yet hope to scape the Though straunge she seem a while, yet thinkesthe will not chaunge
Good caufes driue a ladies loue, sometime to feme full straunge.
No louer that hath wit, but can forfee fuch happe,
That no wight can at wifh or will flepe in his ladies lappe.
Achilles for a time fayre Brifes did forgo,
[do fo.]
Yet did they mete with ioye againe, then thinke thou mafft
Though he and louers al in loue fharpe flormes do finde,
Dispaire not thou pore Theftilis though thy loue feme vnkinde.
Ah thinke her graffed loue can not fo fone decay,
Hie fpringes may ceafe fromfwellyng styll, but neuer dry away
Oft flormes of louers yre, do more their loue encrease:
As shynyng sunne refrefhe the frutes when rainyng gins to ceafe.
When fpringes are waxen loue, then, muft they flow againe,
So shall thy hart aduaunced be, to pleafure out of paine.
When lacke of thy delight moft bitter griefe apperes,
Thinke on Etrafcus worthy loue that lafted thirty yeres,
Which could not long atcheue his hartes defired choyfe,
Yet at the ende he founde rewarde that made him to reioyce.
Since he fo long in hope with pacience did remaine,
Can not thy fervent loue forbeare thy loue a moneth or twaine.
Admit she minde to chaunge and nedes will thee forgo,
Is there no mo may thee delight but she that paynes thee fo?
Theftilis draw to the towne and loue as thou haft done,
In time thou knoweft by faythfull loue as good as she is wonne.
And leaue the desert woodes and waylyng thus alone,
And feke to value thy fore els where, if all her loue be gonne.

The uncertaine flate of a louer.

Lyke as the rage of raine,
Filles riuers with exceffe,
And as the drought againe,
Dothe draw them leffe and leffe.
So I bothe fall and clyme,
With no and yea fometyme.
As they swell hye and hye,
So dothe encrease my flate,
As they fall drye and drye
So doth my wealth abate,
As yea is mixt with no,
So mirthe is mixt with wo.

As nothing can endure,
That liues and lackes reliefe,
So nothing can stande sure,
Where chaunge dothe raigne as chiefe,
Whersore I must intende,
To bowe when others bende.

And when they laugh to smile,
And when they wepe to waile,
And when they craft, begile,
And when they fight, affayle,
And thinke there is no chaunge,
Can make them feme to straunge.

Oh most vnhappy flawe,
What man may leade this course,
To lacke he would faynest haue,
Or els to do much worse.
These be rewardes for such,
As liue and loue to much.

The louer in libertie smileth at them in thraldome, that sometime scorned his bondage.
When they saw well that now are blinde
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And iust judgement hath them affinde.

I see them wander all alone,
And tread full fast in dreadful dout:
The selfe fame pathe that I haue gone,
Blessed be hap that brought me out.

At libertie all this I see,
And say no worde but erst among:
Smiling at them that laught at me,
Lo such is hap marke well my song.

A comparison of his love with the
faithfull and painful love
of Troylus to Cresseide.

Read how Troylus serued in Troy,
A lady long and many a day,
And how he bode so great anoy,
For her as all the stories faye.
That halfe the paine had neuer man,
Which had this wofull Troyan than.

His youth, his sport, his pleasant chere,
His courtly state and company,
In him so strangely altered were,
With such a face of contrary.
That every ioye became a wo,
This poyfon new had turned him so.

And what men thought might moost him eafe
And moost that for his comfort flode,
The fame did moost his minde displease,
And set him moost in furious mode.
For all his pleasure euer lay
To thinke on her that was away.

His chamber was his common walke,
Wherin he kept him secretely.
He made his bedde the place of talke.
To heare his great extremitie.
In nothing els had he delight,
But euen to be a martyr right.
And now to call her by her name
And straight therewith to sigh and throbbe:
And when his fansyes might not frame,
Then into teares and so to sobbe,
All in extreames and thus he lyes
Making two fountayns of his eyes.
As agues haue sharpe shiftes of fittes
Of colde and heat succesffiuely:
So had his head like chaunge of wittes:
His pacience wrought so diuerfly:
Now vp, now downe, now here, now there,
Like one that was he wift not where.
And thus though he were Pryams sonne
And commen of the kinges hie bloude,
This care he had er he her wonne.
Till shee that was his maiftresse good,
And lothe to see her feruaunt so,
Became Phificion to his wo.
And toke him to her handes and grace,
And faid she would her minde apply,
To helpe him in his wofull case,
If she might be his remedy.
And thus they fay to eafe his smart,
She made him owner of her hart.
And truth it is except they lye,
From that day forth her study went,
To shew to loue him faithfully,
And his whole minde full to content.
So happy a man at laft was he,
And eke fo worthy a woman she.
Lo lady then iudge you by this,
Mine eafe and how my case dothe fall,
For sure betwene my life and his,
No difference there is at all.
His care was great fo was his paine,
And mine is not the left of twaine.
For what he felt in service true
For her whom that he loued so,
The fame I fele as large for you,
To whom I do my service owe,
There was that time in him no paine,
But now the fame in me dothe raine.¹

Which if you can compare and waye,
And how I stonde in every plight,
Then this for you I dare well saye,
Your hart must needes remorce of right
To graunt me grace and so to do,
As Crefide then did Troylus to.

For well I wot you are as good
And euen as faire as euer was shee,
And commen of as worthy bloode,
And haue in you as large pitie.
To tender me your owne true man,
As she did him her seruaunt than.

Which gift I pray God for my sake,
Full sone and shortly you me sende,
So shall you make my sorrowes shake,
So shall you bring my wo to ende.
And set me in as happy caufe,
As Troylus with his lady was.

To leade a vertuous and honest life.

Lee from the prese and dwell with sothsaftnes
Suffise to thee thy good though it be small,
For hord hath hate and clamyng ticklenesse
Praise hath enuy, and weall is blinde in all
Fauour no more, then thee behowe shall.
Rede well thy self that others well canst rede,
And trouth shall the deliuer it is no rede.

Paine thee not eche croked to redresse
In hope of her that turneth as a ball,
Great rest standeth in litle busynesse,
Beware also to spurne against a nall,

¹ raigne.
Strive not as doth a crooke against a wall,
Deme first thy felfe, that demeft others dede
And trouth shall thee deliever, it is no drede.
That the is sent, receive in boxomnesse,
The wrestling of this world axith a fall:
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse.
Forth pilgrame forth beaft out of thy stall,
Looke vp on high, giue thankes to god of all:
Weane well thy luft, and honfht life ay leade,
So trouth shall the deliuer, it is no dreade.

The wounded lover determineth to make fute
to his lady for his recure.

In Mars firft moued warre or stirred men to strife, [life.
Was never seen so fearce a fight, I scarce could fcape with
Resift so long I did, till death approched so nye,
To faue my felfe I thought it beft, with fpede away to fly.
In daunger flill I fled, by flight I thought to fcape
From my dere foe, it vailed not, alas it was to late.
For venus from her campe brought Cupide with hys bronde,
Who fayd now yelde, or els defire fhall chace the in evry londe.
Yet would I not ftraite yelde, till fansy fierfly froke, [yoke
Who from my will did cut the raines and charged me with this
Then all the dayes and nightes mine eare might heare the found,
What carefull fighes my heart would fteale to fele it felf fo bound
For though within my brefl, thy care I worke he fayd,
Why for good wyll dideft thou behold her perftingiye displayde.
Alas the fishe is caught, through baite, that hides the hoke,
Euen fo her eye me trained hath, and tangled with her loke.
But or that it be long, my hart thou fhalt be faine, [plaine
To fay my life pray her furththrowe swete lokes when I com-
When that she fhall deny, to doe me that good turne,
Then fhall she fee to affhes gray, by flames my body burne.
Defearde of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
For feare of nay I never fought, the way to frame my fute,
Yet hap that what hap fhall, delay I may to long,
Assay I fhall for I here fay, the ftil man oft hath wrong.

1 thee 2 asketh 3 Forth pilgryme forth, forth beast out of thy stall,
4 fiercely 5 eye 6 heare
The lover shewing of the continuall paines that abide within his brest determineth to die be-
cause he can not have his redresse.

He dolefull bell that stille dothe ring,
The wofull knell of all my ioyes:
The wretched hart dothe perce and wringe,
And fils mine eare with deadly noyes.
   The hangry vyper in my brest,
That on my hart dothe lye and gnawe:
Dothe dayly brede my new vnrest,
And deper fighes dothe caufe me drawe.
   And though I force bothe hande and eye,
On pleasaunt matter to attende:
My forowes to deceaue therby:
And wretched life for to amende.
   Yet goeth the mill within my hart,
Which gryndeth nought but paine and wo:
And turneth all my ioye to smart,
The euill corne it yeldeth so.
   Though Venus smile with yeldying eyes,
And swete musike doth play and finge:
Yet doth my sprites fele none of these,
The clacke dothe at mine eare fo ringe.
   As smallest sparckes vncares for,
To greatest flamhes dothe\(^1\) fonest growe,
Euen fo did this myne inwarde fore,
Begin in game and ende in wo.
   And now by vse fo swift it goeth,
That nothing can mine eares fo fil:
But that the clacke it ouergoeth,
And plucketh me backe into the myll.
   But since the mill will nedes about,
The pinne wheron the whele dothe go,
I wyll\'assaye to strike it out,
And fo the myll to ouerthrow.
The power of love over gods themselues.

Or love Appollo (his Godhead set aside) was servant to the kyng of Theffaley, whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye, that bothe his harpe and fawtrey he defide. And bagpipe folace of the rurall bride, Did paffe and blowe and on the holtes hy, His cattell kept with that rude melody. And oft eke him that doth the heauens gyde, Hath love transformed to shapes for him to base Transmuted thus sometime a fwan is he, Leda taccye, and eft Europe to pleafe, A milde white bull, vnwrinckled front and face, Suffreth her play tyll on his backe lepeth she, Whom in great care he ferieth through the feas.

[In the Second and later editions, the following poem was transposed further on, see p. 257.]

Of the sutteltye of craftye louers.

Vch waiward waies haue some when folly stirres their braines To fain and plaine full oft of love when left they fele his And for to shew a griefe such craft haue they in store, That they can halt and lay a value wheras they fele no fore. As hounde vnto the fote, or dogge vnto the bow, So are they made to vent her out whom bent to love they know That if I shoulde discribe on one hundred of their driftes Two hundred witts becide mine owne I shoulde put to their shiftes No woodman better knowes how far to lodge his dere Nor shypman on the sea that more hath skill to guide the shiere Nor beaten dogge to herd can warer chose his game, Nor scholeman to his fanfy can a scholer better frame. Then one of these which haue olde Ouids art in vre, Can feke the wayes vnto their minde a woman to allure. As rounde about a hieue the bees do swarme alway, So rounde about yat house they preafe wherein they feke their
And whom they so befege, it is a wonderous thing,
What crafty engins to affault these wily warriours bring.
The eye as scout and watch to stirre both to and fro, [and go,
Doth serue to flate her here and there where she doth come
The tongue doth plede for right as herauld of the hart:
And both the handes as oratours do serue to point theyr part.
So shewes the countenaunce then with these fowre to agree,
As though in witnes with the rest it wold hers frowne be.
But if she then mistrust it would turne black to whyte, [bite.
For that the woorrier lokes most fmoth when he wold faine
Then wit as counsellor a help for this to fynde: [minde
Straight makes ye hand as secretyr forthwith to write his
And so the letters straight embassadours are made,
To treate in hast for to procure her to a better trade.
Wherin if she do think all this is but a shewe,
Or but a subtile masking cloke to hyde a craftye shewe.
Then come they to the larmes, then shew they in the field:
Then muster they in colours strange that wayes to make her
Then shooote they batrye of, then compasse they her in, [yeld
At tilte and turney oft they firrie this felly foule to win.
Then found they on their Lutes then strain they forth their songe,
Then romble they with instrumentes to laye her quite a long.
Then borde they her with giftes then doe they woe[ and
watche,[catche.
Then night and day they labour hard this simple holde to
As pathes within a woode, or turnes within a mafe: [wayes
So then they shewe of wyles and craftes they can a thousand

[In the Second and later editions, the following poem was transposed back to among
Surrey's poems with the new heading An answer in the behalfe of a
woman, of an uncertain author: see p. 26.]

Of the dissembling louver.

OIr in my giltlesse gowne as I fit here and sow,
I see that thynges are not in dede as to the outward show.
And who so lift to loke and note thinges somewhat nere:
Shall fynd wher playnesse femes to haunt nothing but craft
For with indifferent eyes my self can well disterne, [appere
How some to guide a ship in stormes seke for to take the other.
Whose practife yf were proved in calme to ftere a barge, Assuredly beleue it well it were to great a charge. And some I see agayne fit flyll and faye but fmall, [do all. That could do ten tymes more than they that faye they can Whose goodly giftes are such the more they vnderstande, The more they feke to learne and knowe and take leffe charge And to declare more plain the tyme fletes not fo faft: [in hand But I can beare full well in minde the fonge now founge and paft. The author wherof came wrapt in a craftye cloke: With will to force a flamyng fire where he could rafe no smoke. If power and will had ioynde as it appeareth plaine, The truth nor right had taneno place their vertues had ben vain. So that you may perceiue, and I may safely fe, The innocent that gilteffe is, condemned should haue be.

The promise of a constant lover.

As Lawrell leaues that ceafe not to be grene, From parching funne, nor yet from winters thrette: As hardened oke that fearth na fworde fo kene, As flint for toole in twaine that will not frette. As faft as rocke or pillar surely fet So faft am I to you and aye haue bene. Assuredly whom I can not forget, For ioy, for paine, for torment nor for tene. For losse, for gayne, for frownyng, nor for thret. But euer one, yea bothe in calme and blaf, Your faithfull frende, and will be to my laft.

Against him that had flaundered a gentlewoman with him selfe.

Als may he be, and by the powers aboue, Neuer haue he good fpede or lucke in loue. That fo can lye or fpot the worthy fame, Of her for whom thou. R. art to blame. For chaffe Diane that hunteth still the chaffe, And all her maides that fue her in the race.

1 feareth 2 om. he
With faire bowes bent and arrowes by their fide,
Can faye that thou in this haſt falsely lied.¹
For neuer honge the bow vpon the wall,
Of Dianes temple no nor neuer fhall.
Of broken chaſte the sacred vowe to fpot,
Of her whom thou doſle charge fo large I wot.
But if ought be wherof her blame may riſe,
It is in that she did not well aduife
To marke the² right as now she dothe theee know,
Falſe of thy dedes³ falſe of thy talke alſo.
Lurker of kinde like ſerpent layd to bite,
As poſfon hid vnder the fuger white.
What daunger ſuſhe? So was the house defilde,
Of Collatiue: fo was the wife begilde.
So ſmarted she, and by a trayterous force,
The Cartage quene fo ſhe fordid her corſe.
So ſtrangled was the R. fo depe can auoyde,⁴
Fye traytour fye, to thy ſhame be it ſayd,
Thou dunghyll crowe that cookeſt agaynst the rayne,
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe agayne.
Carrion for the⁵ and lothſome be thy voyce,
Thy ſong is ſowle I wery of thy noyce.
Thy blacke fethers, which are thy wearyng wede.
Wet them with teares and forowe for thy dede.
And in darke caues, where yrkeſome wormes do crepe,
Lurke thou all daye, and flye when thou ſhouldeſt ſlepe.
And neuer light where liuyng thing hath life,
But eat and drinke where ſtinche and filthe is riſe.
For ſhe that is a ſowle of fethers bryght,
Admit ſhe toke some pleſure in thy fight.
As ſowle of ſlate ſometimes delight to take,
Fowle of meane fort their flight with them to make.
For play of winge or folace of their kinde:
But not in fort as thou doſt breke thy mynde.
Not for to trede with fuch foule fowle as thou,
No no I ſwere and I dare it here auowe.
Thou neuer fetteſt thy fote within her neſt,
Boaſt not fo broade then to thine owne vnreſt.
But blushe for ſhame for in thy face it ſlandes,

¹ lide ² thee ³ dede ⁴ So strangled was the Rodopeian maide, ⁵ thee
And thou canst not vnspot it with thy handes.
For all the heauens against thee recorde beare,
And all in earth against thee eke will sweare.
That thou in this art eu'n none other man,
But as the iudges were to Sufan than.
Forgers of that where to their luft them prickt,
Bafhe, blaser then the truth hath thee conviected.
And she a woman of her worthy fame,
Vnspotted standes, and thou haft caught the shame.
And there I pray to God that it may reft,
Falfe as thou art, as falfe as is the best,
That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,
In whom all trouth furft floorist\(^1\) and began.
And so hath stande till now the wretched part,
Hath spotted vs of whose kinde one thou art.
That all the shame that euer rose or may,
Of shamefull dede on thee may light I faye.
And on thy kinde, and thus I wishe thee rather,
That all thy fede may like be to their father.
Vntrue as thou, and forgers as thou art,
So as all we be blamelesse of thy part.
And of thy dede. And thus I do thee leaue,
Still to be falfe, and falsely to deceaue.

\(^2\) A praise of maistresse Ryce.

Heard when Fame with thundryng voice did sommon to appere
The chiefe of natures children all that kinde had\(^3\) placed here.
To view what brute by vertue got their liues could iufty craue,
And bade them shew what praise by truth they worthy were to haue
Wherewith I faw how Venus came and put her selfe in place,
And gaue her ladies leue at large to stand and pleade their case.
Eche one was calde by name arowe,\(^4\) in that asemble there,
That hence are gone or here remaines in court or otherwhere.
A solemne silence was proclaimde, the iudges fate and heard,
What truth could tell or craft could faine, \& who shoulde be preferd.
Then beauty stept before the barre, whose brest and neck was bare
With heare truft vp and on her head a caule of gold she ware.

\(^1\) first floorisht. \(^2\) A praise of maistresse R. \(^3\) hath \(^4\) a row
Thus Cupides thrallkes began to flock whose hongry eyes did say
That she had stayned all the dames that present were that day.
For er she spake with whispering words, the prease was filde through.
And fansy forced common voyce therat to geue a shoute. [out
Which cried to fame take forth thy trump, and found her praiue on
That glads the hart of every wight that her beholdes with eye. [hie
What stirre and rule (quod order than) do these rude people make,
We holde her best that shall deferue a praiue for vertue fake.
This sentence was no foner said but beauty therewith bluht,
The audience ceased with the fame, and every thing was whusht.
Then finenesse thought by trainyng talke to win that beauty loft.
And whet her tonges with ioly wordes, and spared for no cost.
Yet wantonnesse could not abide, but brake her tale in haste,
And peuishe pride for pecockes plumes wold nedes be hieft plast.
And therwithall came curiousnesse and carped out of frame.
The audience laught to here the strife as they beheld the fame.
Yet reason fone appesde the brute, her reuerence made and don.
She purchased fauour for to speake and thus her tale begoon,
Sins bountye shall the garland were and crowned be by fame,
O happy iudges call for her for she deserues the fame. [sought
Where temperance gouernes bewyse flowers and glory is not
And shamefaist mekenesa maistreth pride and vertue dwells in thought
Byd her come forth and shew her face or els affen eche one,
That true report shal graue her name in gold or marble stone.
For all the world to rede at will what worthines doth rest,
In perfect pure vnspotted life which she hath here posset.
Then skill rose vp and fought the prease to find if yat he might
A person of such honest name that men should praiue of right.
This one I saw full sadly sit and shrinke her self a side,
Whose sober lokes did shew what gifts her wistly grace did hide
Lo here (quod skill, good people all) is Lucrece left alyue,
And she shall most excepted be that left for praiue did strieue.
No lenger fame could hold her peace, but blew a blast so hie,
That made an eckow in the ayer and fowing through the sky.
The voice was loude and thus it fayd come Rife with happy daies,
Thy honest life hath wonne the fame and crowned thee with praiues.
And when I heard my maistres name I thurst amids the throng.
And clapt my handes and wisht of god yat she might prosper long.

1 The noise did cease, the hall was still, and every thing was whusht.
2 tonge 3 prease 4 wisely. 5 R.
Of one uniuflly defamed.

Ne can clofe in short and cunning verse,
Thy worthy praiſe of bountie by defart:
The hatefull spite and flaun.der to reherfe.
Of them that see but know not what thou art,
For kind by craft hath wrought thee so to eye.
That no wight may thy wit and vertue fy.pe.
But he haue other fele then outward fight,
The lack wherof doth hate and spite to trie
Thus kind thy craft is let of vertues light:
See how the outward fhew the wittes may dull:
Not of the wise but as the moft entend,
Minerua yet might neuer perce their scull,
That Circes cup and Cupides brand hath blend
Whose fonde affects now fhurred haue their braine,
So dothe thy hap thy hue with colour flaine.
Beauty thy foe thy fhape doubleth thy fore,
To hide thy wit and fhewe thy vertue vayne,
Fell were thy fate, if wisdome were not more.
I meane by thee eu.en G. by name,
Whom ftormy windes of enuy and difdaine,
Do toffe with boïfteous blastes of wicked fame.
Where ftedfaftnesse as chiefe in thee dothe raigne.
Pacience thy fetled minde dothe guide and ftere,
Silence and shame with many refleth there,
Till time thy mother lift them forth to call,
Happy is he that may enioye them all.

On the death of the late count1 of Pembroke.

Et once againe my muse I pardon pray,
Thine intermitted fong if I repete:
Not in fuch wife as when loue was my pay,
My ioly wo with ioyfull verse to treat.
But now (vnthanke to our desert be geuen,
Which merite not a heauens gift to kepe)  
Thou muft with me bewaile that fate hath reuen,  
From earth a iewell laied in earth to slepe.  
A iewell, yea a gemme of womanhed,  
Whose perfect vertues linked as in chaine:  
So did adornne that humble wiuelyhed,  
As is not rife to finde the like againe.  
For wit and learnynge framed to obey,  
Her husbandes will that willed her to vfe  
The loue he bare her chiefly as a flaye,  
For all her frendes that would her furtherance chufe.  
Well sayd therfore a heauens gift she was,  
Because the best are fonest hence bereft:  
And though her felfe to heauen hence did passe,  
Her spoyle to earth from whence it came she left.  
And to vs teares her abfence to lament,  
And eke his chance that was her make by lawe:  
Whose losse to losse fo great an ornament,  
Let them efteme which true loues knot can draw.

That eche thing is hurt of it felfe.

Why feareft thou thy outward foe,  
When thou thy felfe thy harme dofte fede,  
Of griefe, or hurt, of paine, of1 wo,  
Within eche thing is fowen a fede.  
So fine was newer yet the cloth,  
No smith fo harde his yron did beate:  
But thone confumed was with mothe.  
Thother with canker all to fret.2  
The knotty oke and wainscot3 old,  
Within dothe eat the filly worme:  
Euen fo a minde in enuy rold,  
Alwayes within it felf doth burne.  
Thus euery thing that nature wrought,  
Within it felf his hurt doth beare:  
No outward harme nede to be fought,  
Where enmies be within fo neare.

1 or 2 freate 3 wainscot
Of the choife of a wife.

He flickeryng fame that flieth from eare to eare, 
And aye her ftrength encreaseth with her flight 
Geues firft the caufe why men to heare delight, 
Of those whom she dothe note for beauty bright. 
And with this fame that flieth on fo faft, 
Fanfy dothe hye when reason makes no haſte 
And yet not fo content they wishe to see 
And thereby knowe if fame haue fayd aright. 
More truſtyng to the triall of their eye, 
Then to the brute that goes of any wight. 
Wife in that poynt that lightly will not leeue, 
Vnwise to feke that may them after greue. 
Who knoweth not how fight may loue allure, 
And kindle in the hart a hotte defire: 
The eye to worke that fame could not procure, 
Of greater caufe there commeth hotter fire. 
For ere he wete him felf he feleth warme, 
The fame and eye the caufers of his harme. 
Let fame not make her knowen whom I fhall know, 
Nor yet mine eye therin to be my guide: 
Sufficeth1 me that vertue in her grow, 
Whose ample life her fathers walles do hide. 
Content with this I leaue the rest to go, 
And in fuch choife fhall ftaude my welth and wo.

Descripccion of an vngodly worlde.

Ho loues to liue in peace, and marketh euery change, 
Shal hear fuch newes from time to time, as femeth 
wooderous strange. 
Such fraude in frendly lokes, fuch frendchippe all for gayne:

1 Sufficeth
Such cloked wrath in hatefull hartes, which worldly men retayne.
Such fayned flatteryng fayth, amongs both hye and low:
Such great deceite, such subtell wittes, the pore to overthrowe.
Such spite in fugred tonges, such malice full of pride:
Such open wrong such great vntruth, which can not go vnspied.
Such restlesse fute for roumes, which bringeth men to care:
Such slidyng downe from slippry feates, yet can we not beware.
Such barksyng at the good, such bolstrynge of the yll:
Such threatnyng of the wrathe of God, such vyce embraced flyll.
Such trarryng for thee, such credityng of lyes,
Such silence kept when folles do speake, such laughyng at the wife
Such plenty made fo scarce, such criyng for redresse,
Such feared signes of our decay, which tong dares not expresse.
Such chaunges lightly markt, such troubles still apperes,
Which neuer were before this time, no not this thoufand yeres.
Such bribyng for the purfe, which euer gapes for more,
Such hordyng vp of worldly welth, such kepynge muck in store.
Such folly founde in age, such will in tender youth,
Such sundry fortes among great clarckes, and few yat speake the truth
Such falshed vnder craft, and such vnstedsfast wayes,
Was neuer fene within mens hartes, as is found now adayes.
The cause and ground of this is our vnquiet minde,
Which thinkes to take those goods away which we muft leue behinde.
Why do men feke to get which they cannot posseffe,
Or breke their flepes with carefull thoughtes and all for wretchednes.
Though one amonges a fIore, hath welth and eafe a while,
A thousand want which toyleth fore and trauaile many a mile.
And some although they flepe, yet welth falles in their lap,
Thus some be riche and some be pore as fortune geues the hap.
Wherfore I holde him wife which thinkes himself at eafe,
And is content in simple state both god and man to please.
For those that liue like gods and honored are to day,
Within short time their glory falles as flowers do fade away.
Vncertain is their lifes1 on whom this world will frowne,
For though they fit aboue ye starres a storm may strike them downe

In welth who feares no fall may slide from ioy full sone,
There is no thing so fure on earth but changeth as the Mone.
What pleasure hath the riche or eafe more then the pore,
Although he haue a plefiant house his trouble is the more.
They bowe and speake him fayre, which feke to fuck his blood,
And fome do wishe his foule in hell and all to haue his good.
The coueting of the goodes doth nought but dull the fpirite,
And fome men chaunce to tafte the fower that gropeth for the swete

The riche is still enuied by thofe which eate his bred,
With fawning spech and flattering tales his eares are dayly fed.
In fine I fee and proue the rich haue many foes,
He slepeth best and careth left that little hath to lofe.
As time requireth now who would auoide much strife,
Were better liue in pore estate then leade a princes life.
To passe thofe troublesome times I fee but little choife,
But help to waile with thofe that wepe and laugh when they re-joife

For as we fe to day our brother brought in care,
To morrow may we haue such chance to fall with him in snare,
Of this we may be fure, who thinkes to fit moft faft,
Shal foonet fal like wethered leaues that cannot bide a blast.
Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as lowe doth ronne,
When euery man hath played his part our pagent shall be donne.
Who trustes this wretched world I hold him worfe then mad,
Here is not one that fereth god the best is all to badde.
For thofe yat feme as faintes are deuilles in their dedes :
Though yat the earth bringes forth fome flowers it beareth many wedes.

I fee no prefent help from mischief to preuaile,
But flee the feas of worldly cares or beare a quiet fayle.
For who that medleth leaft shall faue him felfe from smart,
Who fyrres an oare in euery boat shal play a folifh part.

1 liues
The dispairyng louer lamenteth.

Alkyng the pathe of pensiue thought,
I askt my hart how came this wo.
Thine eye (quod he) this care me brought.
Thy minde, thy witte, thy will also
Enforceth me to loue her euer,
This is the cause ioye shal I neuer.
And as I walkt as one dismayde,
Thinkynge that wrong this wo me lent:
Right, sent me worde by wrath, which sayd,
This iust judgement to thee is sent:
Neuer to dye, but diyng euer,
Till breath thee faile, ioy shalt thou neuer.

Sithe right doth iudge this wo tendure,
Of health, of wealth, of remedy:
As I haue done so be she sure,
Of fayth and trouth untill I dye.
And as thisayne cloke shal I euer,
So inwardly ioye shal I neuer.

Gripyng of gripes greue not so fore,
Nor serpentes flyng causeth such smarte,
Nothing on earth may payne me more,
Then fight that perft my wofull hart.
Drowned with cares stylly to perfeuer,
Come death betimes, ioye shal I neuer.

O libertie why doest thou swarue,
And steale away thus all at ones:
And I in pryson like to serue,
For lacke of fode do gnaw on bones.
My hope and truft in thee was euer,
Now thou art gone ioye shal I neuer.

But stylly as one all desperete,
To leade my life in miserie:
Sithe seare from hope hath lockt the gate,
Where pity shoulde graunt remedye.
Dispaire this lotte assinges me euer,
To liue in payne. Ioie shal I neuer.
and Sonnetes.

[From this point—fol. 87 in the Second edition—forward, that edition varies materially from the earliest impression: not only in the addition of Thirty-nine new Songs and Sonnets, but also in the transposition of the poems from pp. 61 and 197; and in arranging in a different order, the nine poems by Uncertain Authors yet remaining of the First text.

The exact order in the revised impression will be seen from the following first lines; those of the new poems are shown in Italic type: the poems themselves will be found at pp. 227-271.

Procryn that some tyme serued Cephalus.  
Lyke the Phenix a birde most rare.  
The soules that lacked grace.  
Lo dead he lives, that whilome lived here.  
What harder is then stone, what more then water soft.  
O tingring make Vlisses dere, thy wife lo sendes to thee.  
You that in play peruse my plaint, and reade in rime the smart.  
It was the day on which the sunne depriv’d of his light.  
The Sunne when he hath sped his raises.  
The secret flame that made all Troy so hot.  
The bird that sometime built within my brest.  
Not like a God came Jupiter to woo.  
I that Vlysses yeres have spent.  
Thou Cupide God of love, whom Venus thrall’es do serue.  
Complaine we may: much is amisse.

Do all your dedes by good advise.  
Who list to lead a quiet life.  
A kinde of coal is as men say.

Your borrowd meane to move your mons, of fame withouten flame.

Lo here lieth G. vnder the grounde.  
If that thy wicked wife had spon the thred.  
From worldly wo the meede of misbelieve.

Stay gentle friend that passeth by.  
A Man may liue thriwe Nestors life.  
The vertue of Vlisses wife.  
To false report and flying fame.  
Whom fancy forced first to love.

To walke on doubtful ground, where danger is unseen.  
To trust the fayned face, to rue on forced teares.  
Ah love how waryard is his wit what panges do perce his death.

The blinded boy that bendes the bow.  
I wold I found not as I feele.

No toy have I, but live in heaviness.

The wisest way, thy bote, in waine and winde to give.

Who so that wisely weyes the profite and the price.  
Some men would thinke of right to haue.  

Such waryard waies haue some when folly stirres their braines.

Vaine is the fleeting welth.

Do way your phisike I fainst no more.

A cruell Tiger all with teeth bebled.

Ah libertie now haue I learned to know.

Holding my peace alas how loud I crye.

I seye Haw whose hope is past.

Adieu desert, how art thou spent.

In Bayes I boast whose branch I beare.

When Phebus had the serpent slaine.

In court as I behelde, the beauty of eche dame.

Ye are to yong to bryng me in.

Farewell thou frozen hart and eares of hardned stele.

Resigne you dames whom tikelyng brute delight.

Alas when shall I toy.

Then follow the Ten Songs by N[icholas] Grimald], as distinguished on pp. 96-125; and these complete the revised Text.

After which, come The Table [of first lines], and the Colophon.]
Songes

An epitaph of maister Henry Williams.

From worldly wo the mede of misbeliefe,
From cause of care that leadeth to lament,
From vaine delight the grounde of greater griefe,
From feare from\(^1\) frendes, from matter to repent,
From paimfull panges laft forow that is sent.
From drede of death fithe death dothe set vs free,
With it the better pleased should we be.

This lothfome life where likyng we do finde,
Thencreaser of our crimes: dothe vs beriue,
Our bliffe that alway ought to be in minde.
This wyly worlde whiles here we breath aliue
And fleshe our fayned fo, do stifely\(^2\) striue.
To flatsre vs affuryng here the ioye,
Where we alas do finde but great annoy.

Untolde heapes though we haue of worldly welth,
Though we posseffe the sea and frutefull grounde,
Strength, beauty, knowledge, and unharmed helth,
Though at our\(^3\) wishe all pleasure do abound.
It were but vaine, no frendship can be founde,
When death assaulteth with his dredfull dart.
No raunfome can fly the homehaftyng hart.

And fithe thou haft\(^4\) cut the liues line in twaine,
Of Henry, sonne to sir Iohn Williams knight,
Whose manly hart and prowes none coulde flyayne.
Whose godly life to vertue was our light,
Whose worthy fame shall florifhe long by right.
Though in this life so cruell mightefl though\(^5\) be,
His spirite in heauen shall triumph ouer thee.

[See another Epitaph on master Henry Williams, at p. 248.]

[An answer to the following poem will be found at p. 249.]

Against a gentlewoman by whom he was refused.

O falfe report and flying fame,
While erft\(^6\) my minde gaue credite light,
Beleyng that her bolftred name
Had fluffe to shew that prauise did hight.

for 2 stifly 3 a 4 om. hast 5 thou 6 Whilst
I finde well now I did mistake,
Upon report my gounde to make.
I hearde it sayd such one was she,
As rare to finde as parragon,
Of lowly cheare of heart so free,
As her for bounty could passe none.
Such one so faire though forme and face,
Were meane to passe in seconde place.
I fought it neare thinkyng to finde,
Report and dede both to agree:
But change had tride her Buttell minde,
Of force I was enforced to see,
That she in dede was nothing so,
Which made my will my hart forgo.
For she is such as geason none,
And what she most may boft to be:
I finde her matches mo then one,
What nedhe so to deale with me?
Ha flering face with scornefull harte,
So yll rewarde for good desert?
I will repent that I have done,
To ende so well the loss is small,
I lost her loue, that leffe hath wonne,
To vaunt she had me as her thrall.
What though a gyllot sent that note,
By cocke and pye I meant it not.

An epitaphe written by W. G. to be set
upon his owne grave.

Lo here lieth G. vnder the grounde,
Emong the greedy wormes:
Which in his life time neuer founde,
But strife and sturdy stormes.
And namely through a wicked wife,
As to the worlde apperes:

1 I sought it neare, and thinkyng to finde
2 gyllot.
3 An epitaph made by W. G. lying on his death bed, to be set upon
   his owne tombe
4 Among
She was the shortnyng of his life
By many daies and yeres.
  He might haue liued long god wot,
  His yeres they were but yong:
Of wicked wiues this is the lot,
  To kill with spitefull tong.
Whose memory shall still remaine,
  In wriyng here with me:
That men may know whom she hath slaine.
  And say this fame is she.

An aunswere.

If that thy wicked wife had spone the thred,
  And were the weauer of thy wo:
  Then art thou double happy to be dead,
    As happily dispached so.
If rage did caufelesse caufe thee to complaine,
  And mad moode mouer of thy mone:
If frensy forced on thy testy braine:
  Then blift is she to liue alone.
So, whether were the ground of others griefe,
  Because so doutfull was the dome:
Now death hath brought your payne a right reliefe,
  And blessed be ye bothe become:
She that she liues no lenger bounde to beare
  The rule of such a frowarde hed:
Thou that thou liuest no lenger faine to seare
  The reflesse ramp that thou hadst wedde.
Be thou as glad therfore that thou art gone,
  As she is glad she dothe abide.
For so ye be a fonder, all is one:
  A badder match can not betide.

Against women either good or badde.

Man may liue thrife Neftors life,
  Thrife wander out Vlisses race:
Yet neuer finde Vlisses wife.
Such change hath chanced in this case.
Leffe age will ferue than Paris had,
Small peyn (if none be small inough)
To finde good store of Helenes trade.
Such sap the rote dothe yeilde the bough.
For one good wife Vlyffes flew
A worthy knot of gentle blood:
For one yll wife Grece ouerthrew
The towne of Troy. Sith bad and good
Bring mischiefe: Lord, let be thy will,
To kepe me free from either yll.

An answere.

The vertue of Vlyffes wife
Dothe liue, though she hath ceaft her race,
And farre surmountes old Neflors life:
But now in moe than then it was.
Such change is chanced in this case.

Ladyes now liue in other trade:
Farre other Helenes now we fee,
Than she whom Troyan Paris had.
As vertue fedes the roote, fo be
The sap and frute\(^1\) of bough and tree.

Vliffes rage, not his good wife,
Spilt gentle blood. Not Helenes face,
But Paris eye did rayse the strife,
That did the Troyan buildyngs race.
Thus sithe ne good, ne bad do yll,
Them all, O Lord, maintain my will,
To ferue with all my force and skyll.

The louer praieth his service to be accepted
and his defaultes pardoned.

Rocryn that some tyme serued Cephalus,
With hart as true as any louer might,
Yet her betyd in louyng this vnright.

\(^1\) rote
That as in hart with loue surprised thus,
She on a daye to see this Cephalus,
Where he was wont to throwde him in the shade,
When of his huntyng he an ende had made.
Within the woddes with dreedfull fote she falketh,¹
So busily loue in her hedde it walketh.
That she to fene him may her not refrayne.
This Cephalus that heard one smacke the leaues,
Vprift all egre thruftyng after pray,
With darte in hande him lift no further dayne,
To fee his loue but flew her in the greues,
That ment to him but perfect loue alway.

So curios bene alas the rites all,
Of mighty loue that vnnethes may I thinke,
In his high seruice how to loke or winke,
Thus I complaine that wre[t]chedest am of all.
To you my loue and fouerayne lady dere,
That may myne hart with death or life there
As ye best lift. That ye vouchsafe in all
Mine humble seruice. And if that me misfall,
By negligence, or els for lacke of witte,
That of your mercy you do pardon it,
And thynke that loue made Procrin smacke the leaues,
When with vnright she flayne was in the greues.

Description and praise of his loue.

Lyke the Phenix a bride most rare in sight
With golde and purple that nature hath dreft.²
Such she me femes in whom I most delight,
If I might speake for enuy at the leaft.
Nature I thinke firft wrought her in despite,
Of rofe and lillye that sommer bringeth firft,
In beauty fure excedyng all the reft,
Vnder the bent of her browes iustly pight:
As polifht Diamondes, or Saphires at the leaft.³
Her gliftryng lightes the darkenesse of the night.

¹ Within the woods with dreedfull fote forth stalketh
² That nature hath with gold and purple dreft.
³ As Diamondes, or Saphires at the leaft:
Whose little mouth and chinne like all the rest.
Her ruddy lippes exceede the corall quite.
Her yuery teeth where none excedes the rest.
Faultlesse she is from fote vnto the waste.
Her body small and straight as maist vpright.
Her armes long in iust proporcion cast,
Her handes depaint with veines all blew and white.
What shall I say for that is not in sight?
The hidden partes I judge them by the rest.
And if I were the forman of the quest,
To geue a verdite of her beauty bright,
Forgeue me Phebus, thou shouldst be dispossess,
Which doest vuurpe my ladies place of right.
Here will I cease left enuy cause dispite.
But nature when she wrought so fayre a wight,
In this her worke she surely did entende,
To frame a thing that God could not amende.

An answere to a song before imprinted begin-nyng. To walke on doutfull grounde.1

O trust the fayned face, to rue on forced teares,
To credit finely forged tales, wherein there oft appeares
And breathes as from the brest a smoke of kindled smart,
Where onely lurkes a depe deceit within the hollow hart,
Betrayes the simple soule, whom plaine deceitlesse minde.
Taught not to feare that in it self it self did neuer finde.
Not euery tricklyng teare doth argue inward paine:
Not euery sigh dothe surely shewe the sigher not to fayne:
Not euery smoke dothe proue a presence of the fire:
Not euery gliftring geues the golde, that gredy folke desire:
Not euery wailyng word is drawn out of the depe:
Not griefe for want of graunted grace enforceth all to wepe.
Oft malice makes the minde to shed the byoled brine:
And enuies humor oft vnlades by conduites of the eyen.
Oft craft can cause the man to make a femyng show
Of hart with dolour all distreined, where griefe did neuer grow.
As cursed Crocodile most cruely can toll.2

1 An answere. [This poem, in the Second edition, follows the one referred to in the heading. See p. 136.]
2 tole
With truthlesse teares, vnto his death, the filly pityng soule.
Blame neuer those thercore, that wisely can beware
The guillful\(^1\) man, that futfly sayth him selfe to dread the snare.
Blame not the stopped eares against the Syrenes song:
Blame not the mind not moued with mone of falsheds flowing tong.
If guile do guide your wit by silence so to speake,
By craft to craue and faine by fraude the cause yat you wold breake:
Great harme your futtle soule shall suffer for the same:
And mightye loue will wreke the wrong so cloked with his name.
But we, whom you haue warnde, this leffon learne by you:
To know the tree before we clime, to truft no rotten bowe,
To view the limed bufe, to loke afore we light,
To shunne the perilous bayted hoke, and vse a further fight.
As do the mouse, the birde, the fishe, by fample fitly show,
That wyly wittes and ginnes of men do worke the simples wo.
So, simple fithe we are, and you so futtle be,
God help the mouse, the birde, ye fishe, and vs your fleights to fle.

\(^1\) guilefull
Other Songes and Sonettes written by the earle of Surrey.

[In the Second and revised edition, the first, third, and fourth of these additional poems were transposed, as stated at p. 26, and the second as at p. 30.]

The constant lover lamenteth.

Yns fortunes wrath enuieth the welth,  
Wherein I raygned by the fight:  
Of that that fed mine eyes by fteith,  
With fower swete, dreae, and delight.  
Let not my griefe mov you to mone,  
For I will wepe and wayle alone.  
Spite draue me into Borias raigne,  
Where hory frofles the frutes do bite,  
When hilles were fpred and euer playne:  
With stormy winters mantle white.  
And yet my deare fuch was my heate,  
When others frefe then did I fwete.

And now though on the funne I driue,  
Whose feruent flame all thinges decaies,  
His beames in brightnesse may not ftriuie,  
With light of your fwete golden rayes,  
Nor from my breft this heate remoue,  
The frofen thoughtes grauen by loue.

Ne may the waues of the falt floode,  
Quenche that your beauty fet on fire,  
For though mine eyes forbere the fode1  
That did releue the hote defire.  
Such as I was fuch will I be,  
Your owne, what would ye more of me.

1foode
In the rude age when knowledge was not rife,  
If Ioue in Create and other were that taught,  
Artes to converte to profite of our life,  
Wende after death to haue their temples fought.  
If vertue yet no voyde vnthankefull time,  
Failed of some to blatable endles fame,  
A goodly meane both to deterre from crime:  
And to her steppes our fequele to enflame,  
In dayes of truth if wyates frendes then wayle,  
The only det that dead of quick may claime:  
That rare wit spent employd to our auail.  
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues traine.  
His liuely face their breste how did it freat,  
Whose cindres yet with enuye they do eate.

A song written by the earle of Surrey by a lady that refused to daunce with him.

Che beaft can chose hys fere according to his minde,  
And eke can fhow a frendly cherelike to their beastly kinde.  
A Lion saw I late as white as any fnow,  
Which femed well to lead the race his port the fame did fhow.  
Upon the gentle beaft to gaze it pleased me,  
For ftill me he femed well of noble blood to be.  
And as he praunced before, ftill feking for a make,  
As who wold fay there is none here I trow will me forfake.  
I might perceiue a wolfe as white as whales bone,  
A fairer beaft of fresher hue beheld I neuer none.  
Saue that her lokes were coy, and froward eke her grace,  
Vito the which this gentle beaft gan him aduance apace.  
And with a beck full low he bowed at her feete,

1 Of the same as, in the Second edition, it comes after two poems on the death of Sir T. Wyatt. See p. 30.  
2 perceiue
In humble wife as who would say I am to farre vnmete,
   But such a scornefull chere wherwith she him rewarded,
Was neuer fene I trow the like to such as well deserued.
   With that she start aside wehnere a fote or twaine,
And vnto him thus gan she say with spite and great disdaine.
   Lyon she sayd if thou hadst knownen my mind before,
Thou hadst not spent thy travaile thus nor al thy paine forlode.
   Go range about where thou mayst finde some meter fere for
   With that he bet his talle, his eyes began to flame,
I might perceiue hys noble hart much moued by the fame.
   Yet saw I him refraine and eke his wrath aswage,
And vnto her thus gan he say when he was past his rage.
   Cruell, you do me wrong to set me thus fo light,
Without desert for my good will to shew me such despight.
   How can ye thus entreat a Lion of the race,
That with his paws a crowned king defoure in the place:
   Whose nature is to pray vpon no simple food,
As long as he may fuck the flese, and drink of noble blood.
   If you be faire and fresh, am I not of your hue?
And for my vaunt I dare well say my blood is not vntrue.
   For you your self haue heard it is not long agoe,
Sith that for loue one of the race did end his life in woe
   In tower strong and hie for his assured truthe,
Where as in teares he spent his breath, alas the more the ruthe,
   This gentle beast likewife whom nothing could remoue,
But willingly to lefe his life for loss of his true loue.
   Other there be whose liues doe lingre still in paine,
Against their willes preferued ar that would haue died faine.
   But now I doe perceiue that nought it moueth you,
My good entent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kind so true.
   But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,
As other some full many yeres to trace by craft ye made.
   And thus behold our kyndes how that we differ farre.
I feke my foes: and you your frendes do threten stille with warre.
   I fawne where I am fled: you slay that fekes to you,
I can deouer no yielding pray: you kill where you subdue.
   My kinde is to defire the honoure of the field:
And you with blood to slake your thirst on such as to you yeld.

1 where as  2 This gentle beast so dyed
Wherfore I would you wist that for your coyed lokes,
I am no man that will be trapt nor tangled with such hokes.
And though some luft to loue where blame full well they might
And to such beasts of currant sort that should haue travaile bright.
I will obserue the law that nature gaue to me,
To conquer such as will resist and let the rest goe fre.
And as a faucon free that foreth in the ayre,
Which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stale doth care,
While that I liue and breath such shall my custome be,
In wildnes of the woodes to seke my pray where pleseth me.
Where many one shal ruse, that neuer made offens.
This your refuse against my power shall bode them none defence.
And for reuenge thereof I vow and swere thereto,
I* thoufand spoiles I shal commit I neuer thought to do.
And if to light on you my luck fo good shall be,
I shall be glad to fede on that that would haue fed on me.
And thus farewell vnkinde to whom I bent and bow,
I would ye wist the ship is safe that bare his failes so low.
Sith that a lions hart is for a wolfe no pray,
With bloody mouth go flake your thirst on simple shepe I say.
With more dispite and ire than I can now expresse, [gesse.
Which to my pain, though I refraine the caufe you may wel
As for because my self was aucthor of the game,
It bootes me not that for my wrath I shoulde disturbe the same.


The faithfull louver declareth his paines and his
uncertein ioies, and with only hope recom-
forteth somewhat his wofull heart.

If care do cause men cry, why do not I complaine?
If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not my paine?
 Since that amongest them all I dare well say is none,
So farre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more caufe to mone.
For all thynges hauing life sometime hauue quiet rest.

1 would 2 rue 3 no 4 A
The bering asse, the drawing oxe, and evry other beast.
The peasant and the post, that serues\textsuperscript{1} at al assayes,
The shyp boy and the galley flauce haue time to take their eafe,
Saue I alas whom care of force doth so conftraine
To waile the day and wake the night continually in paine,
From penfuenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,
From teares to painfull plaint againe: and thus my life it wears.
No thing vnder the funne that I can here or fe,
But moueth me for to bewaile my cruell deftene.
For wher men do reioyce since that I can not fo,
I take no pleafure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.
And when I heare the found of fong or instrument,
Me thinke eche tune there dolefull is and helps me to lament.
And if I fe some haue their moft desired fight,
Alas think I eche man hath weal saue I moft wofull wight.
Then as the striken dere withdrawes him felfe alone,
So do I feke some secrete place where I may make my mone.
There do my flowing eyes shew forth my melting hart,
So yat the f tremes of thofe two welles right wel declare my smart
And in thofe cares fo colde I force my felfe a heate,
As fick men in thofe their faking fittes procure them felf to sweate,
With thoughtes that for the time do much appeafe my paine.
But yet they caufe a ferther fere\textsuperscript{2} and brede my woe agayne.
Me thinke within my thought I fe right plaine appere,
My hartes delight my forowes leche mine earthly goddesse here.
With euery fondry grace that I haue fene her haue,
Thus I within my wofull brefl her picture paint and graue.
And in my thought I roll her bewties to and fro,
Her laughing chere her loue ly looke my hart that perced fo.
Her ftrangenes when I fued her fervant for to be,
And what she fayd and how she smiled when that she pitied me.
Then comes a fodaine feare that riueth all my reft
Left abfence caufe forgetfulnes to fink within her brefl.
For when I thinke how far this earth doth vs deuide.
Alas me femes loue throwes me downe I fele how that I slide,
But then I thinke againe why should I thus mistrust,
So swete a wight fo sad and wife that is fo true and iuft.
For loth she was to loue, and wauering is she not.

\textsuperscript{1} serues  \textsuperscript{2} farther feare
The farther of the more desir'de thus louers tie their knot.
So in dispaire and hope plonged am I both vp an doune
As is the shipp with wind and wawe when Neptune lift to froune.
But as the watry showers delaye the raging winde,
So doth good hope clene put away dispayre out of my minde.
And biddes me for to serue and suffer pacientlie,
For what wot I the after weale that fortune willes to me.
For those that care do knowe and tafted haue of trouble,
When passed is their woful paine eche ioy shal seme them double.
And bitter sendes she now to make me taft the better,
The plesant swete when that it comes to make it seme the sweter.
And fo determine I to serue vntill my brethe.¹
Ye rather dye a thousand times then once to false my feithe²
And if my feble corps through weight of wofull smart.
Do fayle or faint my will it is that still she kepe my hart.
And when thys carcas here to earth shalbe refarde,
I do bequeth my weried ghost to serue her afterwarde.

¹ breath ² feithe

Finis.
Other Songes and Sonettes written by Sir Thomas Wiat the elder.

[These six poems were transposed, in the Second edition, to Wyatt's poems; see p. 82.]

Of his loute called Anna.

Hat word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turned and made in twaine:
It is mine Anna god it wot.
The only caufer of my paine:
My loue that medeth with disdain,
Yet is it loued what will you more,
It is my value, and eke my fore.

That pleasure is mixed with every paine.

Enemous thornes' that are so sharp and kene,
Bear flowers we see full fresh and faire of hue:
Poison is also put in medicine.
And unto man his helth doth oft renue.
The fier that all thinges eke confumeth cleane
May hurt and heale: then if that this be true.
I trust sometime my harme may be my health.
Sins every woe is ioyned with some wealth.

A riddle of a gift giuen by a Ladie.

Lady gaue me a gift she had not,
And I receyued her gift which I toke not,
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not,
And I receiued it, albeit, I could not,
If she giue it me, I force not,
And if she take it againe she cares not.
Confider what this is and tell not,
For I am fast sweone I may not.

**That speaking or profering bringes alway speeding.**

Speak thou and spede where will or power ought helpthe
Where power dothe want will must be wonne by welth.
For nede will spede, where will workes not his kinde,
And gayne, thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee finde
For fute and golde, what do not they obtaine,
Of good and bad the triers are these twaine.

**He ruleth not though he raigne ouer realmes that is subiect to his owne lustes.**

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruell wyll, and see thou kepe thee free
From the foule yoke of fenstuall bondage,
For though thy empyre strethce to Indian sea,
And for thy feare trembleth the fardeft Thylee,
If thy desire haue ouer thee the power,
Subiect then art thou and no gouernour.

If to be noble and high thy minde be meued,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginnyng:
For he that hath eche flarre in heauen fixed,
And genees the Moone her hornes and her eclipsyng:
Alike hath made the noble in his workyng,
So that wretched no way thou may bee,
Except foule luft and vice do conquer thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of golde,
Vnto thy thirst yet should it not suffice.
And though with Indian flones a thoufande folde,
More precious then can thy selse deuife,
Ycharged were thy backe: thy couitise
And busye bytyng yet should neuer let,
Thy wretchid life ne do thy death profet.

1 helpth 2 life, ne
Whether libertie by losse or life,  
or life in prison and thraldome  
be to be preferred.

Lyke as the birde within the cage enclosed,  
The dore vnsparred, her foe the hawke without,  
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,  
Whether for to chose standeth in doubt,  
Lo, so do I, which feke to bryng about,  
Which should be best by determinacion,  
By losse of life libertie, or lyfe by pryson.  
O mischiefe by mischiefe to be redressed.  
Where Payne is best there lieth but little pleasur.  
By short death better to be deliuered,  
Than bide in paynefull life, thraldome, and dolore.\(^1\)  
Small is the pleasur where much Payne we suffer.  
Rather therfore to chuse me thinketh wisdome,  
By losse of life libertie, then life by prison.  
And yet me thinkes although I liue and suffer,  
I do but wait a time and fortunes chance:  
Oft many thinges do happen in one houre.  
That which oppresst\(^2\) me now may me aduance.  
In time is trust which by deathes greuance  
Is whole loyft. Then were it not reason,  
By death to chuse libertie, and not life by pryson.  
But death were deliuerance where life lengthes paine  
Of these two euyls let se now chuse the best:  
This birde to deliuer that here dothe playne,  
What faye ye louers? whiche shall be the best?  
In cage thraldome, or by the hawke opprest.  
And whiche to chuse make plaine conclusion,  
By losse of life libertie, or life by pryson.

\(^1\) doler \(^2\) opprest

FINIS.
Emprinted at London in Fleet strete within Temple barre, at the sygne of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottel the fift day of June.

An. 1557.

Cum privilegio ad impri-mendum solum.
The lower declareth his paines to exceed far the paines of hell.

He foules that lacked grace,
Which lye in bitter paine:
Are not in such a place,
As foolish folke do faine.
Tormented all with fire,
And boile in leade againe,
With serpents full of ire,
Stong oft with deadly paine.

Then cast in frozen pittes:
To freze there certaine howers:
And for their painfull fittes,
Pointed tormentours.

No no it is not so,
Their forow is not such:
And yet they haue of wo,
I dare say twise as much.

Which comes becaufe they lack
The fight of the godhed,
And be from that kept back
Where with are aungels fed
This thing know I by loue
Through abfence crueltie,
Which makes me for to proue.
Hell pain before I dye.
There is no tong can tell
My thousand part of care
Ther may no fire in hell,  
With my desire compare.
   No boyling leade can pas  
My scalding fighes in hete:
Nor snake that euer was,  
With slinging can fo frete
   A true and tender hert,  
As my thoughtes dayly doe,
So that I know but smart,
And that which longes thereto.
   O Cupid Venus fon,  
As thou haft showed thy might.
And haft this conquest woon,
Now end the same aright.
   And as I am thy slaue,  
Contented with all this:
So helpe me foone to haue
My perfect earthly blisse.

Of the death of sir Thomas Wiate the elder.

Lo dead he liues, that whilome liued here,  
Among the dead that quick go on the ground.
   Though he be dead, yet doth he quick apere,
By liuely name that death cannot confound
His life for ay of fame the trump shall found.
Though he be dead, yet liues he here aliue.
Thus can no death from Wiate; life depriue.

That length of time consumeth all things.

What harder is then ftone, what more then water soft?  
Yet with soft water drops, hard ftones be perfed softe.¹
What geues so strong impulse,
   That ftone we may withstand?
What geues more weake repulse,
Then water preft with hand?
Yet weke though water be,

¹ oft. 1559, 1574, &c.
It holoweth hardeft flint:
By proffe wherof we see,
Time geues the greatest dint.

The beginning of the epifle of Penelope
to Vliffes, made into verfe.

Lingring make Vliffes dere, thy wife lo fendes to thee,
Her driry plaint write not againe, but come thy selfe to me.
Our hatefull scourge that womans foe proud Troy now is
fordon.
We bye it derer, though Priam flaine, and all his kingdome
O that the raging surges great that lechers bane had wrought,
When first with ship he forowed feas, and Lacedemon fought,
In desert bed my shiuering coarse then shold not haue fought
rest,
Nor take in griefe the cherefull funne so flowly fall to weft.
And whiles I caft long running nightes, how best I might
begile,
No distaff should my widowish hand haue weary made the
while.
When dread I not more daungers great then are befall in
Loue is a carefull thing God wot, and passing full of drede.

The lover asketh pardon of his passed
follie in loue.

Ou that in play perufe my plaint, and reade in rime the
smart,
Which in my youth with fighes full cold I harbourd in
Know ye that loue in that fraile age, draue me to that dis-
tresse.
When I was halfe an other man, then I am now to gesse.
Then for this worke of wauering words where I now rage
now rew.
Toft in the toyes of troublous loue, as care or comfort grew.
I trust with you that loves affairs by proofe haue put in vre:
Not onely pardon in my plaint, but pitie to procure.
For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I be,
And where to long loue made me blinde, to late shame
makes me fe. [paft,
Thus of my fault shame in the fruite, and for my youth thus
Repentance is my recompence, and this I learne at laft.
Looke what the world hath most in price, as sure it is to kepe,
As is the dreame which fancie driues, while fence and reasone
flepe.

The louer sheweth that he was striken by loue
on good friday.

It was the day on which the sunne depreiued of his light,
To rew Chrifts death amid his course gaue place vnto ye
night
When I amid mine eafe did fall to fuch diftemperate fits,
That for the face that hath my heart I was bereft my wits.
I had the bayte, the hooke and all, and wiſt not loues pretence,
But farde as one that fearde none yll, nor forſt for no defence,
Thus dwelling in moſt quiet flate, I fell into this plight,
And that day gan my secret fighes, when all folke wept in fight.
For loue that vewed me voide of care, approcht to take his pray;
And flept by ſtelth from eye to hart, fo open lay the way,
And ſtraight at eyes brake out in teares, fo falt that did declare,
By token of their bitter tafte that they were forgde of care,
Now vaunt thee loue which fleest a maid defenſt with vertues rare.
And wounded haſt a wight vnwife, vnweaponed and vnware.

The louer describeth his whole flate vnto his
loue, and promifing her his faithfull good
will: affureth himself of hers again.

He Sunne when he had spred his raies,
And shewde his face ten thousand waies,
Ten thousand things do then begin,
To shew the life that they are in.
The heauen shewes liuely art and hue,
Of sundry shapes and colours new,
And laughs vpon the earth anone.
The earth as cold as any stone,
Wet in the teares of her own kinde:
Gins then to take a joyfull minde.
For well she feeleth that out and out,
The funne doth warme her round about.
And dries her children tenderly,
And shewes them forth full orderly.
The mountaines hye and how they stand,
The valies and the great maine land.
The trees, the herbes, the towers strong,
The castels and the riuers long.
And eu'en for joy thus of this heate,
She sheweth furth her pleasures great.
And sleepe no more but sendeth forth
Her clergions her own dere worth.
To mount and flye vp to the ayre,
Where then they sing in order fayre.
And tell in song full merely,
How they haue sleekt full quietly,
That night about their mothers fides.
And when they haue song more besides,
Then fall they to their mothers breastes,
Where els they fede or take their restes.
The hunter then foundes out his horne,
And rangeth straite through wood and corne.
On hilles then shew the Ewe and Lambe,
And euery yong one with his dambe.
Then louers walke and tell their tale,
Both of their blisse and of their bale.
And how they serue, and how they do,
And how their lady loues them to.
Then tune the birdes their armonie.
Then flocke the foule in companie.
Then euery thing doth pleasure finde,
In that that comfortes all their kinde.
No dreames do drench them of the night,
Of foes that would them flea or bite.
As Houndes to hunte them at the taile,
Or men force them through hill and dale.
The shepe then dreames not of the Woulf,
The shipman forces not the goulf
The Lambe thinkes not the butchers knife,
Should then bereue him of his life.
For when the Sunne doth once run in,
Then all their gladnes doth begin.
And then their skips, and then their play
So falles their fadnes then away.
And thus all thinges haue comforting,
In that that doth them comfort bring.
Saue I alas, whom neither funne,
Nor ought that God hath wrought and don,
May comfort ought, as though I ware
A thing not made for comfort here.
For beyng absent from your fighte,
Which are my ioy and whole delight
My comfort and my pleaure to,
How can I ioy how should I do?
May fiek men laugh that rore for paine?
Ioy they in fong that do complaine?
Are martirs in their tormentes glad?
Do pleasures please them that are mad?
Then how may I in comfort be,
That lacke the thing should comfort me.
The blind man oft that lackes his fight,
Complaines not moost the lacke of light.
But those that knewe their perfectnes,
And then do misse ther blisfulnes,
In martirs tunes they sing and waile,
The want of that which doth them faile.
And hereof comes that in my braines,
So many fantasies worke my paines
For when I waygne your worthynes,
Your wisdome and your gentlines,
Your vertues and your fundry grace,
And minde the countenaunce of your face,
And how that you are the alone,
To whom I must both plaine and mone.
Whom I do loue and must do still.
Whom I embrace and ay so wil,
To serue and please you as I can,
As nay a wofull faithful man.
And finde my selfe so far you fro.
God knowes what torment, and what wo,
My rufull hart doth then imbrace.
The blood then chaugeth in my face.
My synnewes dull, in dompes I stand.
No life I fele in fote nor hand,
As pale as any clout and ded,
Lo sodenly the blood orefpred,
And gon againe it nill so bide.
And thus from life to death I slide
As colde sometymes as any flone
And then againe as hote anone.
Thus comes and goes my sundry fits,
To gue me sundri fortes of wits.
Till that a figh becomes my frende,
And then to all this wo doth ende.
And sure I thinke that figh doth roon,
From me to you where ay you woon,
For well I finde it easeth me,
And certes much it pleaseth me.
To think that it doth come to you,
As would to God it could so do.
For then I know you would soone finde,
By sent and favour of the winde.
That euen a martirs figh it is,
Whose joy you are and all his blis.
His comfort and his pleaure eke,
And euen the same that he doth feke.
The same that he doth wishe and craue,
The same that he doth truft to haue.
To tender you in all he may,
And all your likinges to obey,
As farre as in his powre shall lye:
Till death shall darte him for to dye.
But wealeaway mine owne most best,
My ioy, my comfort, and my rest.
The caufer of my wo and smart,
And yet the pleaser of my hart.
And the that on the earth aboue:
Is euen the worthiestic for to loue.
Heare now my plaint, heare now my wo,
Heare now his paine that loues you fo,
And if your hart do pitie beare,
Pitie the cause that you shall heare.
A dolefull foe in all this doubt,
Who leaues me not but fekes me out,
Of wretched forme aud lothsome face,
While I stand in this wofull cafe:
Comes forth and takes me by the hand,
And faies frende harke and vnderstand.
I see well by thy port and chere,
And by thy lokes and thy manere,
And by thy lades as thou goest,
And by the sighes that thou outthrowest:
That thou art stuffed full of wo,
The cause I thinke I do well know.
A fantafer thou art of some,
By whom thy wits are overcome.
But haft thou red old pamphlets ought?
Or haft thou known how bokes haue taught
That loue doth vse to such as thow,
When they do thinke them safe enow.
And certain of their ladies grace:
Haft thou not sene oft times the case,
That fodenly there hap hath turnde,
As thinges in flame confumde and burnde?
Some by disceite forfaken right.
Some likwise changed of fansfy light.
And some by abfence fone forgot.
The lottes in loue, why knoweft thou not?
And tho that she be now thine own:
And knowes the well as may be knowne.
And thinkes the to be fuch a one,
As she likes beft to be her own.
Thinkes thou that others haue not grace,
To shew and plain their wofull cafe.
And chose her for their lady now,
And wvere her trouth as well as thou.
And what if she do alter minde?
Where is the loue that thou wouldeft finde?
Absence my frende workes wonders oft.
Now bringses full low that lay full loft.
Now turnes the minde now to and fro,
And where art thou if it were fo?
If absence (quod I) be marueilous,
I finde her not fo dangerous.
For she may not remoue me fro,
The poore good will that I do owe
To her, whom vnneth I loue and fhall.
And chofen haue aboue them all,
To ferve and be her own as far,
As any man may offer her.
And will her ferve, and will her loue,
As lowly as it fhall behoue.
And dye her own if fate be fo.
Thus fhall my hart nay part her fro,
And witnes fhall my good will be,
That abfence takes her not from me.
But that my loue doth flill encrease,
To minde her flill and never ceafe.
And what I feele to be in me,
The fame good will I think hath she.
As firme and faft to biden ay,
Till death depart vs both away.
And as I haue my tale thus told,
Steps vnto me with countenance bold:
A fledfaft frende a counsellour,
And namde is Hope my comfortour.
And floutly then he speakes and faies:
Thou haft fayde trouth withouen nayes,
For I assure thee euen by othe,
And theron take my hand and trothe,
That she is one the worthiext,
The truest and the faithfullest,
The gentleft and the meekest of minde:
That here on earth a man may finde,
And if that loue and trouth were gone,
In her it might be found alone.
For in her minde no thought there is,
But how she may be true iwis.
And tenders thee and all thy heale,
And wisheth both thy health and weale.
And loues thee euen as farforth than,
As any woman may a man,
And is thine own and so she faies,
And cares for thee ten thousand waies.
On thee she speakes, on thee she thinkes,
With thee she eates, with thee she drinkes,
With thee she talkes, with thee she mones,
With thee she fighes, with thee she grones,
With thee she faies farewell mine own.
When thou God knowes full farre art gon.
And euen to tell thee all aright,
To thee she faies full oft good night.
And names thee oft, her owne most dere,
Her comfort weale and al her chere.
And telles her pelow al the tale,
How thou haft done her wo and bale,
And how she longes and plaines for the,
And faies why art thou so from me?
Am I not she that loues the best?
Do I not wish she thine ease and rest?
Seke I not how I may the please?
Why art thou then so from thine ease?
If I be she for whom thou carest,
For whom in tormentes so thou farest:
Alas thou knowest to finde me here,
Where I remaine thine owne most dere,
Thine own most true thine owne most iust,
Thine own that loues the flyl and muft.
Thine own that cares alone for the,
As thou I thinke doft care for me.
And euen the woman she alone,
That is full bent to be thine owne.
What wilt thou more? what canst thou craue?
Since she is as thou wouldest her haue.
Then fet this driuell out of dore,
That in thy braines such tales doth poore.
Of absence and of chaunges straunge,
Send him to those that vse to chaunge.
For she is none I the auowe,
And well thou maieft beleue me now.
When hope hath thus his reason said,
Lord how I fele me well apaide.
A new blood then orespredes my bones,
That al in joy I fland at ones.
My handes I throw to heuen aboue,
And humbly thank the god of loue.
That of his grace I should beftow,
My loue fo well as I it owe.
And al the planets as they fland,
I thanke them to with hart and hand.
That their asfectes fo frendly were,
That I should so my good will bere,
To you that are the worthieft,
The fairest and the gentillest.
And beft can say, and beft can do,
That longes me thinkes a woman to.
And therfore are most worthy far,
To be beloued as you ar.
And fo saies hope in all his tale,
Wherby he easeth all my bale.
For I beleue and thinke it true,
That he doth fpeake or say of you.
And thus contented lo I fland,
With that that hope beares me in hand:
That I am yours and shall so be,
Which hope I kepe full fure in me.
As he that all my comfort is,
On you alone which are my blis.
My pleasure chief which most I finde,
And even the whole ioy of my minde.
And shall so be vntill the death,
Shall make me yeld vp life and breath.
Thou good mine own, lo beare my truft.
Lo here my truth and service iust.
Lo in what case for you I stand.
Lo how you haue me in your hand.
And if you can requite a man,
Requite me as you finde me than.

Of the troubled common welth restored to quiet
by the mighty power of god.

He secret flame that made all Troy so hot,
Long did it lurke within the wooden horse.
The machine huge Troyans suspected not,
The guiles of Grekes, nor of their hidden force:
Till in their beds their armed foes them met,
And slew them there, and Troy on fire set.
Then rose the rore of treason round about,
And children could of treason call and cry,
Wiuues wrong their hands, ye hole fired town throughout,
When yat they faw their husbands slain them by.
And to the Gods and to the skies they fhright,
Vengeance to take for treason of that night.
Then was the name of Sinon spred and blowne,
And wherunto his filed tale did tend.
The secret startes and metinges then were knowne,
Of Troyan traitours tending to this end.
And euery man could say as in that case:
Treason in Anthenor and Eneas.
But all to long such wisdome was in store,
To late came out the name of traytour than,
When that their king the aultar lay before
Slain there alas, that worthy noble man.
Ilium on flame, the matrons crying out,
And all the strestes in streames of blood about.

But such was fate, or such was simple trust,
That king and all should thus to ruine roon,
For if our stories certein be and iust:
There were that saw such mischief should be doon
And warning gaue which compted were in fort,
As sad deuines in matter but of sport.

Such was the time and so in state it floode,
Troy trembled not so careles were the men.
They brake ye wals, they toke this hors for good,
They demed Grekes gone, they thought al surety then.
When treason start and set the town on fire,
And stroied Troians and gaue Grekes their desire.

Like to our time, wherein hath broken out,
The hidden harme that we suspected least.
Wombed within our walles and realme about,
As Grekes in Troy were in the Grekishe beast,
Whose tempeft great of harmes and of armes,
We thought not on, till it did noyse our harmes.

Then felt we well the pillar of our welth,
How sore it shoke, then saw we euen at hand,
Ruin how she ruftht to confound our helth,
Our realme and vs with force of mighty band.
And then we heard how treason loud did rore:
Mine is the rule, and raigne I will therefore.

Of treason marke the nature and the kinde,
A face it beares of all humilitie.
Truth is the cloke, and frendshipp of the minde,
And depe it goes, and worketh secretly,
Like to a mine that creeps so nye the wall,
Till out breaks sulphure, and oreturneth all.

But he on hye that secretly beholdes
The state of thinges: and times hath in his hand,
And pluckes in plages, and them again unfoldes.
And hath apointed realmes to fall and stand:
He in the midft of all this sturre and rout,
Gan bend his browes, and moue him self about.

As who shoule say, and are ye minded so?
And thus to thofe, and whom you know I loue.
Am I fuch one as none of you do know?
Or know ye not that I fit here aboue,
And in my handes do hold your welth and wo,
To raise you now, and now to ouerthrow?
Then thinke that I, as I haue fet you all,
In places where your honours lay and fame:
So now my felfe shall giue you eche your fall,
Where eche of you shall haue your worthy shame.
And in their handes I will your fall shalbe,
Whofe fall in yours you fought fo fore to fee.
Whofe wisdome hye as he the fame foresaw,
So is it wrought, fuch lo his iuftice is.
He is the Lord of man and of his law,
Praife therefore now his mighty name in this,
And make accompt that this our eafe doth fland:
As Israell free, from wicked Pharaos hand.

The louer to his loue having forsaken him,
and betaken her felf to an other.

He bird that sometyme built within my brefl,
And there as then chief succour did receive:
Hath now els where built her another nest,
And of the old hath taken quite her leaue.
To you mine ofte that harbour mine old guest,
Of fuch a one, as I can now conceiue.
Sith that in change her choife doth chiefe confift,
The hauke may check, that now comes fair to fiift.¹

The louer fheweth that in dissembling his loue
openly he kepeth secret his secret good will.

Ot like a God came Jupiter to woo,
When he the faire Europa fought vnto.
An other forme his godly wisdome toke,
Such in effect as writeth Ouides boke.
As on the earth no living wight can tell,
That mighty Ioue did loue the quene so well.
For had he come in golden garmentes bright,
Or so as men mought have starde on the sight:
Spred had it bene both through earth and ayre,
That Ioue loued the lady Europa payre.
And then had some bene angry at the hart,
And some againe as ielous for their part.
Both which to flop, this gentle god toke minde,
To shape him selfe into a brutifh kinde,
To such a kinde as hid what stature he was,
And yet did bring him what he sought to passe.
To both their ioyes, to both their comfort soon,
Though knowen to none, til al the thing was don
In which attempt if I the like assay,
To you to whom I do my selfe bewray:
Let it suffice that I do feke to be,
Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

The louer deceiued by his loue repenteth
him of the true loue he bare her.

That Vlyffes yeres haue spent,
To finde Penelope:
Finde well what folly I haue ment,
To feke that was not so.
Since Troylous case hath caused me,
From Cressed for to go.
And to bewaile Vlyffes truth,
In seas and stormy skies,
Of wanton will and raging youth,
Which we haue tossed fore:
From Sicilla to Caribdis cliues,
Upon the drowning shore.
Where I fought hauen, there found I hap,
From daunger vnto death:
Much like the Mouse that treads the trap,
In hope to finde her foode,  
And bites the bread that stops her breath,  
So in like case I stooe.  

Till now repentance hasteth him  
To further me so fast:  
That where I fanke, there now I swim,  
And haue both freame and winde:  
And lucke as good if it may laft,  
As any man may finde.  

That where I perished, safe I passe,  
And find no peril there:  
But ftey ftone, no ground of glasse,  
Now am I sure to faue,  
And not to flete from feare to feare,  
Such anker hold I haue.

The louer having enjoyed his loue, humbly thanketh  
the god of loue: and avowing his heart onely  
to her faithfully promiseth,  
utterly to forfake all other.  

Hou Cupide God of loue, whom Venus thrallles do serve,  
I yeld thee thankesvpon my knees, as thou dost well deferue,  
By thee my wished ioyes haue shaken of despaire,  
And all my tormenting dayes be past, and weather waxeth faire,  
By thee I haue receiued a thousand times more ioy,  
Than euer Paris did possesse, when Helen was in Troy.  
By thee haue I that hope, for which I longde fo fore,  
And when I thinke vpon the fame, my hart doth leaptherefore.  
By thee my heavy doubtes and trembling feares are fled,  
And now my witsyatt troubled wer, with pleafant thoughtsare fed.  
For dread is banifht cleane, wherein I floode full oft,  
And doubt to speake that lay full low, is lifted now aloft.  
With armes bexpred abrode, with opende handes and hart,  
I haue enjoyed the fruite of hope, reward for all my smart.  
The feale and figne of loue, the key of trouth and truft,  
The pledge of pure good will haue I, which makes the louers iust
Such grace fins I haue found, to one I me betake,  
The rest of Venus derlinges all, I utterly forfake.  
And to performe this vow, I bid mine eyes beware,  
That they no straungers do falute, nor on their beauties stare.  
My wits I warn ye all from this time forth take hede,  
That ye no wanton toyes deuife my fancies newe to fede.  
Mine eares be ye shut, and heare no womans voyce,  
That may procure me once to fmile, or make my hart rejoyce.  
My fete full flow be ye and lame when ye should moue,  
To bring my body any where to feke an other loue,  
Let all the Gods aboue, and wicked sprites below,  
And euery wight in earth acufe and curfe me where I go:  
If I do fale my faith in any point or cafe,  
A fodein vengeance fall on me, I afke no better grace.  
Away then fily rime prefent mine earneft faith,  
Vnto my lady where she is, and marke thou what she faith.  
And if she welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,  
Spring thou for ioy, thy master hath his moft deified hap.

_Totus mundus in maligno postitus._

Omplaine we may: much is amiffe:  
Hope is nye gone to haue redresse:  
These daies ben ill, nothing sure is:  
Kinde hart is wrapt in heauineffe.  
The sterne is broke: the faile is rent:  
The ship is geuen to wind and waue:  
All helpe is gone: the rocke present,  
That will be loft, what man can faue?  
Things hard, therefore are now refused.  
Labour in youth is thought but vaine:  
Duty by (will not) is excufed.  
Remoue the fhop the way is plaine.  
Learning is lewd, and held a foole:  
Wifdome is fhent, counted to raile:  
Reason is baniift out of schoole:  
The blinde is bold, and wordes prevaile.  
Power, without care, flepeth at eafe:

1 shut. 1559.
Will, without law, runth where he lift:
Might without mercy can not please.
A wise man faith not, had I wist.

When power lackes care and forceth not:
When care is feable and may not:
When might is slothfull and will not:
Wedes may grow where good herbes cannot.

Take wrong away, law nedeth not:
For law to wrong is bridle and paine.
Take feare away, law booteth not.
To strive gainst sleeame, it is but vaine.

Wyly is witty: brainficke is wife:
Trouth is folly: and might is right:
Wordes are reason: and reason is lies:
The bad is good: darkenesse is light.

Wrong to redresse, wisdome dare not.
Hardy is happy, and ruleth most.
Wilfull is witlesse, and careth not,
Which end go first, till all be lost.

Few right do love, and wrong refuse.
Pleasure is sought in euery flate,
Liking is lust: there is no chuse.
The low geue to the hye checke mate.

Order is broke in thinges of weight,
Measure and meane who doth not flee?
Two thinges preuaile: money, and sleight.
To feme is better then to be.

The bowle is round, and doth downe slide,
Eche one thrusteth: none doth vphold.
A fall failes not, where blinde is guide.
The flay is gone: who can him hold?

Folly and falshed prayeth apace.
Trouth vnder bushell is faine to crepe.
Flattry is treble, pride finges the bace.
The meane the beast part scant doth pepe.

This fiery plage the world infectes.
To vertue and trouth it geues no rest:
Mens harts are burnde with sundry fectes,
And to eche man his way is beft.
With floods and stormes thus be we tost,
Awake good Lord, to thee we crye.
Our ship is almost sunk and lost.
Thy mercy help our miserye.
Mans strength is weake: mans wit is dull:
Mans reason is blinde. These things tamend,
Thy hand (O Lord) of might is full,
Awake betime, and helpe vs fend.
In thee we trust, and in no wight:
Saue vs as chickens vnder the hen.
Our crokedneffe thou canst make right,
Glory to thee for aye. Amen.

The wise trade of lyfe.

Do all your dedes by good aduise,
Cast in your minde alwaies the end
Wit bought is of to dere a price.
The tried, trust, and take as frend,
For frendes I finde there be but two:
Of countenance, and of effect.
Of thone fort first there are inow:
But few ben of the tother sect.
Beware also the venym sweete.
Of crafty wordes and flattery.
For to deceiue they be most mete,
That best can play hypocry.
Let wisdome rule your dede and thought:
So shall your workes be wisely wrought.

That few wordes shew wisdome, and
work much quiet.

Who lift to lead a quiet life,
Who lift to rid him self from strife:
Geue care to me, marke what I say,
Remember wel, beare it away.
Holde backe thy tong at meat and meale,
Speake but few wordes, beftrow them well.
By wordes the wife thou shalt espye,
By wordes a foole fone shalt thou trye.
A wise man can his tong make ceafe,
A foole can neuer holde his peace.
Who loueth rest of wordes beware.
Who loueth wordes, is sure of care.
For wordes oft many haue been sent:
For silence kept none hath repent.
Two eares, one tong onely thou haft,
Mo things to heare then wordes to waft.
A foole in no wise can forbear:
He hath two tongs and but one eare.
Be sure thou kepe a ftedfaft braine,
Left that thy wordes put thee to paine.
Words wisely fet are worth much gold:
The price of rafhnesse is fone told.
If time require wordes to be had,
To hold thy peace I count thee mad.
Talke onely of nedefull verities:
Striue not for trifling fantasies.
With soberneffe the truth boult out,
Affirme nothing wherein is dout.
Who to this lore will take good hede,
And spend no mo words then he nede,
Though he be a fole and haue no braine,
Yet shall he a name of wifdome gaine
Speake while time is or hold thee ftil.
Words out of time do oft things fpyll.
Say well and do well are things twaine,
Twife bleft is he in whom both raigne.

The complaint of a hot woer, delayed
with doutfull cold answers.

A Kinde of coale is as men fay,
Which haue affaied the fame:
That in the fire will waft away,
And outward cast no flame.
Vnto my self may I compare,
These coales that so confume:
Where nought is sene though men do flare,
In stede of flame but fume.
They say also to make them burne,
Cold water must be cast:
Or els to ashes will they turne,
And half to finder, waft.
As this is wonder for to se,
Colde water warme the fire,
So hath your coldnesse caused me,
To burne in my desire.
And as this water cold of kinde,
Can caufe both heat and cold,
And can these coales both breake and binde,
To burne as I haue told.
So can your tong of frofen yfe,
From whence cold anwers come:
Both coole the fire and fire entice,
To burne me all and some.
Like to the corne that flandes on stake,
Which mowan in winter funne:
Full faire without, within is black:
Such heat therin doth runne.
By force of fire this water cold
Hath bred to burne within,
Euen so am I, that heat doth hold,
Which cold did first begyn.
Which heat is flint when I do striue,
To haue some eafe sometime:
But flame a fresh I do reuie,
Whereby I cause to clime.
In stede of smoke a fighting breath:
With sparkles of sprinkled teares,
That I should lieue this liuyng death,
Which wastes and neuer weares.
Our borrowd meane to moue your mone, of fume with-
outen flame [same, sting from smithy smokynge coale: ye feme so by the To shew, what such coales vse is taught by such as haue aßayd, As I, that moft do wish you well, am so right well apayd. That you haue such a leffen learnd, how either to maintaine, Your fredome of vnkindled coale, vnheaped all in vaine: Or how moft frutefully to frame, with worthy workmans art, That cunnyng pece may passe there fro, by help of heated hart. Out of the forge wherin the fume of fighes doth mount aloft, That argues present force of fire to make the metal sof, To yelde vnto the hammer hed, as beft the workman likes. That thiron glowyng after blast in time and temper strikes. Wherin the vse of water is, as you do feme to say, To quench the no flame, ne hinder heat, ne yet to waft away: But, that which better is for you, and more delited me, To faue your fomain waft, vaine cinderlike to be. Which laftynge better likes in loue, as you your feemble ply, Then doth the bauen blafe, that flames and fleteth by and by. Sith then you know eche vse, wherin your coale may be applide: Either to lie and laft on hoord, in open ayre to bide, Withouten vse to gather fat by falling of the raines, That makes the pitchy iucye1 to grow, by fokyng in his veins, Or lye on fornace in the forge, as is his vse of right, Wherein the water trough may ferue, and enteryeld her might By worke of smithes both hand and hed a cunnyng key to make, Or other pece as caufe shall craue and bid him vndertake: Do as you deme moft fit to do, and wherupon may grow, Such ioy to you, as I may ioy your ioyfull cafe to know.

[Three poems, also in First edition, come in here: see p. 209.]

An other of the fame.2

Tay gentle frend that paffeth by, And learne the lore that leadeth all: From whence we come with haft to hye,
To live to die, and stand to fall.
And learn that strength and lusty age,
That wealth and want of worldly woe,
Can not withstand the mighty rage,
Of death our best unwelcome foe.
For hopeful youth that hight me health,
May luft to last till time to dye.
And fortune found my vertue wealth:
But yet for all that here I lye
Learne also this, to ease thy minde:
When death on corps hath wrought his spite,
A time of triumph shalt thou finde,
With me to scorne him in delight.
For one day shall we mete againe,
Maugre deathes dart in life to dwell.
Then will I thanke thee for thy paine,
Now marke my wordes and fare thou well.

[Three more poems, also in the First edition, come in here: see p. 209.]

The answere.¹

Whom fancy forced first to loue,
Now frenzy forceth for to hate:
Whose minde erst madnesse gan to moue,
Inconstance causeth to abate.
No minde of meane, but heat of braine
Bred light loue: like heate, hate againe
What hurl'd your hart in so great heat?
Fancy forced by sayned fame.
Belike that she was light to get.
For if that vertue and good name
Moued your minde, why changed your will,
Sithe vertue the cause abideth still.
Such, Fame reported her to be
As rare it were to finde her peere,
For vertue and for honestie,

¹ [Ostensibly by the gentlewoman, to whom was addressed To false report and flying fame, see p. 210.]
For her free hart and lowly cheere.
This laud had lied if you had sped,
And fame bene false that hath been spred.
Sith she hath so kept her good name.
Such praise of life and giftes of grace,
As brute self bluseth for to blame,
Such fame as fame feares to deface:
You sclaunder not but make it plaine,
That you blame brute of brutish traine.
If you haue found it looking neere,
Not as you toke the brute to be.
Bylike you ment by lowly cheere,
Bountie and hart that you call free,
But lewd lightnesse easy to frame,
To winne your will against her name.
Nay she may deme your deming so,
A marke of madness in his kinde,
Such caufeth not good name to go:
As your fond folly fought to finde.
For brute of kinde bent ill to blase,
Alway sayth ill, but forced by caufe.
The mo there be, such as is she,
More should be gods thank for his grace.
The more is her joy it to see.
Good should by geason, earne no place,
Nor nomber make nought, that is good.
Your strange lufting hed wants a hoode.
Her dealing greueth you (lay ye)
Byside your labour lost in vaine.
Her dealing was not as we see,
Sclaunder the end of your great paine,
Ha lewd lieng lips, and hatefull hart,
What canst thou desire in such desart.
Ye will repent, and right for done.
Ye haue a dede deferuing shame.
From reasons race farre haue ye ronne.
Hold your rayling, keep your tong tame.
Her loue, ye lye, ye lost it not.
Ye neuer lost that ye neuer got.
She ref't ye not your libertie,
She vaunteth not she had your thrall.
If ought haue done it, let it lye,
On rage that ref't your wit and all.
What though a varlets tale you tell:
By cock and pye you do it well.

[Two more poems, also in First Edition, come in here: see p. 209.]

The lover complaineth his fault, that with vn-
gentle writing had displeased his lady.

H loue how waierd is his wit what panges do perce
his brest,
Whom thou to wait vpon thy will haft reued of his ref't.
The light, the darke, the funne, the mone, the day and eke
the night,
His dayly dieng life, him self, he hateth in despight,
Sith furst he light to looke on her that holdeth him in thrall,
His mouing eyen his moued wit he curseth hart and all,
From hungry hope to pining feare eche hap doth hurle his hart,
From panges of plaint to fits of sume from aking into sart.
Echeon moment so doth change his chere not with recourfe of ease,
But with fere fortes of forrowes still he worketh as the seas.
That turning windes not calme returnde rule in vnruly wise,
As if their holdes of hilles vphurld they brace[n]t out to riſe.
And puffe away the power that is vnto their king assignde
To pay that fithe their prifonment they deme to be behinde.
So doth the passions long repreft within the wofull wight,
Breake downe the banks of all his wits and out they gushen quite.
To rere vp rores now they be free from reasons rule and flay,
And hedlong hales thunruled race his quiet quite away.
No measure hath he of his ruth, no reaſon in his rage,
No bottom ground where stayes his grief, thus weares away
his age
In wishing wants, in wayling woes. Death doth he dayly call,
To bring releafe when of relief he feeth no hope at ail.
Thence comes that oft in depe despeire to riſe to better state,
On heauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the faute of al his fate. 
On God and Gods decreed dome cryeth out with cursing breath, 
Eche thing that gaue and faues him life he damneth of his death. 
The wombe him bare, ye brefs he suft, ech star yat with their might, 
Their secrect succour brought to bring the wretch to worldly 
Yea that to his soules peril is most haynous harme of all, 
And craues the cruellefte reuenge that may to man befal: 
Whom I do in my depe distreffe find guilty of the same, 
Euen that blinde boy that blindlyguides the faultles to their fall, 
That laughs when they lament that he hath thrown into thrall. 
O Lord, faue louring looke of her, what penance else thou plesse 
So her contented will be wonne I count it all mine ease. 
And thou on whom doth hang my will, with hart, with soul and 
With life and all that life may haue of well or euell fare: 
Graunt grace to him that grates theirefore with sea of faltifh brine 
By extreme heat of boylyng breast distilled through his eyen. 
And with thy fancy render thou my self to me againe, 
That dayly then we duely may employ a painelesse paine. 
To yelde and take the joyfull frutes that herty loue doth lend, 
To them that meane by honest meanes to come to happy end.

The lover wounded of Cupide, wisheth he had rather ben striken by death.

The blinded boy that bendes the bow,
To make with dint of double wound:
The flowtefl state to floupe and know:
The cruell craft that I haue found.
With death I would had chopt a change,
To borow as by bargain made:
Ech others haft when he did range,
With restless round to invade,
Thunstralled mindes of simpyle wightes,
Whose giltese ghosts deferred not:
To fele such fall of their delightes,
Such panges as I haue paft God wot.
Then both in new unwonted wise,
Should death deferue a better name;
Not (as tofore hath bene his guise)
Of crueltie to beare the blame.
But contrary be counted kinde,
In lendyng life and sparyng space:
For sicke to rise and feke to finde,
A way to wish their weary race
To draw to some defired end,
Their long and lothed life to rid.
And so to fele how like a frend,
Before the bargain made he did.
And loue should either bring againe,
To wounded wightes their owne desire:
A welcome end of pinyinge payne,
As doth their cause of ruthe require:
Or when he meanes the quiet man,
A harme to haften him to greffe:
A better deed he should do then,
With borrowed dart to gaue releffe.
That both the sicke well demen may,
He brought me rightly my request:
And eke the other fort may fay,
He wrought me truely for the best,
So had not fancy forced me,
To beare a brunt of greater wo:
Then leauing such a life may be,
The ground where onely grefes do grow.
Vnlucky likyng linkt my hart,
In forged hope and forced feare:
That oft I wisht the other dart,
Had rather perced me as neare.
A fayned trust, constrayned care,
Moft loth to lack, moft hard to finde:
In funder fo my judgement tare,  
That quite was quiet out of minde.  

Absent in absence of mine ease,  
Present in presence of my paine:  
The woes of want did much displease,  
The sighes I fought did greue againe,  

Oft grese that boyled in my brest,  
Hath fraught my face with faltish teares,  
Pronouncing proues of mine vnreft,  
Whereby my passed paine appeares.  

My sighes full often haue supplied,  
That faine with wordes I wold haue faid:  
My voice was ftopt my tong was tyed,  
My wits with wo were ouerwayed.  

With tremblingly soule and humble chere,  
Oft grated I for graunt of grace:  
On hope that bounty might be there,  
Where beauty had fo pight her place.  

At length I found, that I did fere,  
How I had labourde all to losse,  
My self had ben the carpenter,  
That framed me the cruell croffe.  

Of this to come if dout alone,  
Though blent with truft of better sped:  
So oft hath moued my minde to mone,  
So oft hath made my heart to blede,  

What fhall I fay of it in dede,  
Now hope is gone mine olde relefe:  
And I enforced all to fede,  
Vpon the frutes of bitter grese?

Of womens changeable will.

Wold I found not as I fele,  
Such changyng chere of womens will,  

By fickle flight of fortunes whele,  
By kinde or cuftome, never still.  

So shold I finde no fault to lay,
On fortune for their mouyng minde,  
So should I know no caufe to say  
This change to chance by course of kinde.  
So should not loue so work my wo,  
To make death surjeant for my fore,  
So should their wittes not wander so,  
So should I reck the lesse thesfore.

The louer complyneth the losse of his ladye.

O ioy haue I, but liue in heauinesse,  
My dame of price bereft by fortunes cruelnesse,  
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.  
My paflime pafl, my youthlike yeres are gone,  
My mouthes\(^1\) of mirth, my glibstring daies of gladfom.  
My times of triumph turned into mone,  
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.  
My wonted winde to chaunt my cherefull chaunce,  
Doth sighe that song somtime the balades of my lesse:  
My sobbes, my fore and forow do aduaunce.  
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.  
I mourn my mirth for grese that it is gone,  
I mourn my mirth whereof my musing mindefulnesse:  
Is ground of greater grese that growes theron.  
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.  
No ioy haue I: for fortune frowardly:  
Hath bent her browes hath put her hand to cruelnesse:  
Hath rest my dame, constringed me to crye,  
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.

Of the golden meane.

He wifest way, thy bote, in waue and winde to guie,  
Is neither st ill the trade of middle freme to trie:  
Ne warely shunynge wrecke by wether) aye to nie,  
To presse vpon the perillous shore.  
\(^1\)monthes
Both clenely flies he filthe: ne wonnes a wretched wight,
In carlishe coate: and carefull court aie thrall to spite,
With port of proud astate he leues: who doth delight,
Of golden meane to hold the lore.

Stormes rife! rende the flurdy stout pineapple tre.
Of lofty ruing towers the fals the feller be,
Most fers doth lightenyng light, where furtheft we do fe.

The hilles the valey to forfake.

Well furnisht brefte to bide eche chanfes changing chear.
In woe hath cheerfull hope, in weal hath warefull fear,
One self Ioue winter makes with lothfull lokes appear,

That can by course the fame aflake.

What if into mishap the case now caften be?
It forceth not fuch forme of luck to laft to thee.
Not alway bent is Phebus bow: his harpe and he,

Ceafilluer found sometime doth raise.

In hardeft hap vfe helpe of hardy hopefull hart.
Seme bold to bear the brunt of fortune ouerthwart.
Eke wisely when forewinde to full breathes on thy part,

Swage swellyng faile, and doubt decayes.

The praise of a true frende.

Ho so that wisely weyes the profite and the price,
Of thinges wherin delight by worth is wont to rife.
Shall finde no iewell is so rich ne yet so rare,
That with the frendly hart in value may compare.

What other wealth to man by fortune may befall,
But fortunes changed chere may reue a man of all.
A frend no wracke of wealth, no cruell cause of wo,
Can force his frendly faith vnfrendly to forgo.

If fortune frendly fawne, and lend thee welthy flore,
Thy frendes conioyned ioy doth make thy ioy the more.
If frowardly she frown and drieue thee to diftresse:
His ayde releues thy ruthe, and makes thy forow leffe.

Thus fortunes pleafant frutes by frendes encreased be,
The bitter sharp and sowre by frendes alayde to thee.
That when thou doest reioyce, then doubled is thy ioy,
And eke in cause of care, the leffe is thy anoy.
  Aloft if thou do liue, as one appointed here,
  A flately part on flage of worldly flate to bere: 
  Thy frende as only free from fraud will thee aduise,
  To rest within the rule of mean as do the wise.
  He seeketh to foresee the perill of thy fall.
He findeth out thy faultes and warnes thee of them all.
Thee, not thy luck he loues, what euery be thy cafe,
He is thy faithfull frend and thee he doth embrace.
  If churlish cheare of chance haue thrown thee into thrall,
And that thy nede aske ayde for to releue thy fall:
In him thou secret truft assured art to haue,
And succour not to feke, before that thou can craue.
  Thus is thy frende to thee the comfort of thy paine,
The flayer of thy flate, the doubler of thy gaine.
In wealth and wo thy frend, an other self to thee,
Such man to man a God, the prouerb fayth to be,
  As welth will bring thee frendes in louring wo to proue,
So wo shall yeld thee frendes in laughing wealth to loue.
With wisedome chufe thy frend, with vertue him retaine:
Let vertue be the ground, so shall it not be vaine.

[To here were transposed, in the Second edition,
  Some men would think of right to have,
Such waither waies haue some when folly stirres their braines
from p. 61.]

Of the vanitie of mans life.

Aine is the fleeting welth,
Whereon the world flayes:
  Sithe flalking time by priuy flelth,
Encrocheth on our dayes.
  And elde which creepeth fast,
To taynte vs with her wounde:
Will turne eche blyffe into a blaft,
Which lafteth but a flounde.
Of youth the lusty floure,
Which whylome floode in price:
Shall vanish quite within an houre,
As fire consumes the ice.
Where is become that wight,
For whose fake Troy town:
Withstode the grekes till ten yeres fight,
Had rasde the walles adowne.
Did not the wormes consume,
Her caryon to the dust?
Did dreadfull death forbeare his fume
For beauty, pride, or luft?

The lover not regarded in earnest fute, being become wiser, refuseth her profred love.

O way your phisike I faint no more,
The value you sent it comes to late:
You wis well all my grief before,
And what I suffered for your fake.
Hole is my hart I plaine no more,
A new the cure did vndertake:
Wherfore do way you come to late.
For whiles you knew I was your own,
So long in vaine you made me gape.
And though my fayth it were well knowne,
Yet small regard thou toke therat,
But now the blast is ouerblowne.
Of vaine phisicke a value you shape,
Wherfore do way you come to late.
How long or this haue I been faine,
To gape for mercy at your gate,
Vntill the time I spyde it plaine,
That pitie and you fell at debate.
For my redresse then was I faine:
Your seruice cleane for to forfake,
Wherfore do way you come to late.
For when I brent in endlesse fire,
Who ruled then but cruell hate?
So that vnneth I durst desire
One looke, my fervent heate to flake.
Therfore another doth me hyre,  
And all the profer that you make,  
Is made in vayne and comes to late.  
For when I asked recompence,  
With coft you nought to graunt God wat:  
Then said disdaine to great expence,  
It were for you to graunt me that.  
Therfore do way your rere pretence,  
That you would binde that derft you brake,  
For lo your value comes all to late.

The complaint of a woman rauished, and also mortally wounded.

Cruell Tiger all with teeth bebled,  
A bloody tirantes hand in eche degree,  
A lecher that by wretched luft was led,  
(Alas) deflowred my virginitee.  
And not contented with this villainie,  
Nor with thotragious terour of the dede,  
With bloody thirst of greater crueltie:  
Fearing his haynous gilt shoud be bewrayed,  
By crying death and vengeance openly,  
His violent hand forthwith alas he layed  
Vpon my guiltles fely childe and me,  
And like the wretch whom no horour difmayde,  
Drownde in the smke of depe iniquitie:  
Misufing me the mother for a time,  
Hath flaine vs both for cloking of his crime.

The louer being made thrall by loue, per-keiueth how great a losfe is libertye.

H libertie now haue I learned to know,  
By lacking thee what Iewell I poffeft.  
When I receiued firft from Cupids bow,
The deadly wound that festreth in my brest.
So farre (alas) forth strayed were mine eyes,
That I ne might refraine them backe, for lo:
They in a moment all earthly thinges despise,
In heauenly fight now are they fixed so.
What then for me but still with mazed fight,
To wonder at that excellence diuine:
Where loue (my freedome hauing in despight)
Hath made me thrall through errour of mine eyen,
For other guerdon hope I not to haue,
My foltring toonge so basheth ought to craue.

The diuers and contrarie passions
of the lover.

Holding my peace alas how loud I crye,
Pressed with hope and dread euin both at ones,
Strayned with death, and yet I cannot dye.
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones,
Vnto my hope withouten wings I flye.
Pressed with dispayre, that breaketh all my bones.
Walking as if I were, and yet am not,
Fayning with mirth, most inwardly with mones.
Hard by my helpe, vnto my health not nye.
Mids of the calme my ship on rocke it rones.
I ferue vnbound, fast fettered yet I lye.
In stede of milke that fede on marble stones,
My moxt will is that I do espye:
That workes my ioyes and forowes both at ones.
In contrairs standeth all my losse and gaine,
And lo the giltlesse causeth all my paine.

The testament of the hawthorne.

Sely Haw whose hope is past.
In faithfull true and fixed minde:
To her whom that I ferued laft,
Haue all my ioyefulnes resigne,
Because I know assuredly,
My dying day aprochem nye.

Dispaired hart the carefull neft,
Of all the fighes I kept in store:
Conuey my carefull corps to rest,
That leaues his ioy for euermore.
And when the day of hope is past,
Geue vp thy sprite and figh the laft.

But or that we depart in twaine,
Tell her I loued with all my might:
That though the corps in clay remaine,
Consumed to ashes pale and white.
And though the vitall powers do ceaffe,
The sprite shal loue her natrelesse.1

And pray my liues lady dere,
During this little time and space,
That I haue to abiden here,
Not to withdraw her wonted grace,
In recompenfing of the paine,
That I shal haue to part in twaine.

And that at leaft she will withfaue,
To graunt my iust and laft request:
When that she shal behold his graue,
That lyeth of lyfe here dispoffesst,
In record that I once was hers,
To bathe the frozen stone with teares.

The seruice tree here do I make,
For mine executour and my frenede:
That liuing did not me forfake,
Nor will I truft vnto my ende,
To see my body well conueyde,
In ground where that it shalbe layde,
Tombed vnderneth a goodly Oke,
With Iuy grene that fast is bound:
There this my graue I haue bespokke,
For there my ladies name do found:
Befet euen as my testament tels:
With okenleaues and nothing els.

1 nathelesse. 1559.
Grauen wheron shalbe exprest,
Here lyeth the body in this place,
Of him that liuing neuer cest
To serue the fayreft that euer was,
The corps is here, the hert he gaue
To her for whom he lieth in graue.

And also fet about my herfe,
Two lampes to burne and not to queint,
Which shalbe token, and reherffe
That my good will was neuer fpent.
When that my corps was layd alow,
My spirit did fweare to ferue no mo.

And if you want of ringing bels,
When that my corps goth into graue:
Repete her name and nothing els,
To whom that I was bonden flaue.
When that my life it shall vnframe,
My sprite shal joy to heare her name.

With dolefull note and piteous found,
Wherwith my hart did cleaue in twaine:
With such a song lay me in ground,
My sprite let it with her remayne,
That had the body to commend:
Till death thereof did make an end.

And euen with my laft bequest,
When I shal from this life depart:
I geue to her I loued best,
My iuft my true and faithfull hart,
Signed with the hand as cold as flone:
Of him that liuing was her owne.

And if he here might liue agayne,
As Phenix made by death anew:
Of this she may affure her plaine,
That he will flill be iuft and trew.
Thus farewell she on liue my owne.
And fend her joy when I am gone.
The lover in despeare lamenteth his case.

A Dieu desert, how art thou spent?
Ah dropping teares how do ye wafhe?
Ah scalding sighes, how be ye spent?
To pricke them forth that will not haft,
Ah payned hart thou gapeft for grace,
Euen there where pitie hath no place.
As eazy it is the flony rocke,
From place to place for to remoue,
As by thy plaint for to prouoke:
A frozen hart from hate to loue,
What should I say such is thy lot,
To fawne on them that force the not.
Thus maift thou safely say and sweare,
That rigour raighneth and ruth doth faile,
In thanklesse thoughts thy thoughts do wear
Thy truth, thy faith, may nought auail
For thy good will why shoulde thou fo,
Still graft where grace it will not grow.

Alas pore hart thus haft thou spent,
Thy flowryng time, thy pleasant yeres.
With sighing voyce wepe and lament:
For of thy hope no frute apperes,
Thy true meanyng is paide with scorne,
That euer foweth and repeth no corne.
And where thou sekes a quiet port,
Thou doft but weigh agaynst the winde,
For where thou gladdest woldft resort,
There is no place for thee assinde.
Thy defteny hath set it fo,
That thy true hart shoulde cause thy wo.

Of his maistresse. m. B.

In Bayes I boast whose braunch I beare,
Such ioy therein I finde:
That to the death I shall it weare,
To ease my carefull minde.
In heat, in cold, both night and day;
Her vertue may be seen:
When other frutes and flowers decay,
The bay yet growes full grene.
Her berries fede the birdes full oft,
Her leaues sweete water make:
Her bowes be set in every loft,
For their sweete favours stake.
The birdes do throwd them from the cold,
In her we dayly see:
And men make arbers as they wold,
Vnder the pleasant tree.
It doth me good when I repayre,
There as these bayes do grow:
Where oft I walke to take the ayre,
It doth delight me so.
But loe I stand as I were dome,
Her beauty for to blafe:
Wherewith my sprites be overcome,
So long theron I gafe.
At laft I turne vnto my walk,
In paffmg to and fro:
And to my self I smile and talk,
And then away I go.
Why smilest thou say lokers on,
What pleasure hast thou found?
With that I am as cold as stone,
And ready for to wound.
Fie fie for shame sayth fanfy than,
Pluck vp thy saynted hart:
And speke thou boldly like a man,
Shrinke not for little smert,
Wherat I blufe and change my chere,
My senses waxe so weake:
O god think I what make I here,
That neuer a word may speake,
I dare not sigh left I be heard,
My lokes I flyly cast:
And still I stand as one were scare,
Vntill my stormes be past.
Then happy hap doth me reuiue,
The blood comes to my face:
A merier man is not alieue,
Then I am in that case.
Thus after forow feke I rest,
When fled is fancies fit.
And though I be a homely geft,
Before the bayes I fit.
Where I do watch till leaues do fall,
When winde the tree doth shake:
Then though my branch be very small,
My leafe away I take.
And then I go and clap my hands,
My hart doth leape for joy.
These bayes do eafe me from my bands,
That long did me annoy.
For when I do behold the fame,
Which makes to faire a shou:
I finde therin my maiftresse name,
And ye her vertues grow.

The lover complaineth his harty loue
not requited.

When Phebus had the serpent slaine,
He claymed Cupides boe:
Which stirfe did turne him to great paine,
The story well doth proue.
For Cupide made him fele much woe,
In sekyng Dephnes loue.
This Cupide hath a shaft of kinde,
Which wounded many a wight:
Whose golden hed had power to binde,
Ech hart in Venus bandes.
This arrow did on Phebus light,
Which came from Cupides handes.
An other shaft was wrought in spite,  
Which headed was with lead:
Whose nature quenched sweet delight,
That lovers most embrace.
In Dephnes bref this cruel head,
Had found a dwellyng place.
But Phebus fonde of his defire,
Sought after Dephnes so.
He burnt with heat, she felt no fire,
Full fast she fled him fro.
He gate but hate for his good will,
The gods assigned so.
My cafe with Phebus may compare,
His hap and mine are one.
I cry to her that knowes no care,
Yet feke I to her moft.
When I appoche then is she gone,
Thus is my labour loft.
Now blame not me but blame the shaft,
That hath the golden head,
And blame those gods that with their craft
Such arrows forge by kinde.
And blame the cold and heavy lead,
That doth my ladies minde.

A praise of. m. M.

In court as I behelde, the beauty of eche dame,
Of right my thought from all the rest should. M. steale the fame.
But, er I meant to judge: I vewed with such aduise.
As retchlesse dome should not inuade: the boundes of my deuise.
And, whiles I gased long: such heat did brede within,
As Priamus townefelt not more flame, when did the bale begin.
By reasons rule ne yet by wit perceue I could,
That. M. face of earth yfound: enjoy such beauty should.
And fanfy doubted that from heauen had Venus come,
To norish rage in Britaynes harts, while corage yet doth blome,
Her natuue hue so strue, with colour of the rose,
That Paris would haue Helene left, and. M. beauty chose,
A wight farre paffyng all, and is more faire to feme,
Then lufty May the lodg of loue: that clothes the earth in grene.
So angell like she shines: she femeth no mortall wight.
But one whom nature in her forge, did frame her felf to spight.
Of beauty princesse chiefe: fo makelesse doth she rest,
Whose eye would glad an heauy wight, and pryfon payne in bref,
I waxe astonied to see: the feator of her shape,
And wondred that a mortal hart: fuch heauenly beames could scape.
Her limmes fo anfweryng were: the mould of her faire face,
Of Venus flocke she femde to spring, the rote of beauties grace.
Her presens doth pretende: fuch honour and estate,
That fimple men might gefe her birthe, if folly bred debate.
Her lokes in hartes of flint: would fuch affectes improfe,
As rage of flame not Nilus fremes: in Neftors yeres encrease.
Within the subtill feat, of her bright eyen doth dwell,
Blinde Cupide with the pricke of paine: that princes fredom fell.
A Paradice it is: her beauty to behold,
Where natures fluffe fo full is found, that natures ware is fold.

An old louer to a yong gentilwoman.

Ye are to yong to bryng me in,
And I to old to gape for flies:
I haue to long a louer bene,
If fuch yong babes shoule bleare mine eyes,
But trill the ball before my face,
I am content to make you play:
I will not fe, I hide my face,
And turne my backe and ronne away.

But if you folowe on fo faft,
And crosse the waies where I shoule go,
Ye may waxe weary at the laft,
And then at length your self orethrow.
I meane where you and all your flocke,
Deuise to pen men in the pound:
I know a key can picke your locke,
And make you runne your felues on ground.

Some birdes can eate the strawie corne,
And flee the lime the fowlers fet,
And some are ferde of every thorne,
And so therby they scape the net.
But some do light and neuer loke,
And seeth not who doth stand in waite,
As fift that swalow vp the hoke,
And is begiled through the baite.

But men can loke before they leape,
And be at price for euery ware,
And penyworthes cast to bye good cheape.
And in ech thyng hath eye and care.
But he that bluntly runnes on hed,
And seeth not what the race shal be:
Is like to bring a foole to bed,
And thus ye get no more of me.

The louer forfaketh his vnkinde loute.

Arewell thou froven hart and eares of hardned flele,
Thou lackefft yeres to vnderstand the grefe that I did fele.
The gods reuenge my wrong, with equall plage on thee,
When pleſure shal prickforth thy youth, to learn what loute shalbe.
Perchance thou proueſt now, to scale blinde Cupides holde,
And matcheft where thou maift repent, when al thy cards are told
But blush not thou therfore, thy betters haue done fo,
Who thought they had retaind a doue, when they but caught a cro
And some do lenger time, with lofty lokes we see,
That light at length as low or wors then doth the betel bee,
Yet let thy hope be good, fuch hap may fall from hye:
That thou maift be if fortune ferue, a princesse er thou dye.
If chance prefer thee so, alas poore fely man,  
Where shall I scape thy cruell handes, or feke for succour than?  
God shild such greedy wolues, shound lap in giltlesse bloode,  
And send short hornes to hurtful heads, yat ragalike lyons woode.  
I feldome fe the day, but malice wanteth might,  
And hatefull harts haue neuer hap, to wreke their wrath aright.  
The madman is vnmete, a naked sword to gide,  
And more vnfit are they to clime, that are orecome with pride.  
I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon sure,  
That can both foer and forpoue sometime, as men cast vp the lure.  
The pecock hath no place, in thee when thou shalt lift,  
For some no soner make a signe, but thou perceuest the fist.  
They haue that I do want, and that doth thee begilde,  
The lack that thou doft fe in me, doth make thee loke so wilde.  
My luryng is not good, it liketh not thine eare,  
My call it is not half so swete, as would to god it were.  
Well wanton yet beware, thou do no tiring take,  
At every hand that would thee fede, or to thee frendship make,  
This counsell take of him that ought thee once his loue,  
Who hopes to mete thee after this among the faintes aboue.  
But here within this world, if he may shonne the place,  
He rather asketh present death, than to behold thy face.

The lower preferreth his lady aboue all other.

Esigne you dames whom tikelyng brute delight,  
The golden praise that flatteries tromp doth fown
And vassels be to her that claims by right,  
The title iuist that first dame beauty found.  
Whose dainty eyes such fugred baits do hide,  
As poyson harts where glims of loue do glide.  
Come eke and see how heauen and nature wrought,  
Within her face where framed is such ioy:  
As Priams sonnes in vaine the seas had fought,  
If halfe such light had had abode in Troy.  
For as the golden sunne doth darke ech ftarre,  
So doth her hue the fayrest dames as farre.  
Ech heauenly gift, ech grace that nature could,
By art or wit my lady lo retaynes:
A facred head, so heapt with heares of gold,
As Phebus beames for beauty farre it stayns,
A fucred\(^1\) tong, where eke such swetenesse snowes,
That well it femes a fountain where it flowes.

Two laughyng eyes so linked with pleasyng lokes,
As wold entice a tygers hart to ferue:
The bayt is swete but eager be the hookes,
For Dyane feeks her honour to preferue.
Thus Arundell fits, throned still with fame,
Whom enmies trompe can not attaynt with shame.

My dafed head so daunted is with heapes,
Of giftes diuine that harber in her brest:
Her heauenly shape, that lo my verses leaps,
And touch but that wherein she clowds the reft.
For if I should her graces all recite,
Both time should want, and I should wonders write.

Her chere so swete, so chri$tall is her eyes,
Her mouth so small, her lips so liuely red:
Her hand so fine, her wordes so swete and wife,
That Pallas femes to foiourne in her hed.
Her vertues great, her forme as farre excedes,
As funne the shade that mortall creatures leades.

Would God that wretched age would spare to race,
Her liuely hew that as her graces rare:
Be goddesse like, euen so her goddesse face,
Might neuer change but still continue faire
That eke in after time ech wight may fee,
How vertue can with beauty beare degree.

The louer lamenteth that he would
forget loue, and can not.

Las when shall I ioy,
When shall my wofull hart,
Cast forth the folifh toy
That breadeth all my smart.
A thousand times and mo,

\(^{1}\) sugred. 1559.
I haue attempted fore:
To rid this refleffe wo,
Which raigneth more and more.

But when remembrance paft,
Hath laid dead coles together:
Old loue renewes his blast,
That caufe my ioyes to wither.
Then fodaynely a fpark,
Startes out of my desire:
And lepes into my hart,
Settyng the coles a fire.

Then reafon runnes about,
To feke forgetfull water:
To quench and clene put out,
The caufe of all this matter.
And faith dead flesh muft nedes,
Be cut out of the core,
For rotten withered wedes,
Can heale no greuous fore.

But then euern fodaynely,
The fervent heat doth flake:
And cold then flraineth me,
That makes my bodies flake.
Alas who can endure,
To fuffer all this paine,
Sins her that should me cure,
Most cruell death hath flaine.

Well well, I say no more,
Let dead care for the dead,
Yet wo is me thersore,
I muft attempt to lead,
One other kinde of life,
Then hitherto I haue:
Or els this paine and strife,
Will bring me to my graue.

[Then follow, in the Second and subsequent editions, the Ten Songes
written by N. G. : which are distinguished at pp. 96-125.]
Tottel's Miscellany.

The chief editions can only be noted. For earlier impressions see pp. ix.-xiv.

I. As a separate publication.


11. 1717. London. A similar work to No. 10. Reprinted by E. Curll. Price 1 vol. 8vo. 15. 6d.

12. 1728. London. 1 vol. 8vo. A re-issue of No. 10 with a fresh Title page.


14. [1812]. Bristol. An edition prepared by Rev. G. F. Nott, D.D., F.S.A. 1 vol. 4to. "Just as it was completed, all but the preface, a fire destroyed the whole impression." The Thirty extra poems, by Grimald, form an Appendix, including which, the text occupies 367 pages (Brit. Mus. Press mark, 11564. ff.)

15. 1837. London. The Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. [Ed. by Sir Harris Nicholas].


II. With other works.


The Poetical Works of Surrey and Wyatt together.


