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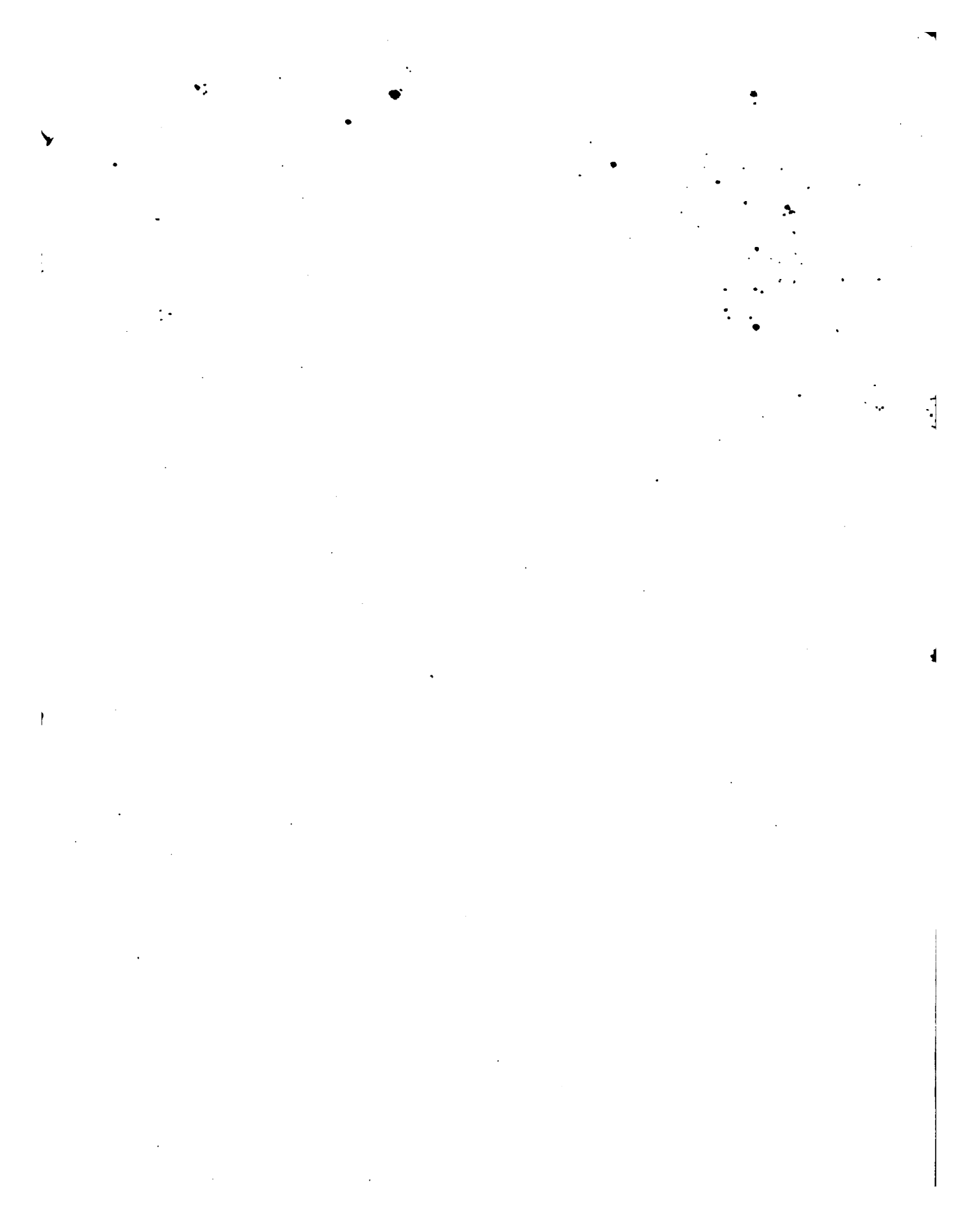
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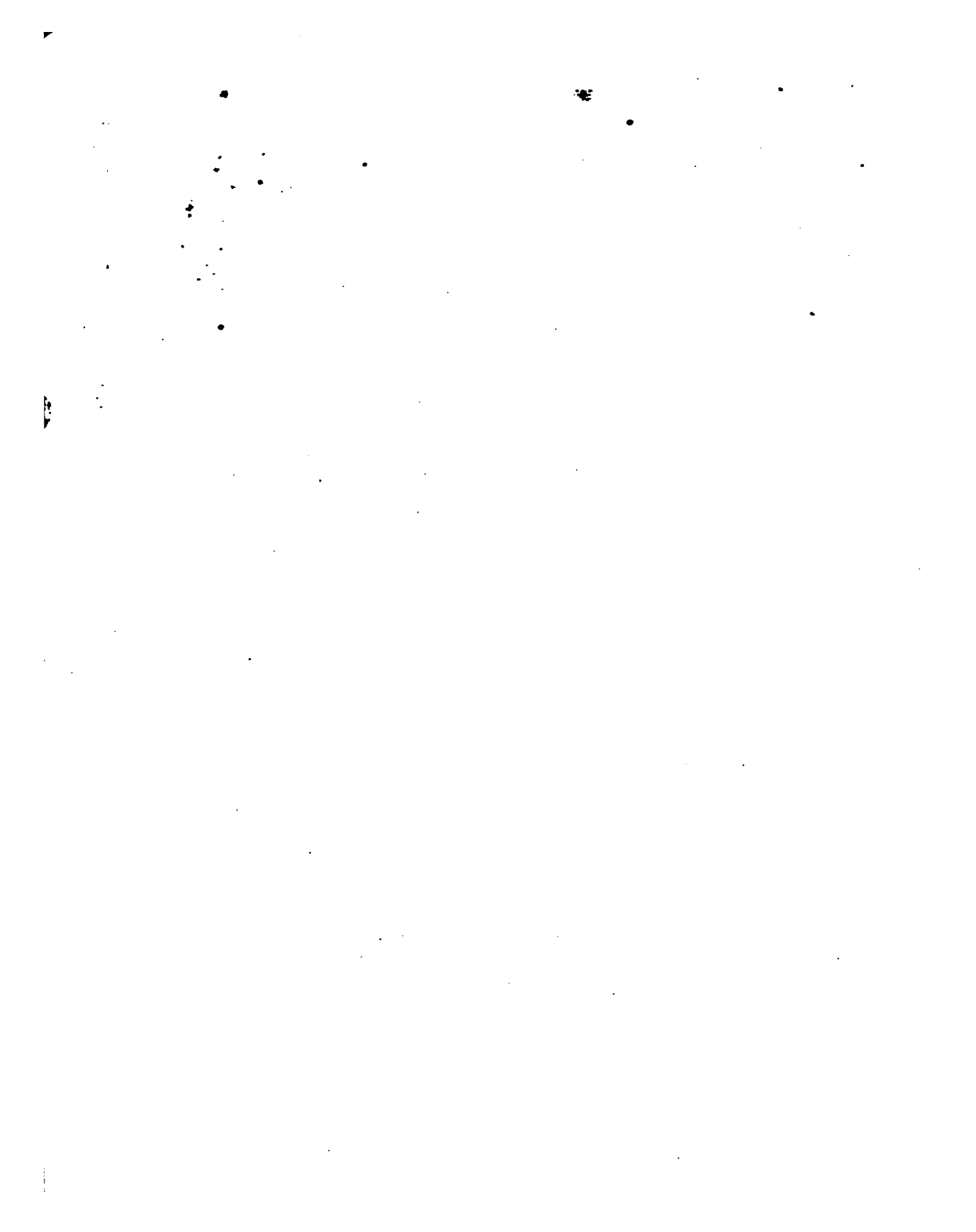
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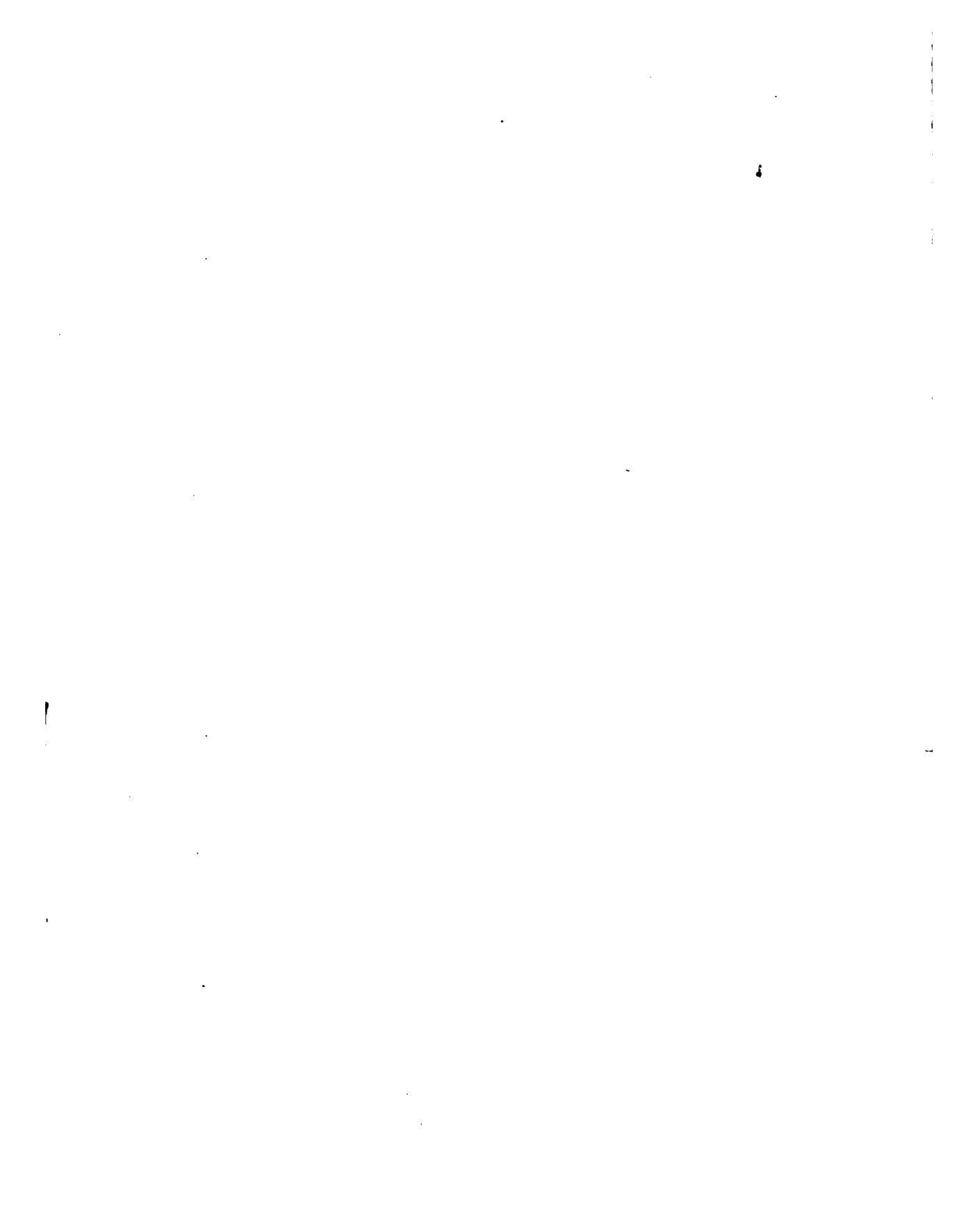
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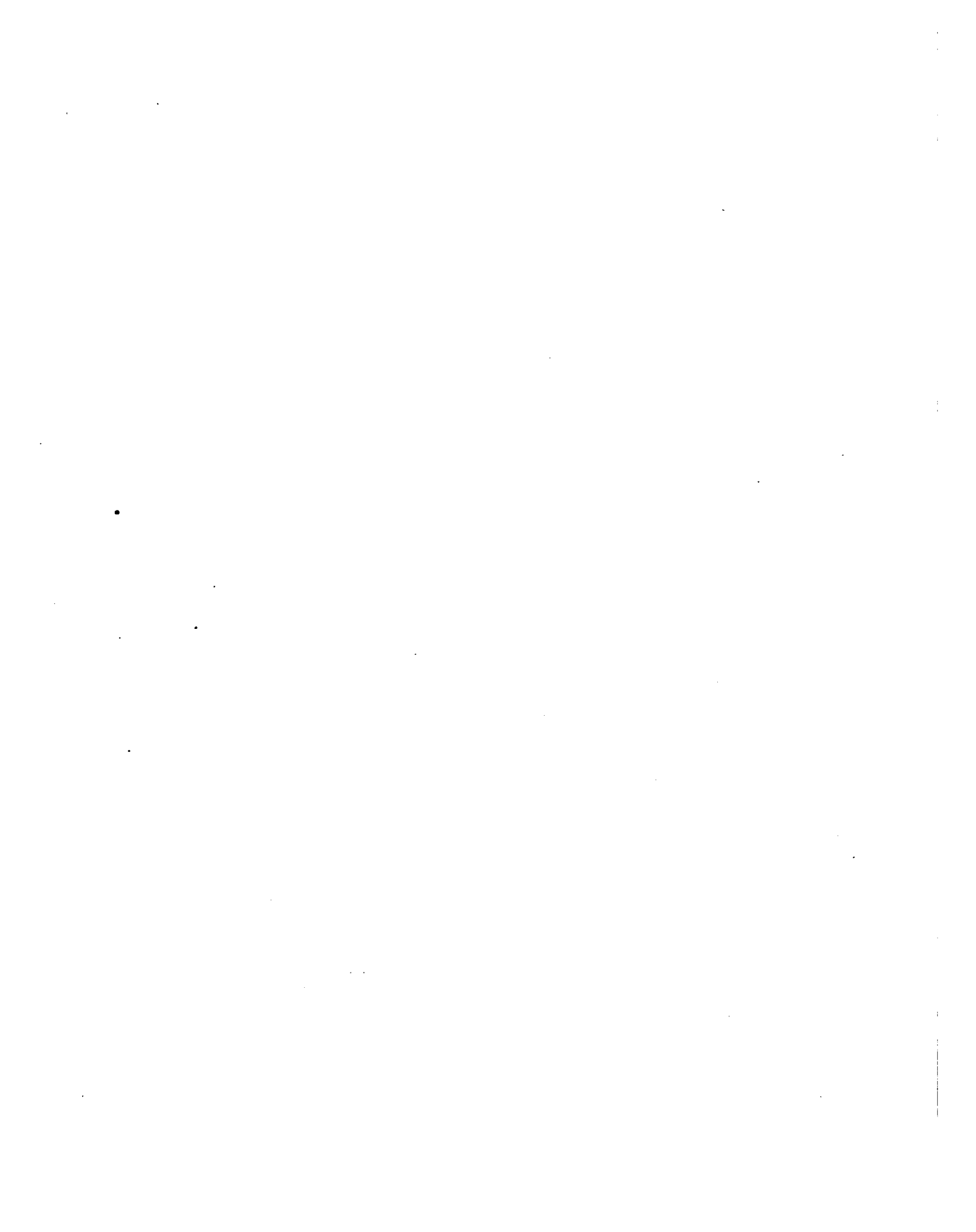
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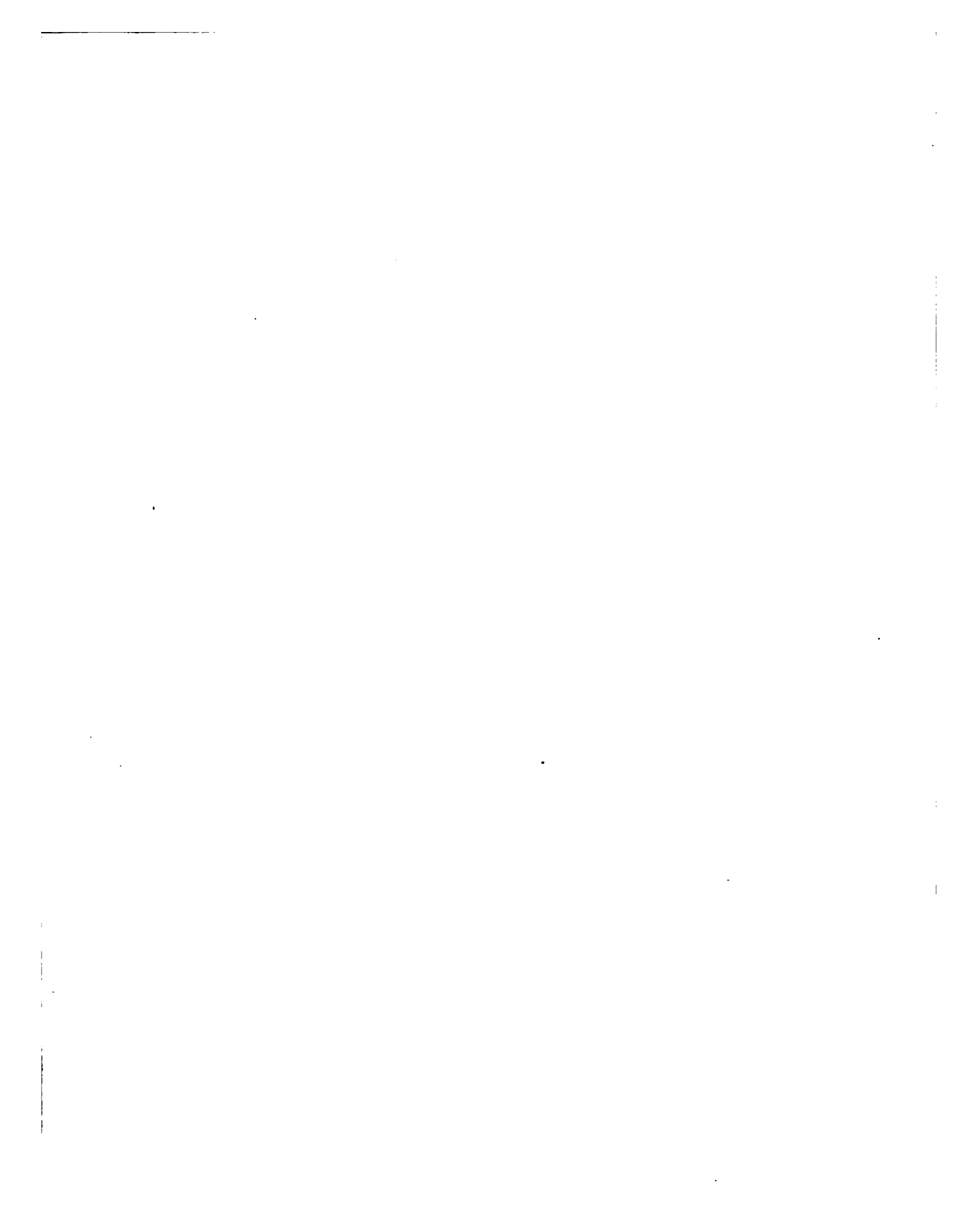
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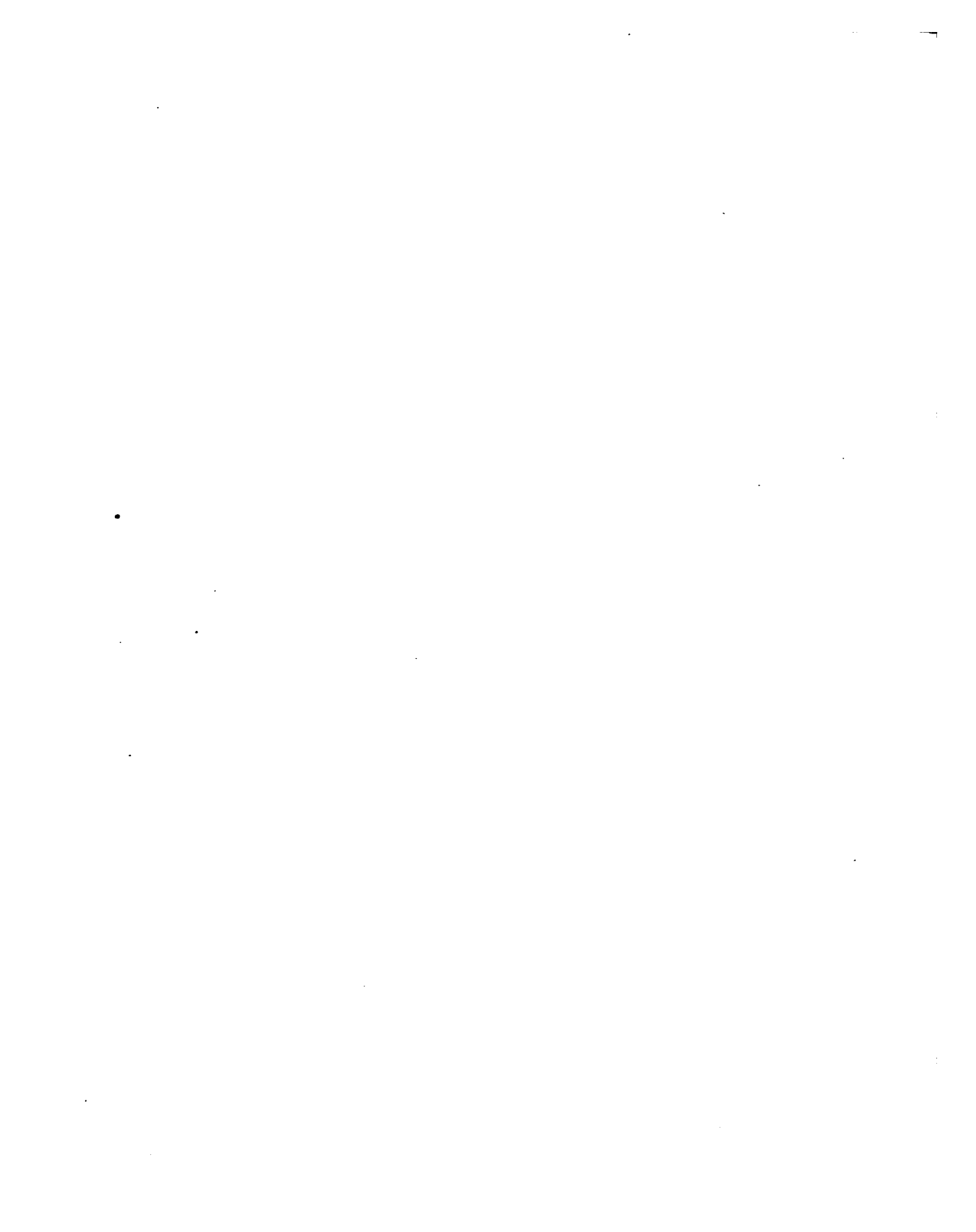








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THE COTSWOLD GAMES.

XVI

ANNALIA
DUBRENSIA
OR
CELEBRATION
OF
CAPTAIN ROBERT DOVER'S
COTSWOLD GAMES.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND
ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D.,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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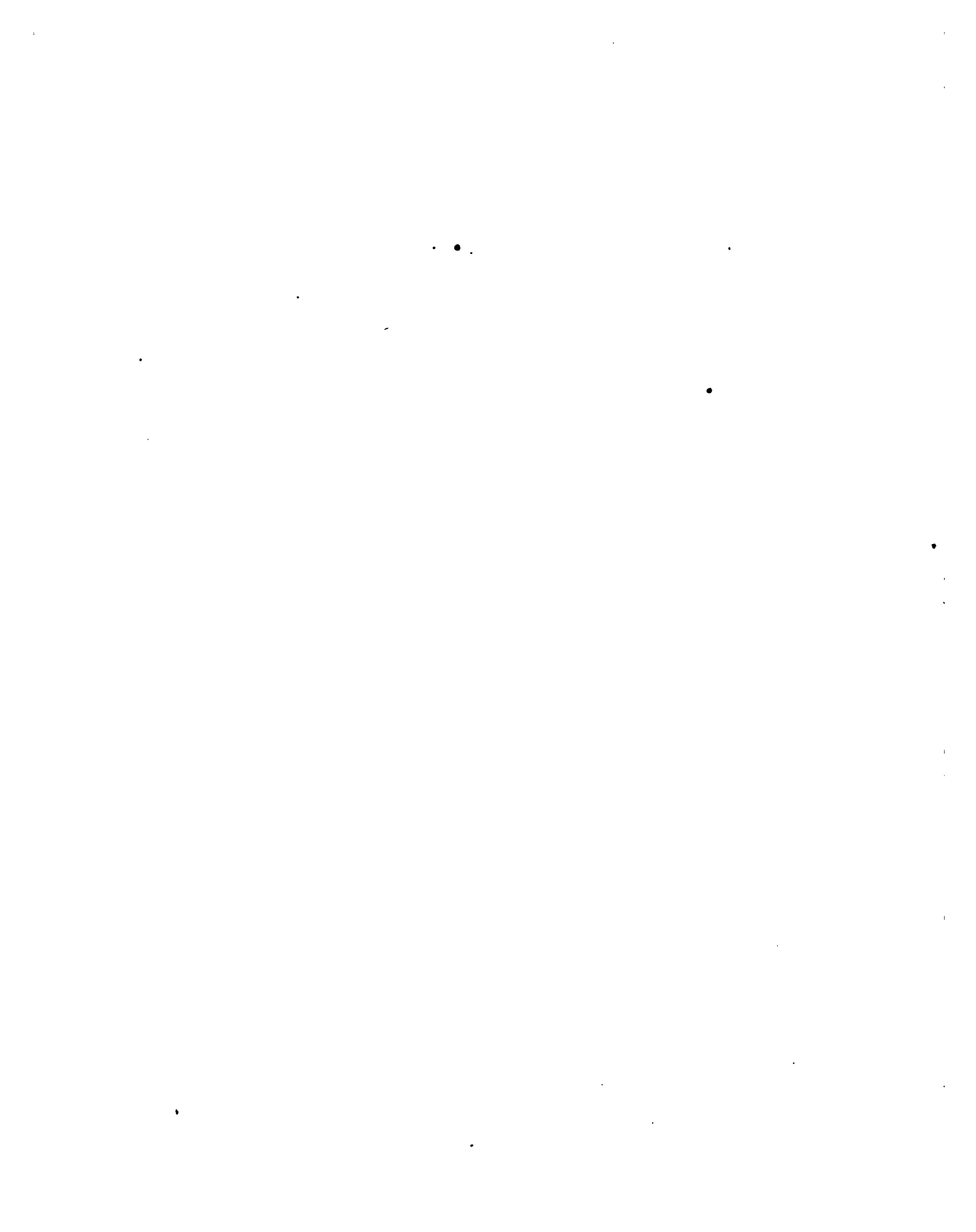
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This is to certify that the impression of "Annalia Dubrensia" has been rigidly limited to Fifty-two Copies, of which this is No. 2. The two additional to the usual number have been made up from the spare sheets for two local friends who have greatly interested themselves in the work.





Edw. Doves his Presentation

INTRODUCTION.



S SHAKSPERE in his native Stratford-on-Avon was within easy distance of the Cotswold Hills in neighbouring Gloucestershire, it is of allowable 'Pleasures of Imagination' to think of him as going thither to witness frequently, if not to take part in, the "Sports and Pastimes" that from a date anterior to his birth brought together great crowds from all the surrounding counties. More than this, in the late Rev. Richard Webster Huntley's posthumous *Glossary of the Cotswold (Gloucestershire) Dialect* (London: J. R. Smith, 1868), a local tradition is found, which we may do worse than read, and 'weigh' the use to which it is turned, as thus: "Nothing will need an apology which may tend to throw a light on any part of the life of Shakespeare. We will therefore, without further preface, offer the following matter, kindly supplied to us by a friend residing at Dursley. We may take it for granted that the tradition which states how the young poet fled before the enraged face of Sir Thomas Lucy, on account of some illegal intrusion in the knight's park in Warwickshire, is based on some fact. It is surmised that he sought shelter in Dursley, a small town seated on the edge of a wild woodland tract. Some passages in his writings show an intimate acquaintance with Dursley, and the names of its inhabitants. In the second part of *Henry IV.*, act v, sc. 1, "Gloucestershire," *Davy* says to *Justice Shallow* — "I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot, against Clement Parkes of the Hill." This Woncot, as Mr. Stevens, the commentator,

supposes, in a note to another passage in the same play (act v, sc. 3), is Woodmancot, still pronounced by the common people "Womcot," a township in the parish of Dursley. It is also to be observed that in Shakespeare's time a family named Visor, the ancestors of the present family of Vizard of Dursley, resided and held property in Woodmancot. This township lies at the foot of Stinchcombe Hill, still emphatically called "The Hill" in that neighbourhood, on account of the magnificent view which it commands. On this hill is the site of a house wherein a family named "Purchase," or "Perkis," once lived, which seems to be identical with "Clement Parkes of the Hill." In addition to these coincidences, we must mention the fact that a family named Shakespeare formerly resided in Dursley, as appears by an ancient rate-book; which family still exist, as small freeholders, in the adjoining parish of Bagpath, and claim kindred with the poet. A physician, Dr. Barnett, lately residing in London, and who died at an advanced age, was in youth apprenticed at Dursley, and had a vivid remembrance of the tradition that Shakespeare once dwelt there; he affirmed, that losing his way in a ramble in the extensive woods which adjoin the town, he asked a person whom he met where he had been, and was told that the name of the spot which particularly attracted his attention was called "Shakespeare's walk." In the play, *King Richard II.*, act ii, sc. 3, a description of Berkeley Castle is given, which is so exact that it is hardly possible to read it without considering it as if seen from Stinchcombe Hill. The scene is "A Wild Prospect in Gloucestershire." *Bolingbroke* and *Northumberland* enter; *Bolingbroke* opens the dialogue:

"How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley, now?"

North. I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire;

These high wild hills and rough^uuneven ways

Draw out our miles and make them wearisome."

"But, I bethink me, what a weary way

From Ravenspur to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby wanting yobr company," &c.

Enter to them *Harry Percy*, whom *Northumberland* addresses :

“How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
Hotspur. There stands the castle by yon tuft of trees.”

Now this is the exact picture of the castle as seen from “The Hill”; the castle having been, from time immemorial, shut in on one side, as viewed therefrom, by an ancient cluster of thick lofty trees. Lastly, we would add that down to the reign of Queen Anne the Cotswold range was an open tract of turf and sheep-walk, which extended up into Warwickshire, and was famous as a sporting ground, particularly for coursing the hare with greyhounds, throughout the whole extent. It was consequently well-known by the gentry of both counties; and this is evidenced by their pedigrees, wherein intermarriages between the houses of each county are frequently found. The portion of Shakspeare’s life which has always been involved in obscurity is the interval between his removal from Warwickshire and his arrival in London; and this period, we think, was probably spent in a retreat among his kindred at Dursley, in Gloucestershire.” (pp. 22–3.) Needing ‘sifting’ no doubt, most of this; still worthy of the “New Shakspeare Society’s” spending an evening conversation over it, with perchance correspondence with any Warwickshire branch of the Society.*

Besides these Gloucestershire *bits* generally, it is to be

* On the “portion of Shakespeare’s life which has always been involved in obscurity,” even Mr. F. J. Furnival has shed no light: for his *Leopold Shakspeare* (Cassell, 1877, 4to) reaches me as I write, and it opens at page xiii–xiv, “It is generally supposed, though without any sure ground, that Shakspeare left Stratford in or about 1586. As we have no tidings of Chaucer for seven years, from his ransom for £16 from France in the spring of 1360, till 1367, so we have no tidings of Shakspeare from the baptism of his twins in February 1585, till 1592, when he is successful enough as actor and author in London to be sneered at in Greene’s posthumous *Groatsworth of Wit*.” I hope myself to originate such a conversation as is above suggested, by contributing a little paper on certain local names that appear in Shakspeare, and that have not received the attention they seem to deserve.

remembered that twice over Cotswold and its sports is introduced by Shakspeare. First of all, in *2 Henry IV.*, Shallow mentions "Will Squele, a Cotswold man," as one of his four swinge bucklers. Then in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (act i, sc. 1), Slender asks Page: "How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall." These references are of much interest. On the latter DYCE (*Glossary, s. v.*) says: "'Cotsol,' Cotswold Downs in Gloucestershire, celebrated for rural sports of all kinds: '*I heard say he was outrun on Cotsol,*' ("This might refer to common coursing, and therefore does not at all affect the date of the play, which Warton endeavoured to fix from the establishment of *Dover's Games* on Cotswold. They were not founded till the reign of James I." Nares's *Gloss.*)" It would seem that DYCE accepted Nares' adverse criticism of Warton; but surely somewhat hastily. For the word 'outrun' suggests not 'common coursing', but the 'coursing' of the Cotswold Games wherein prizes were awarded for the fleetest hound or overtaking 'wat,' *i.e.*, the hare, as were other prizes for other sports and games. Then as the Cotswold allusion is not in the 1602 quarto of the *Merry Wives* (nor indeed in its reprint of 1619), and is first given in the folio of 1623, it would appear that Shakspeare mentioned it later in kindly remembrance of Dover and his patriotic efforts. JOSEPH HUNTER taking the "forty years" of the alleged continuance of the "Cotswold Games" literally carries them back to the reign of Elizabeth, or 1598.* But the invariable

* *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i, pp. 204-5. The late Sir Thomas E. Winnington possessed a *MS.* history of Broadway in Worcestershire, which contained an account of the sports practised on the Cotswold Hills, on the Thursday and Friday of Whitsun holiday week. This *MS.* expressly states that "they were instituted in the reign of James I. by Mr. Robert Dover, an attorney." After enumerating the "sports and games," the *MS.* continues, "They were carried on with great spirit in the reigns of Charles I, Charles II, William and Mary. In the reign of George III^d the fields were enclosed." (*Notes and Queries*, 3rd s., ix, 80.) Agreeing with this is Rudder in his *History of Gloucestershire* (1779.) "Even now," he says (1779), "there is something

testimony is that in so far as Dover was concerned, his revival was in king James's reign. I use the word 'revival' advisedly; for an Epigram of John Heywood (*Proverbs*, part i, c. i,) so early as 1546-56, informs us that then at least the "Cotswold Games" were celebrated :

" He fometh like a bore, the beast should seem bolde,
For he is as fierce as a lyon of Cotswolde."

the "lyon of Cotswolde" having been one of the sportive assumptions by the youths, in 'games' involving mirth "fast and furious."* It is clear, therefore, that Captain Dover was not the Founder of the "Cotswold Games," though he must have greatly extended them and widened the interest of gentle and simple in them.

The following is Anthony-à-Wood's chatty account of our book and the occasion of it, being one of his always welcome 'asides' :

"I have a book in my study entit.—*Annalia Dubrensis*. Upon the yearly Celebration of M^r Rob. Dover's Olympic Games upon Cotswold Hills, &c. Lond. 1636. qu. [Bodl. Gough, Gloucester, 7.] This book, which hath the running title on every page, of *Cotswold Games*, consists of verses made by several hands on the said *Annalia Dubrensis*, but nothing of the *Cotswold Muse* of [Clement] Barksdale, relates to them, which some, that have only seen the title of it, think to be the same. The said games were begun, and continued at a certain time in the year for 40 years by one Rob. Dover an attorney of Barton on the Heath in Warwickshire, son of Joh. Dover of Norfolk, who being full of activity, and of a generous, free, and public spirit, did with leave from king Jam. I. select a place on Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, whereon those games should be acted. Endimion Porter, esq; a native of that county, and a servant to that king, a person also of a most generous spirit, did, to encourage Dover, give him some of the king's old cloaths, with a hat and feather and ruff, purposely to grace him and consequently the solemnity. Dover was constantly there in person, well mounted and accoutred, and was the chief director and

to be seen of them every Thursday in Whitsun week, at a place about half a mile from Campden, called Dover's Hill." The scene of the "Cotswold Games" was finally ploughed up by order of Lord Harrowby, as during the five years Mickleton Tunnel was in progress a body of navvies had converted the gathering into a riotous and dangerous assemblage. See Rudder, pp. 24, 319, 691, and Bigland, vol. i, p. 279, and foot-note.

* Hone notices this in his Introduction to Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, 1830: p. xxxvii. 1855.

manager of those games frequented by the nobility and gentry (some of whom came 60 miles to see them) even till the rascally rebellion was begun by the presbyterians, which gave a stop to their proceedings, and spoiled all that was generous or ingenious elsewhere. The verses in the said book called *Annalia Dubrensis* were composed by several poets, some of which were then the chiefest of the nation, as Mich. Drayton, esq; Tho. Randolph of Cambridge, Ben Jonson, Owen Feltham, gent. capt. Joh. Menes, Shakerley Marmion, gent. Tho. Heywood, gent &c. Others of lesser note were Joh. Trussel, gent. who continued Sam. Daniel's *History of England*, Joh. Monson, esq; Feryman Rutter of Oriol colL Will. Basse of Moreton near Thame in Oxfordshire, sometime a retainer to the lord Wenman of Thame Parke,* Will. Denny, esq; &c. Before the said book of *Annalia Dubrensis* is a cut representing the games and sports, as men playing at cudgels, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, throwing the iron hammer, handling the pyke, leaping over the heads of men kneeling, standing upon their hands, &c. Also the dancing of women, men hunting and coursing the hare with hounds and grey-hounds, &c. with a castle built of boards on a hillock, with guns therein firing, and the picture of the great director capt. Dover on horseback, riding from place to place. But all this being spoken by the by, let us proceed." (*Athena Oxon.*, edn. Bliss, vol. iv, pp. 222-3.)

In addition to the little that Anthony-à-Wood tells us of the contributors to *Annalia Dubrensis*, I am glad that I can give something new from manuscript sources. Passing DRAYTON, THOMAS RANDAL, *i.e.*, RANDOLPH, BEN JONSON, OWEN FELTHAM, WILLIAM BASSE, CAPTAIN MENNESE, *i.e.*, CAPTAIN SIR JOHN MENNIS, SHACK. MARMYON and THOMAS HEYWOOD—all of whom are familiar names to the merest tyro in our early literature—I trust these Notes on others not commonly known will prove acceptable.

(a) JOHN TRUSSELL. He was of Billisley (co. Warwick), which is about ten or twelve miles, direct, from Dover's Hill. He was the author of "*Raptus I Helene*. The first Rape of faire Hellen. Done into a Poeme by I. T. (1595)." Greater honour

* [Basse wrote some lines on the death of Shakespeare prefixed to the first folio edition of his plays, 1623, and since reprinted frequently. He was the author of several other poems, and, it would seem, meditated a collection of them in a printed volume, which has not been discovered. In Warton's *Life and Remains of Bathurst*, 8vo, 1761, is a poem by Dr. Bathurst, "to Mr. William Basse, upon the intended publication of his poems, Jan. 13, 1651."] Bliss.

than even his (mis-ascribed) continuation of Daniel, he was the Editor of Robert Southwell's *Triumphs*, which he dedicated to the Sackvilles, adding an acrostic poem on Southwell and his book, and another (not acrostic) to the Reader.* Anthony-à-Wood says of him, "sometime a Winchester scholar, afterwards a trader and alderman of that city." (*Athenæ*, vol. ii, p. 270, Bliss.)

(b) WILLIAM DURHAM.

William Durham of Willersey,
co. Gloucester. Will dated 1626.

William Durham. Other sons.

(c) JOHN DURHAM.

John Durham of Willersey.
Will dated 1588.

John Durham, Mary = Wm. Wells.
born 1573, died Will: Wells, 1611.
1636.

Third son. Robert Durham, Joan = Tho: Ballard.
Will: Durham, eldest son. Thomas. John. Josias. Martin.
living in 1611, of New
Inn Hall, Oxford, in
1626, then aged 15. He was chaplain to William Lenthall, speaker to the
House of Commons, died 1684.

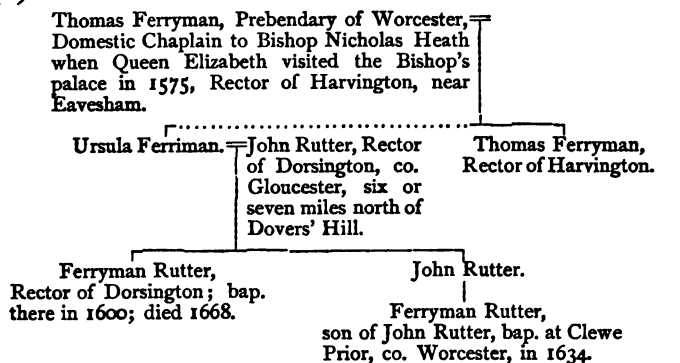
Willersey is from two to three miles west from
Dover's Hill.

(d) JOHN BALLARD. The Ballards were of Weston Subedge, only a mile from Dover's Hill, of Campden less than a mile, at which (latter) place, the chimes in the church were presented by one of the name, and of Pebworth, four miles northward from Dover's Hill. Anthony-à-Wood furnishes these details on our John Ballard — son of Edward Ballard of Weston-sub-Edge, Gloucestershire, was born in Oxford in the year 1612. He was educated at Free School in Campden, and from thence pro-

* See my edition of Southwell in Fuller Worthies' Library, pp. lxxvii-ix, and onward on Trussell. Wood must be mistaken in assigning the continuation of Daniel to our John Trussell.

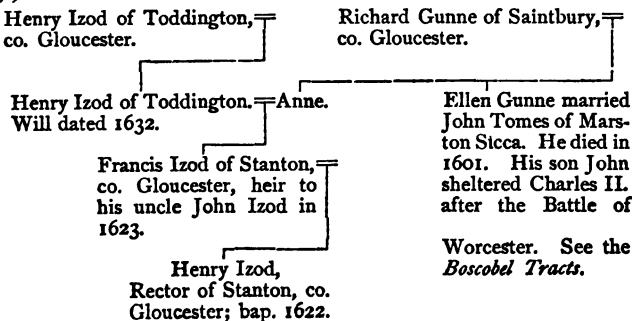
ceeded to Exeter College, Oxford, where he was matriculated as a gentleman's son December 2, 1631; B.A. February 13, 1613; B.M. November 28, 1635. He fixed himself as a physician at Weston and practised physic "with extraordinary success." He remarks, "all that I have yet seen of his is a copy of verses which he composed, when very young, on the Cotswold hills." He died at Oxford, May 3, 1678, and was buried in the chancel of Weston church. His Latin epitaph is given. (*Athenæ*, by Bliss, vol. iii, pp. 1179-80.)

(e) FERRYMAN RUTTER.



John Rutter, rector of Dorsington, married Ursula Ferriman at Harvington in 1595, and our versifier was their son.

(f) FRANCIS IZOD.



Stanton is six miles south-west of Dover's Hill. (See Pedigree of the Visitation of the co. Gloucester in *Harleian MS.*)*

- (g) ROBERT GRIFFIN. The Griffin family owned Bickmarsh, which is a hamlet of 1000 acres, in the parish of Welford, and adjoins both Dorsington and Pebworth. Lord Braybrooke is of this family. (See my Introduction to the *Fidessa* of Bartholomew Griffin in these Occasional Issues.)
- (h) WILLIAM COLE, JOHN COLE. These were sons of Dr. Cole, the Dean of Lincoln. The Cole family was of Enstone, Oxfordshire. They married into the Loggin family, of Marston Sicca and Swalcliffe, co. Oxford, in 1704, when the latter became Loggin-Cole.
- (i) JOHN MONSON. Probably son of Sir William Monson, who left behind him a *MS.* "written with his own hand": "Megalopsychy; being a particular and exact Account of the last xvii years of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, both Military and Civil" (1585-1602)—not published till 1682, folio. The *MS.* was dedicated to his son, "John Monson." (Wood, *s.n.*)
- (j) WILLIAM BASSE. It may interest our readers to see the poem by Bathurst, referred to by Dr. Bliss in his note on Anthony-à-Wood quoted earlier. It is as follows :

* All Shakesperiana is welcome. Hence I find room for the following, in relation to above genealogical notes. Richard Gunne of Saintbury, co. Gloucester, married in 1539, Mary Horne of Aston-Sub-Edge. Their family—Joan, wife of Parrett—Richard (of Saintbury), married Anne, daughter of Robert Fullwood of Little Alne. Their family, Anne, wife of Henry Izod, father of Francis Izod; Ellen, wife of John Tomes. In Mr. Halliwell-Phillips' book on the Stratford-on-Avon Records is notice of a case between a Margaret Young and Jane or Joan Parrett, widow, respecting a fraudulent conversion of stolen or lost property, consisting of female attire, valued at 20*l.* or 30*l.*, the articles being of silk, satin, &c. It bears date 37 Elizabeth (1594). The goods, it would seem, were afterwards sold, and a note of the purchasers is at the bottom, in which is this, "Mr. Shaxpere one booke."

Introduction.

*To Mr. W. Basse, upon the intended publication
of his Poems, January 13. 1651.*

BASSE, whose rich mine of wit we here behold
As porcelaine earth, more precious, 'cause more old ;
Who like an aged oak so long hath stood,
And 'art religion now, as well as food :
Though thy grey Muse grew up with elder times,
And our deceased grandfathers list'd thy rhymes ;
Yet we can sing thee too, and make the bayes
Which deck thy brow, looke fresher with our praise.
Some poets, like some fashions, only fitt
One age or place ; you to mankind have writt :
Whose well-way'd fancy flies an even pitch,
And neither creeps, nor soares beyond our reach :
Like some clear streame whose everlasting store
Still fills it's bankes, and yet not drownes the shore.
Art governs nature's bounty, and your feast
Feares no cooke's palate, yet contents the guest.
Others compose in verse, but you create,
As earth bore it's first man at man's estate ;
And every rich conception you here show,
You had it be a poem, and 'twas so ;
Not as hewn-out, but cast, and when it fell
From you, at once was made, and was made well.
Where wealth, like Guiana's gold, i' th' surface dwells,
As the best kernels have the thinnest shells ;
Not lesse in worth, 'cause more attain'd with ease
You can ev'n criticks without criticks please ;
Seen by your own light still, your vein so flows,
It yeelds good verse without the help of prose.
Where a soft strength, and generous handfomnesse
Shews like Achilles in his female dresse :
As polish'd steele, 'tis smooth, yet vigorous too ;
The riddle of the strong and sweet means you.
Go then secure into the armes of fame ;
Applause which others court is your just claime,
Go censure-prooffe, (as when Apelles lay
Behind his worke listening what all would say,
The work stood yet unalter'd, and now more
We praise his modesty, than skill before)
That, when some greater names admirèd lye,
But let alone, men may read yours and buy.
Though these, your happy births, have silent past
More years than some abortive wits shall last ;
He still writes new, who once so well hath sung :
That muse can ne'er be old, which ne'er was young.

The other names of the title-page have fallen into oblivion. I have spent utterly disproportionate pains in trying to recover something of them.*

Of CAPTAIN ROBERT DOVER—the reviver and generous supporter of the “Cotswold Games”—in whose honour the *Annalia Dubrensis* was published, almost nothing supplementary to Anthony-à-Wood’s little notice, has been discovered. Unfortunately, neither his birth-place nor birth-date in Norfolk have come down to us. The great folios of Blomefield have no notice of him, and mere scraps instead on later Dovers. He died at Stanway (now the property and summer-residence occasionally of the Earl of Wemyss) and was buried in the Parish Church, in 1641. So that the autograph in the Grenville copy is no doubt his.† This may also be regarded as an assurance that he himself edited the *Annalia*. The last glimpses of the family obtained are in the Visitation of Warwickshire, 1682, wherein we learn that Captain Dover’s wife was a daughter of Dr. Cole, the Dean of Lincoln, and that a grandson, who was a barrister, produced to the heralds a shield of arms, with crest, motto, and even supporters, which he alleged had been assigned to his grandfather; an allegation which the heralds were slow to admit. The arms were a black, or probably a dark purple cinquefoil, on an ermine field, with a bugle-horn sable, stringed or, and the supporters were a hound and a horse (allusive to the games), both in silver; the motto, DO-EVER Good. (See K 3 in College of Arms, f. 117; Hunter, as before, vol. i, p. 205.) Further: Anthony-à-Wood informs us that there was a John Dover, son of Captain John Dover

* I add these *scraps* (a) Wallington is a name at the present time between Stratford-on-Avon and Warwick; (b) Stratford was doubtless of the family of that name long resident at Farncomb, close to Broadway, and only two or three miles west of Dover’s Hill: See Herald’s Visitation, co. Gloucester, *Harleian MSS.*, 1041, 1543, and 1191; (c) Poule was a name of Mickleton and Welford, and the family was intimately connected with the Rutters of Upper Quinton, near Mickleton and Dover’s Hill.

† See it at head of this Introduction, done by Robert Langton of Manchester.

of Barton-on-the-heath [I intercalate that this Captain John Dover was son of our worthy, and was captain of the horse under Prince Rupert. Hunter, as before, vol. i, p. 205]. He became demy of Magdalen College in 1661, aged 15 years, departed without scholastical degree, became a barrister of Gray's Inn, lived at Banbury in Oxfordshire and practised his faculty, took holy orders about 1684, and became beneficed at Drayton near the said town, where, adds Wood, "he is resorted to by fanatical people." He wrote *The Roman Generals, or the distressed Ladies*, 1677, 4to; 'Tis a play written in heroic verse and dedicated to Robert, Lord Brook. He hath written one or two plays which are not yet printed; also *The White Rose: or a word for the House of York, vindicating the Right of Succession, in a Letter from Scotland*, 9 March, 1679. London, 1680. (*Athenæ*, vol. iv, p. 597.) I suspect good Anthony has mixed up two brothers' history here.

Captain Dover's own Lines, near the close of *Annalia Dubrensis*, confirm the general witness that he was a whole-hearted, 'jovial' and right mirthful "old English gentleman, all of the olden time." Not less pleasing is the foot-note to the Lines in our Appendix: "He was bred an Attorney, who never try'd but two Causes, always made up the Difference" (p. 72). Without acquiescing in Anthony-à-Wood's acrid sentence on the "Presbyterians," perchance it may be allowed, that originally, and for some years, the revival of the "Cotswold Games" was a real service as against the over-gravity to sternness, of the elder Puritans. One thinks the kindlier of King James that he was the willing patron of the "Games." That they deteriorated on a subsequent revival is evidenced by a graphic account of them in Richard Graves's *Spiritual Quixote* (*British Novelists*, vol. xxxii.)—whence I take chap. x, "Wildgoose's first harangue":

"They now approached the place of rendezvous, where the revel was held, which was a large plain on the Cotswold Hills. Their ears were saluted with a confused noise of drums, trumpets, and whistle pipes: not those martial sounds, however, which are heard on the field of battle, but such as those

harmless instruments emit, with which children amuse themselves in a country fair. There was a great number of swains in their holiday clothes, with their belts and silk handkerchiefs; and nymphs in straw hats and tawdry ribbands, flaunting, ogling, and coqueting in their rustic way, with as much alacrity, as any of the gay flutterers in the Mall.

“A ring was formed about the wrestlers and cudgel players, by the substantial farmers on their long-tailed steeds, and two or three forlorn coaches sauntering about with their vapourish possessors; who crept from their neighbouring seats—to contemplate the humours of these awkward rustics, and waste an hour of their tedious month in the *country*, where, as a great modern observes, *Small matters serve for amusement.*”

“Wildgoose and his friend Jerry, making but a small figure in this humorous assembly, were at a loss how to draw the attention of the multitude. As they had made a dry breakfast, and had drunk nothing the whole day, Jerry asked his master, whether it were any sin, to call for a pint of ale at *sich* a time as this? So with Wildgoose’s consent, they went to one of the booths, and were refreshing themselves with the aforesaid potation, when the company began to divide; and proclamation was made, that the holland shift, which was adorned with ribbands and displayed on a pole, was going to be run for, and six young women began to exhibit themselves before the whole assembly, in a dress hardly reconcileable to the rules of decency.

“Nice people have been observed to have the grossest ideas; and perhaps, such chaste men have the most unchaste conceptions of things. Be that as it will, Wildgoose no sooner perceived that mysterious veil of modesty, the holland smock, thus rudely exposed to view, and those young women prepared to engage in ‘so loose a diversion,’ than he perceived his wonted zeal revive; and mounting upon an inverted hamper near the booth, he beckoned to the mob, crying out

“For Christ’s sake my Christian people, if you have any regard to the health of your souls, desist from these anti-christian, these more than paganish recreations, which are poison, and listen to my words!

“The people, seeing a man of tolerable appearance thus exalted above the crowd and preparing to harangue, began to stare, and to enquire of each other what he would be at! As they heard, imperfectly, the word *health*, and more words of a medicinal tendency, the prevailing opinion was, the mountebank was going to dispense his medicines, for the benefit of mankind; and Tugwell’s wallet was supposed to contain the sovereign packet of the learned doctor. Mr. Wildgoose, however, soon undeceived them, by addressing the crowd in the apostolic style; though he had not yet acquired the true *bon ton* or gospel lingo of Mr. Whitfield and his associates.

“Men, brethren, fellow Christians! you are here assembled to keep holiday! that is to sacrifice to the devil; to perform the most agreeable service which you could possibly devise, to that enemy of mankind.

“This festival is called Whitsuntide, and was appointed to commemorate

* Life of C. Cibber.

the most solemn event recorded in the annals of our religion ; namely the effusion of the Holy Spirit upon the primitive apostles. But instead of being filled with the Holy Spirit, as the Apostles were, you are filling yourselves with spirituous liquors and strong drink : with the spirits of Geneva, with English spirits, and foreign spirits, and what not.

“ Oh ! my brethren, consider what you are about : is this renouncing the devil and all his works ? Is this despising the pomps and vanities of this wicked world ? and resisting the sinful lusts of the flesh ? The very purpose and intent of this ungodly meeting is directly opposite to your most solemn vow at your baptism. Instead of guarding yourselves against the attacks of your spiritual adversary, instead of bruising the head of that old serpent, the devil ; you are breaking one another’s heads with cudgels and quarter staffs : instead of wrestling against flesh and blood, you are wrestling with and supplanting one another. So far from renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, you are running for holland smocks, and making provision for the lusts of the flesh.

* * * * *

“ Mr. Wildgoose was insensibly sliding into the nature of regeneration and the new birth ; and was going to explain some of the most mysterious doctrines of Christianity to these unruly disciples, when a good orthodox publican, thinking his craft in danger, cried out, Odzauterdins ! lift up the smock ! come my maids ! stand ready for the sport !

“ He was seconded by a shrewd young carter, with a silk handkerchief about his neck, who could not but laugh at the familiarity of Wildgoose’s comparisons, and thinking also that this harangue would spoil the diversion, which they were now intent upon, he threw a rind of orange at the orator’s head. Another levelled a piece of horse-dung, with an unlucky dexterity, exactly into Tugwell’s mouth as he stood listening with a conceited attention to his masters eloquence. Their example was followed by a great part of the company ; who, as Jerry had foretold, began to bombard them so furiously with clods of dirt and horse-dung, that Mr. Wildgoose was soon forced to dismount from the top of his hamper : and one of them, tilting up the form on which Tugwell was exalted, laid him sprawling in the moisture occasioned by the staling of horses, or spilling of the liquor ; where he lay wallowing for some time, being saluted with several bumps and jostles in contrary directions, which prevented him from emerging from the slippery soil.

* * * * *

“ Tugwell who was a little disconcerted by the bad success of their first attempt, said that he did not doubt but God would bring everything about in his own good time ; but, says he, perhaps the time is not yet come. And having a great desire, though he did not care to speak out, to return to his chimney corner, he said, suppose master, we were to go and try first what we can do with the men in the vale : and now, I doubt if there was anybody on Dover’s Hill that knew us : for I did not see one soul of our town,* and I know they are all busy in hay harvest ; so that we might slip home again at night, and nobody be ever the wiser.”

* Mickleton.

Bibliographically *Annalia Dubvensia* is of our rarest books, when complete. I know of only other three besides my own. Even the limited reprint of 1794 has fetched 12*l.* 10*s.* at a public sale, and other copies, Townley 3*l.* 3*s.*, Nassau 2*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, Thorpe 8*l.* 8*s.* The original quarto, at the Saunders' Sale (1818), brought 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and at the Bindley Sale (1818), 12*l.* 12*s.**

Our text is taken from the Grenville copy in the British Museum, albeit the transcript has been re-read with an exemplar subsequently acquired by myself in pristine condition, having rough edges throughout. The Grenville copy has the following printed presentation-inscription :

For the mvch Honovred
S^r Thomas Trevor Knight
one of the Barons of
the Exchequer.

and below, in *MS.*:

Robr. Dover his
Presentation.

The Sir Thomas Trevor of this 'Presentation' was youngest son of John Trevor, Esq., of Trevallyn, co. Denbigh, and born 6 July, 1586. He was of the Inner Temple, and Solicitor to Prince Charles. He was knighted 18th May, 1619; serjeant-at-law 8th April, 1625; and baron of the exchequer 12th May in the same year. He held this last post until the death of Charles I., when he declined the new commission offered him by the Commonwealth authorities. Thereafter he lived in retirement, dying 21st December, 1656. He was buried at Leamington Hastings, in Warwickshire.

For the excellent reproduction of the Frontispiece I am indebted to the courtesy of Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, who

* See W. Davis's *Second Journey Round the Library of a Bibliomaniac*, 1825, 8vo. The reprint is a creditable production. It runs page for page with the original, except in the Epistle Dedicatory, where there are two lines fewer on the first page. Occassionally the spelling is a little different, e.g., "Iubilee" for "Iubilee," "Friend" for "Freind," and "May each object of each several sence" for "every."

had it cut for the *Book of Days*. It is infinitely preferable to the 'improved' copper-plate of the reprint; for we want fidelity, not 'improvement.'

I do not know that there is any need for criticism of the Poems in *Annalia Dubrensis*. Those of DRAYTON, BEN JONSON, WASSE and RANDOLPH, have touches of "the Roman hand." It is evident that many of them were composed and given to Captain Dover long before 1636, *e.g.*, John Trussell, who opens the collection, may have written his by 1600, if not earlier. For from a private deed it appears Thomas Trussell his son sold the family-property of Billersley in 1600. He would hardly have done so if his father (our Versifier) had been then living. Drayton again died in 1631, and so with others. The encomiums were doubtless laid past by Dover, and when they were accumulated sufficiently to make a volume, printed by himself. Ben Jonson's — *en passant* signed 'Johnson' not Jonson, as in Cunningham's edition of the Works — has either dropped a word in the first line or 'vies' is to be read as a dissyllable. A sapient correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, "T. W.," writes as follows: "The first line of Ben Jonson's epigram [!] to his 'jovial good friend Dover,' ending with 'to drop vies,' is evidently un-grammatical. The word 'vies' is manifestly derived from the verb to 'vie', whereas Jonson introduces it as a noun; but poets, we all know, have great latitude extended to them. I am vain enough (although no poet) to suggest (agreeably to Mr. Bolton Corney's invitation) the following emendation, or rather substitution [ahem!] — as far as regards only the first two lines of the epigram in question, viz :

"The 'Cotswold' with the 'Olympic' vies,
In manly games and goodly exercise."

(3rd series, vol. ix, p. 185.)

The 'emendation' exactly reverses "Rare Ben's" intention. "Surly Ben" — so called — was genially ready with such laudatory verses to his contemporaries, in striking contrast

with Shakspeare's reticence, save in "Love's Martyr." Thomas Randolph's I have collated with the text of his own Poems, thereby correcting very flagrant corruptions of wording and punctuation. Perhaps I ought not to have left the Cotswold 'um' for 'em' = them. Captain Mennis's is a gay little lilt. Thomas Heywood's summarizing Lines have a loveable ring. Most, spite of their grotesque hyperboles, vivify the "Cotswold Games" and old "Merry England" for us. I have only happened on two express allusions to the Dover "Cotswold Games." The first is in Brome's *Fovial Crewe*, &c. (1651.) "Will you go up to the hill-top of sports, there, and merriments, Dover's Olimpicke, or the Cotswold games." The other, overlooked by Anthony-à-Wood, occurs in verses by Stratford, among the poems prefixed to Clement Barksdale's *Nympha Libethris*, 1651 :

" If your Muse hither make her oft resorts,
She'll be as much lov'd, as were Dover's sports."

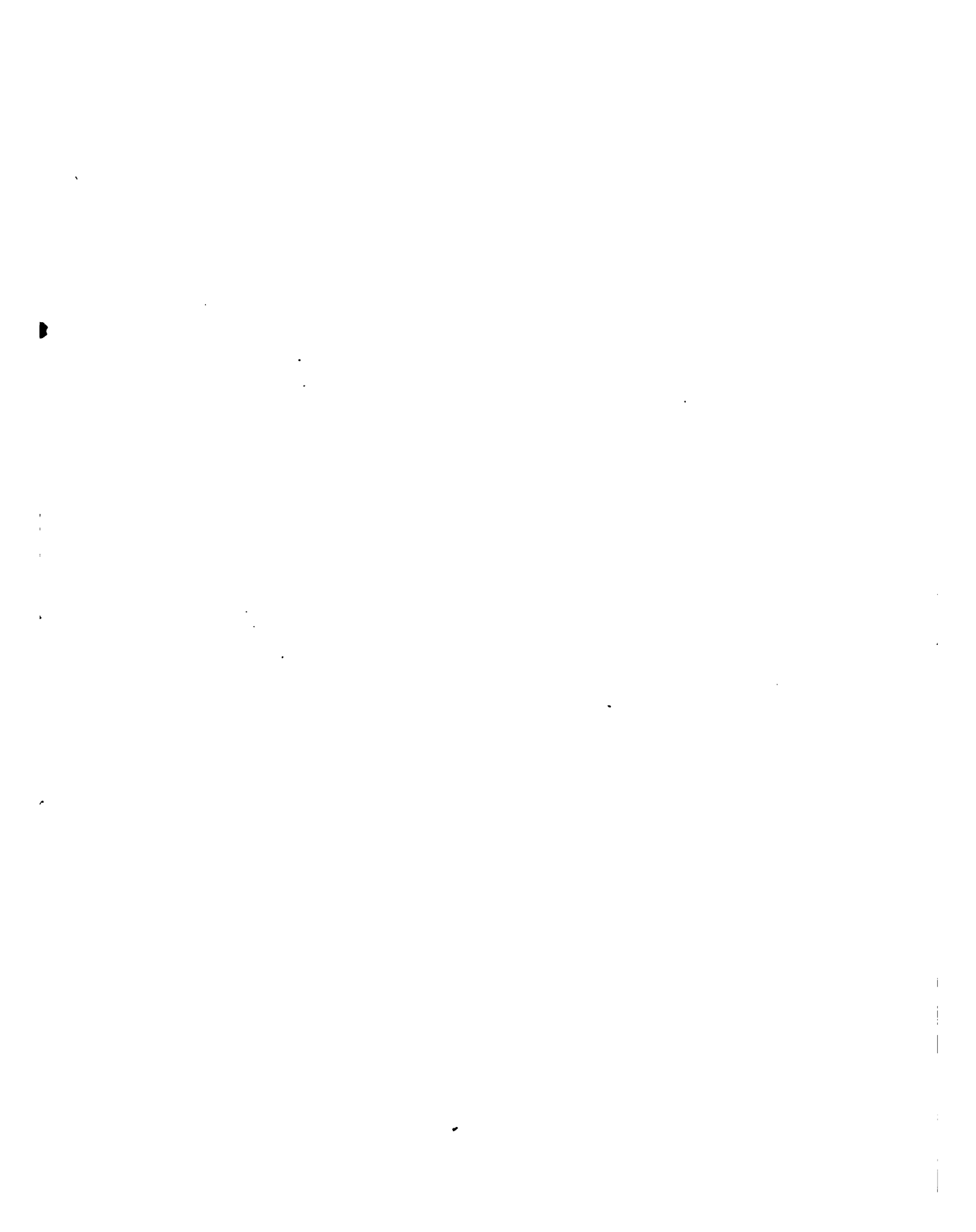
Our reproduction, excepting the correction of errata (recorded in Notes and Illustrations) is, as usual, faithful to the original, even where a different punctuation had been better.

I cannot close this Introduction without expressing my hearty thanks to ROBERT F. TOMES, Esq., of Weston-on-Avon, for his notes on various of the contributors to the *Annalia Dubrensia*, and his interest in our little undertaking.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*St. George's Vestry,
Blackburn, Lancashire.*

NOTE.— At p. xv, the death-year of Captain Dover is given as 1641. It has hitherto been assigned to 1642. The following is the Parish Register entry:— "Anno Domini 1641. Robert the sonne of John Dover, Gent., buried the 6th of June." (Rev. A. Nettleship, M.A., Rector, to me.)



ANNALIA DVBRENSIA.

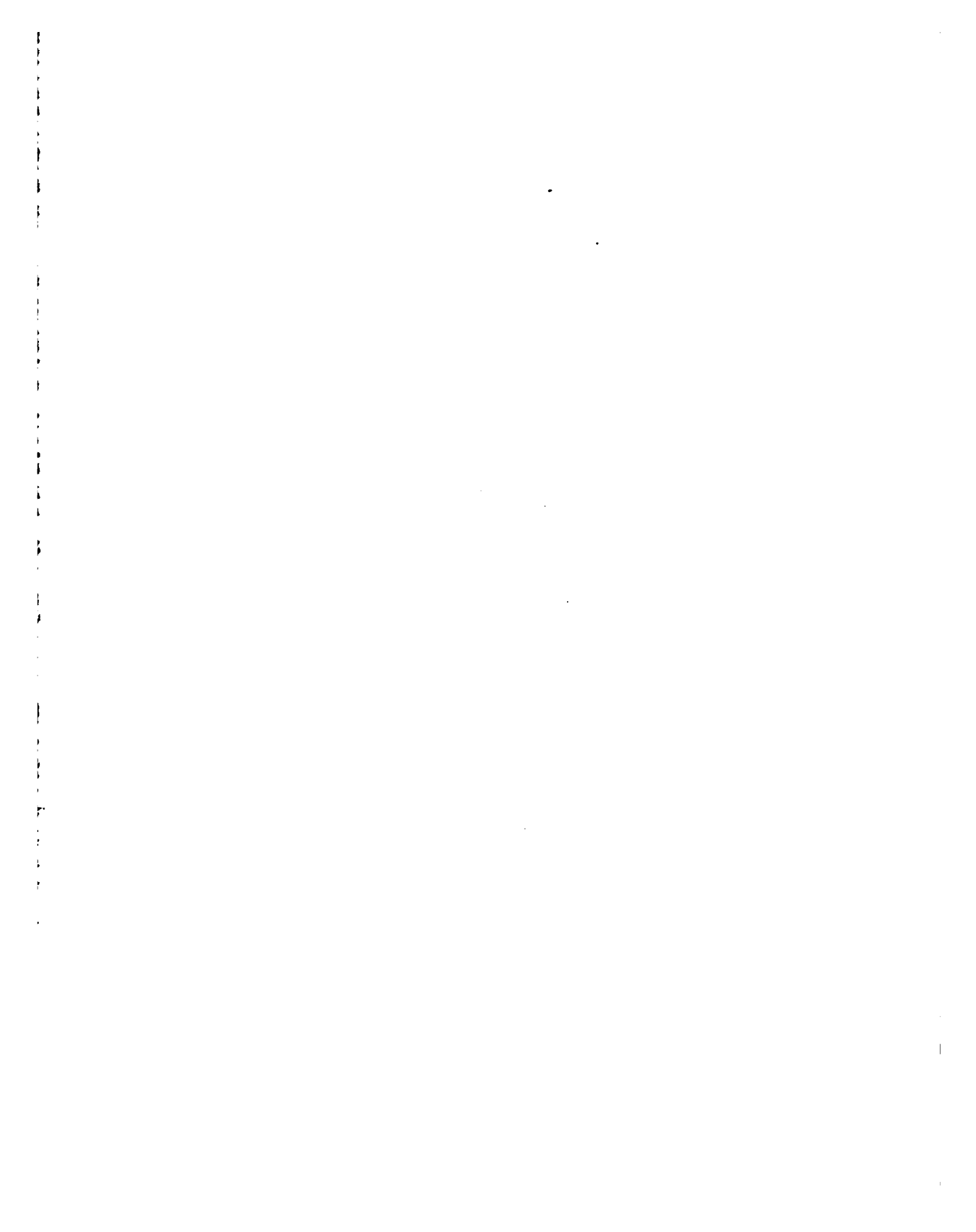
Vpon the yeerely celebration of
M^r. ROBERT DOVERS Olimpick
Games vpon *Cotswold-Hills*.

Written by

MICHAELL DRAYTON.	Esq.	IOHN TRVSSELL.	Gent.
IOHN TRVSSELL.	Gent.	WILLIAM COLE.	Gent.
WILLIAM DVRHAM.	Oxon,	FERRIMAN RVTTER.	Oxon.
WILLIAM DENNY	Esq.	IOHN STRATFORD.	Gent.
THOMAS RANDALL.	Cant.	THOMAS SANFORD.	Gent.
BEN: IOHNSON.		ROBERT GRIFFIN.	Gent.
IOHN DOVER.	Gent,	IOHN COLE.	Gent.
OWEN FELTHAM.	Gent.	ROBERT DVRHAM.	Oxon.
FRANCIS IZOD.	Gent,	A SIRINX Oxon.	
NICHOLAS WALLINGTON.	Ox.	IOHN MONSON.	Esq.
IOHN BALLARD.	Oxon.	WALTON POOLE.	Gent.
TIMOTHY OGLE.	Gent.	RICHARD WELLS.	Oxon.
WILLIAM AMBROSE.	Oxon.	WILLIAM FORTH.	Esq.
WILLIAM BELLAS.	Gent.	SHACK: MARMYON.	Gent.
THOMAS COLE.	Oxon.	<i>R. N.</i>	
WILLIAM BASSE.	Gent.	THOMAS HEYWOOD.	Gent.
CAPTAIN E MENESE.			

LONDON,

Printed by *Robert Raworth*, for *Mathewe Walbancke*. 1636.





To my worthy Friend M^r. ROBERT
DOVER.

WORTHY SIR,

I F amongst so many noble Poetts I presume to play
the Orator, blame me not, The incitements prom-
ting mee thereto, in any competent and indifferent
Iudgment being excusable: First that their flying
papers came so opportunely to my hand, which ha-
ving considerately perused (non obstante Dubrensi patrono)
I thought worthy to bee published. Next since your owne modestie
seemed somewhat adverse, to have those your deserved Encomions
Imprest, which in the hearts of all your Countrey-men, and others
have tooke such deepe Impression: I held it more expedient to
hazard the frowne of one by boldnesse, then the discontents of ma-
ny by a tимерous negligence. Lastly since those Quinquenalia, or
Olimpick Games (celebrated every Fift yeere onely) begun by
Hercules, and for many succeeding ages continued, by all the Se-
mones, Heroes, and prime Princes of Greece, are now utter-
ly abandoned, and their memorie almost extinguisht. Since you
to whom I may not unproperly give the denomination of an Hero
of this our Age, have in these your Famous Annalia, or yeerely
Celebrations, not onely revived the memory of the Former; But
adorned these your Cotfwald Hills with such Ouations and Tri-
umphs

A 2

umphs

The Epistle.

*umphs, as may continue their memorie to all posteritie. (First
craving your pardon) I commend my selfe to you for the present:
And your Name (thus decored by your Friends) to Perpetui-
tie.*

Yours always,

Mat: Walbancke.

TO



TO MY NOBLE
Friend M^r. ROBERT

DOVER, on his brave annu-
all *Assemblies* vpon
Cotswold.



OVER, to doe thee Right, who will not striue,
That doſt in theſe dull yron Times revive
The golden Ages glories ; which poore Wee
Had not ſo much as dream't on but for Thee?
As thoſe brave *Grecians* in their happy dayes,
On Mount Olympus to their *Hercules*
Ordain'd their games Olimpick, and ſo nam'd
Of that great Mountaine ; for thoſe paſtimes fam'd :
Where then their able Youth, Leapt, Wreſtled, Ran,
Threw the arm'd *Dart* ; and honour'd was the *Man*
That was the Victor ; In the Circute there
The nimble Rider, and ſkil'd Chariotere
Strove for the Garland ; In thoſe noble Times
There to their Harpes the Poets ſang their Rimes ;
That whilſt *Greece* flouriſht, and was onely then
Nurſe of all Arts, and of all famous men :
Numbring their yeers, ſtill their accounts they made,
Either from this or that *Olimpiade*.
So *Dover*, from theſe *Games*, by thee begun,
Wee'l reckon Ours, as time away doth run.

B

Wee'l

Cotswold Games.

Wee'l have thy Statue in some Rocke cut out,
With brave Incriptions garnished about ;
And vnder written, *Loe, this was the man,*
DOVER, that first these noble Sports began.
Ladds of the Hills, and Lasses of the Vale,
In many a song, and many a merry Tale
Shall mention Thee ; and having leave to play,
Vnto thy name shall make a Holy day.
The *Cotswold* Shepherds as their flocks they keepe,
To put off lazie drowfinesse and sleepe,
Shall fit to tell, and heare thy Story tould,
That night shall come ere they their flocks can fould.

Michaell Drayton.

TO MY NOBLE FREIND M^r.

*Robert Dover, on his annuall Affem-
blies upon Cotswold.*

ONCE did I Vow, but who can all Vowes keepe ?
That my dull Muse eternally should sleepe,
But now awaked, with the generall Fame :
Of the revivement of the *Olimpicke game*
Acted at *Cotswold*. She adventreth thus
To pipe a note to *Dovers, Genious*.
Fame is the life of *Action* ; for Report
Makes good, or bad, each Action, every Sport :
The Roman *Lupercalia*, well intended,
At first were well applauded, more commended ;
But when that *Fame* said, *Iudgements* better eye
Found, that the Gapp was made to *libertie*,

Thereby

Cotswold Games.

Thereby to open, they were left, The merriment
Of *Christmas*, Lords of *Misrule*, Fame faith spent
At those times more in *Hospitalitie*,
Then well conduced to *Frugalitie*,
Now practif'd in this carefull thriving age,
In which a Coach, a Foote-boy and a Page,
Make up a great mans Check-rowle, is casheer'd :
The countrie Wakes, and whirlings have appeer'd
Of late, like forraine pastimes : *Carnivalls*,
Palme and *Rush-bearing*, harmlesse *Whitson-ales*,
Running at *Quintain May-games*, generall Playes,
By some more nice, then wise, of latter dayes,
Have in their Standings, Lectures, Excercises,
Beene so reprov'd, traduc'd, condemn'd for vices
Profane and heathenish, that now few dare
Set them a foote ; The Hocktide pastimes, are
Declin'd, if not diferted ; so that now
All Publike merriments, I know not how,
Are question'd for their lawfulnessse ; where by
Societie grew sicke ; was like to die.
And had not Ioviall *DOVER* well invented
A meanes whereby to have the same prevented,
Love, Feasts, and friendly intercourse had perrished,
Which now, are kept alive by-him, and cherished.
Goe on Brave Sparke, and flie a pitch above
The vulgar apprehension ; let thy Love
To honest civill mirth, and Active Sport
Transcend comparifon, make both Towne and Court
Admire thy invention, and applaud thy worke ;
And let him like a Jew, and heathen Turke,
Bee bannish'd good Societie, that denies
To second thee in thy faire Enterprife.

B 2

And

Cotswold Games.

And while, that sheepe have woole, or Sheepheards sheepe,
Fame shall thine Actions in remembrance keepe :
And after thou art dead, all *England* Over,
From *Westerne Totnes*, unto *Kentish Dover*,
Well-minded-jovialists shall tell the storie
Of *ROBERT DOVER'S* never-dying Glorie,
By whose sole induftry, a Second Birth
Is given to honest Pastime, harmlesse Mirth.

John Trussell

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND M^r.

Robert Dover, on his Dauncing Affembly
vpon *Cotswold*.

TRVDGE hence, yee tender Flocks, some gloomy
Must be this dayes refreshment, now remove (Grove
Your selves ye must ; your walkes must be resign'd
Vnto a matchles troope of *Female* kinde
Whose beauty, should the *Flat-nose Satyres* spie
They would not live, but languish, and so die.
Troy's lofty Towers, which once ore-topt the clouds,
And menac'd heaven, *Hellens* beauty shrouds
In Cinders ; for his tender *Heroes* fake
Leander cutts the *Helles-ponticke* Lake.
Yet those to these, were tawny, ryvel'd, dun,
Such as a glymiring *Taper* to the *Sun*.
This *Turret* swells (mee thinkes) as prowd to bee
The feate, or foote-stoole of that Company.
And *Aeolus* before hee will set free
The wynde his Tenant, sayes, now goe and flee
Ore flowry-gardens, brush the verdant *Meades*
And sweetest walkes, where fairest beauty treads :

Yea

Cotswold Games.

Yea ranfacke natures *Wardrope* for perfumes,
More pretious then the choyfest dame consumes.
Then gently breath upon that lovely trayne,
That are a tripping on the fallow playne.
For now vnlesse my kallender doe lie,
Since fayre *Dyana* and her companie,
Did trace theife spacious plaines Bright *Phæbus* Carre
Hath runne from *Pifces*, to the watry Starre :
From thence to *Leo*, for tis iust the day,
That was appoynted for to daunce and play.
That day which to posterity shall shine
In *Almanackes*, writ, with a *Rubricke-line*,
In which dayes prayes, the *Sisters* that doe sing
In pale *Pyrene*, and *Heliconian Spring*
Doe drinke of : shall compose more witty layes
Then ere were heard of in old *Orpheus* dayes.
Their chiefe Musitians shall indite a storie,
Which shall eternize this dayes, *Founders* glory.
He's a fit subject for all *Poets-quills*
That brings *Arcadia* to our *Cotswold-hills*.
Me thinkes each Creatur's proud to spend his breath
In vindicating this mans name from Death.
The candid winds, as they these Downes fly over
Whistle the praise, of praise deserving *Dover*.
Heauens winged Quiristers doe warble forth
More pleasant notes, and celebrate his worth
In sweetest Tunes, The till now Sullen Earth
Hath deckt, her Breast, with flowers, fit for Mirth,
Faine would shee vent, but cause shee cannot speake
His praise, she weepes it, else her heart would breake,
For where that Famous valley she ore-lookes,
Runne drilling from her eyes, sweete silver brooks,

B 3

Which

Cotswold Games.

Which when in progresse, they salute those plaines,
Whose large increase, yeelds *Wickham* men great gaines,
In honour of the place they Leape on high,
And friske and dance for Ioy they are so nigh ;
Each lumpish pibble-stone, they justle farre
As who should say, bee frolick as wee are.
Then they repine at their streight-lacing shore,
Prohibiting their passage to his dore.
And to declare that they obliged stand,
In signe of homage, they salute the land :
But when their haft, hath posted them from thence
Where his *Tutelars*, keepe their residence.
They butt against each *Nooke*, and as they swell,
Look backe and cry, for ever, live, farewell.
Then they to *Avoan* blazon out his worth,
And shee to *Severne*, *Severne* setts it forth
To *Isis*, who her sister *Thame* implores :
To tell the *Ocean*, and the *Ocean* roares
It to the *World*. So that their is no ground
Where his *Encomions Ecco*, doth not found
The *Bacchides*, old *Bacchus* ! made to thee,
(Their red-nose pimple-faced deitie)
Those feasts cal'd *Orgia*. And the Matrons chaff
To *Ceres* celebrate a Nine-dayes feast,
Cald first-fruit Offerings : To the Queene of May
Cal'd *Flora*, youth did make a Holy-day,
Where Garlands deckt the Temples of the Queene,
And maidens meafur'd Galliards on the greene ;
Th' ensuing age wants *Patrons* to support
Bacchus or *Ceres* Rites ; or *Flora's* sport
Till *DOVER* comes, who *Flora*, Queene of May,
Doth re-install into her holy-day :

Firft

Cotswold Games.

Hee flights the rest, 'tis sure, because they bee
The grand Supporters of all Luxurie.
Firft shall the tender Lambes with Tigers dwell,
And fearefull Harts, shall lodge with Lions fell.
Firft shall the glorious Starre-befuddled skie,
Want light, and *Neptunes* regiment be drie ;
Firft shall the Courtiers leave their sweete imbraces,
Ladies to plaster ore their furrow'd faces ;
Firft shee whose naftie breath offends her Love,
Shall ceafe her mouth to sweeten with a Glove,
Firft shall *Nyctimene*, that bird of night
To flie at noone take pleasure and delight,
Ere *Cotswold* Shipheards on their joynted Reeds
Shall ceafe to fing, his Fame-deferving-deeds ;
VVho, from their Tombes, wherein they were intral'd
The ancient dauncing Druidies hath cal'd,
VVhich from the VVoods did walke unto the Plaine,
There dance a Iigg, and fo returne againe.
Let him that dares thy dancing-greene deface,
Be plagu'd as well as *Eriſichthon* was,
VVho caufe he feld thofe Dancers facred tree,
VVas pinde with Famine, died in miferie.

The Rufticke Swaines shall henceforth take delight
To cheate the tedious cold December night
VVith fuch sweet *Sonnets*, as the *Poets* frame
In honor of thy, this daies worke, and name.
Yea, they themselves, fo long shall sleepe in mirth
Making of Lambes-wooll on the VVinters hearth,
Vntill *Auroraes* snowe-white, limbes, they ſpie
Through nights blacke Courtaines, and the night to die.
Thus shall they daily fing, fit, hatch a laugh,
And to thy Health (brave *Dover*) freely quaffe.

William Durham. Oxon.

AN

AN ENCOMIASTICK TO HIS

worthy Freind Mr. ROBERT DOVER, on
his Famous Annuall Affembliés at
COTSWOLD.

TIME long asleepe, is now awak'd by thee
Fam'd *Dover*, who began't the pedigree
Of *Cotswold-sports*, where each *Olimpick* game,
Is parraleld and drawes, fresh breath from *Fame*.
The Racer earft might tyre, his nimble foote,
And in vnable stretches, outward shoote
His lung-crackt-breath ; the *Wraflers* active catch,
And tugging finews, often there did match ;
The pondrous Bowle (round Embleme of the VVorld)
Strong Armes did throw ; as *Ioue*, when as he hurl'd
Mountaines gainst *Typhon*, to whose maffy fall
The groaning Earth did give a Buriall.
The warre-like Champion, with his powerfull fifts,
Contended for the Prize, as in our lifts,
Rebated Edges Counter buffe at Barriers,
An Active sport to Breathe our bravest warriors.
Then did the hurling Charriot plough thy Top
Sky fall *Olimpus*, who didst feeme to prop
The pendent heavens, Men so ambitious were
Of vertues glory, that where *Sol* shone cleere
Sans Clowdes, on thee to gaine the prize, they made
Each five yeeres, five dayes, an *Olimpiade*,
VVhere whofo conquered, gain'd (besides renowne).
An Olive Garland as his merrits Crowne.

Thofe

Cotswold Games.

Those *Pythean* games which from fell *Pythons* death
Slaine by *Apollo*, first obtain'd a breath :
Came neere *Olimpus Tryumphs*, gave desert,
A *Laurell wreath*, for acting best his part.
And eke an *Apple*, by hands sacred tane
Out from *Appolloes* high adored *Fane*.
There *Poets* were admir'd and had the prize
Of worth, whose *Muse* tow'r'd neereft to the skies.
 Nemæan sports, may them be plac'd next these
Which first were kept by conquering *Hercules* ;
VVhen those fell *Lyons* o' th *Nemæan* wood,
H'ad drown'd in Rivers of their out-let-blood.
Each three yeeres *Victor* was with *Smallage* crown'd,
VVhose pendant leaves, his head enshadow'd round.
Those *Isthmian* games, which *Theseus* did begin,
To swelling *Neptune*, with *Pine* circled in
Victorious foreheads : Oh most famous *Greece* !
That for brave Pastimes, wert earths Master-peece !
Had not our *English DOVER*, thus out-done
Thy foure games, with his *Cotswoldian* one ;
VVhere Shepherds wel-tun'd-pipes with dauncing breath
And trembling fingers, seeke a *Laurell wreath*,
VVhile tripping *Nymphes* doe skip about the *Hills*.
And in *Meanders* twyne, vale crowning *Rills*
VVhile Shepherdeffes sing sweet *Roundelaies*,
In honor of the *Sport*, and thought of *Praise*.
Each *Hunts-man* there, with skill and hope brings forth
His best bred *Doggs*, to shew their ableft worth :
Aleon nere had such, so true, so fleet,
Nor so well mouth'd, as doe on *Cotswold* meet.
These better natur'd bee, as doth appeare :
None kill their Masters, though that some bee *Deare*,

C

Then

Cotswold Games.

Then throwe they in their Couples, and one cry
Of many *Parkes* do ring about the Skie,
And eccho 'mongst the *Hills*, while the fear'd *Hare*,
Nor leggs, nor lunges, nor labor best doth spare,
T' out-stretch their fury. Then each *Hunts-man* calls
Vnto his working dogges ; at laft downe falls
The heart-broke *Hare*, and clanging hornes do found
Victorious changes on *Cotswoldian* ground.
The Swallow-footed *Grey-hound* hath the prize,
A silver studded Coller ; who out-flies
The rest in lightnings speed, who first comes by,
His straying copes-mates, with celeritie
Turnes his affrighted game, then coates againe
His forward Rivall, on the sencelesse plaine,
And after *Laborinthian* turnes, surprife
The game, whilst he, doth pant her *Obsequies*.

Then by and by, swift racing *Naggs* contend
Who first, shall message conquest to the end,
Of their appointed course. At first begin
All equall in their steps, and hope to win.
And Fortune hides her favorite from the eye
Of each beholder, and joy'd Ryder, by
Some mile, till one, that scorns rivalitie,
Blushing at this so long Equallitie :
Loosens his hard borne raynes, and then most cry,
Proclaiming him the hope of Victory.
The while a second, who no lesse aspires,
Repells reports ; and tells them they are lyars,
By his out-going stretches. And a third
Equalls the formost, having smartly spurr'd.
The rest with these doe strive, till that they come
Within a myle of their desir'd home.

Then

Cotswold Games.

Then some with fwitches, urge their utmost speed,
And others spurr's are bath'd, in flanckes that bleed
Out lazie dropps, and through the broached skin,
Is then let out, what rest, erst gather'd in.
Whiles one that feares his allmost sinking horse,
With fwitch and spurre, dooth labour on the course.
Away, dame fortune bids the formost ride,
Whose fleet-naggs heels, throw dust in scornful pride
At those which follow, and doth quicke obey,
His favo'ring miftris words, who speeds away,
Bending his body as 'if he did addresse,
Vnto her words, his utmost thankfullnesse.
Like halfe-shap'd centaures, all the rest do ride
Not equalling, but envying the pride
Of fortunes fore-man, who darts by the Post,
Like flashing lightning : then those, that have Loft
Both prize and glorie, after him do come,
To magnifie his Tryumphe, too late home.

Amid't these sports in hayrie cottages,
Contents best fare and welcome, all doth please,
While *Homers* Embleme, on his *Harpe* did play
Admired *Raptures* and sing many a lay, }
More full and sweet, then all the quire of *May*.
Ne're *Cates* so sawc'd that every dish doth please,
Yet these are so, and his songs more then these,
With seeming seeing, yet not seeing eyes
And smiling lipps, all eares, he extasies,
When as he sings, and clasps his judging eare,
Vnto his *Harpe*, on whose strings doe appeare,
His fingers dauncing : at whose mirth the strings
Ore-joyed, doe echo, to his voyce that sings.

C 2

Happy

Cotswold Games.

Happy yee Swaines, on whom such Fate doth fall,
To make approache to *DOVERS* festivall,
Compare your selves with th' old *Theffalian* Swaines,
Amidst their *Tempe* ; or those charming plaines
Of sweete *Arcadia's* Shepheards, for your fumme
Of happineffe, out-vies *Elizium*.

In *Cotswolds* Tents, are sports of all conditions,
The studious game at *Cheffe* for Polititians
To hammer plotts, and *Irish* for probation
Of each mans vertue, how to master passion,
Cent for those *Gentry*, who their states have marr'd,
That Game befits them, for they must discard.

Abroad to Iolly Shepheards, Bagg pipes play,
Of whom some leape, some wrastle for the day,
Some throw the Sledge, and others spurne the Barre,
All act a part, which makes them fit for warre.
For these most noble sports, posteritie
Shall consecrate the living memorie
Of worthy *DOVER* ; *Cotswold's* off-spring *Thame*
Shall send forth *Heraulds*, to report thy Fame
To stranger Nymphes, and Shepheards most remote,
And as she on her Christall waves doth floate,
Shall sing thy Praise ; and even in *Neptunes* Court,
Where all the noblest floods doe make resort,
Shall tell thy storie, and when there's no more
To tell ; greife-breaking waves on shelves shall roare :
VVhen thy name fades ; *Marble* pillars shall
Duft into nothing : *Spaines Escuriall*
Shall bee forgotten ; and those flocks and foulds
Of faire fleec'd Sheepe, which beautifie the *Woulds*,
Shall with those teares, showr'd from each Shepheards eye,
Receive a Surfet. and so pinejng die, *William Denny.*

AN

AN EGLOGVE ON THE PALILIA

And Noble Affemblies revived on *Cotswold*

Hills, by M^r. ROBERT DOVER.

COLLEN, THENOT.

WHAT Clod-pates, *Thenot*, are our Brittish fwaines !
How lubber-like they loll upon the Plaines !

No life, no spirit in um ! Every Clowne,
Soone as hee layes his Hooke and Tarbox downe,
That ought to take his Reed, and chant his Layes,
Or nimble run the windings of the *Maze*,
Now gets a Bush to roome himselfe, and sleepe :
Tis hard to know the Sheepheard from the sheepe.
And yet me-thinks our *English* pastures, bee
As flowery as the Lawnes of *Arcadye*,
Our Virgins blithe, as theirs ; nor can proud *Greece*
Boast purer Aire, nor sheare a finer fleece.

The. Yet view their out-side *Collen*, you would say,
They have as much brawne in their necke, as they ;
Faire *Tempe* braggs of lustie Armes, that swell
With able sinews, and might hurle as well
The weightie Sledge ; their Leggs, and Thighs of bone,
Great as *Colossus*, yet their strengths are gone ;
They looke like yonder man of wood, that stands
To bound the limits of the Parish lands :
Dost thou ken, *Collen*, what the cause might bee
Of such a dull, and generall *Lethargie* ?

Col. Swaine! with their sports, their foules were tane away,
Till then they all were active ; every day

C 3

They

Cotswold Games.

They exercis'd to weild their limbes, that now
Are numb'd to everything, but flaile, and Plowe.
Early in *May* up got the Iolly route,
Cal'd by the Larke, and spread the fields aboute :
One, for to breath himfelfe, would courfing bee
From this fame Beech, to yonder Mulberie ;
A fecond leapt, his fupple nerves to trie,
A third, was practicing his Melodie ;
This, a new Iigg was footing : Others, were
Buifed at wraftling, or to throw the Barre ;
Ambitious which fould beare the bell away,
And kiffe the Nut-browne-Lady of the Maie :
This ftrir'd 'um up ; a Iolly Swaine was hee,
Whom *Pegg* and *Sufan*, after victory,
Crow'nd with a Garland they had made, befet
With Dazies, Pincks, and many a Violet,
Cow-flipp, and Gilliflowre ; Rewards, though fmall,
Encourage vertue ; But if none at all
Meete her, fhee languifheth, and dies, as now,
Where worth's denied the honour of a bough ;
And, *Thenot*, This the caufe I read to bee,
Of fuch a dull, and generall *Lethargie*.
Then. Ill thrive the Lowt, that did their mirth gaine-fay,
Wolves haunt his flocks, that tooke thofe fports away.
Coll. Some melancholly Swaines, about have gone,
To teach all Zeale, their owne Complection.
Choler, they will admit, fometimes, I fee ;
But Fleagme, and Sangvine, no Religions bee ;
Thefe teach that Dauncing is a *Iezabell*,
And Barley-breake, the ready way to Hell ;
The Morrice, *Idolls* ; Whitfon-ales can bee
But profane Reliques, of a *Iubilee* :

These

Cotswold Games.

These in a Zeale, t' expresse how much they doe
The Organs hate, have silenc'd Bagg-pipes too,
And harmlesse May-poles ; all are rail'd upon,
As if they were the Towers of *Babilon* :
Some thinke not fit, there should be any sport
I' the Country, Tis a dish proper to 'th Court ;
Mirth not becomes 'um, let the sawcie swaine
Eate Beefe, and Bacon, and goe sweate againe :
Besides, what sport, can in their pastimes bee,
When all, is but rediculous fopperie.

Thenot. *Collen!* I once the famous *Spain* did see,
A Nation glorious for her Gravitie ;
Yet there an hundred Knights, on warlike Steedes
Did skirmish out a fight, arm'd but with Reeds ;
At which a Thousand Ladies Eies did gaze,
Yet was no better, then our Prifon base.
What is the Barriers, but a Courtly way
Of our more downe-right sport, the Cvdgell-play ?
Foote-ball with vs, may bee with them, *Baloone*,
As they at Tilt, fo wee att *Quintain* runne ;
And those old-pastimes relifh best with mee,
That have leaft Art, and most Simplicitye.
Collen! They say, at Court there is an Art
To dance a Ladie's honor from her hart ;
Such wiles, poore Sheephards know not, all their fence
Is dull to anything, but Innocence :
The Country Lasse, although her Dance bee good,
Stirs not another's *Galliard* in the Blood ;
And yet their sports by some contrould have bin,
Who think there is no mirth, but what is Sin.
O might I but their harmlesse Gambolls see !
Reftor'd unto an ancient Libertye,

Where

Cotswold Games.

Where spottlesse daliance traces ore the *Playnes*,
And harmlesse *Nimphes*, jet it with harmlesse *Swaynes*.
To see an age againe of Innocent Loves,
Twine close as Vines, yet kisse, as chaff as Doves.
Me thinkes I could the *Thracian* Lyre have strung,
Or tun'd my *Whistle*, to the *Mantuan* song.

Collen. Then tune thy *Whistle* Boy, and string thy Lyre,
That age is come againe, thy brave desire
Pan hath approv'd ; Dauncing shall bee this yeare
Holy, as is the motion of a Spheare.

Tenot. *Collen* ! With sweeter breath *Fame* never blew
Her sacred *Trump*, if this good newes bee true ?

Col. Know'ft thou not *Cotswold-hils*. *The*. Through all the
No finer *Wooll* runnes through the *Spinster's* hand. (land,
But silly *Collen*, ill thou do'ft devine ;
Can'ft thou mistake a Bramble, for a *Pine* ?
Or thinke this Bush a *Cedar* ? or suppose
Yon *Hamlet*, where to sleepe each Sheapheard goes,
In circuit, buildings, people, power, and name
Equalls the *Bow string'd* by the silver *Thame* ?
Aswell thou maiest, their Sports, with ours compare,
As the soft wooll of Lambes, with the Goat's haire.

Collen. Last Evening Lad, I met a noble *Swayne*,
That spurr'd his spright-full *Palfrey* ore the playne :
His head with Ribbands crown'd, and deck't as gay,
As any Lasse, upon her Bridall day.
I thought (what easie faiths we *Sheepheards* prove ?)
This, not the Bull, had been *Europae's* love.
I ask't the cause, they tould mee this was hee,
Whom this daye's Tryumph, crown'd with victory.
Many brave Steeds there were ; some you should finde
So fleete, as they had bin sonnes of the winde.

Others

Cotswold Games.

Others with hoofes so swifte, beate ore the race,
As if some Engine shot 'um to the place.
So many, and so well-wing'd Steeds there were,
As all the broode of *Pegasus* had bin there :
Rider and horse could not distinguish'd bee,
Both seem'd conjoyn'd, a *Centaur's Progeny*.
A numerous troupe they were, yet all so light,
Earth never groan'd, nor felt 'um in their flight.

Such Royall pastimes *Cotswold* mountaines fill,
When Gentle-swaines visit her glorious Hill :
Where with such packs of *Hounds*, they hunting go,
As *Cyrus* never woun'd his *Bugle* to ;
Whose noise is musically, and with full cries,
Beat's ore the Field's, and echoes through the skies.
Orion hearing, with'd to leave his *Speare*,
And call his *Dogge* from heaven, to sport it there.
Watt, though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall,
So brave a *Dirge*, fung forth his Funerall.
Not *Syrens* sweetlier rill ; *Hares*, as they flie
Looke backe, as glad to listen, loth to die.

The. No doubt, but from this brave *Heroicke* fire,
In the more noble hearts, sparkes of desire
May warm the colder *Boores*, and emulous strife,
Give the old mirth, and Innocence a new life ;
When thoughts of *Fame*, their quickned soules shall
At ev'ry glaunce that shewes vñ *Cotswold Hill*. (fill,

Coll. There Shepheard, there the solem-games bee
Such as great *Theseus* or *Alcides* made. (plaide,
Such as *Apollo* wishes hee had seene,
And *Iove* desires, had his invention beene.
The *Nemæan* and the *Isthmian* pastimes still,
Though dead in *Greece*, surviue on *Cotswold Hill*.

D

Happy

Cotswold Games.

Then. Oh happy hill! The gentle Graces nowe
Shall tripp ore Thine, and leave *Citheron's* browe ;
Pernassus Clift shall sinke below his spring,
And every *Muse*, shall on thy front'let sing ;
The Goddeffes againe, in strife shall bee,
And from mount *Ida*, make appeale to thee :
Olympus pay thee homage ; and in dread,
The aged *Alpes*, shall bow his snowie head :
Flora with all her store, thy Temples Crowne,
Whose height shall reach the starres ; gods looking downe,
Shall blesse the Incence, that thy flowers exhale,
And make thee both a Mountaine, and a Vale.
How many Ladies on thy Topp shall meete,
And presse thy Treffes with their Od'rous feete !
Whose Eyes, when wondring men see from afarre,
They'le thinke thee heaven and each of them a starre.

But gentle *Collen* say, what god or man
Fame wee for this great worke, *Daphnis*, or *Pan* ?

Coll. *Daphnis* is dead, and *Pan* hath broke his Reed,
Tell all your Flocks 'tis Ioviall *DOVER'S* deede.
Behold the Shepherds in their Ribbands goe,
And shortly, all the *Nimphes* shall weare 'um too ;
Amaz'd to see such Glorie met together,
Blesse *DOVER'S* Pipe, whose musicke call'd 'um hither.
Sport you, my Rams, at found of *DOVER'S* name ;
Bigg-bellied Ewes, make haft to bring a Lambe,
For *DOVERS* fould ; Goe maides, and Lillies get,
To make him up a glorious Coronet.

Swaines keepe his Holy-day ; and each man sweare
To *Saint* him in the *Shepherds Kalender*.

Thomas Randall. Cant.

Cotswold Games.

AN EPIGRAM TO MY IOVIALL

Good Freind Mr. *Robert Dover*, on his great
Instauration of his Hunting, and Dauncing
At *Cotswold*.

I Cannot bring my *Muse* to dropp *Vies*
Twixt *Cotswold*, and the *Olimpicke* exercife :
But I can tell thee *Dover*, how thy *Games*
Renew the Glories of our blessed *Ieames* ;
How they doe keepe alive his memorie ;
With the *Glad Countrey*, and *Posteritie* :
How they advance, true Love, and neighbourhood,
And doe both *Church*, and Common-wealth the good,
In spite of *Hipocrites*, who are the worst
Of Subjects ; Let fuch envie, till they burft.

Ben Iohnson.

TO HIS MVCH HONOVRED VNCLE

Mr. *Robert Dover*, on his Brave affemblies upon
COTSWOLD.

Come fellow Swaines, a while your flocks refigne
To the protection of great *Pan* devine ;
And let them wander where they lift to ftraie,
Wee will unite them, when the glorious daie
Is turn'd to darkneffe ; and the welcome night
Comes to refresh each fad, and tired wight

D 2

With

Cotswold Games.

With pleafant fleep, *Encomions* let us frame
In his due praife, that each *Olympick* game
Hath Parale'd, and made our Hills the *Scene*
Where all his manly Pafimes acted beene.
Loe! where a cry of well-mouth'd-hounds; which paffe
Actæons kennell, worke upon the Graffe
To catch the *Hare*, who flies through untract wayes,
For to prolong the period of her dayes:
But 'tis her fate, to bee in pieces torne
By thofe that follow, which refreshment fcorne
Till fhee be dead, and all the *Hunters* come,
With *Hornes* to fing, her *Epicedium*.
See how the Swallow-footed *Grey-hounds* watch
The starting of the *Hare*, and thinke to catch
Her in their chapps, ere fhee her leggs can finde,
To fcape their furie; but fh' out-goes the winde,
And is perfude as faft, till want of breath
Make her submit unto moft certaine death.
Loe! where the Racer mounted on a fteed
As fwift as *Pegafus*, or a fatall Reed
Shot from a *Scythians* bow; expecteth when
The fignall fhall be giv'n, by certaine men
Thereto appointed, that hee may begin
His speedy race, and laboureth more to win
The name of Victor, then hee doth the Caftle
Though made of Silver. There the young men wraftle,
And throw the fledge, and fperne the heavy barre
As did the *Romanes* in the field of warre.
In the circumfrence of that pop'lous ring,
Youths intermixt with maides, to memorie bring
The dauncing of the auncient *Druides*;
And *Nimphs*, the which, compared unto thefe,

Would

Cotswold Games.

Would raife dirifion ; They did rudely move ;
But thefe as truely, as the Spheares above.

Noble reftorer of th' *Olympick* Game
Vnto its former honour ; endleffe fame
Shall crowne thy well-ment actions with applaufe,
And keepe thee from *Oblivions* envi'de Iawes :
And when to *Calis* ; wee dry-shood may paffe over
Without a Barke, or fhip, thy Praife (brave *Dover*)
Shall be forgotten ; or when *Cotswold* lies
As prostrate, as the Valies, to the skies,
Fame with her Trumpe, hath fo proclaim'd thy Praife,
That thou shalt nere forgotten bee, while Dayes
And nights fucceede each other, for the Swaines
Shall make thee Patron of their fheepe, and Plaines,
In fteed of *Pan* : whereby thy name shall be
Like *Ioves*, made happy with *Eternitie*.

John Dover.

TO THE GENEROVS AND NOBLY

Minded, Mr. *Robert Dover*, on his Heroick mee-
tings at *Cotswold*.

S Vmmond by *Fame* (brave *Dover*) I can now
Tell what it was, old *Poets* meant to fhow
In the faign'd Stories of their *Pegasus*
Muses and *Mount*, which they have left to vs.
Nor neede wee wonder, fuch a flow of yeares
Should rowle away, when yet, no light appeares
Since *Prophecyes* ; and *Fates Prædiftions*
Come to be knowne, and are fulfill'd at once :

D 3

So

Cotswold Games.

So *Delphos* spake and in, a miftick fould,
Hid that at once, which acted was and tould,
What then was Tip'd by *Pegasus*? But that
Proud troupe of fiery Coursers, mustred at
Thy *Cotswold*? Where like rapid *Spheares* they hurl'd,
Straine for a Salt, the seasoning of the world.
Then the Sagatious hound, at losses mute
Alone, shewes Natures Logick in pursuite :
But at thy other meeting, hee is blinde
That cannot, *Muses* and their musicke finde,
Shewing that pleafure, would be cold, and dye
Without converfe, and noble harmony,
The Ladyes *Muses* are ; there may you chuse
A Patronesse, each Mistris, is a *Muse*.
Nor does *Apolloes* harpe ere found more high,
Then when tis vigor'd from a Ladies eye.
Now to compleat the storie. I do see
How future times will learne to Title thee.
THAT YOVTH APOLLO : So mount *Helicon*
Will *Cotswold* prove ; which shall be fain'd alone :
And sacred all, unto thy happie name,
That long shall dwell in the faire voice of *Fame* :
For great thou must be, and as first have prize,
Or else, as th' exit of old *Prophefies*.
Sic allusit Ow: Feltham.

TO

TO HIS NOBLE FREIND Mr.

Robert Dover, upon his brave *Cotswold* solemnities
and the Inscriptions on the fame.

HONORI PERPETVO.

A *CHILLES!* happy thrice, in his thrice happy *AËts*,
More happy farr, in that those much renown'd *Facts*
Of his stand on record ; immortalized still,
By sacred accent of that sweet *Meonian* quill,
Great *Alexander* reades, and is with envie blowne,
That such another was not left to blaze his owne.
Ben: Iohnsons fullen *Muse* (brave *Dover*) much envies
To vie thy sports, with that *Olimpicke* Excercise :
Nor do I strive to match thee, and thy gentle *Swaines*
Gainst *Pelius* warlike son, and his couragious *traines*,
Much lesse to ballance there, our fertile English wits,
With th' other *Grecians*, rare poetique, rapting fits.
Yet questionlesse tis true, that herein ours excell,
Cause fain'd actions he, they do truths story tell.

Nor should I flatter thee, if I chance thus proceed
Fam'd *Alexanders* hap was great, thine doth exceed :
For he (though's cheifest vote) one Poet could not have
Alive, and therefore tooke dead *Homer* to his grave.
But thy blythe *Genius* doth dull spirits so awake,
That all our *Island* streight turne Poets for thy sake,
Each striving for to fet a *Laurell* on thy head,
Whose tresses fresh and greene shall live, when thou art dead.
Drayton in marble rocke, inditeth forth thy story,
And sayes, thou hast reviv'd the golden-ages glory.
Tis needlelesse to guild gold, and yet he doth the fame
Whil'ft he enamells thy sport, by th' *Olimpicke* game.

Denny

Cotswold Games.

Denny unwinds the Clew of Antique-time againe,
And of the ages past, unreeles the snarled skaine ;
Shewes by subtraction, thou contrived haft int' one,
Fowre famous *Grecian-games*, nay all of them outgone.
Twenty pretty reasons *Tom: Randall* doth assigne,
To fre from obloquie, those frolicke sports of thine :
Prov's that they smoothly sayle on the full tide of pleasures
And yet not treading forth, sinnes guilefull mazi-measures.
But into fierie zeale, firme reason will not enter,
And therefore *Truffell* doth more boldly make adventure,
To stop those itching mouthes, and seales it with a curse ;
Denouncing him a *Hethen, Jew, or Turke*, or worse,
That gainst thy harmlesse sports, do heedlesse clamors raise
Nay that them seconds not, & crownes thy head with *Bayes*
Now this forc'd *Durham* leape t' ymp feathers on thy fame,
From *Severne* vnt' *Ifis*, from *Ifis* unto *Thame*
Vnto the *Ocean* thence, and that with rapting sound,
Makes *Columns* of the earth to dance with him this round.
Thy nephew *DOVER*, rapt on th' Egle wings of love,
With mounting Eagle layes his egge, ith' lap of *Iove*.
This prov's a sining bird, and away flutters shee,
To chirp thy actions forth, and to eternize thee.
Feltham these doubts, which doubtlesse might have task'd
The *Druid's* and *Gymnosoplifists*, had they bin ask'd ;
Disolves those Gordian knots, and easly he views ;
The riddle of that horse with wings, of mount, of muse,
Are not *Chimæraes* fond, fained, and lying fixions,
But of thy *Cotswold-games*, reall, and true predictions.
Thy greatnesse doth presage, and with's prophétique quill :
The *Muses* accesse shewes unto our *Cotswold Hill*. (check't,
Which should nere force my *Creed*, had I not bin thus
And taught thus much strang cause by this more strang efect.
For

Cotswold Games.

For I that (truft me) ne're climb'd up *Parnaffus* mount,
Nor ever fuck't one drop from the *Pierian* fount.
Paffing by chance one day nigh *Douers Castles walles* ;
Strangely into my braines a *Poets-fury* falls (could mowe
Whence ftraightway there (me thought) my lay-mans Sythe
As full and faire a cropp, as in Fames-field doth growe.
I could thy pafftimes all, deliver with much eafe
In verfe, and fuch verfe too, as beft witts needs muft pleafe.
Tell of thy hounds quick fent, and grey hounds quicker paces
Watts cunning doubles, and her double cunning mazes.
I could with eafe thy horle, and horfe-men, eafly throw,
As fwift as thought, more fwift then shafts frō *Rufian* bow.
Thefe wedded in one caufe, by a well order'd skill,
Poft, fo thy *Poft*, as with one body, fo one will.
I could in colours fet the *Rofes* glorious ftammell,
The flowre D'luces rare, and dainty various amvell,
Th' odiferous *Bafill*, nay calculate the birth,
Of all thofe gorgeous hearbs, that richly diaper the earth.
All which attir'd in their frefh and beft arraie,
With cleere *Aurora*, helpe to ufher *Dovers* day.
But question it who dares, yet doubtleffe prudent nature,
In fairely portraying forth of various formes and ftature :
From out her curious fhoppe, nere formed fuch a feature,
As is the earth's folace, and the heavens fweeteft creature.
Woman, the fair'ft of which, that day, attends thy will ;
And might obfervance have from this, my new found skill.
But that prevented heere by a precedent pen,
I'me loth in publike, to turne o're her leafe agen ;
Yet when ſhe lift command, for her more choyce delighting
Ile give her one fweete touch (which ſhe may put in) writing
But fure her prefence had, at prefent ftrooke me mute,
Had not the warbling ftringes of a well tun'd Lute,

E

Which

Cotswold Games.

Which retrograds the heavens, nigh mov's the earth to prance
And at fame instant makes our frolick Nimphs to daunce ;
Charm'd my attention firft, and then conjur'd my tongue
To beare fome one fmall part in *Dovers* glorious fong :
But prettie chirping throats of little winged Quiers,
Which sweetly Eccho, on the next adjoyning Bryers,
The Violls milder notes, and Cornets shriller noife,
To which the Bagg-pipes found, and Tabours, are but toys,
And witty Tickling tunes, with others 'fore me prattle,
Have drowned my weake voice, and make it feeme but tattle :
Therefore my Sonnett I will period ; and fo end,
Whifpring a word or two in private to my friend.

Achilles name had bin interr'd with him (*Brave Dover*)
Had not queint *Homers* mufe, fo queintly nam'd it over,
And thou pēchanc (sweet fir!) fhould'ft have outliv'd thy fam
Had'ft thou not chanc'd to find thefe trumpets for the fame,
Fell Envie might have nip't it, had not they, who can
Severely fenfure too, as well as praife a man,
Extolled thee ; but now, feare not aufterer eyes,
Since fuch have giv'n applaufe to this thine enterprize,
Whofe words thofe monuments of Fame on thee can raife,
That none can cenfure give, when they doe once but praife ;
I'le leave no coment, yet I adde this to their Text,
Flatt'ry is gone beyond, and flander wants pretext.

ex tempore & ex animo

Francis Izod.

TO

TO THE GREAT INVENTOR AND CHAMPION of the *English* Olympicks, Pythycks, Nemicks, Isthmicks; the great Architect, and Ingeneere of the Famous, and admirable Portable Fabricke of DOVER CASTLE, her Ordnance and Artillery, a true voice of Himselfe, his Games, Mirth, Fortification.

DOVER! Brave witts have fram'd an Imagerie
Of thee, thy games, sports, plays, and Chivalrie,
And in their Rimes doe wondrously excell,
Making thine auncient feates to paralell
Thee, the inventor; and have cast it foe,
As if this Image did the first out-goe.
Which when I heard, my Muse it caus'd to raife,
And bring her mite, to fortifie thy praise:
Thinke not to heare thy worth fet forth by mee,
That art a Ballad for Eternitie;
And may'ft a myrhor of all Lawyers bee
In thy Profession, for thine honestie;
It is a wonder! that I nere could see
That creature yet, that ere spake ill of thee:
The best are glad to gaine thy companie,
And doe resort thy house most frequently:
Did not great *Iove* the cave of *Ida* grace,
And it for ever make of *Fame* a place
By his descent: *Wickham* had never bin
A Towne for Gods on Earth t'have lodged in,
Had'ft thou not eterniz'd it as thy bower,
And made it ghestly for so great a power:

E 2

Thy

Cotswold Games.

Thy equalls thinke it great felicitie,
When they but dreame of thy societie ;
Inferiours, like a God doe thee adore ;
Poore wretches, thine assistance doe implore :
No young, no old, nor virgin, maid, or boy,
But doth at sight of *DOVER*, gather joy.
His mirth, his games, his engines, pleasing bee
To every sort of men, age, sex, degree.
Diana with her Nymphs did bless his birth,
His Mother, daughter was to Goddess *Mirth*,
Who did him swaddle in her Lillie smocke,
And Queene of *Fayries* made his cradle rocke ;
King *Oberon* did him dandle in his armes,
Pug sang By-Babie, with delightfull charmes ;
His *Nurse* did breed him in god *Ludus* Court,
And made him Paragon of every sport,
To rowse the World, which drooping did begin,
Vntill hee fet it on a merrie pin.
The Birds doe chirpe sweet songs, both nights and dayes,
To give Invention to the Roundelaies.
I thinke the Piles of graffe in time will daunce,
As all the horses, at his hunting prauce,
A jade will mount, and reare, and leape, and neighe,
As if he were worth Twenty pounds that daie :
The heav'ns too's sports, doe seeme to give consent
And stopp the cloudes, to crowne his merriment ;
For if with Thundrings, and with raine, the *Aire*
Hath all the weeke beene mov'd, that day proves faire.
Hee hath a power to fit all things that bee,
And make them tuneable for melodie.
What Engineere, or cunning Architect
A Fabricke of such pompe did ere erect ?

I've

Cotswold Games.

I've heard men talk, of *Castles* in the *aire*,
Inchanted *Cells*, *Towers*, *Pageants* most faire,
Fortifications, *Trophies*, *Theaters*,
Laborinths, *Puppet-workes*, strange *Meteores*,
Of those that have their substance whole spent,
To shew their *Puppets* dauncing with content ;
Of Egypts *Pharoes* stately *glasen-Tower*,
Built by King *Ptolomies* art, magick power,
Of *Cheops*, *Pyramids* ; of *Rhodes Colosse*,
Of *Ioves Olympick* golden *Ivorie Bosse* ;
These to thy famous workes compar'd, will bee
Of small account ; like them in no degree :
The walls of *Babylon* are not built like this,
The World's great wonder too't, no wonder is.
If any siedege unto this *Castle* lay,
Hee doth from thence, it presently convey :
A wonder 'tis, to see a Fort to stand,
And be transported suddainely by land ;
No Forraigne might, though of great agilitie,
To take this Fort is of abilitie.
DOVER, strange Monarchs, and their force despifeth,
Hee bowes to none, his *CHARLES* hee onely prizeth ;
Hee is Invincible to all, but one ;
To's King hee yeelds, or else hee yeelds to none.
For's Fealtie, when all forts are disbarr'd
Of Battlements, of Gunnes, and Bulwarkes marr'd,
His Castle *CHARLES* gives free fruition
Of Powder, Ordnance, all Munition :
Who durst assemble such a Troope as hee,
But might of Infurrection charged bee ;
His Souldiers, though they every one discent,
In mindes, in manners, yet his *Merriment*

E 3

Ones

Cotswold Games.

Onesthem: *Lords, Knights, Swaines, Shepheards, Churles* agree,
To crowne his sports, *Discords* make *Harmony*.

Th' *Olimpicks* first invented by great *Iove* :
When with the *Titans*, combating hee strove
For victory, and got it. Or by *Hercules*,
When he had vanquish't *Auges* king of *Elis*.
The *Pythean*, *Neman*, *Isthman*, all *Greek-games*,
Trojan or *Roman*, all have lost their names.
Or else obscurely lurked till thy age,
And fled to *Cotswold*, for new patronage :
Whose *Iove* thou art, *Gytonik-Hercules*,
Wiconick-Prestes, *Broadwaick-Scyastes*.
And if more gods of games Inventors bee :
Thou shalt contend with them for maisterie.
And what thou'ast done when thou art dead & rotten,
Shall out-last theirs, and never bee forgotten.

When sports are ended, then appeare doe free
Tokens of *DOVERS* liberallitie,
His roome will *Zerxes* Armie all containe,
His Tables nere are fill'd with guests, the plaine
So ample is, so fraught and full of store,
To take ten thousand times as many more.
His drinke from *Wickham*, reacheth to the *Hill*,
Runns night and day, carrouse may all their fill.
This *Nectar* never fayles, no god need doubt :
Of upper fittings, it to quaffe about.
Hee spares no cost, this also doth affoorde
To those that sit at any lower boorde.
None ever hungry from these games come home,
Or ere made plaint of viands, or of roome :
Hee all the rancke at night, so brave dismisses,
With Ribbands of his favour, and with bliffes.

If

Cotswold Games.

If thou'lt vouchsafe, a Ribband give to mee,
Ile tak't, as largeffe, for my *Poesie*.

NICHOLAVS WALLINGTON.

AN ENCOMIASTICKE TO THE
Noble minded Gentleman, his honored
friend, M^r. ROBERT DOVER.

MY humble *Muse* her fainting wings would raise,
To sing the storie of thy games and praise :
But she distrusts her strength, and feares she might
With downy plumes, attempt to high a flight.
The *Cotswold sports*, are taske and subject fitt
For highest raptures of a *Heaven-borne* witt :
Whose choycer spirits *Phœbus* selfe inspires,
With purest flames, of true *Promethean* fires.
And such these sports, have found, ev'n such whose veine
Contemns the baseneffe of an humble straine :
Invited by the generall voyce of Fame,
Have blaz'd the honour of brave *DOVERS* name.
And with smooth pencill, of their various *Art*,
So to the life have drawne, and limb'd each part :
That my unpollish't lines might soone deface,
Their master-peice, and rob them of due grace.
But may I then be mute? can this excuse?
The rugged *Poem* of an Art-lesse *Muse*?
It may, sith that to Royalize thy glory :
The world turnes *Chronicle*, and speakes a story,
That when thy better part affends the skie,
Shall shine example to posteritie.

Fam'd

Cotswold Games.

Fam'd *Dover* still a fresh applause shall gaine
In ev'ry age, and life from death obtaine.
Some willing *Genius*, shall thy *Manes* beare
To heaven, and fix them in some higher *Spheare*.
To which they shall add lustre, influence,
And what's more glorious ; each intelligence
Prow'd of that noble object they espy,
Shall tune their Orbs', to a new harmony.
Thus shall the world in spight of death and Fate :
Sing *Cotswold-games*, an ever-living Date.

John Ballard Oxon

ON HIS VNPARALELD AND MVCH HO-
nored freind Mr. *Robert Dover*. Achrosticon.

R enounce me *Muses* if all *Greece* can bring
O ne *Lireck* worthy, *Dovers* Acts to sing,
B linde *Homer* dead, whose *Rapture*, as 't appears
E terniz'd merrit, to a world of yeares.
R epose your toyling Witts then ; who would raise
T rophies of endlesse Fame, unto his *Praise*-
D eserving *Honor* ; which with Glory shall
O utlast Times-age, and the Worlds funerall :
V nlesse in your *Encomions* yee confesse,
E ach line yee write detract, each word no lesse,
R ecorning *Dovers* matchlesse worthinesse.

Anagr : Mr. } More du'or better Arts. *I'me sure then mine,*
Rob. Dover. } *Must raise his Praise, worths onely Magazine.*

ROBERTVS DOVERUS.

Anagramma :

DO ROBVR ET VERSVS. *Sic ingenuè confitetur.*

To whose blest name, by some Devine Instinct, Timotheus Ogle.
The Strength and Life of Poesie is Linck't.

TO

TO THE WORTHY GENTLEMAN
and his constant true friend, Mr. *Robert Dover*,
on his brave assemblies upon *Cotswold*.

World of Concepts, thou magazine of sport,
Quintessence of Witt, without whom all amote,
Flat lies the world, Thou nature's Symmetrie:
Cabinet of mirth, Desires Sympathy.

Sol entertaining *Thetis*, never gave
More satisfying Solace, then they have
At thy brave Race, invented by thy skill
(Heroick *Dover*) upon *Cotswold Hill*.

Would heavens delight in any worldly sport,
Or *Iove* inhabite any earthly Fort.
On *Cotswold-hills*, all day repast they might:
In *Dover-Castle*, take repose all night.

Pan may goe pipe in barren *Malverne-chace*,
The Fawnes and *Satyres* seeke some other place.
Cotswold is now th' Epitomie of mirth:
And joy prefaged erst, is come to birth.

Olimpicke, *Isthmicke*, all Yee *Pythicke* playes,
Resigne your right, let all *Arcadia* praise
One *Cotswold*, and preferre, by many odds
Dover, before your feigned merry gods.

Tempe's a Toy, and what's *Elizium*?
To *Cotswold* now, a very *Barathrum*.
Summon the world, exenterate old stories:
They must vaile Bonnet unto *Dover's* glories.

F

Heavens

Cotswold Games.

Heavens Canonize your Saints. Earth will invent
A better Tombe, then ever *Mecha* ment
To *Mahomet*, of Pearle and Adamant :
Materialls of a richer worth they want.

Earth's fabrick be, *Egipts* Pyramids,
On them *Mausolus* Tombe up to the skies :
To beare his body, till *Iove* deifie
His purer parts, with an eternitie.

This Epitaph his Noble *Vrne* shall cover,
COTSWOLDS ETERNIZER, ROBERT DOVER.
Whose Anagram by after ages read,
Ecchoes his Fame thus : O *most rare ! True bred.*

MASTER ROBERT DOVER.

Anagram.

O most rare ! True-Bred.

William Ambrose.

TO THE HEROICK AND GENE-
rous minded Gentleman, M^r. *Robert Dover*,
on his yearely assemblies upon COTSWOLD.

DRaw forth the vivall substance of your spring,
You Sisters nine, and tune your notes to sing
Some brave *Encomions*, truely to discover,
The well deserved praise, of worthy *DOVER*.
Make him to live in spight of *Time* and *Death* ;
So long, as any mortalls draw their breath.

That

Cotswold Games.

That after ages hearing of the merrit,
And true desert, of *Dovers* matchlesse spirit ;
May loofe their fences, in the winding Maze
Of Admiration, when they heare his praife.
Those *Cotswold-Hills*, from whence his fame doth rise
Above the clowdes, up to the starrie skies ;
Shall be with old *Olimpus* paralleld.
(Which for brave sport was never yet excel'd)
For *Dover* now, on *Cotswold* doth revive,
Each yeare thofe games, which were but once in five.
One fain'd *Olimpus*, why then should we feare
These *Cotswold*, to th' *Olimpicke* games compare ?
For after ages will so well improve it,
That it may be compar'd, nay fam'd above it.
Then shall the *Cotswold* Shepheards roundelays,
Be onely fram'd, to chaunt the Authors praife.
And never shall brave *Dovers* glorie die :
So long, as *Poets* write a Poefie.

William Bellas.

TO HIS MVCH RESPECTED

Vncle M^r. *Robert Dover.*

L Ov'd Vncle I could praife you, but I knowe
Detraction will be ready to undoe,
And ravell out my skaines, ere they can well
Bee strech't upon the Looome : else I could tell
As others doe, how you renew the storie,
Of the *Olimpicke* games, adding fresh glorie
Not to the Viſtor ; but each feverall *Vrme*,
That but entom'd the duft of him, durft ſpurne

F 2

Olimpick

Cotswold Games.

Olympick dust ; But Ile not vrge your Meed :
In mee, it would be thought for to proceed
Not out of Iudgement, but affection,
Or something that I dream't not on ;
But I will love, and cherish their thank't paines,
That to eternize you with powerfull straines,
Have drench't them in the *Heleconian* Spring,
Thence for'd aloft, mounted on *Fam's* bright wing,
And hovering over *Cotswold*, tun'd their Laies
With all fweet Harmony, to chant your praise ;
That I were worthy to assist these Swaines !
But Ile looke on, and Iustifie their paines.

Thomas Cole. Oxon.

TO THE NOBLE AND FAYRE

Asssemblies, the harmonious concourse of
Muses, and their Ioviall entertainer, my
right Generous Friend, Master

ROBERT DOVER

upon Cotswold.

I.

YOU faire assemblies, that renowne
These Mountaines with th' Olimpick sport,
And Sifters sweete, that make this downe
Parnassus like, by your refort,
Since Shepherds of each neighbour'd Towne,
Enamour'd of your rare report :
Their honours to this meeting bring,
Yee looke your Swaine, his part should sing.

2 For

Cotswold Games.

2.

For Songs as fweete, as hallowes deepe,
Deserves the sport, whose harmlesse ends
Are to helpe Nature, life to keepe,
And fecond Love, in joyning friends,
That neither breakes the loofers sleepe,
Nor winner, home Triumphant fends,
Where none, a little gold fo spent,
Nor Time more pretious, need repent.

3.

Where no vaine Card, nor witching dy,
Doth Gamster strip, of lands, or clothes,
No impious mouth, makes blushing sky,
Reverberate with thundring oathes ;
Nor Earth's neate face, doth flubber'd lie
In foule exceffe, that nature loathes :
Furies that Masque, in shapes of sport,
And sted of lengthning, cut life short.

4.

But where men meet, not for delight
So much, as for delight to meete,
And where to use their Pastime right,
They make it not so great, as fweete ;
Where Love, doth more then gaine invite,
Hands part at last, as first they greete,
And loofers none ; where all that's plaid,
With friendship won, may not be weigh'd.

5.

Where horfe not for his price, doth ride,
More then his truth (a match as faire)
And Grey-hound is, for Coller tride,
More then for death of harmlesse Hare :

F 3

And

Cotswold Games.

And kennells pack't, that how they cry'd,
Not what they kill'd, men may declare ;
For hunters most heroyick, are they,
That seeke the prise, and shun the prey.

6.

Where bountifull horizons give,
Vs shepheards leave, that walke on foote,
As long to see the Leurett live,
As hee that rides with bloodie boote,
Where *Cinthias* horne, and *Floras* five,
Give Viletts breath, and Cowflipps roote,
And Lillies chafte, by chaster treads,
Of Damfells, more perfume their Beds.

7.

Brave DOVER, from whose Ioviall hand,
Their yearly Life, these revells take
In mid't whereof, doth shining stand
Thy Castle built, for solace sake,
Which is so well, with vertue man'd,
That vice, dare no approaches make :
Still may thy ports, all good retaine,
And Ordnance batter all that's vaine.

8.

The Sun, the day will then delay,
Still more to view, thy Troupes so sweete,
The Earth will lay with carpets gay,
Her bosome, for their gentle feete,
Aprill, and May, strive which of they,
Most freshly shall thee yeerely meete :
And learned Nymphs, by *Stower* sing,
As by the *Pegasean* Spring.

9. For

Cotswold Games.

9.

For of all honours to thy sport
Tis not the least that thou did'st chuse,
To furnish thy renowned Fort,
With straines of every gentle Muse,
For by the power of their report,
New ages still, doe old peruse,
Forbidding Time, or Hate, to kill,
Deeds honest, fav'd by honest quill.

10.

Enough of this, the flendrest Oate,
That Mirth hath to your Mountaine brought,
But Muses just, from Shepherds throate,
Except no more then they have taught.
But now if Art will lend a noate,
where shee, has borrowed many a thought,
To Pipe, or Lyre, or Violl strung,
Which others reade ; let mee bee sung.

—— *dulcia suntque*
Rarius eveniunt solatia ——

William Baffe.

TO THE YOUTH OF *COTSWOLD*,

On Mr. *Robert Dover*, his annuall meetings.

Come all you lively Swaines,
Come all that haunt the plaines
Of *Cotswold*, let us bring
Some timely offering :
First *Dovers* Statue fix,
Then Maides, and young-men mix,

And

Cotswold Games.

And whil'ft you daunce a round,
Let Eccho's thrill refound,
With lowd fhouts, *This is Hee*
Renues our Iollitie.
Then let a Virgin led,
With two Lads, crowne his head :
And when the wreath is fitt,
All once more, circle it.
And follemnlie proteft :
To keepe his yearely Feaft.

By Captaine *John Meneſe.*

TO THE NOBLE DISPOSED LADIES,
and Gentlewomen, affembled in Whitſon-weeke,
upon *Cotſwold* at the Revells there revived
and continued, by Heroicke
DOVER.

H Ad I the Pearles of *Inde*, or gold of *Ophir*,
My duty to your beauties, now ſhould offer
Gems, worthy the acceptance ; or if I
Were able to expreſſe ſufficiently
My will, to doe you ſervice, I would ſtrive
In raptures, to tranſcend comparative :
And beyond all degrees Superlative ;
Make your beſt glories, the laſt age ſurvive.
But ſince the moſt of my beſt meanes affords,
Not wealth to correſpond my will, nor words
Powerfull enough, your glories to rechaunt,
Vouchſafe mee leave, to wiſh you, what I want.

May

Cotswold Games.

May every object of each severall fence,
To each particular, you yeeld excellence,
And let each thing, what's ever seene, or felt,
Or howsoever tasted, heard, or smelt ;
Crowne all your pastime, with that full delight,
Which may exceede, the wish of Apetite.
Let those ill motives, which crosse pastime, scorne,
And pride, be wholly at that time forborne :
And let each one, strive to excell each other,
In love and curtisie ; and the one with th' other,
Ioyne heart and hand, with mutuall consent,
To symbolize, each others merriment.
Then if there may be found, an heaven on earth.
(As nothing can come neerer then true mirth,
To heavenly joyes) let it be heere ; o! never
Let mirth decay ; but bee beginning ever.
The Author so, and Actors of this *Mirth*,
Shall make *Elizium* visible on *Earth*.

JOHN TRVSELL.

TO THE DARLING OF THE

Muses, and *Genius* of *Cotswold*, his hono-
red brother M^r. *Robert Dover*.

O Ne boast's his love, this man t'expresse his skill,
Makes thee the subject, of his learned quill :
(*Deere Dover*) whilest he swears t'advance thy praise,
Who had't alone the Art, and power to raise
sad *Niobe*, no more a frozen stone,
But dauncing to thy *Mirth*, is frolicke growne.

G

Tis

Cotswold Games.

Tis so, and now the fwarthy Shepheard fings,
Of loves, and fairy Knights; charmes the soft strings
Of sweete *Alcæus* Lute; the Country Lasse,
Curles her smooth tresse, then lookes her in the glasse
If all be right; can tell unto a haire,
How farre the line will take, and whom, and where:
If *Thenot* be not he; *Collen*, she knowes
Kindles into a flame, when she but blowes.
Thine was this Magick *DOVER*; Time will say,
Thou wert the *Amphion*, wonder of this day;
That thus, could'ft civilize, the untun'd Swaine;
And of rude cords, compose so sweet a straine.
Cotswold, that barren was; and rough before:
Is *Tempe* now become, *Cotswold* no more.

WILLIAM COLE.

A New-yeares-guift.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MASTER

Robert Dover, upon his Olimpicke sports
on *Cotswold Hills*.

I Feare my Muse (*Brave Dover*) shent will bee,
So slenderly, for daring fings of thee.
To fings of thee, who is it will not aske,
Do'ft not require, another *Homers* taske?
I never saw thy Castle, nor thy Hounds,
Nor any part of those *Olimpicke* grounds,
Thy Horfe-hoofe graceth on thy Hunting day:
Wherewith more grac'd, then with spangled *May*.

But

Cotswold Games.

But when I see thy yearly favour (*Yellow*)
Worne in thy Hunts-mans-cap (the only fellow)
I then doe muse, why any *Muse* should bee,
Else way imployd, save to sing of thee.
And vow their best, for ever more to keepe,
Dover from death, and *Dovers* fame from sleepe.
Such good decorum, in thy mirth to bee,
In such a concourse, such a companie :
Such honest mirth, and company so faire,
No oath's, nor curses, to infect the Aire ;
No fightings, quarrels (as I heare report)
Makes it more lawfull ; Thee admir'd for't.
Could I bring up my *Muse*, unto my will,
The earth's vast ground, I'de with thy praises fill.
I'de teach each Nation, in his proper name :
To talke of *Dover*, and his hunting *Game*.
I'de make the *Sarazen*, and *Prester-John*,
The ancient *Saxon*, and the Spanish *Don*
Discourse of thee ; and when my lines, they view,
Earnestly cry ; O that we *Dover* Knew.

But soft (dull *Muse*) shent thou wilt bee indeed,
The subject's lofty, thou had'st best take heed.
End then and say, if that thou had'st thy drift,
Dover should haue, a better *New-yeares-gift*.

Feryman Rutter.

TO MY KIND COSEN, AND NOBLE
Friend, M^r. *Robert Dover*, on his sports
upon *Cotswold*.

THe *Pythean* games, made to *Apolloes* praise,
The *Lydeans* vs'd in the elder dayes,
Whose zeale unto that deitie was showne,
In Active sports, till then, were never knowne.

G 2

The

Cotswold Games.

The *Grecians* next (a Nation of great *Fame*)
To stout *Alcydes* make the *Olimpick* game.
Which Games each *Lustrum*, they with great expence
Perform'd with state, and true Magnificence.
Mycene, and *Argos*, and prow'd *Sparta* hight,
From thence, each Spritfull Lord, and Active Knight
Went up *Olimpus Mountaine* Top, to try
Who in their *Games* could win the Victory.
Wraftling, Running, Leaping, were games of Prize,
Courfing with Charriots, a prime exercise.
Contention there, with Poetts and Musitions,
Great emulation 'mongst the *Rethoritions* ;
And crown'd with garland, from the Olive tree
Hee was, in those games, wan the victory.
And to these games, came Nations farre and nighe,
From *Phrigia*, *Caria*, and from *Theffalie*,
From *Licia*, *Styria*, and from *Dacia*,
From *Misfia*, *Syria*, and from *Thracia* ;
But when those games, the *Grecians* left, they flie,
To ease, to Luft, from Luft, to Luxury.
Then stept the Souldier in, with Conquering Blade,
And in a moment, of *Greece*, Conquest made :
Then lay the *Argives* honour in the dust,
When none but *Phillips* sonne, *Greece* governe must,
Then *Brutus* Grand-fire, *Pious Eneas*, hee
Reviv'd those games in firtile *Sycilie*,
Amongst his wearied *Trojans*, then on shore,
To shew the duty, hee *Anchises* bore.
Cloanthus in Boate-rowing, wan the Prife,
Eurialus through *Nifus* subtilities
Gaines the reward in running : and anon,
The Prize in shooting, wins *Eurition* . :

Eutellus

Cotswold Games.

Eutellus, hee at *Cæsus* had the best,
In mighty strength surpassing all the rest.
Such were the old Worlds sports ; now transferr'd over
Into our *Cotswold*, by thee, Worthy *DOVER*.
The *Pythian*, *Grecian*, and the *Trojan* playes,
Are hardly match to those, that Thou doest raise :
Thy sports are meerely harmelesse, such they bee,
Augment the bond of Love, and Vnitie,
And likewise are, more warre-like then the old :
Instance thy Roaring *Cannons* on the wold,
Which from thy Castle, rattle to the skies,
As if *Ioves* Thunder, they did equallize.
Thy Horfe-race, Grey-hound-course, hunting, with the rest,
Are gentle Sports, approved by the best ;
And last ; Thy favours which thou giv'st away,
Five hundred Gallants weare a Twelve-monthes Day.
For which thy Fame, and thy deserved Praife,
Is chaunted in each Shepherds Roundelayes :
There's not a Bird that warbleth in the spring,
But chirps thy glory in his Carolling.
Nymphes, *Fawnes* and *Satyres*, *Thessaly* have fled,
And pleafant *Tempe* have abandoned ;
Keeping their Revells now on *Cotswold* downes,
In thy great honour, dauncing Maskes, and Rownes :
Which tunes the silvan Queristers doe sing,
By *Pan* instructed for their Revelling :
Since *Nymphes* and *Fayres* strive to grace thy playes,
I cannot but applaud them in my Layes,
And wish to thee all Peace, Ioy, free Content
For these thy Sports, and harmelesse Merriment.

John Stratford.

G 3

TO

TO THE ETERNIZD FAME OF
Cotswold Hills, honoured with those Olimpick
Affsemblies of my worthy Father-in-law, M^r.
ROBERT DOVER.

I Know (Renowned Hills) your Tumors strive
To tell the world, That *DOVER* is alive ;
(Whose name, shall prosper to Eternitie :)
And how your Swaines, will leave Posteritie
Sphære-tuned Sonnets ; which his pastime call,
The Authour, of their merry Festivall.
I know y' are Fam'd, for Prospect, wealth, delight,
(Yet *DOVERS* meetings, graceth most your fight ;))
You hereby doe possesse the honour'd names
Of sweet *Arcadia*, and th' Olimpick Games,
And though your stor'd *Tempean* fields with pleasure
Flow ; bringing out of your hidden Treasure
Neptunes choice darling *Thames*, and Protean *Ifis* ;
These honors gain'd by him, of greater price is :
And this augments your glory, that your flocks
You'le deigne to fold, yeelding your breasts and locks
Prostrate to th' hooffes of his Aire-trampling Naggs,
When they approach (summond by's yellow flaggs)
Who is't not faves, hearing his pack of Hounds,
(Whose shrill-mouth'd mufick, ecchoing refounds)
Apollo or *Diana's* hunting there ?
Or some great power, shot from as high a Spheare :
But why strive I to amplifie your pride
With these Applauds, when't cannot be deny'd,

But

Cotswold Games.

But yee are made the Theater of *Love*
On which the *Muses* act a Scene of Love :
Fresh Aprills hunting, and Iunes Roundelayes
Contend (in *Dovers* name) to make your praise
Out-swell the *Alpes*, or high *Pyrenean* Hills.
And more ; two dayes, fore-seeing Fate, distills
In Kalenders ; as Tribute to his name,
The Authour of your Glory, *Cotswold* Fame.
And Time growne old, hereafter poaring on
His day-noates, in his Enchiridion,
Finding perhappes some Letters of thy Game
Deleete, with Diamond shall re-write the fame :
And for no place beneath *Loves* Throne, is fit
T' inculp't ; when any Saint-like soule shall flit
From hence, to heaven, Let her reflect her Eyne
With the Transparant heavenly Christaline,
And there, out of the reach of humane hands,
She shall discoveer how *Heroe* stands.

Thomas Sanford.

A DIALOGVE BETWEENE *TIME*

And *Fame*, on M^r. *Dovers* anniverfarie sports
ON COTSWOLD.

TIME, FAME.

Time. **W**Hat trumpets shrill found, fills mine eares ?
Fame. Tis Fames, (games,
That brings thee joyful news (old *Time*) of
And princely sports, sprang up ; transcending farre
The *Grecian*, *Roman*, and the emulous *Car-*

thagian

Cotswold Games.

thagian Heroes proud shewes, when they moft
Swolne with their wealth and leafure, would acoft
Vulgar applaufe. On *Cotswold hills* there meets
A greater troope of Gallants, then *Romes* streets
Ere faw in *Pompeys* triumphs : Beauties too
More then *Dianaes* Beavie of *Nimphes* could shew,
On their great hunting daies : There in the morne,
When bright *Aurora* peepes, a Bugle horne
The fummons gives, freight thousands fill the plaines
On ftately courfers ; whofe rich plumes and maines
Excell th' admired *Bucephalls* there ; thefe
Enuying each others pompe ; ftriving to please
Themfelues and mafters, champe their fcornd Lores,
Trample the groaning earth, paying their fcores
Of Provender in lofty curvetts : Thefe
In their swift courfe, beclowd the azure skies
With fmoake from fierie noftrills blowne ; and flakes
Of fire circle their fparkling eyes : Earth-quake
Their Iron-hoofes begett ; wherewith they rend
Old *Veftas* verdant Roabe. The earth they fend
In *Atomes* to the heaven : there the lowd cry
Of hounds through liquid Aire, doe pierce the skie.
And charmes the lightning gods ; and grey-hounds there
Swifter then lightning, courfe the flying Hare.
This done ; a Virgin-crew of matchleffe choyce,
Nimbly fet forth, attended with a noyfe
Of mufique fweet ; excelling that of Sphears ;
Whofe well-kept Diapazon, ravifh'd theirs
Of all that's fenfitive. Thefe *Nimphes* advance
Themfelves, with fuch a comely grace to daunce ;
Each with her Gallant pair'd, that all who fee
Their cunning motion, and Agillitie,

Are

Cotfwold Games.

Are strucke with admiration ; thus they spend
Their sportfull time, till th' envious Sun giv's end
To it, and day.

Time. This newes revives my blood,
Shakes off my *Iron-coate* ; this brings the good
And golden one, my infancie first wore :
Nere was this Famous *Iste* honour'd before,
With such brave games, since that brave *Heroe* dy'd
The world's chiefe worthy ; and stout *Brittons* pryde,
Arthur, with his rotund of Knights. What's hee
That instituts these Kingly sports and glee ?

Fame. It is a noble soule, joviall, and free
As th' aire, hospitable, and wittie.
Well mounted comes he there, attended on
By thousands of the flower of *Albion*.
Grave as a *Perfian Sophie*, his aspect
Circled with beames of Reverence, drawes respect
From each spectator. Noble *DOVER* hight,
Well knowne to all.

Time. Sure he's a worthy Wight !
What is each victors prize ?

Fame. No small reward :
A Castle, *Dover Castle*, whose true guard
Speakes in the voyce of angrie *Iove* ; to foes
Thunder, and lightning : but to friends, it shoves
All courteous entertainment.

Time. A guerdion fure
Worthy the brave *Dover*. *DOVER* shall dure
For ever ; For this a Monument Ile build
To him of *Parian Marble*, wrought by well skil'd
And rare Artificers ; embos'd, and chaf'd,
'T shall be with occidentall gold ; quicke haft

H

Shall

Cotswold Games.

Shall fetch me *Rubies* from the Orient Rocks,
Saphires, all gemms, which *Memnons* mother locks
In her rich cheft ; t'adorne this *Peice* : great *Iove* !
It fhall furpaffe thy ftatue plac'd above,
Improv'd *Olimpus* ; the worlds third wonder :
And heere laft (maugre thy clapps of thunder)
While I fhall live.

Fame. And I will found his praife,
Through the Earth's Center, to th' antipodes,
Both Poles fhall ring therewith ; and th' axle cracke
To beare its weight : fo *Dovers* worth fhall lacke
No helpe of *Fame* ; 'tis fitting fuch as hee
Should ftill be crown'd with *Immortalitie*.

Robert Griffin.

TO MY WORTHY FREIND, Mr.
Dover, on his sports upon *Cotswold Hills*.

Who's this reneweth the old World ? and brings
Tempe to *Cotswold* ? Draws the sports of Kings
From farre *Olimpus* hither ? Makes the Games
Of *Hide-parke* common : as their Citie Dames ?
Drawne in their Hackney-coaches : Heere none paie
(As there) to fee the follies of the day ;
(Nay of the night) committed ; And that sport
Bought dearer by a fecond : Our refort
Vpon thefe plaines is better : like the fpring,
Each in his native habite ; where the Ring
Of Country Gentiles, and the neighbourhood
Practife their sports (their Emblems) free and good :
Sports harmeleffe, where the Hound, and nimble horfe,
Orerunes the quickeft eye (no mafters purfe.)

Sports

Cotswold Games.

Sports lawfull as their Authour (not within
The Statute) warre-like sports, where the lowd dinn
Of Cannons, drowne the common Peoples cries,
And with their breath and fmoke, thicken the skies.

Aske you the Authours name? *Dover is hee*
To whom *Fame* founds an *Epiphonemy*.

John Cole.

TO THE NOBLE, AND HIS MVCH
Reverenced God-father Mr. *Robert Dover*, this
Encomiaftick upon his anniverfarie meetings on
Cotswald Hills.

W^Ere I a Stranger, and had onely past
Along the now fam'd *Cotswold hills*, in haft,
And View'd your annual sports, perhaps my Pen
By my constrained haft had, filenc'd been ;
But since I often in these pastimes shar'd,
(With which the best that *Greece* ere saw compar'd,
Are but meere toys ;) my tender infant Muse,
(Tis duty makes her speake, shee cannot chuse)
Weake though shee bee, will strive to lifpe a verse,
To spread thy praise abroad the universe.
Had that brave Hunts-man, beene so highly blest,
(Whom chafte *Diana* blusht into a beast)
As that your deep-mouth'd pack had rang his knell,
Or that his owne had done but halfe so well ;
H'ad nere made halfe that mone, and in his feares,
Looke backe, in hope to rate them with his teares.
Tis hard to say, whether feare had made him flie,
Or joy, to heare this killjng melodie.

H 2

Had

Cotswold Games.

Had *Cephalus* his *Lelaps*, which once chac't
That beaft, which *Venus* fent, for to lay waft
The famous *Thebes* ; had hee beene halfe fo feete,
As are thofe Grey-hounds, which with feather'd feete,
Fly ore your pleafant downes, it had not beene ;
That after ages, ever fhould have feene
Them turn'd to marble : no, this fpeed of his
Prevented had a *Metamorphofis* :
For then had furely feaz'd the Beaft upon ;
Ere *Love* could thinke, or turne them into ftone.
Had former times, feene with what nimble pace
Your Courfers poafted, ore th' undinted face
O' th earth ; their breath they never would have fpent
In praying *Alexanders* hackney ; nor have fent
An Embaffy, to begge at *Pernaffus*,
An Epitaph, for founder'd *Pegasus* :
No, they had learn'd more wit, and kept their praife
For thefe unequal'd Prauncers of our dayes.
Had niggard *Tarquin*, bought thofe precious Bookes
Sybilla fent him by a Hagg (whofe lookes
Perchance did fpoile her markets) wee had read
What fhee of harmeleffe Mirth's Reftorer fed ;
Which is your noble felfe : whofe famous deeds
By learned *Poets* pens, and well tund reeds
Of more Ingenious Shepheards fhall be fung,
In fpite of Envies rotten teeth, as long
As *Phæbus* is Heavens Curl'd-pate Chariter,
And Twinckling *Will*, the Northern Waggoner.

Robert Durham.

TO

TO HER MODEST MIRTH-MAKING

Friend Mr. Robert Dover, this pastorall Pipe, by
the name of a *Syrinx*, dedicates her selfe, with
her annexed *Annagrams*.

Immeriti Authoris opus.

Τῆς ἐκκλησίας ἁγίου ουανοθεν φυλακος.

Dos et Robur versu.

Rubor et dos versu.

Robertus Doverus.

<i>Sing, Sing, Sing, Numen, Lumen, Numen,</i>	20
<i>Pretty Lady Nymphs, and all yee young-men ;</i>	19
<i>* Mirths deitie: for a laught at his birth, and he will smile at his ending:</i>	18
<i>Ballanced rejec̄teth. But his merry, merry heart doth inherit</i>	17
<i>Lowdly echoed praises: nor timerously his just merrit,</i>	16
<i>For he little valueth the pompious Turk-like Sopheys</i>	15
<i>This subsideriall rundle: him I deck with Trophies,</i>	14
<i>Which whirryeth his Fame in circuit all over</i>	13
<i>Whose nimble motion is like the first mover,</i>	12
<i>Heroick, spritefull, mirth-making Dover,</i>	11
<i>Above the rest, my best dearest lover,</i>	10
<i>* (Richest favours) friendly befriending.</i>	9
<i>Showring downe, lovely sweet kisses,</i>	8
<i>With more then humane blisses,</i>	7
<i>To whom my rayes give light,</i>	6
<i>Doe deck, every wight,</i>	5
<i>Above the skie,</i>	4
<i>Modesty,</i>	3
<i>Lady</i>	2
<i>I</i>	1

H 3

Verus Rubor dotes. } *Ana.*
Robertus Doverus. }

TO

*Syrinx sine fistula pastoricia Constantis,
Ex centum et nonaginta Sillabis.*

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MR. ROBERT

Dover, on his famous yeerely assemblies, upon *Cotswold*.

TO write thy praises, how shall I begin
(O *Noble Dover*) who hast brought us in,
Pastimes, of which, though we have often read,
Yet nere before, did see them practised.
Fame makes report, of the Olimpicke games,
The *Isthmian*, and the *Pithean* likewise names :
Of *Roman* Theaters, wherein have beene
All sorts of sports, and exercises seene :
What they can boast of, thou hast made thy owne,
By imitating of the good alone.
For some of theirs, were full of barbarous strife :
They tooke away, but thou preservest life.
Societie, the blisse of human kinde,
By thee's maintain'd, and exercis'd the minde ;
And such thy pastimes are (the more thy praise,)
As may deserve the Mirtle, and the *Bayes*.
For though some of thy sports, most man-like bee,
Yet are they link'd with peace, and modestie.
Here all in th' one, and selfe-same spheare do move,
Nor strive so much to win by force, as love.
So well the rudest, and most Rusticke Swaines,
Are managed, by thy industrious paines.
The ablest wits, shall glory to thee raise,
And both thy order, and invention praise.
Ladies, delighted with thy pleasing straines,
Shall laud thee, as they solace on the plaines.

And

Cotswold Games.

And greateft Lords, they fhall admire to fee
Old *Cotswold* cloth'd, with fuch varietie.
For when thy feverall pafetimes, fhall be view'd,
Who will not thinke, the golden age renew'd.
The Country lasses, in the mid't of mirth,
Shall thinke of thee, that gave their pleafures birth :
Shepeards, thy praife fhall fing, in well-tun'd verfe ;
And even the rvrral Swaines, thy fame rehearfe.
Lords, Ladies, Shepheards, Country people all,
Shall fpeake in praife of DOVERS festivall.
And when thou'rt dead, all forts of men fhall ftrive,
(Although not thee) to keepe thy fame alive. *John Monfon.*

TO THE HEROICK FOVNDER, AND
maintainer of *Dover Caftle.*

R Vnne on thy race (brave DOVER) till thou gaine,
The prize from *Royston*, and *New-market* plaine,
And call from the farr North, the *Brigants* bold,
To doe their Homage, to thy Caftle hold.
With Hound and Horfe : fhoot from thy fierie Fort,
That *Brackley* may ftrike Sayle, at thy report.
Bannfteed, and *Sarum*, all their glory yeeld
To thy *Olimpicke* fports, and give the field
To more fam'd *Cotswold* : where like *Perfeus* brave
(The fonne of *Iove*) who with his horfe foote, gave
A fountaine to the *Mufes* ; thou mayft ftrike
The hills with prowde hoofes, and caufe the like ;
Whofe devine liquor, may new Poets raife
In high ftrain'd numbers, to record thy praife.
But yet thou need'ft no Poets to rehearfe
Thy praifes, or to Impe with borrowed verfe.

Thy

Cotswold Games.

Thy full-plum'd glory, neither need'ft thou put
Thy name in Braffe, nor yet in sculpture cut
Thy comly vizege, for whil'ft *Dover-Peere*,
Her horned Clifts, into the Clowds doth reare,
Thy name fhall flourish, though there ftands a Fort,
That threatens Warr, and thine inviteth fport :
Yet both fhall famous bee, to feverall ends,
That, to repell foes, thine, to wellcome friends.

Walton Poole.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, Mr. ROBERT

Dover concerning his Dover Caftle, and Cotswold Olimpicks.

I Ngenious *Dover* ; did ambition draw
Thy minde, out of the limmits of thy law,
To make a Mountaine, but a monument
For fhort Corps ? or was it thy intent,
That thofe old hils, fhould be made young by thee ?
And with thy name, ftrove for eternitie ?
Or (tell me) could not ought, thy humor please,
But the great ftile, of *Cotswold Hercules*
Founder of our *Olimpicks* ? Shall I blame
Thy building Caftles in the Ayre of Fame,
Which will as long ftand out, as fhall thofe Hills,
Againft times envie, or time-pleafers wills ?
O no, thy Caftle fhall excede as farre,
Th' other *Dovers*, as fweet peace, doth warre :
Be of more ufe, then Sea-markes, or that hand
Which in croffe-waies, points to the right by land.
And thofe two days of thine, (perhaps) will ftir
Some Saints to wrath, thruft out of Callender.

Thou

Cotswold Games.

Thou mai'ft lie ftill, but for fome Months, thofe gon
Thou'lt have thy yeerely Refurrection.
And when all other dead men, take a Roome
Below, and fleep, thou'lt live above thy Tombe.

ROBERTVS DOVERVS.

Anagramma.

RVRSVS VT BEOR DEO.

*Tot pecudes cernens, fegetes tot pascua montis,
monticula hæc dixit, Iam beor ipse deo,
DOVERI asperit ludos, & Olimpica clara,
dixit, et ecce deo rurfus ut ipse beor.*

Richardus Wells.

TO MY LOVING FRIEND Mr. ROBERT DOVER.

SIR,

IT oft falls out (as now it doth to mee)
That he which did intend to travell farre,
And more then his own native Country fee :
Falls by the way, into fome cafuall Iarre,
So ftayes his Voyage, doth not croffe the Seaes,
But foone returnes, where he may quiet bee,
With his domesticks, and there take his ease.
This is my cafe, though thofe great witts agree,
That fing in honour of thy *Cotswold Hills*,
And write fuch lofty ftaines of Poetry,
As daunts my Pen, to mixe among their quills,
Vntill it gaines a better faculty.
For loth I am that my ill-tuterd lines
Should by their bad reflects difparage thee.
And thou too much indulgent to my rimes,

I

Might

Cotswold Games.

Might let them passe, and willingly ore-fee
That which the world would taxe, Therefore I stay
My first designe, and to thy curtesie,
Make it my suite to gaine a longer day,
Vntill my Muse gets more abilitie :
Then when her wings be Imp'd, and fit to flie,
With those thy Noble friends, Ile come to thee,
And crave my Name may be advanc'd so hie,
As to be honor'd with their Companie :
Till then (*Brave Dover*) doe me so much grace,
To spare for me within thy booke a place.

Your Reall Friend
WILLIAM FORTHE

TO Mr. *ROBERT DOVER*, VPON HIS
Annuall sports at *Cotswold*.

HEare you bad owners, of inclosed grounds,
That have your soules as narrow as your bounds ;
When you have rob'd the earth of her increase,
Stor'd up that fading treasure, and spoke peace
Vnto your wretched thoughts ; the barren field
Of *Cotswold*, and those emulous hills shall yeeld
A crop of Honour, unto *Dovers* Name,
Richer then all your stacks, or barnes containe.
Shepherds rejoyce, tis hee shall make you free,
And every yeere proclaime a Iubilee :
Hee shall invite there, many a lustie Swaine,
To strive in hope of glory, and of gaine :
Pan for his sake, shall often passe that way,
And make your Mountaines, his *Arcadia*.

No

Cotswold Games.

No venom'd rott, shall cause your sheepe to die,
But all your flocks and folds shall multiplie.
For every Ewe, shall beare two Lambes a piece,
And every Ramme shall weare a silver fleece ;
The best of all their wooll, the destinies
Shall chuse to spin out *Dovers* happy dayes.
No more let *Ida* now perfume at all,
To boast of *Ioves* theft, or the golden ball,
Nor of the Graces, dauncing on the plaine,
For heere are fairer objects to detaine
The gazers eye : Thousands upon this greene,
Shall each like *Venus*, and *Adonis* feeme ;
And yet not one of all that numerous presse
Shall feare his death, or hee, her wantonneffe.
They shall be busied with a better game,
And spend their strength in a more vertuous flame :
Heere some with wrastring, shall prove mastery,
Others in hunting try their Chivalrie,
With running, Leaping, throwing of the barre :
And then the Nimphes, each like a moving starre,
Shall dance for prife, all with their active sport
Make it like *Mars* his, or like *Cinthia's* court.
Apollo there, shall plant his youthfull tree,
And compasse Garlands for their victory.
The ground, so soone as with their feete tis prest,
Shall with a faire imbroidery be drest,
And trees shall feele an influence from their heate,
And every Thorne, or Bush, shall Balsam sweate :
The Ayre shall raise up Eccho from her den,
Who viewing thee, with as much zeale as when
Shee lov'd *Narcissus*, shall run poast to Fame,
And borrow her shrill Trumpet to Proclaime

I 2

Thy

Cotswold Games.

Thy prayse, whose repercussive sounds, shall strike
Those playnes enamor'd on thy worth : then like
Lines from the center drawne, shall flie from hence,
And fill this Kingdomes whole circumfrence.

Shack: Marmyon.

TO MY KINDE FRIEND, MASTER

Robert Dover, upon his Cotswold meetings.

I Should much wrong my breeding, should I not
In such a generall reckning pay my shot,
And send in somthing too of mine to raise
The *Piramis*, intended to thy praise,
Thrice happy Swaine, and well-belov'd, whose worth,
So many Poets have labour'd to fet forth :
Whose noble undertakings to report,
Each *Athens*, and the severall *Inns of Court*
Have muster'd up their strength's ; in whom doe meete
Men of all Faiths ; and somtimes in one sheete,
Men of all factions too : fave that I feare,
Thou wilt not find a Zealous Brother there,
Though as the spirit moves, his muse can runne
All kind of feete ; even Satans cloven one :
For know that hee, full of proud thoughts, disdaines
Such heathenish pastimes, The heroick Games
By thee restor'd ; And hates both them and thee :
Because you favour of Antiquitie :
Nor can his tender Conscience, but be grieved,
To see the old Gods, and Godeffes revived
In thy disports ; And things there done in fact ;
Which Poets did but fayne, and Players act.

But

Cotswold Games.

But others praise thee for it, such as know
Both men and manners, the time past and now :
They say, that thou wert borne againe to raise,
The golden-age, in these our *Iron-dayes*.
That thou hast made thy *Cotswold* as in hight,
So equall to Olympus in delight.
That neither th' *Isthman*, nor *Nemean* games,
More manly were nor of so faire a fame.
That on thy Hills more Gallant spirits meete,
To course the *Hare* ; and exercise the feete,
Of Horse and Hound : then in the dayes of yore,
Greece drew together, to assault the *Boare*.
That on thy Downes, and at th' appointed day,
The neighbouring Nimphes their beauties doe display :
So glorious and attractive, as would make
Most of the Gods, turne Shepherds for their sake :
That thou assemblst on that famous Plaine,
So many a comely Lad, and beautiful Swaine ;
That love-sicke *Gulthia*, once a yeere doth come,
To seeke amongst them, her *Endymion*.
That when the Sheapherds, on their *Gitterns* plai's
And thereto warble out their Roundelaies :
The numerous flocks, that on those Mountaines breede ;
To heere their Musique, doe forget to feede.
That when the Lads, and Lasses, hand in hand,
Daunce their high Measures, those of *Fayrie-land*,
At their next meeting finde, the place more greene,
Then the knowne Circles of the *Elfin-Queene*.
This they relate, and more, and this I must,
As men doe newes and Wonders, take on trust,
Expecting time to see that brave resort :
Which now I onely guesse at by report.

I 2

Onely

Cotswold Games.

Only Ile ad, what I am fure no man
Is able to disprove, or if he can
Will goe about it : Thou art he in whom
All the brave *Robins*, meet to make vp one,
Round-Robin, that's thy making, and I trow,
For mirth, thou mai'ft be *Robin-good-fellow*.
Next *Robin Red-brest*, for observe thy note :
And never *Robin* had a sweeter throate.
And as for *Robin-Hoode* ; thou'rt *ipse hee* :
Save that more out-lawes, have bin made by thee.
But Ile no longer on thy prayfes dwell :
Leaft I be thought to flatter thee ; farewell.

R. N.

A CONGRATVLATORY POEM TO
My Poeticall and Learned Noble Friends, Com-
pilers of this BOOKE.

I Cannot tell what Plannet rul'd, when I
First undertooke this Mirth, this jollitie ;
Nor can I give account to you at all,
How this conceit into my braine did fall,
Or how I durft assemble, call together
Such multitudes of people as come hither.
Whilst *Greece* frequented active Sports and Playes,
From other men they bore away the prayse ;
Their Common-Wealths did flourish ; and their Men
Vnmatch'd were for worth and honour then :
But when they once those pastimes did forsake,
And unto drinking did themfelues betake,

So

Cotswold Games.

So base they grew, that at this present day
They are not men, but moving lumps of Clay.
I've heard our fine refined Clergie teach
Of the Commandment, it is a breach
To play at any Game, for gayne or coyne ;
T'is theft they say, mens goods you doe purloyne.
For Beasts, or Birds, in combat for to fight,
O t'is not lawfull, but a cruell fight ;
One silly beast another to pursue,
'Gainst nature is, and fearefull to the view :
And man with man, their activenessse to try,
Forbidden is, much harme doth come thereby.
Mix'd dancing is a wicked horrid sin,
And by the same much naughtinesse hath bin ;
That I admire to see such learning showne,
That to our Churches Elders were not knowne.
Had we their faith, to credit what they say,
We must beleve all Sports are tane away ;
Whereby I see, in stead of active things,
What harme the same unto our Nation brings ;
The Pipe and Pot, are made the onely prize
Which all our sprightfull youth doe exercise :
The Meanes and Time, which they therein bestow,
Is bravely spent, and makes a gallant show.
And be it so ; What is it unto me ?
For to repine thereat, were vanitie,
Or goe about to alter Natures course
So well approved, and of such high force ;
Yet I was bold, for better recreation,
T' invent these sports, to countercheck that fashion
And blesse the troope that come our sports to see,
With hearty thanks, and friendly courtesie.

I

Cotswold Games.

I never thought that any one of you,
In written poems would the fame allow.
Nor did I think, the fame could ere have wonne,
The generall approbation it hath done ;
And much it joyes mee, you of such great Fame,
Have undertaken thus to praise the fame ;
Whereby I am much encourag'd, who else might
Forbeare the fame, and give them over quite :
I were ungrate, and might be thought unkind,
Not to give Thanks, where so much Love I find.
Though some of you more sweetly have exprest
Your selues each way, and so excell'd the rest,
Yet dare I not returne a greater praise,
Nor thanke you more for those your wittie Layes :
I must esteeme your love a-like in this,
Make you as one, or else I doe amisse :
For I beleeve, the weakest line you write,
Either it doth, or should your Love recite.
Let those that bee of Melanchollie forme,
And pensive spirits, fret themselues, and storme ;
Let snarling Envie barke, pine, and grow mad :
Let Carping *Momus*, powting bee, and fad ;
And let Content and Mirth all those attend,
That doe all harmeleffe honest sports defend.

ROBERT DOVER.

A PANE-



A PANEGERICK TO

To the worthy M^r. ROBERT DOVER.

HAVING these Panegeries now read over,
To thy perpetuall fame, sweet Master *Dover* :
What Enthufiasme? what rapture fhall I raife,
To give to thee thy merrit, and due praife ?
If any in this quaint and curious age,
Who (allmoft) from the Cradle to the Stage,
All fancies bring in rumor ; fhall of thine
Make the leaft question ? know tis his ; not mine.

But when *Ben: Iohnfon*, and brave *Draytons* name
Shall be Infcrib'd ; I dare proclaime the fame
To be a worke ennobled : For who dare
With them (and thefe here intermixt) compare.

Now to the thing it felfe : To give account
Who cannot of two-top't *Pernaffus* mount ?
Of *Pindus Hill*, of *Teneriff* fo high,
Offa and *Pelion* ? that fo brave the sky,
That had the *Gyants* but in order laide
The one upon another ? They had made
Such an high skale towards heaven, to make *Iove* ceafe
His claime to Earth, and with man mediate peace.

Olimpus mount, that (even to this day) fills
The world with fame, fhall to thy *Cotswold-Hills*
Give place and honour ; *Hercules* was firft
Who thefe brave games begun : thou better nurft.

K

Doff

Cotswold Games.

Doſt in our *Anniverſe* moſt nobly ſtrive
To doe in one yeare, what *Hee* did in five.
Go on ; go on brave *DOVER*, my *Muſe* too
Shall walke with thee ; great *Hercules* out-do.

There is an equall ballance in your fames,
He made the *Olimpick*, thou the *Cotſwold-games*.
And who can ſay is beſt ? not I, nor hee.
Of him we have onely heard, but we knowe thee.
Thee (noble *Dover*) Then go on ; bee ſtill
The man thou art ? and maintaine *Cotſwold Hill*.
So when thy glaſſe is runne ; and ſand is paſt :
Thy name and Fame, ſhall *Hercules* out-laſt.

Thomas Heyr

FINIS.



APPENDIX.

In a second copy of the "Annalia Dubrensis" in the King's Library (British Museum) the following additional poem follows Thomas Heywood's. It commences on the same page as the close of his, the word 'Finis' being cancelled and transferred to the end of the new poem.

In celebration of the yearely Preserver of the Games at COTSWALD.

HEare me you men of strife! you that have bin,
Long time maintain'd by the dull Peoples sin,
At Lyons, Furnifold's and Clement's Inne!

With huge, o're-comming Mutton, Target-Cheefe,
Beefe, that the queasie stomach'd Guard would please,
And limber Groats, full half a Score for Fees.

Heare you Gown'd Lackeys that on both sides plead:
Whose hollow Teeth, are stuff'd with others Bread;
Whose Tongues will live (sure) when your selves are dead.

Here you *Alcaldos*, whose sterne faces looke,
Worse than your Pris'ners that's deny'd his Booke;
Than *Pilat* painted like a scalded Cooke.

Lift

Cotswold Games.

Lift all that toyle for pow'r to doe Men wrong,
With penfive Eare, to my prophetick Song!
Whose Magick sayes, your Triumphs hold not long.

The time is come, you on your selves shall fit;
Whilst Children finde (if they endeavour it)
Your learning, Chronicle; Clinches, your Wit.

Ere you a Yeare are dead, your Sonnes shall watch,
And rore all Night with Ale, in house of Thatch;
And spend 'till Swords are worne in Belts of Match.

Whilst *Dover** (that his knowledge not Employ's
T' increase his Neighbors Quarrels, but their Joyes;
Shall in his age; get Money, Girles, and Boyes!

Mony, at Cotswald Games shall yearely fly;
Whilst the Precife, and Envious shall stand by,
And see his Min'rall Fountaine never dry.

His Girles, shall dowr'-lesse wed with Heires of birth;
His Boyes, plough London Widowes up like earth:
Whilst Cotswald Bards caroll their Nuptiall Mirth!

Dover (the Gentry's Darling) know this flame,
Is but a willing tribute to thy Fame,
Sung by a Poet that conceals his name.

* He was bred an Attorney, who never try'd but two Causes,
always made up the Difference.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



- Title-page.—On the names of this title-page see the Introduction. The commas after "Gent," twice, answer to the original.
- Page 3, l. 2, "*incitements*"=incentives, or motives; *ib.*, "*prompting*"—*sic*=prompting; l. 8, "*Encomions*"=encomium, from the Greek (*εγκωμιον*), and scarcely naturalized at the date; l. 17, "*unproperly*"=improperly—as with the last word; l. 18, "*of this our Age, have,*" &c.—misprinted "of this our Age. Have," &c.; l. 20, "*Cotswald*"—*sic*: on the spelling of the name see Introduction.
- „ 4, l. 3, "*decorad*"=decorated, adorned. Every one remembers how this word occurs and re-occurs in *The Bride of Lammermoor*.
- „ 6, l. 2, "*brave*"=grand, showy.
- „ 7, l. 1, "*to*"=too, so also p. 35, l. 10; l. 2, "*Lords of Misrule*"—a festive Christmas entertainment, abundantly illustrated in our early poets and in easily-accessible works; l. 7, "*Check-roule*"=a roll of the names of the servants in a great house; l. 8, "*whirlings*"=dances; l. 9, "*Palme*"=palm play or tennis: French jeu-de-paulme; *ib.*, "*Rush-bearing*"=(1) Merry-making, (2) anniversary of the dedication-day of a church; *ib.*, "*Whisfontales*"=ales drunk at Whitsunday; l. 10, "*Quintain*": an old pastime wherein a board, &c., was set up to be tilted at; l. 12, "*Standings*": query—Church disciplinary punishment of "standing" in a penitential white sheet, &c. ? *ib.*, "*Lectures*": an ordinance of the Puritans earlier and Evangelicals later, whereby the Gospel was preached in lifeless parishes, without infringement of the law or intrusion; *ib.*, "*Exercises*": catechetical and kindred examinations; l. 15, "*Hocktide*": an annual festival that begins on the 15th day after Easter; l. 24, "*pitch*"=a hawking term.
- „ 8, l. 23, "*ryvel'd*"=wrinkled; l. 24, "*glymiring*"=glimmering; *ib.*, "*dun*"—misprinted (as the rhyme of "Sun" shews) "dum"; l. 29, "*verdant*"—misprinted "vernant"; l. 30, "*where*"—misprinted "were."
- „ 9, l. 4, "*fallow*"—misprinted "follow"; l. 12, "*Rubricke-line*"=red (ochre) line; l. 13, "*prazes*"=praise; l. 14, "*pale Pyrene*"=the Pyrenæi Montes, *i.e.*, Pyrenees. Some derive the name from Pyrene, a daughter of the king of the Bebryces, and so in

the text (apparently), though perhaps "pale" is=snowy. l. 23, "candid": A singular use of the word, with apparently a dim reminiscence of its etymology in "cant," and so=tossing as well as 'bleaching' winds. l. 29, "cause"=because; l. 32, "drilling": Now means "boring": drill is a small stream or rill, the latter from *rille* a channel. Richardson, *s.v.*, gives this illustration: "There was no water on this island, but at one place on the east side, close by the sea; there it *drills* slowly down from the rocks, where it may be received in vessels." (*Dampier Voyages*, an. 1684.) Dr. Johnson quotes from Thomson:

"Drilled through the sandy stratum every way
The waters with the sandy stratum rise."

- Todd quotes Sir T. Herbert, &c. &c. (From my edition of Henry Vaughan's Works in Fuller Worthies' Library, I. p. 41.)
- Page 10, l. 15, "Avon"=Avon; l. 19, "their"=there; l. 20, "Encormions": See note on page 3, line 8; l. 28, "Galliards"=a lively dance.
- „ 11, l. 6, "regiment"=government, or rule; l. 10, "sweeten with a Glove"—of old gloves were richly perfumed; l. 11, "Nyctimene"=the owl. The daughter of Epopeus or of Nycteus. Pursued and defiled by her amorous father, she fled to a forest, where she was metamorphosed by Athena into an owl. (Ovid *Met.*, ii, 590; Virgil, *Georg.* i, 403.) l. 21, "feld"=seldom; l. 30, "Courtaines"=curtains.
- „ 12, l. 19, "Rebated"=blunted; *ib.*, "Barriers"=paling in a tournament or fighting within lists; l. 20, "warriers"—period (.) left out in original, and so second limb of the parenthesis in l. 27.
- „ 13, l. 6, "Fane"—misprinted "Fame"; l. 13, "Smallage"=water parsley; l. 21, "Shepheards"—misprinted "Shpheards."
- „ 14, l. 9, "Swallow-footed." This happy descriptive word is also found onward: cf. page 24, line 13; l. 12, "copes-mates"=companions; l. 13, "coates"—perhaps a misprint for "coasts" as meaning swift passing onward; l. 18, "meffage"=send a message of [conquest]?
- „ 15, l. 3, "broached"=pierced; l. 19, "hayrie cottages"=skin-covered, untanned; l. 21, "Homers Embleme"=representative, *i.e.*, an old blind beggar and harper.
- „ 16, l. 9, "Irish"—a game resembling back-gammon. So Taylor the Water-Poet:

"The taylor, millainer, dogs, drabs, and dice,
Trey-trip, or passage, or the most at thrice;
At Irish, tick-tack, doublets, draughts or cheffe,
He flings his money free with carelesseffe."

l. 11, "*Cent*"— a game at cards, which is generally thought to have resembled *picquet*: so called because 100 made up the game; l. 28, "*Spaines Escuriall*"— one of the most renowned of the royal residences of Spain — once a world's wonder.

Page 17, heading, "*Palilia*"— a festival celebrated at Rome, annually, on the 21st of April, in honour of Pales, the tutelary divinity of shepherds. The 21st of April was the traditional date of Romulus's founding of Rome, and accordingly the festival was kept as the *dies natalitius* of Rome. On this Poem see our Introduction for notice of the text as compared with Randolph's own in his Poems. l. 11, "*roome*"— misprinted "*roame*."; l. 23, "*man of wood*"— roughly put together figure of a "*man*"— often a 'post' merely.

„ 18, l. 3 (from bottom), "*Barley-break*": A game which gives title to W. N.'s poem that is reproduced simultaneously with this in our Occasional Issues.

„ 19, l. 15, "*At which a thousand Ladies Eies did gaze*": The reference is to the famous "*Guego de caña*" on which Mr. W. C. Hazlitt annotates thus in his Randolph (p. 623): "This amusement is mentioned as one of the entertainments which were prepared at the Court of Pentapolis in honour of the marriage of Apollonius, Prince of Tyre (*Patterne of Painfull Adventures*, undated edit., Sig. E 2, *verso*), 'I may not discourfe at large of the liberal challenges made and proclaimed at the tilt, barriers, running at the ring, *ioco di can*, managing fierce horses, running a foote, and daunfing in armour.'" l. 16, "*Prison bafe*"= prison-bars — a rural game often alluded to in our early writers, e.g., *Cymbeline* (v. 3):

"Lads more like to run
The country bafe, than to commit fuch slaughter."

l. 19, "*Balloon*." Ben Jonson in *Fox* (ii. 2) thus refers to this game:

"While others haue been at the balloon
I haue been at my books."

Consult Wright's *Prov. Dict.*, s.v.

„ 20, l. 2, "*jet*"= strut; l. 14, "*Spinflers*"= spinners. A good example of the word as applied to unmarried females, who of old were supposed to be all diligent "*Spinners*." This reminds us of a story of an eccentric old Scottish clergyman, who having been somewhat disappointed with the response given by the ladies of his congregation to an appeal for home-spun cloth toward a benevolent object, addressed his fair auditory thus: "The Laddies [ladies] now-a-days put me in mind of the lilies"— pausing at this point, and with a roguish twinkle of his eyes, planning their chagrin, by adding, slowly—"they toil not

neither do they spin." In Elizabethan English "spinster" did not necessarily imply that the woman was unmarried. Hercules and Omphale will at once occur to the reader as the original of such references; but the *Arcadia* (13, l.) best explains the term: "And this effeminate love of a woman doth so womanize a man, that if he yield to it, it will not only make him an Amazon, but a launder, a distaff, a spinner, or whatsoever vile occupation their idle heads can imagine, and their weak hands perform." Cf. my edition of *Marvell* in Fuller Worthies' Library, vol. i, p. 335. l. 30, "Sin"—the period (.) dropped in original.

- Page 21, l. 8, "*groan'd*"—misprinted grooned; l. 12, "*woon'd*"= wound; l. 19, "*rill*." Cf. note on p. 9, l. 32, on "*drilling*."
- „ 23, heading. See Introduction on these Lines. l. 5, "*to dropp Vies*." It is plain a word has been inadvertently left out in this line: *Vies* = wagers, as in card-games.
- „ 24, l. 5, "*a cry*"= pack of hounds. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv, 1, "a cry more tuneable was never holloa'd to": and so elsewhere. l. 7, "*untract?*"= un-tracked, roadless or pathless; l. 8, "*period*"= end; l. 13, "*Swallow-footed*." See before, and note on p. 14, l. 9; l. 17, "*perjude*"= pursued.
- „ 25, l. 7, "*dry-shood*"= dry shod. As our reproduction of the *Annalia* is at press, tidings reach of progress and expected success of a "dry-shod" passage across the Channel between Dover and Calais, *i.e.*, by the tunnel. The *Annalia* has lived to keep Dover's memory green thus long at any rate.
- „ 26, l. 20, "*fain'd*": qu.—faned? *i.e.*, be Dover's "fane" or monument. More probably a misprint for "fam'd" or made famous by his "happie name."
- „ 27, l. 10, "*blaze*"= blazon; l. 12, "*vie*"= wager; l. 14, "*Pelius*"= Peleus.
- „ 28, l. 2, "*suarled*"= tangled; *ib.*, "*skaine*"= skein; l. 15, "*ymp*" imp or add; l. 18, "*round*"=dance; l. 27, "*fond*"= foolish.
- „ 29, l. 10, "*watt*"= hare. So Michael Drayton:
- "The man whose vacant mind prepares him for the sport
The finder sendeth out, to seek the nimble *wat*,
Which crosseth in each field, each furlong, every flat,
Till he this pretty beast upon the form hath found."
- Poly. Song xxiii.
- „ 29, l. 15, "*stammell*"= a kind of fine worsted. So the Water Poet: "I adventure to piece a scarlet roabe with my coarfe *stammell*": *Suddaine Turne of Fortune's Wheel*; l. 16, "*ammell*"= enamel. So Phineas Fletcher:
- "Heav'ns richest diamonds set in amel white."
(P. I. x. 33.)
- l. 28, "*publique*"—misprinted "pubique."

- Page 30, l. 11, "*period*" = end. Cf. note on p. 24, l. 8; l. 14, "*quaintly*" = quaintly; l. 15, "*pēchance*" = perchance; l. 24, "*gone beyond*" obliterated in the Grenville exemplar and supplied from another copy in the King's Library (B.M.)
- „ 31, l. 16, "*resort*" = resort to; l. 22, "*ghefly*" = fitted for so great a "guest"?
- „ 32, l. 14, "*Pugfang By-Babie*." See Introduction on this and context: By-Babie = hush baby.
- „ 33, l. 10, "*Boffe*" = knob.
- „ 34, l. 7, "*Neman*" = Nemean; in ll. 11-12 are odd mis-spellings of proper names.
- „ 35, l. 10, "*to*" = too; l. 18, "*blas'd*" = blazoned.
- „ 36, l. 3, "*Manes*" = ghost, shade.
- „ 37, l. 3 (from bottom), "*Barathrum*" = abyss; l. 2 (from bottom, "*ex-entervate*": qu. exheridate or disinherit?
- „ 38, l. 21, "*vivall*" = vital, living.
- „ 39, l. 6, "*skies*" — misprinted "kies"; l. 6 (from bottom), "*ravell . . . skaines*" = entangle skeins or 'hanks.'
- „ 40, l. 7, "*straines*" — misprinted "staines."
- „ 41, l. 1, "*hallowes*" = hollows, vales.
- „ 42, l. 8, "*Lewrets*" = leveret or young hare; l. 10, "*five*" = sieve or basket; l. 20, "*ports*" = gates; l. 28, "*Stower*" — small river so named.
- „ 43, l. 3, "*Eccho's*" = Echoes — not apostrophe but to mark elision of "e"; l. 15, "*revived*" — misprinted "revised."
- „ 46, l. 20, "*shent*" = blamed.
- „ 47, l. 3, "*cap*" — misprinted "e"; l. 18, "*Sarazen*" = Saracen; *ib.*, "*Prester-Iohn*" — the mythical ecclesiastical-ruler located in Abyssinia.
- „ 48, l. 23, "*Argives*" — misprinted "Argins"; l. 25, "*Pious*" — misprinted "Pires."
- „ 49, l. 15, "*gentile*" = genteel, gentle; l. 28, "*Fayres*" = fairies.
- „ 50, l. 5, "*Tumors*" = swellings, but qu. — misprint? l. 21, "*hooffes*" — misprinted "hoffes."
- „ 52, l. 7, "*Beavie*" = bevy; l. 13, "*Lores*" = training; l. 26, "*a noyfe*" = concert of sweet sounds, as in a "noise of musicians." This was its earlier and later sense, *i.e.*, of a set or company of musicians, *e.g.*, Sneak's noise (Shakespeare) or Rupert's noise, meant Sneak's or Rupert's set of players or band. Similarly, George Herbert, in 106, *The Familie*, l. 1:

"What doth this noife of thoughts within my heart
As if they had a part?"

and again, 144, *Aaron*, l. 8:

"a noife of paffions ringing me for dead."
(Herbert's Poems, Aldine edn. by me.)

- Page 53, l. 11, "*rotund*" = Round Table; l. 17, "*Sophie*" = wise man.
- „ 54, l. 20, "*Hide-parke*" = Hyde Park — then a 'common,' open to all; l. 27, "*Gentiles*" = gentles, well-born. So Allan Ramsay in *The Gentle Shepherd*, *i.e.*, well-born, *not* soft or amiable.
- „ 55, l. 7, "*Epiphonemy*" = epiphonema or exclamation; l. 24, "*bluft*" — misprinted "bluff."
- „ 56, last line, "*Twincklin Will*" = Will-o'-Wisp?
- „ 57, l. 3, "*Syrinx*": An Arcadian nymph who, flying from Pan, was turned into a reed, which was afterwards made into a pipe by the pursuer. l. 5, "*Immeriti*" — misprinted "Imerti"; l. 6 — very inaccurately printed in the original; but again no need to record the mistakes.
- „ 59, l. 5, "*Brigants*" = brigands; l. 11, "*Perseus*" — misprinted 'Persines.'
- „ 60, l. 6, "*Corps*" = body; l. 17, "*Sea-markes*" = light-houses or beacons.
- „ 61, ll. 8-11. Very inaccurately printed in the original — not needful to reproduce the errors.
- „ 62, l. 3, "*taxe*" = condemn satirically; l. 7, "*Imp'd*" = strengthened.
- „ 63, l. 10, "*of*" — misprinted "if."
- „ 64, l. 12, "*Pyramis*" — transition-form for long of "Pyramid"; l. 2 (from bottom), "*desports*" = sports elongated.
- „ 66, l. 14, R. N. Newburgh is written here, probably by Dover.
- „ 67, l. 3 (from bottom), "*sports*" — misprinted "spots."
- „ 69, l. 3, "*Panegeries*" = transition-form of "panegyric."
- „ 78, l. 2, "*Anniverſe*" = anniversary or annual return of the sports.
- „ 71, l. 14, "*limber*" = pliant, yielding — used metaphorically.
- „ 72, l. 7, "*Clinches*" = repartees or bon-mots.

A. B. G.

XVI. ROBERT DOVER: ANNALIA DUBRENSIA.

- Page 7, l. 10, '*Rush-bearing*'—this custom is still kept up in Grasmere.
- „ 11, l. 10, '*Glove*,' qu. misprint for '*Clove*'? but '*gloves*' were then perfumed; l. 5 (from bottom), '*Lambeswool*' = spiced ale so called.
- „ 13, l. 9, for '*them*' read '*then*.'
- „ 26, l. 20, for '*faind*'—query '*fam'd*.'
- „ 37, l. 2 (from bottom), '*exenterate*' = disembowel, ransack.
- „ 43, l. 12, '*except*'—qu. '*expect*'?; l. 17, '*suntque*'—read '*sunt que*' (i.e., quæ).
- „ 49, l. 1, '*Eutellus*'—read '*Entellus*' (Virgil. Aen. 5); l. 7 (from bottom), '*Rowmes*' = rounds, dances.
- „ 52, l. 13 '*Lores*' = Latin '*lora*' = bridles; corrects note.
- „ 53, l. 17, '*Sophie*' (not = wise man but) = title of the Shah of Persia.
- „ 54, l. 17. — qu. read — . . . “*Makes the Games
Of Hide-parke, common as their Citie Dames
Drawne in their Hackney-coaches.*”
- „ 56, last line, '*Twinckling Will the Northern Waggoner*'—is this a known name for the constellation alluded to? evidently a name for Charles Wain.
- „ 59, l. 3 (of Poole's poem), and note. Brigants = Brigantes, the ancient inhabitants of Yorkshire.
- „ 64, l. 8, '*Each Athens*' (R. N. S's. poem)—this illustrious title of the Universities noticeable in the 17th century.
- „ 65, l. 19, '*Gulthia*'—qu. misprint for '*Cinthia*'?
- „ 66, l. 5, '*Round Robin*'—early use.
- „ 77, notes for p. 43, l. 3, read p. 44, l. 2, and for l. 15, read l. 14.

