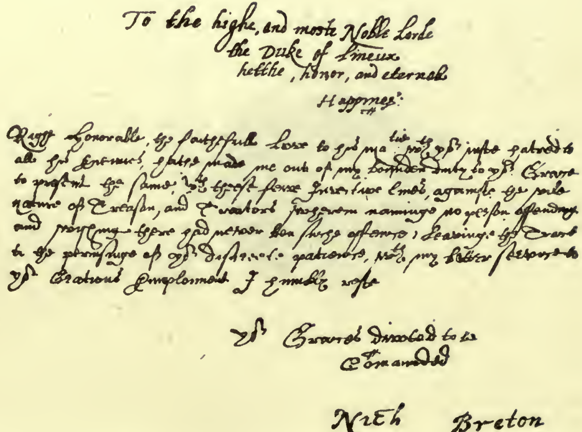
A BOWER OF DELIGHTS.

The Elizabethan Library.


To the highe, and moste Noble Lorde
the Duke of Lineux
helthe, honor, and eternall
Happines.

[illegible]

Yo[r] Graces devoted to be
Comanded

Nich Breton

Reduced facsimile of Nicholas Breton's handwriting.

A Bower of Delights;

Being interwoven Verſe and Proſe from the works of Nicholas Breton: the weaver Alexander B. Groſart.

LONDON
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW
1893

Our title-page in its first portion is taken from a book semi-disclaimed by Breton, but nevertheless apt for these Extracts. It was published in 1591, and was disclaimed in his 'Pilgrimage to Paradise,' albeit a quarrel with the publisher of the 'Bower of Delights' rather than the truth of fact explains the uncharacteristically sour and rude disclaimer. It is to be hoped the 'Bower of Delights' will be reproduced some day. Only one exemplar is known, and it is in private hands.

A. B. G.

INTRODUCTION.

There is this differentiation between our preſent worthy,

NICHOLAS BRETON, *Gentleman,*

and his two predeceſſors in this Series— SIR PHILIP SIDNEY *and* SIR WALTER RALEIGH*—that whereas we ſtill read and value their writings mainly for what the men were, and ſo as ſhedding light on their characters, in his caſe the man is a mere* nominis umbra, *while his books are intrinſically preſerve-worthy. Sidney and Raleigh ſeized the nation's imagination and heart in 'the ſpacious days' of great Elizabeth, and this has imparted an intrinſic intereſt and immortality to their books. Whatever of intereſt and imperiſhable ſtuff belongs to leſs prominent actors muſt be fetched from their 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn' themſelves.*

We have told, as fully as might be at ſo late a day, the life-ſtory of Breton in

our Memorial Introduction prefixed to the two massive quartos that contain his Works in the 'Chertsey Worthies Library' (1879). *Thither the student-reader is referred. Here, our notice throughout must be brief and summary. He was the second son of William Breton, of Red Cross Street, Cripplegate, London, who had a lineage that warranted that son's use of 'Gentleman' after his name. Essex, Lincoln, Leicestershire and France yield many Bretons related and inter-related.*

The age of Master Nicholas in his father's Will—given by us as above in extenso—*carries us back to* 1542-3 *as his birth-date; and the contents of the same Will show that his pathetic after-references to having been 'once rich' and 'gently bred' were equally justified. The family-property—houses and lands—lay 'in Cheapside' ('an acre' no less—worth half a million to-day probably), Essex and Lincoln.*

We have only one solitary glimpse of his academic training. It occurs in an incidental entry in the (still unpublished) Diary of the Rev. Richard Madox (*Sloane MS.* 5008) *under* 14*th March,* 1582, *as follows:*

'*I dyned w*^{t} *Mr. Carlil at his brother*

Hudſon's, who is governour of Antwerp. He offered me x^li to take a boy w^t me [cipher].

'Ther was Mr. Brytten, once of Oriel College, w^h made wyts wyl. He ſpeaketh Italian wel [cipher].'

This yields us three facts:

a. That our Nicholas Breton was 'once' of Oriel College, Oxford.

b. That he was now [1582] *abroad, and ſpoke 'Italian.'*

c. That his 'Will of Wit' was well known ſo early as 1582.

Eheu, like too many of our Univerſity MSS., the Regiſters of renowned 'Oriel' of the period, have diſappeared; ſo that his courſe at Oxford cannot be traced. He ſeveral times diſclaims learning; but probably it was his modeſty that led him ſo to depreciate himſelf. Various of his books reveal ſomewhat extenſive travels and obſervation of men and manners all over Europe: albeit he never wearies of exalting 'this our England' and home.

The next noticeable point is a ſomewhat ſorrowful one; for it tells us that his mother looked more to her own pecuniary intereſts than to the welfare of her fatherleſs children. Well left, all was con-

tingent on her remaining 'ſole' (i.e., a widow). A law-ſuit enſued for the protection of the family; but it appears to have been compromiſed privately. The widow, however, had previouſly married George Gaſcoigne, the once 'famous' poet. It is pleaſant to note that there are alluſions and circumſtances caſually mentioned by Breton that ſeem to be declarative of friendſhip between the ſtepfather and his ſtepſon.

Another intereſting event is Breton's own marriage, as recorded in the Regiſter of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London:

'1592-3, *Jan.* 14. *Nicholas Brytten and Ann Sutton.*'

The ſame Regiſter contains the uſual lights and ſhadows of home-life in Baptiſms and Burials. I fear Mrs. Nicholas Breton proved a ſhrew and unſympathetic. His after-deſcriptions—poignant and vivid—of the 'Unquiet wife' compel us to think ſo.

In the Memorial-Introduction already named, will be found a chronological liſt of the numerous productions of Breton, with details. They date from 1577 *and run on to* 1626. *In* 1577 *he deſignates certain of his ſcattered verſes as the 'Workes of a*

Yonge *Wit.*' *He muſt have* '*liſped in numbers.*'

He went on writing to the cloſe of a long life; and no more pathetic perſonality of the period greets us than this '*fine old Engliſh gentleman,*' *fallen on evil days, but ever bearing himſelf bravely and worſhipfully. There are touches of melancholy, but never of queruloufneſs. He outlived his great contemporaries and friends. Jacobean times looked poor and mean in the light of Elizabethan. Still he held himſelf in heart of hope and cheer. Nor is his leaſt diſtinction that he—hating inevitable coarſeneſs of manners-painting—ſtood* pure *and ſtrong. His laſt book was his* '*Fantaſticks: ſeruing for a perpetuall Prognoſtication*' . . . . *one of his brighteſt and moſt winſome proſe books. It was publiſhed in* 1626, *and his name thenceforth ſuddenly diſappears. All but certainly he died in* 1626, *and thus had reached his* 83*rd year.*

Sooth to ſay, it has been ſomewhat of a burden to make the ſlender ſelections from the many writings of Nicholas Breton within the limits of this ſmall volume. There was ever and anon another and another bit *that claimed incluſion, and* '*brave tranſlunary*

things' that seemed to cry out against exclusion. It were idle to pretend that he is anything like representatively dealt with herein, either as a warbler of poetic prose or as 'sweet singer' having a distinctive note. But sufficient, I hope, has been selected to send many and many a new student-reader to his Works.

I dare to claim higher recognition for Nicholas Breton than hitherto on the strength of even these inadequate selections. His prose gives us glimpses of England when it was 'Merry England,' alike in gentle and simple, in court and country. I think of the dainty delicacies of a Watteau on china as I read his fresh and well-worded delineations of men and things. Then, even his lightest and slightest pamphlets are weighted with common sense, aptly phrased. I believe most will agree with me that many of the present-day forms of proverbs and proverbial sayings originated with him. Of his lowly, reverent, devout inward life one could hardly say too much. Now and again, monotonously sweet, his sacred verse takes also o' times irridescent hues, and utters out passionate experiences. A chief distinction is his character-painting or word-portraits. No one who will take pains to study his

'No Whippinge' and Paſquil tractates will diſpute that therein are to be found unacknowledged and hitherto unnoted indebtedneſs of George Herbert in his 'Temple' to Breton. Some of the quainteſt fancies and moſt aptly put homely counſels of the Parſon-poet of Bemerton reflect again and again the earlier poet and thinker. Let the quotations from 'No Whippinge' and 'Paſquil's Madcappe' in theſe ſelections bear witneſs. Similarly, his 'Characters in Eſſays' and his 'Good and Bad,' beyond all gainſaying, guide us to Thomas Fuller's model in his antithetic 'Thoughts' in 'Good and Bad Times.' I accuſe neither of plagiariſm; but none the leſs I wiſh each had paid tribute to his inſpirer. That he was a born ſinger, a genuine Maker, with imagination and tenderneſs, his 'Lullaby' alone ſhould atteſt. It may ſtand ſide by ſide with Robert Greene's—and that means rare excellence. And, after all, is not the Robin-Red-Breaſt that pipes as immortal as the eagle that ſoars? or, unmetaphorically, whilſt not at all affirming 'great' genius or ſupreme faculty in Breton, is it not due to one ſo gifted and ſo modeſt, ſo inevitable and ſo clear, to keep him in grateful remembrance?

Only one other thing remains to be noticed in this our Introduction, viz., that in the Works (as before) a conſiderable liſt is made out of Shakeſpearian phraſes and words that point to Shakeſpeare's knowledge of Breton's booklets. Perhaps the capable reader will not go unrewarded if he conſult theſe pages (Works, vol. i., pp. li.-liv.). I accentuate this here becauſe I for one am willingly perſuaded that the 'W. S.' of the commendatory lines before 'Will of Wit' (1599) were by Shakeſpeare. They muſt find a place:

AD LECTOREM, DE AUTHORE.

What ſhall I ſay of Gold more than 'tis
Gold;
Or call the diamond more than precious;
Or praiſe the man with praiſes manifold,
When of himſelf himſelf is vertuous?
Wit *is beſt* Wit, *yet ſuch his* Wit *and* Will,
As proves ill good, or makes good to be ill.

Why? what his Wit? *proceede and aſke*
his Will;
Why? what his Will? *reade on, and*
learne of Wit;
Both good, I geſſe, yet each a ſeveral ill;
This may ſeem ſtrange to thoſe that heare
of it;

Nay, nere a whit, for vertue many waies
Is made a vice, yet Vertue hath her praiſe.

Wherefore, O Breton, *worthie is thy worke*
Of commendations worthie to be worth;
Like captious wittes in everie corner lurke,
A bold attempt it is to ſet them forth,
A forme of Wit, and that of ſuch a ſort
As nere offends, for all is ſaid in ſport.

And ſuch a ſport as ſerves for other kinds,
Both young and old, for learning, armes and love;
For ladies' humors, mirth and mone he finds,
With ſome extreames their patient mindes to prove:
Well, Breton, *write on hard, thou haſt the thing*
That, when it comes, love, wealth, and fame will bring.

W. S.

Everyone knows that in an age when commendatory verſes were the mode *Shakeſpeare neither ſought nor gave ſuch. The more remarkable, therefore, that theſe lines, with the play on Wit and Will and other bewrayals of the 'fine Roman hand,' lend themſelves to identification of the initials*

W. S. with William Shakespeare. The only avowed contributions to another's book, it may be added, are his poems given with Sir Robert Chester's 'Love's Martyr' (our edition and the reproduction in New Shakespeare Society).

It must be permitted me to close this our small Introduction with our dedicatory sonnet to Edmund W. Gosse, Esq.:

Rich-dowered friend, Worthy rich-dower'd
I bring
To thee, in BRETON; *and I have no fear*
Of chilly welcome, or praise insincere;
When thus I ask thee list him lowly sing:
True as a wood-bird's is his carolling,
And with its pathos too, 'mid branches
fere:
And a soft light of Hope, that shineth
clear,
As when the sun gilds the lark's soaring
wing.
Nor will it irk thee, now and then to look
On old-world pictures of his warbled
prose—
Quaint talks in green lanes and by fireside
nook:
For thou art one, who 'mid all culture
knows

'Tis well to linger in the great days olden
When England's ſpeech and act alike were golden.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's Vestry,
Blackburn.

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HYMN OF ADORATION.

Some heavenly Muſe come help me ſing
In glory of my Heavenly King;
And from ſome holy angel's wing
Where graces do for feathers ſpring,
  Oh, bring my hand one bleſſèd pen
  To write beyond the reach of men.

Let all the ſubject be of Grace,
Where Mercy ſet in Glory's place,
Doth ſtand below the ſhining Face
That makes all other beauty baſe;
  That heaven and earth may ſee the wonder
  That puts all works and wonders under.

Let virtues only ſet the grounds
Where Grace but all of glory ſounds,

While Mercy heals the ſpirit's wounds
Where Faith the fear of Death con-
founds;
That heaven and earth may joy to
hear
The muſic of the angel quier. =*choir*

Oh, tell the world no world can tell
How that joy doth all joys excel;
Where bleſſèd ſouls ſet free from hell
In Mercy do with Glory dwell,
And with the ſaints and angels ſing
In glory of their Heavenly King.

Sink not a note beneath the ſenſe
Of Glory's higheſt excellence;
And keep unto that only tenſe
Where heavens have all their honour
thence,
That ſeraphim may clap their wings
To hear how Grace of Glory ſings.

Oh, let the ſun in brightneſs ſhine,
And never let the moon decline;
And every ſtar his light refine,
Before that bleſſèd light divine,
Of Whom, in Whom, from Whom
alone,
They have their ſhining every one.

Let all the azure ſky be clear,
And not a miſty cloud come near ;
But all that higheſt light appear,
Where angels make their merry cheer ;
And all the troop of heavens may ſee
Where all the joys of heaven may be.

Let Phœbus in his brightneſs ſtay
And drive the darkſome nights away ;
And virgins, ſaints and angels play,
While martyrs keep high holiday ;
And all the hoſt of heaven accord
To ſing in glory of the Lord.

Let all the year be Summer's ring,
And nightingales all birds that ſing ;
And all the fruits that grow or ſpring
Be brought unto their glorious King ;
With all their colours and their ſweets,
Before His feet to ſtrew the ſtreets.

Let honey-dews perfume the air,
That all may be both ſweet and fair ;
That may with Mercy's leave repair
Unto the ſeat of Glory's chair ;
That everything may fitting fall
Unto the glory of them all.

Let all the hearts, the ſouls, the minds,
That Wiſdom unto Virtue binds,

And heeds but of thoſe bleſſèd kinds,
That gracious Love in Glory finds;
Agree together all in one,
To glorify our God alone.

And when they all in turn are ſet
And in their ſweeteſt muſic met,
And higheſt ſkill the notes repet, = *repeat*
Where grace may higheſt glory get;
My raviſh'd ſoul in mercy then
May have but leave to ſing Amen.
(*The Soul's Harmony*, 1602.)

ADVICE, WISELY QUAINT AND QUAINTLY WISE.

The Fool to be let alone.

Know'ſt thou a fool? then let him leave his folly,
Or be ſo ſtill, and with his humour paſs:
What hath thy wit to do with *trolly lolly?*
Muſt every wiſe man ride upon an aſs?
Take heed thou mak'ſt not him a looking-glaſs

Wherein the world may too apparent
ſee,
By blazing him, to find the fool in
thee. = *blazoning*
(*No Whippinge.*)

*So, too, the Villain.**

Know you a villain? let him find his
match,
And ſhow not you a match to villain's
ſkill;
A fooliſh dog at every cur doth ſnatch;
Words have no grace in eloquence of
ill;
There is no wreſtling with a wicked
will:
Let paſs the villain with his villainy;
Make thou thy match with better
company.
(*No Whippinge.*)

* Hit probably at Marston's 'Scourge of Villainy.'

Gentleneſs to the Fallen—a Quean.

Have you acquaintance with ſome wicked quean?
Give her good words, and do not blaze her faults;
Look in thy ſoul if it be not unclean,
And know that Satan all the world aſſaults:
Jacob himſelf before the angel halts:
Sigh for her ſin, but do not call her whore;
But learn of Chriſt to bid her ſin no more. (*No Whippinge.*)

So with the Drunkard.

Know you a drunkard? loathe his drunkenneſs,
But do not lay it open to his foes;
Leſt, over-rating *his* ungodlineſs,
You take yourſelf too ſoundly by the noſe;
Who hurts himſelf doth give unkindly blows:
Wink at each fault and wiſh it was amended,
And think it well that's with repentance ended. (*No Whippinge.*)

Even the Miſer to be pitied.

Know you a miſer? let him be ſo ſtill,
And let his ſpirit with his metal melt;
Let him alone to die in his own ill,
And feed not you on that which he hath felt:
Be not you girded in ſo vile a belt:
Rather pray for him, than ſo rail upon him,
That all the world may lay their curſes on him.

(*No Whippinge.*)

The 'great one.'

If that a great one have a great defect,
Let not your thought once touch at ſuch a thing;
Unto ſuperiors ever have reſpect;
A beggar muſt not look upon a king:
'Take heed,' I ſay, is a moſt bleſſed thing;
Leſt if you run too far in ſuch a fit,
A fool may hap to hang for lack of wit.

(*No Whippinge.*)

Proverbs.

Learn Engliſh Proverbs, have them well
by heart,
And count them often on your fingers'
ends ;
Do not your ſecrets to the world impart;
Beware your foes, do not abuſe your
friends ;
Take heed of flatterers as of helliſh
fiends :
Eat up your meat and make clean all
your platters,
And meddle not with any prince's
matters.

(*No Whippinge.*)

*GEORGE HERBERT'S 'TEMPLE' LONG ANTICIPATED.**

Life and Conduct.

Read what is written on the painted
cloth ;
Do no man wrong, be good unto the
poor ;

* See our Introduction.

Beware the Mouſe, the Maggot and the Moth ;
And ever have an eye unto the door :
Truſt not a fool, a villain, nor a whore :
Go neat, not gay, and ſpend but as you ſpare ;
And turn the colt to paſture with the mare.

Be not a churl nor yet exceed in cheer ;
Hold faſt thine own, pay truly what thou oweſt ;
Sell not too cheap and do not buy too dear :
Tell but to few what ſecret e'er thou knoweſt,
And take good heed to whom, and what thou sheweſt :
Love God, thyſelf, thy wife, thy children, friend ;
Neighbour and ſervant—and ſo make an end.

Believe no news till they be nine days old,
Nor then too much, although the print approve them ;
Miſtake not droſs for perfect Indian gold;

Nor make friends gods ; but as you find
them, love,
And as you know them, keep them or
remove :
Beware of beauty and affect no ſlut ;
And 'ware the worm before ye crack
the nut.

Be neither proud, nor envious, nor un-
chaſte,
Leſt all too late, repentance overtake
you ;
And take good heed how you your
wealth do waſte,
Leſt fools do ſcoff you and your friends
forſake ;
And then the beggar by the ſhoulders
ſhake you :
Give unto all that aſk ; nor aſkers, all;
And take heed how you climb, for
fear you fall.

Do well, be true, backbite no man, be
juſt;
The Duck, the Drake, the Owl do
teach you ſo ;
Speak what you think, but no more
than you muſt,
Leſt unawares you make your friend
your foe :

Be wary, ſays the Crane, be wiſe, the Crow:
Be gentle, humble, courteous, meek and mild;
And you ſhall be your mother's bleſſed child. . . .

Have all the week a pen behind your ear,
And wear your ſword on Sundays, 'tis enough;
Be not too venturous nor too full of fear,
Nor ſtand too much upon a double ruff;
For fear a falling-band give you the cuff.
Know well your horſe before you fall to ride,
And bid God bleſs the bridegroom and the bride.

(*No Whippinge.*)

AGLAIA—A PASTORAL.

Sylvan Muſes, can ye ſing
Of the beauty of the Spring?
Have ye ſeen on earth that ſun
That a heavenly courſe hath run?
Have ye liv'd to ſee thoſe eyes
Where the pride of beauty lies?

Have ye heard that heavenly voice
That may make Love's heart rejoice ?
Have ye ſeen Aglaia, ſhe
Whom the world may joy to ſee ?
If ye have not ſeen all theſe,
Then ye do but labour leese ; = *loſe*
While ye tune your pipes to play
But an idle roundelay ;
And in ſad Diſcomfort's den
Everyone go bite her pen ;
That ſhe cannot reach the ſkill
How to climb that bleſſed hill,
Where Aglaia's fancies dwell,
Where exceedings do excell,
And in ſimple truth confeſs
She is that fair ſhepherdeſs
To whom faireſt flocks a-field
Do their ſervice duly yield :
On whom never Muſe hath gazèd
But in muſing is amazèd ;
Where the honour is too much
For their higheſt thoughts to touch ;
Thus confeſs, and get ye gone
To your places every one ;
And in ſilence only ſpeak
When ye find your ſpeech too weak.
Bleſſèd be Aglaia yet,
Though the Muſes die for it ;
Come abroad, ye bleſſèd Muſes,

Ye that Pallas chiefly chooſes,
When ſhe would command a creature
In the honour of Love's nature.
For the ſweet Aglaia fair
All to ſweeten all the air,
Is abroad this bleſſed day;
Haſte ye, therefore, come away:
And to kill Love's maladies
Meet her with your melodies.
Flora hath been all about,
And hath brought her wardrobe out;
With her faireſt, sweeteſt flowers,
All to trim up all your bowers.
Bid the ſhepherds and their ſwains
See the beauty of their plains;
And command them with their flocks
To do reverence on the rocks;
Where they may ſo happy be
As her ſhadow but to ſee:
Bid the birds in every buſh,
Not a bird to be at huſh:
But to ſit, and chirp and ſing
To the beauty of the Spring:
Call the ſylvan nymphs together,
Bid them bring their muſics hither:
Trees their barky ſilence break,
Crack yet, though they cannot ſpeak.
Bid the pureſt, whiteſt ſwan
Of her feathers make her fan;

Let the hound the hare go chaſe ;
Lambs and rabbits run at baſe ;
Flies be dancing in the ſun,
While the ſilk-worm's webs are ſpun ;
Hang a fiſh on every hook
As ſhe goes along the brook ;
So with all your ſweeteſt powers
Entertain her in your bowers ;
Where her ear may joy to hear
How ye make your ſweeteſt quire ;
And in all your ſweeteſt vein,
Still Aglaia ſtrike her ſtrain ;
But when ſhe her walk doth turn,
Then begin as faſt to mourn ;
All your flowers and garlands wither,
Put up all your pipes together ;
Never ſtrike a pleaſing ſtrain
Till ſhe come abroad again.

(*The Paſſionate Shepheard.*)

ANOTHER PASTORAL—
AGLAIA.

Who can live in heart ſo glad
As the merry country lad ?
Who upon a fair green baulk = *bank*
May at pleaſure ſit and walk ?

And amid the azure ſkies
See the morning ſun ariſe!
While he hears in every ſpring =*fount*
How the birds do chirp and ſing;
Or before the hounds in cry
See the hares go ſtealing by;
Or along the ſhallow brook
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fiſhes leap and play
In a bleſſed ſunny day;
Or to hear the partridge call
Till ſhe have her covey all;
Or to ſee the ſubtle fox,
How the villain plies the box:
After feeding on his prey
How he cloſely ſneaks away,
Through the hedge and down the furrow,
Till he gets into his burrow;
Then the bee to gather honey;
And the little black-hair'd coney
On a bank for ſunny place
With her fore-feet waſh her face:
Are not theſe worth thouſands moe= *more*
Than the courts of kings do know?
The true pleaſing ſpirits' rights
That may breed true Love's delights;
But with all thy happineſs

To behold that ſhepherdeſs
To whoſe eyes all ſhepherds yield
All the faireſt of the field :
Fair Aglaia, in whoſe face
Lives the ſhepherds' higheſt grace ;
In whoſe worthy wonder's praiſe
See what her true ſhepherd ſays :
She is neither proud nor fine,
But in ſpirit moſt divine ;
She can neither lour nor leer,
But a ſweeting, ſmiling cheer ;
She had never painted face,
But a ſweeter, ſmiling grace ;
She can never love diſſemble,
Truth doth ſo her thoughts aſſemble,
That when wiſdom guides her will
She is kind and conſtant ſtill ;
All in ſum, ſhe is this creature
Of that trueſt comfort's nature
That doth ſhew (but in exceedings)
How their praiſes had their breedings ;
Let then poets fain their pleaſure,
In their fictions of Love's treaſure ;
Proud high ſpirits ſeek their graces
In their ideal painted faces ;
Thy love's ſpirits' lowlineſs
In affection's humbleneſs ;
Under heav'n no happineſs
Seeks, but in this Shepherdeſs.

For whoſe ſake I ſay and ſwear
By the paſſions that I bear,
Had I got a kingly grace,
I would leave my kingly place,
And in heart be truly glad
To become a country lad;
Hard to lie and go full bare,
And to feed on hungry fare;
So I might but live to be,
Where I might but ſit to ſee
Once a day, or all day long,
The ſweet ſubject of my ſong;
In Aglaia's only eyes
All my worldly Paradiſe.
(*The Paſſionate Shepheard.*)

ANGLER—1597.

Among the walks of the weary, where liberty and air are the beſt comforts of the forlorn ſpirits of the world, it was the hap of a poor Scholar (who, feeding his imagination with the perſuaſions of contemplation, making his paſſage down a falling piece of ground ſomewhat near unto a little hill, faſt by a river ſide, whoſe ſtreams ſeemed to ſlide along the

banks of a lower platform) to eſpy a human creature ſtanding upright and holding out his arm over the water; whom approaching unto ſomewhat near and finding to be an ANGLER, he ſaluted in this manner: True figure of Patience, no offence to your conceit, how might it fare with your cold exerciſe? The fiſherman (as it might appear by his anſwer) being better trained in the variety of underſtanding than could be contained within the compaſs of a caſting-net, upon the ſudden made him this reply:

> Shadow of intelligence
> To ſtay your further eloquence,

when fools gape for flies, mad men may go a-fiſhing. Oh, Sir (quoth the Scholar), I pray you enter not into choler with them that meant not to trouble your better humour; but rather do me the favour to inſtruct me in the reaſon that might lead you into this loathing labour, than to take me up for halting as I come at my journey's end. I promiſe you I was half afraid that Ovid's tales would have fallen out true, and that Narciſſus, or ſome of his

kindred, had been ſo in love with their own ſhadow that he could not go from the river ſide; but coming near and finding the deceit of my imagination, confeſſing my folly, I am to crave your kindneſs in a little conference touching the profit of this cold pleaſure and what may be the fiſh that you angle for with a fly. Sir, quoth the fiſherman, to turn wit into choler is ſuch a piece of alchemy as I never found written in the true rules of philoſophy; and to tell truth, as I remember when I went to the ſchool of underſtanding, I found this a ſentence of diſcretion. It is but a trifling of wit to be troubling of humours; but ſince you crave a favourable inſtruction in a matter of ſmall importance, being perſuaded that your haſte is not great nor affairs weighty, if you will ſit down and bear me company, we will feed the air with a little breath. My good friend, quoth the Scholar, (for ſo I be glad to find you), to confeſs a truth, neither is my haſte ſuch but I may ſtay well if not too long to your liking; neither my affairs of ſuch import but that I may put them off for a time, to enjoy the benefit of your good

company. Then, Sir, quoth the fiſherman, let me tell you I ſit here, as you ſee, angling for a fiſh, and my bait a fly: for little fiſhes, as bleaks [= *blay, ſmall water fiſh, roaches*], and ſuch like, a fly will ſerve the turn; but for greater fiſhes, we muſt find out greater baits; and with theſe flies we catch ſuch ſmall fiſh as ſerve to bait our hooks for greater fiſhes. Now if you can apply this figure to a good ſenſe, I will hold you for a good ſcholar in ciphering.

(*Wit's Trenchmour.**)

Art in Fiſhing.

Some fiſhes there are that keep altogether in the deep, and they we muſt angle for with a worm: now to this

* Curiously enough, of the superabundant annotators of Izaac Walton, none seems to have known this brilliant little piscatory book of Breton. The late Mr. J. Payne Collier warned his readers that the 'angler' was not a 'fisher'—proving that, as too frequently, he had not seen the actual book, or at least not read it. The following is its (abridged) title page: 'Wits Trenchmour in a Conference had betwixt a Scholler and an Angler. . . . . 1597.'

worm we muſt have a line of hair as near as we can of ſuch a colour as may beſt pleaſe the eye of the fiſh to play with. Now to the line we muſt have a plummet, which muſt guide the bait to the bottom, which drawing now and then up and down, at length ſo pleaſeth the fiſh, as venturing upon the bait anſwers the hope of our labour. Now what think you of this figure? Truly, Sir, quoth the Scholar, I think that when wit is led away with humours reaſon may be entangled in repentance, and the pleaſing of the eye is ſuch a plague to the heart that the worm of conſcience brings ignorance to deſtruction, while in the Sea of Iniquity, the devil angleth for his deſires.

(*Ibid.*)

The Trout.

The Fiſherman, ſmiling at this anſwer, fell to him with another piece of angling in this manner. We have, quoth he, a kind of fly made only of ſilk, which we make our bait for a fiſh called a TROUT; with which we often deceive the fooliſh

thing as well as with the fly itſelf. Alas, Sir! quoth the Scholar, this ſhows but the vile courſe of the world, where wit, finding out a fool, feeds his fancy with ſuch illuſions as makes him ſometimes loſe himſelf with looking after a ſhadow: as words are without ſubſtance when they are laid for eaſy believers. (*Ibid.*)

'A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY.'

Let but a fellow in a fox-furr'd gown,
A greaſy night-cap and a drivel'd beard,
Grow but the bailiff of a fiſher-town,
And have a matter 'fore him to be heard;
Will not his frown make half a ſtreet afear'd?
Yea, and the greateſt cod's-head gape for fear,
He ſhall be ſwallow'd by this ugly bear.

Look but on beggars going to the ſtocks,
How Maſter conſtable can march before them;

And while the beadle maketh faſt the locks,
How bravely he can knave them and bewhore them,
And not afford one word of pity for them:
When it may be poor honeſt ſilly people
Muſt make the church make curtſey to the ſteeple.

Note but the beadle of a beggars' 'Spittle, = *hoſpital*
How (in his place) he can himſelf advance;
And will not of his title loſe a tittle,
If any matter come in variance
To try the credit of his countenance:
For whatſoever the poor beggars ſay,
His is the word muſt carry all away.

Why, let a beggar but on cockhorſe ſit,
Will he not ride like an ill-favour'd king?
And will it not amaze a poor man's wit
That cuckoos teach the nightingale to ſing?
Oh, this ſame Wealth is ſuch a wicked thing,

'Twill teach an owl in time to ſpeak
true Latin,
And make a friar forſwear our
Lady's matin.
(*Paſquil's Madcappe.*)

Other Word-etchings of Same.

Take but a peaſant newly from the cart,
That only lives by puddings, beans,
and peaſe ;
Who never learnèd any other art
But how to drive his cattle to the leas,
And after work, to reſt and take his
eaſe ;
Yet put this aſs into a golden hide
He ſhall be groom unto a handſome
bride.

Take but a raſcal with a roguiſh pate,
Who can but only keep a Counting-
book ;
Yet if his reck'ning grow to ſuch a rate,
That he can angle for the golden
hook ;
However ſo the matter be miſtook,
If he can clearly cover his deceit,
He may be held a man of deep
conceit.

Find out a villain, born and bred a knave,
That never knew where honeſty became ;
A drunken raſcal and a doggèd ſlave,
That all his wits to wickedneſs doth frame,
And only lives in infamy and ſhame ;
Yet let him tink upon the golden pan,
His word may paſs yet for an honeſt man.

Why, take a Fiddler but with half an eye,
Who never knew if *ela* were a note ;
And can but play a round as hey-do-gey
And that perhaps he only hath by rote ;
Which now and then may hap to get a groat :
Yet if his Crowde he ſet with ſilver ſtuds
The other minſtrels may go chew their cuds.

(*Paſquil's Madcappe.*)

BEAUTY.

Pretty twinkling ſtarry eyes,
How did Nature firſt deviſe
Such a ſparkling in your ſight
As to give Love ſuch delight,
As to make him, like a fly,
Play with looks until he die ?

Sure ye were not made at firſt
For ſuch miſchief to be curſt ;
As to kill Affection's care
That doth only truth declare ;
Where Worth's wonders never wither,
Love and Beauty live together.

Bleſſed eyes, then give your bleſſing,
That in paſſion's beſt expreſſing ;
Love that only lives to grace ye,
May not ſuffer pride deface ye ;
But in gentle thought's directions
Show the power of your perfections.
(*Paſſionate Shepheard.*)

CAVIARE [1597].

Another of the 'fine diſhes' . . . . a great lady ſent . . . . was a little barrel of *caviary;* which was no ſooner

opened and tasted, but quickly made up again, and was sent back with this message: 'Commend me to my good lady, and thank her honour, and tell her we have black soap enough already; but if it be any better thing, I beseech her ladyship to bestow it upon a better friend that can better tell how to use it.' Now, if such be your fine dishes, I pray you let me alone with my country fare.

(*The Courtier and the Countrymen.*)

[Explains Shakespeare's '*caviare* to the general,' 'Hamlet,' iv., sc. 2.]

WORD-PORTRAITS OF CHARACTERS.

A Worthy Lawyer.

A worthy Lawyer is the student of knowledge, how to bring controversies into a conclusion of peace and out of ignorance to gain understanding. He divides time into uses and cases into constructions. He lays open obscurities, and is praised for the speech of truth, and in the court of Conscience pleads

much *in forma pauperis,* for ſmall fees. He is a mean for the preſervation of titles and the holding of poſſeſſions, and a great inſtrument of peace in the judgment of Impartiality. He is the client's hope, in his caſe's pleading, and his heart's comfort in a happy iſſue. He is the finder out of tricks in the craft of ill conſcience and the joy of the diſtreſſed in the relief of juſtice. In ſum, he is a maker of peace among the ſpirits of contention and a continuer of quiet in the execution of the law.

(*Good and Bad.*)

An Unworthy Lawyer.

An unlearned and unworthily called a Lawyer, is the figure of a foot-poſt, who carries letters, but knows not what is in them, only can read the ſuperſcriptions to direct them to their right owners. So trudgeth this ſimple clerk, that can ſcarce read a caſe when it is written, with his handfull of papers, from one Court to another and from one Counſellor's chamber to another, when by his good payment for his pains,

he will be ſo ſaucy as to call himſelf a Solicitor. But what a taking are poor clients in when this too-much-truſted cunning companion, better read in 'Pierce Ploughman' than in 'Ployden' and in the Play of 'Richard the Third' than in the Pleas of Edward the Fourth, perſuades them all is ſure when he is ſure of all! and in what a miſery are the poor men when upon a *nihil dicit*, becauſe, indeed, this poor fellow *nihil poteſt dicere*, they are in danger of an execution before they know wherefore they are condemned! But I wiſh all ſuch more wicked than witty unlearned in the Law and abuſers of the ſame, to look a little better into their conſciences and to leave their crafty courſes, leſt when the Law indeed lays them open, inſtead of carrying papers in their hands they wear not papers on their heads, and inſtead of giving ear to their clients' cauſes, or rather eyes into their purſes, they have ne'er an ear left to hear withal, nor good eye to ſee withal; or at leaſt honeſt face to look out withal; but as the graſſhoppers of Egypt, be counted the caterpillars of England, and not the fox that ſtole the gooſe, but the

great fox that ſtole the farm from the gander.

(*Good and Bad.*)

An Honeſt Man.

An honeſt man is like a plain coat, which without welt [=*fold*] or guard, keepeth the body from wind and weather, and being well made fits him beſt that wears it; and where the ſtuff is more regarded than the faſhion, there is not much ado in the putting of it on. So, the mind of an honeſt man, without trick or compliments, keeps the credit of a good conſcience from the ſcandal of the World and the worm of Iniquity; which being wrought by the Workman of Heaven, fits him beſt that wears it to His ſervice; and where Virtue is more eſteemed than Vanity, it is put on and worn with that eaſe that ſhows the excellency of the Workman. His ſtudy is virtue, his word truth, his life the paſſage of patience, and his death the reſt of the ſpirit. His travel is a pilgrimage, his way is plainneſs, his pleaſure peace, and his delight is love.

His care is his conſcience, his wealth is his credit, his charge is his charity, and his content is his kingdom. In ſum, he is a diamond among jewels, a phœnix among lords, an unicorn among beaſts, and a ſaint among men.

(*Good and Bad.*)

A Worthy Phyſician.

A worthy phyſician is the enemy of ſickneſs, in purging nature from corruption. His action is moſt in feeling of pulſes and his diſcourſe chiefly of the nature of diſeaſes. He is a great ſearcher out of ſimples, and accordingly makes his compoſition. He perſuades to abſtinence and patience for the benefit of health, while purging and bleeding are the chief courſes of his counſel. The Apothecary and the Chirurgeon are his two chief attendants, with whom conferring upon time, he grows temperate in his cures. Surfeits and wantonneſs are great agents for his employment, when, by the ſecret of his ſkill out of others' weakneſs he gathers his own ſtrength. In ſum, he is a neceſſary

member for an unneceſſary malady, to find a diſeaſe and to cure the diſeaſed.
(*Good and Bad.*)

An Unworthy Phyſician.

An unlearned and ſo unworthy Phyſician is a kind of horſe-leech, whoſe cure is moſt in drawing of blood and a deſperate purge, either to cure or to kill as it hits. His diſcourſe is moſt of the cures that he hath done, and them afar off; and not a recipe under a hundred pounds, though it be not worth three half-pence. Upon the market-day he is much haunted with urinals; where, if he find anything (though he know nothing), yet he will ſay ſomewhat; which, if it hit to ſome purpoſe, with a few fuſtian words he will ſeem a piece of ſtrange ſtuff. He is never without old merry tales and ſtale jeſts to make old folks laugh, and comfits and plums in his pocket to pleaſe little children; yea, and he will be talking of complexions, though he know nothing of their diſpoſitions; and if his medicine do a feat, he is a made man among

fools. But, being wholly unlearned and oftimes unhoneſt, let me thus briefly deſcribe him. He is a plain kind of mountebank and a true quack-raker; a danger for the ſick to deale withal and a dizard [=*fool, light-headed*] in the world to talk withal.

(*Good and Bad.*)

A Worthy Merchant.

A worthy merchant is the heir of adventure, whoſe hopes hang much upon wind. Upon a wooden horſe he rides through the world, and in a merry gale makes a path through the ſeas. He is a diſcoverer of countries and a finder out of commodities, reſolute in his attempts and royal in his expenſes. He is the life of traffic and the maintainer of trade, the ſailor's maſter and the ſoldier's friend. He is the exerciſe of the Exchange, the honour of Credit, the obſervation of Time, and the underſtanding of Thrift. His ſtudy is Number, his care his accounts, his comfort his conſcience,

and his wealth his good name. He fears not Scylla and ſails cloſe by Charybdis, and having beaten out a ſtorm, rides at reſt in a harbour. By his ſea-gain he makes his land-purchaſe, and by the knowledge of trade finds the key of his treaſure. Out of his travels he makes his diſcourſes, and from his eye-obſervations brings the models of architectures. He plants the earth with foreign fruits, and knows at home what is good abroad. He is neat in apparel, modeſt in demeanour, dainty in diet and civil in his carriage. In ſum, he is the pillar of a city, the enricher of a country, the furniſher of a Court, and the worthy ſervant of a King.

(*Good and Bad.*)

A Coward.

A coward is the child of Fear. He was begotten in cold blood, when Nature had much ado to make up a creature like a man. His life is a kind of ſickneſs, which breeds a kind of palſy in the joints, and his death the terror of

his conſcience with the extreme weakneſs of his faith. He loves peace as his life, for he fears a ſword in his ſoul. If he cut his finger he looketh preſently for the ſign, and if his head ache he is ready to make his will. A report of a cannon ſtrikes him flat on his face, and a clap of thunder makes him a ſtrange *metamorphoſis*. Rather than he will fight he will be beaten, and if his legs will help him he will put his arms to no trouble. He makes love commonly with his purſe, and brags moſt of his maiden-head. He will not marry but into a quiet family, and not too fair a wife, to avoid quarrels. If his wife frown upon him he ſighs, and if ſhe give him an unkind word he weeps. He loves not the horns of a bull, nor the paws of a bear; and if a dog bark he will not come near the houſe. If he be rich he is afraid of thieves, and if he be poor he will be ſlave to a beggar. In ſum, he is the ſhame of manhood, the diſgrace of Nature, the ſcorn of reaſon, and the hate of honour.

(*Good and Bad.*)

A Drunkard.

A Drunkard is a noun adjective ; for he cannot ſtand alone by himſelf ; yet in his greateſt weakneſs a great trier of ſtrength, whether health or ſickneſs will have the upper hand in a ſurfeit. He is a ſpectacle of deformity, and a ſhame of Humanity ; a view of Sin and a grief of Nature. He is the annoyance of Modeſty and the trouble of Civility, the ſpoil of Wealth and the ſpite of Reaſon. He is only the Brewer's agent and the ale-houſe benefactor ; the beggar's companion and the conſtable's trouble. He is his wife's woe, his children's ſorrow, his neighbour's ſcoff, and his own ſhame. In ſum, he is a tub of ſwill, a ſpirit of ſleep, a picture of a beaſt, and a monſter of a man.

(*Good and Bad.*)

An Untrained Soldier.

An untrained Soldier is like a young hound, that when he firſt falls to hunt he knows not how to lay his noſe to the earth ; who having his name put in a

book, and marched twice about a market-place, when he comes to a piece of ſervice knows not how to beſtow himſelf. He marches as if he were at plough, carries his pike like a pikeſtaff, and his ſword before him for fear of loſing from his ſide. If he be a ſhot, he will be rather ready to ſay a grace over his piece, and ſo to diſcharge his hands of it, than to learn how to diſcharge it with a grace. He puts on his armour over his ears like a waiſtcoat, and wears his murrian [=*morion or helmet*] like a nightcap. When he is quartered in the field he looks for his bed, and when he ſees his provant [=*proviſions*] he is ready to cry for his victuals; and ere he know well where he is, wiſhes heartily he were at home again, with hanging down his head as if his heart were in his hoſe. He will ſleep till a drum or a deadly bullet awake him; and ſo carry himſelf in all companies, that till martial diſcipline have ſeaſoned his underſtanding, he is like a cipher among figures, an owl among birds, a wiſe man among fools, and a ſhadow among men.

(*Good and Bad.*)

JESUS CHRIST.

He came from high to live with me
below ;
He gave me life and ſhewed me
greateſt love ;
Unworthy I ſo high a worth to know
Who left chief bliſs a baſer choice to
prove ;
I ſaw His wounds, yet did I not be-
lieve Him,
And for His goodneſs with my ſins did
grieve Him.

I ſaw Him faultleſs, yet I did offend
Him ;
I ſaw Him wrong'd, yet did not excuſe
Him ;
I ſaw His foes, yet ſought not to defend
Him ;
I had His bleſſings, yet I did abuſe Him.
But was it mine, or my forefather's
deed ?
Whoſe'er it was, it makes my heart to
bleed.

To ſee the feet that travelled for our
good ;
To ſee the hands that brake the lively
bread ; =*living*

To ſee the head, whereon our honour ſtood ;
To ſee the fruit, whereon our ſpirits fed ;
Feet pierc'd, hands bor'd, and His head all bleeding ;
Who doth not die with ſuch a ſorrow reading ?

He plac'd all reſt, yet had no reſting-place ;
He heal'd each pain, yet liv'd in ſore diſtreſs ;
Deſerv'd all good, yet driven to great diſgrace ;
Gave all hearts joy, Himſelf in heavineſs ;
Suffer'd them live, by whom Himſelf was ſlain ;
Lord, who can live to ſee ſuch love again ?

A Virgin's child by Virtue's power conceiv'd ;
A harmleſs man that lived for all men's good ;
A faithful friend that never faith deceiv'd ;
An heavenly fruit for heart's eſpecial food ;

A ſpirit all of excellence divine ;
Such is the eſſence of this love of mine.

Whose manſion's heaven, yet lay within a manger ;
Who gave all food, yet ſuck'd a virgin's breaſt ;
Who could have kill'd, yet fled a threaten'd danger ;
Who ſought our quiet by His own unreſt ;
Who died for them that highly did offend Him ;
And lives for them that cannot comprehend Him.

Who came no further than His Father ſent Him,
And did fulfil but what He did command Him ;
Who pray'd for them that proudly did torment Him,
For telling truth to what they did demand Him ;
Who did all good that humbly did entreat Him,
And bear their blows that did unkindly beat Him.

(*The Counteſſe of Penbrook's* [*Pembroke's*] *Paſſion.*)

Only Chriſt.

Thus would I ſpend in ſervice of my God,
The ling'ring hours of theſe few days of mine,
To ſhow how ſin and death are over-trod,
But by the virtue of the Power divine;
Our thoughts but vain, our ſubſtance ſlime and duſt,
And only Chriſt for our Eternal Truſt.

(*I would and I would not.*)

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A gentleman being on Chriſtmas Eve in a very ſolitary place, among very ſolemn company, where was but ſmall cheer, leſs mirth, and leaſt muſic, being very earneſtly entreated to ſing a Chriſtmas Carol, with much ado ſang as followeth:

Now Chriſtmas draweth near, and moſt men make good cheer,
With heigh-ho, care away!

I, like a ſickly mome, in drowſy dumps
at home,
Will naught but faſt and pray.

Some ſing and dance for life, ſome card
and dice as rife,
Some uſe old Chriſtmas games;
But I, oh wretched wight! in dole both
day and night
Muſt dwell; the world ſo frames.

In Court what pretty toys, what fine and
pleaſant joys,
To paſs the time away!
In country naught but care; ſour
cheeſe-curds chiefeſt fare;
For wine a bowl of whey.

For every dainty diſh, of fleſh or elſe of
fiſh,
And for your drink in Court,
A diſh of young fried frogs, ſod houghs of
mezled hogs, =*meazled, diseased*
A cup of ſmall-tap wort.

And for each courtly ſight, each ſhow
that may delight
The eye or elſe the mind;
In country thorns and brakes, and many
miry lakes,
Is all the good you find.

And for fine enteries, halls, chambers, galleries,
And lodgings many moe ;
Here deſert woods and plains, where no delight remains,
To walk in to and fro.

In Court, for to be ſhort, for every pretty ſport
That may the heart delight ;
In country many a grief, and ſmall or no relief,
To aid the wounded wight.

And in this deſert place, I, wretch ! in woful caſe,
This merry Chriſtmas time,
Content myſelf perforce to reſt my careful corſe,
And ſó I end my rime.
(*A Flourish upon Fancy*, 1577.)

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS SONG.

In the latter end of Chriſtmas the ſame gentleman was likewiſe deſired to ſing ; and, although againſt his will, was content to ſing as followeth :

The Chriſtmas now is paſt, and I have kept my faſt,
With prayer every day ;
And, like a country clown, with nodding up and down,
Have paſſed the time away.

As for old Chriſtmas games, or dancing with fine dames,
Or ſhows, or pretty plays ;
A ſolemn oath I ſwear, I came not where they were,
Not all theſe holy-days.

I did not ſing one note, except it were by rote,
Still buzzing like a bee ;
To eaſe my heavy heart of ſome though little ſmart,
For want of other glee.

And as for pleaſant wine, there was no drink ſo fine,
For to be taſted here ;
Full ſimple was my fare, if that I ſhould compare,
The ſame to Chriſtmas cheer.

I ſaw no kind of ſight that might my mind delight,
Believe me, noble dame ;

But everything I ſaw did fret at woe my maw,
To think upon the ſame.

Upon ſome buſhy balk full fain I was to walk,
In woods, from tree to tree,
For want of better room ; but ſince my fatal doom
Hath ſo appointed me ;

I ſtood therewith content, the Chriſtmas full was ſpent,
In hope that God will ſend
A better yet next year, my heavy heart to cheer ;
And ſo I make an end.

(*Ibid.*)

THE CITY OF GOD (DE CIVITATE DEI) OR HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

And on they walk, until anon they came
Unto a CHURCH,—not built of lime or ſtone,
But that true Church of that immortal fame
That is world's wonder, and heaven's love alone :

Whoſe head is Chriſt, whoſe martyrs are
His pillars,
And all whoſe members are His Word's
well-willers.

The gate is Grace, Contrition is the
key;
The lock is Love, the porter Peni-
tence;
Where humble Faith muſt heavenly
favour ſtay
Till Pity talk with Virtue's patience:
While angels' ſighs the ſinner's way
deviſe,
To have his entrance into Paradiſe.

Which is indeed the plot of all perfec-
tion,
Drawn by the compaſs of divine con-
ceit;
Whoſe line is life laid by His love's
direction,
Who makes all fleſh upon the ſpirit
wait;
Whoſe flowers are fruits of Faith's
eternal favour,
Sweet to the ſoul in ever-living ſavour.

Now in this ground doth live this glorious King,
Of Mercy's life amidſt the fire of Love;
Who, as the ſun doth cauſe the flowers to ſpring,
So, by His fire, makes Faith her comfort prove;
When heavenly Truth doth Virtue's root ſo nouriſh,
That her fair flowers ſhall grow and ever flouriſh.

Now here the herbs, were wholeſome ſentences,
Which purge the heart of every idle thought;
And for each graſs, a grace of wit and ſenſes,
By heavenly bleſſing from the ſpirit brought:
In midſt whereof the Well of Life doth ſpring,
About the which the angels ſit and ſing.

Here is the light that makes the ſun to ſhine;
Here is the brightneſs of the morning light;

Here is the ſun that never doth decline ;
Here is the day that never hath a night ;
Here is the hope of everlaſting bliſs,
And comfort, that beyond all knowledge is.

Here never weed had ever power to grow,
Nor ever worm could make an herb to wither ;
But in the path where all perfections go,
Virtue and Nature kindly went together ;
And heavenly dews did all the fruits ſo cheriſh
That neither fruit, nor herb, nor flower could periſh.

Here never ſorrow for the thought of loſſes ;
Here ever labour and yet never weary ;
Here never fear of any fatal croſſes ;
Here never mourning and here ever merry ;
Here never hunger, thirſt, nor heat nor cold ;
But take enough, and ſtill the ſtore doth hold.

Here is the ſky, the ſun, the moon and ſtars,
Set for a dial by the heaven's direction ;
Here never cloud their brighteſt ſhining bars,
But ſhow their brightneſs in their beſt perfection ;
Here is in ſum the ſweeteſt light of all,
From which all lights have their original.

Here never foot of wicked Pride preſum'd,
But is excluded heavenly Paradiſe ;
Here is the air with ſweeteſt ſweets perfum'd,
While ſinners' ſighs is bleſſèd ſacrifice :
When faithful ſouls in angels' arms embraced
Are in the eye of glorious favour graced.

Here are the virgins playing, angels ſinging ;
The ſaints rejoicing and the martyrs joying ;
Here ſacred comforts to the conſcience ſpringing,
And no one thought of diſcontent annoying ;

Here hurt was none and fear of death
is never,
But here is love and here is life for ever.

Here Sorrow's tears do quench the heart
of Sin ;
And fire of Love doth kindle life again ;
Here doth the ground of glory firſt
begin,
And here is Virtue in her brighteſt
vein :
Here is in ſum the ſtate of Honour's
ſtory,
And of all goodneſs the eternal glory.

And here is, lo, that Heavenly Paradiſe,
Whereto the Pilgrim made his Pil-
grimage ;
Where ſacred Mercy firſt did ſolemnize
The ſpirit to be fleſh in marriage ;
And here the heart did find his ſpirit
bleſt,
To bring the ſenſes to eternal reſt.
(*Pilgrimage of Paradiſe.*)

ELIZABETHAN-JACOBEAN CLERGY—1603.

Give me leave a little. Some take upon them to be Divines which only make the name of God a cloak for their knavery. But theſe may rather be called lurch-men than Church-men, who, as they are not troubled with much learning, ſo they have no more honeſty than they may well away withal. But theſe who take eleven for tenths, and yet can ſcarce read any other names than are written in their Eaſter-books, is it not pity but their places were taken away from them, and given to them that could and would take more careful pains in them?

(*A Mad World, my Maſters.*)

Parſon.

It was my hap in a little field near unto a Church in a country town to overtake a little old man in a gown, a wide caſſock, a night-cap, and a corner-cap, by his habit ſeeming to be a Divine; of whom I was in hope to find that

ſacred fount of charity, that might be ſome comfort on my return; whom beginning to ſalute with a few Latin words, My friend, quoth he, do not deceive yourſelf, I underſtand not your Greek; we here that dwell far from the City, and are not troubled with fine ears to our reading, care for no more but to diſcharge our duties in our places —I mean of a Vicar, for I am no better. The Parſon is a man of greater place and of fair poſſeſſions, who dwelleth a great way hence, and therefore ſeldom comes into this country. I uſe twice a year to bring here his rent and perhaps a couple of capons againſt Chriſtmas for my landlady, and that is as much as they look for. And for my pariſhioners, they are a kind of people that love a pot of ale better than a pulpit, and a corn-rick better than a church-door; who, coming to divine ſervice more for faſhion than devotion, are contented after a little capping and kneeling, coughing and ſpitting, to help me to ſing out a pſalm, and ſleep at the ſecond leſſon, or awake to ſtand up at the Goſpel and ſay Amen at the 'fear of God'; and ſtay till the banns of matri-

mony be aſked, or till the clerk hath cried a pied ſtray bullock, a black ſheep, or a gray mare; and then for that ſome dwell far off, be glad to be gotten home to dinner. Now, we that have no more living than will hardly ſerve to keep a poor home, are not in caſe, God help us, to do anything for our poorer brethren; and therefore, my good friend, trouble us not with other ſpeech than we underſtand, leſt if you come before the conſtable, he take you for ſome conjurer, and ſo bring yourſelf to ſome trouble, which I would be ſorry to ſee; for truly you ſeem a handſome man. God hath done his part for you; God be with you.

(*A Mad World, my Maſters.*)

COUNTRY FOLKS—1618.

At our meetings on the holidays between our lads and the wenches, ſuch true mirth at honeſt meetings, ſuch dancing on the green, in the market-houſe, or about the May-pole, where the young folks ſmiling kiſs at every

turning, and the old folks checking with laughing at their children, when dancing for the garland, playing at ſtool-ball for a tanſie and a banquet of curds and cream, with a cup of old nappy ale; matter of ſmall charge, with a little reward of the Piper, after caſting of ſheep's eyes and faith and troth for a bargain, clapping of hands are ſeals to the truth of hearts, when a pair of gloves and a handkerchief are as good as the beſt obligation, with a cap and a curtſey; here ye have maids to milking, and ſo merrily goes the day away. Again we have hay in the barn, horſes in the ſtable, oxen in the ſtall, ſheep in the pen, hogs in the ſty, corn in the garner, cheeſe in the loft, milk in the dairy, cream in the pot, butter in the diſh, ale in the tub, *aqua vitæ* in the bottle, beef in the brine, brawn in the ſouſe, bacon in the roof, herbs in the garden, water at our doors, whole clothes to our backs, ſome money in our coffers; and having all this, if we have God withal, what in God's name can we deſire to have more?

(*Courtier and Countryman.*)

WISE COUNSELS.

Let not a ſhaft, a bowl, a card nor die,
Take up thy rent a year before the day;
A parrot's feathers, nor a falcon's eye,
Make thee too faſt to throw thy wealth away;
Leſt '*had I wiſt*' do keep fool's holy-day:
Eſteem a horſe according to his pace,
But lose no wages on a wild-gooſe chaſe.

Tear not thy throat with holloing to hounds,
Nor ride thy horſe to death to ſeek a hawk:
Spoil not thine eyes with levelling of grounds,
Nor bar thine honeſt neighbour of his walk;
But take no pleaſure with a fool to talk;
But hearken to the ſhepherds what they ſain,*
Both of the ſunſhine and a ſhower of rain.

* = to say. Cf. Raleigh, 'Yet what is love, good shepherd, sain?'

Feed not too groſs, and drink not over-
much ;
The ſparing diet is the ſpirit's feaſt :*
The pitch and tar are dangerous to
touch,
And want of reaſon makes a man a
beaſt :
Of forcèd evils ever chooſe the leaſt.
Be warnèd by a little from the
more,
And take heed of an inward
bleeding ſore.

Wound not the conſcience of a woful
heart,
Nor take delight in doing injury ;
But eaſe the ſick of his conſuming ſmart,
And keep the poor man in his
memory ;
So live, ſo die ; ſo live and never die ;
Relieve thy friend, but not with
all thou haſt,
Leſt thou be driven to ſeek to
him in faſt.
(*The Mother's Bleſſing.*)

* Cf. 'Il Penseroso'—'Spare fast that oft with gods doth diet.'

COUNTRY PLAYERS.

Tell country Players, that old paltry jeſts,
Pronounced in a painted motley coat,
Fills all the world ſo full of cuckoo's neſts,
That nightingales can ſcarcely ſing a note :
Oh, bid them turn their minds to better meanings ;
Fields are all ſorry that give no better gleanings.

(*Paſquil's Meſſage.*)

DARWIN-LIKE OBSERVATION OF 'LITTLE CREATURES.'

To ſee the greyhound courſe, the hound in chaſe,
Whilſt little dormouſe ſleepeth out her time ;
The lambs and rabbits ſweetly run at baſe,
Whilſt higheſt trees the little ſquirrels climb ;

The crawling worms out-creeping in
the ſhowers ;
And how the ſnails do climb the lofty
towers.*
(*Counteſs of Pembroke's Paſſion, ſt.* 98.)

A DAY IN MERRY ENGLAND OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The Morning.

It is now Morning, and Time hath wound up the wheels of the day's watch, while the lark, the ſun's trumpet, calls the labourer to his work. There is joy and comfort through the whole world, that the ſpirits of life are awaked out of their dead ſleep. It is the bleſſed time of Heaven, in which the beſt things are begun, while Nature goes to Experience for the better perfection of her buſineſs. The ſun now begins to draw open the curtain of his pavilion, and with the

* As a commentary on the last of the 'snail,' I once saw on a 'lofty,' indeed on the loftiest of the mysterious stones of Stonehenge, within a few inches (exacerbatingly misprinted 'miles' in our edition of Breton's Works *in loco*) of the summit, a common shell 'snail.'

heat of his beams draws up the unwholesome mists in the air. The mother-earth is recovered of her cold sickness, and sends forth her fair flowers to perfume the infected air. Now the sorceress, with her magic art, puts her charms to silence, and the birds of the woods make music to the poor traveller. Now begin the wits of the wise and the limbs of strength, to compass the world and make art honourable. Thieves now are either caved [=*hidden in caves* or imprisoned, and knowledge of comfort puts Care to a *non plus*. The beasts of the forests use the silence of fear, and the wolf like a dog dare not look out of his den. The worms into the earth and the toads into the waters, fly for fear of their heads. This is a time that I joy in, for I think no time lost but in sleep. And now have imaginations their best means to attire themselves in the golden livery of their best graces, to which the thought is as no time by deprivation of action. I conclude, it is in itself a blessed season, a dispersing of the first darkness and the Dial of Alexander. Farewell.

(*Fantasticks.*)

One of the Clock.

It is now the firſt hour, and Time is, as it were, ſtepping out of darkneſs and ſtealing towards the day. The cock calls to his hen, and bids her beware of the fox; and the Watch, having walked the ſtreets, takes a nap upon a ſtall. The bellman calls to the maids to look to their locks, their fire and their light, and the child in the cradle calls to the nurſe for a dug [=*the breaſt*]. The cat ſits watching behind the cupboard for a mouſe, and the flea ſucks on ſweet fleſh till he is ready to burſt with the blood. The ſpirits of the ſtudious ſtart out of their dreams, and if they cannot fall aſleep again, then to the book and the wax-candle. The dog at the door frays the thief from the houſe, and the thief within the houſe mayhap be about his buſineſs. In ſome places bells are rung to certain orders; but the quiet ſleeper never tells the clock. Not to dwell too long upon it, I hold it the farewell of the night and the forerunner of the day, the ſpirit's watch and Reaſon's work-maſter. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

Two of the Clock.

It is now the ſecond hour, and the point of the dial hath ſtopt over the firſt ſtroke, and now Time begins to draw back the curtain of the Night. The cock again calls to the hen, and the Watch begin to buſtle toward their diſcharge. The Bellman hath made a great part of his walk, and the Nurſe begins to huggle the child to the dug. The cat ſits playing with the mouſe which ſhe hath catched, and the dog with his barking wakes the ſervants of the houſe. The ſtudious now are near upon waking, and the thief will be gone for fear of being taken. The Foreſters now be about their walks, and yet ſtealers ſometime cozen the keepers. Warreners now begin to draw homeward, and far-dwellers from the town will be on the way to the market. The ſoldier now looks towards the Court de Garde, and the Corporal takes care for the relief of the Watch. The earneſt ſcholar will be now at his book, and the thrifty huſbandman will rouſe towards his riſing. The ſeaman will now look out for light, and if the wind be fair, he calls for a

can of beer. The fiſhermen now take the benefit of the tide, and he that bobs for eels will not be without worms. In ſum, I hold it much of the nature of the firſt hour, but ſomewhat better. And, to conclude, I think it the enemy of ſleep and the entrance to exerciſe. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

At three of the Clock.

It is now the third hour, and the windows of heaven begin to open, and the ſun begins to colour the clouds in the ſky, before he ſhew his face to the World. Now are the ſpirits of life, as it were, riſen out of death. The cock calls the ſervants to their day's work, and the graſs horſes are fetched from the paſtures. The milkmaids begin to look towards their dairy, and the good houſewife begins to look about the houſe. The porridge-pot is on for the ſervants' breakfast, and hungry ſtomachs will ſoon be ready for their victuals. The ſparrow begins to chirp about the houſe, and the birds in the buſhes will bid them

welcome to the field. The ſhepherd ſets on the pitch on the fire, and fills his tarpot ready for his flock. The wheel and the reel begin to be ſet ready, and a merry ſong makes the work ſeem eaſy. The ploughman falls to harneſs his horſes, and the thruſhes begin to look toward the barn. The ſcholar that loves learning will be hard at his book, and the labourer by great [= *by quantity, not daily wage*] will be walking towards his work. In brief, it is a parcel of time, to good purpoſe, the exerciſe of Nature, and the entrance into Art. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

Four of the Clock.

It is now the fourth hour, and the ſun begins to ſend her beams abroad, whoſe glimmering brightneſs no eye can behold. Now crows the cock luſtily, and claps his wings for joy at the light, and with his hens leaps lightly from his rooſt. Now are the horſes at their chaff and provender; the ſervants at breakfaſt; the milkmaid gone to the

field, and the ſpinner at the wheel; and the ſhepherd with his dog going toward the fold. Now the beggars rouſe them out of the hedges and begin their morning craft; but if the conſtable come, beware the ſtocks. The birds now begin to flocke, and the ſparhawk begins to prey for his eery. The threſher begins to ſtretch his long arms, and the thriving labourer will fall hard to his work. The quick-witted brain will be quoting of places, and the cunning workman will be trying of his ſkill. The hounds begin to be coupled for the chaſe, and the spaniels follow the falconer to the field. Travellers begin to look toward the ſtable, where an honeſt oſtler is waiting his reward. The ſoldier now is upon diſcharge of his Watch, and the captain with his company may take as good reſt as they can. In ſum, I thus conclude of it: I hold it the meſſenger of action and the watch of heaven. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

Five of the Clock.

It is now five of the clock, and the ſun is going apace upon his journey; and fie, ſluggards, who would be aſleep! The bells ring to prayer, and the ſtreets are full of people, and the highways are ſtored with travellers. The ſchollars are up and going to ſchool, and the rods are ready for the truants' correction. The maids are at milking and the ſervants at plough, and the wheel goes merrily while the miſtreſs is by. The capons and the chickens muſt be raiſed without door, and the hogs cry till they have their ſwill. The ſhepherd is almoſt gotten to his fold, and the herd begins to blow his horn through the town [= *farmſtead*]. The blind fiddler is up with his dance and his ſong, and the alehouſe-door is unlocked for good fellows. The hounds begin to find after the hare, and horſe and foot follow after the cry. The traveller now is well on his way, and if the weather is fair he walks with the better cheer. The carter merrily whiſtles to his horſe, and the boy with his ſling caſts ſtones at the crows. The lawyer now begins to look

on his caſe, and if he give good counſel he is worthy of his fee. In brief, not to ſtay too long upon it, I hold it the neceſſity of Labour and the note of Profit. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

Six of the Clock.

It is now the ſixth hour, the ſweet time of the Morning, and the ſun at every window calls the ſleepers from their beds. The marygold begins to open her leaves, and the dew on the ground doth ſweeten the air. The Falconer now meets with many a fair flight, and the hare and the hounds have made the huntſmen good ſport. The ſhops in the city begin to ſhow their wares, and the market-people have taken their places. The ſcholars now have their forms, and whoſoever cannot ſay his leſſon muſt reverently look for abſolution. The Foreſter now is drawing home to his lodge, and if his deer be gone he may draw after a cold ſcent. Now begins the curſed miſtreſs to put her girls to their taſks, and a lazy hilding

[= *idle jade or hindering*] will do hurt among good women. Now the mower falls to whetting of his ſcythe and the beaters of hemp give a ho! to every blow. The ale knight is at his cup ere he can well ſee his drink, and the beggar is as muddle-tongued as if he had been at it all day. The fiſhermen are now at the crier for oyſters, and they will never lin [= *ceaſe*] crying while they have one in their baſket. In ſum, not to be tedious, I hold it the ſluggard's ſhame and the labourer's praiſe. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

Seven of the Clock.

It is now the ſeventh hour, and Time begins to ſet the World hard to work. The milkmaids in their dairy to their butter and their cheeſe; the ploughmen to their ploughs and their harrows in the field; the ſcholars to their leſſons; the lawyers to their caſes; the merchants to their accounts; the ſhopmen to What lack you? and every trade to his buſineſs. Oh, 'tis a world

to ſee how life leaps about the limbs of the healthful: none but finds ſomething to do: the wiſe to ſtudy, the ſtrong to labour; the fantaſtic to make love; the poet to make verſes; the player to con his part; and the Muſician to try his notes. Every one in his quality, and according to his condition, ſets himſelf to ſome exerciſe either of the body or the mind. And therefore, ſince it is a time of much labour and great uſe, I will thus briefly conclude it: I hold it the enemy of idleneſs and employer of induſtry. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

Eight of the Clock.

It is now the eighth hour, and good ſtomachs are ready for a breakfaſt. The huntſman now calls in his hounds, and at the fall of the deer the hours go apace. Now begin the horſes to breathe and the labourer to ſweat, and with quick hands work rides apace. Now the ſcholars make a charm in the ſchools, and *ergo* keeps a ſtir in many a falſe argument. Now the chapmen fall to furniſh

the ſhops, the market people make away with their wares; the tavern-haunters taſte of the topers' wine, and the nappy ale makes many a drunken noll. Now the threſher begins to fall to his breakfaſt, and eat apace, and work apace, rids the corn quickly away. Now the piper looks what he hath gotten since day, and the beggar, if he have hit well, will have a pot of the beſt. The traveller now begins to water his horſe, and if he was early up, perhaps a bait will do well. The oſtler now makes clean his ſtables, and if gueſts come in he is not without his welcome. In concluſion, for all I find in it, I hold it the mind's travail and the body's toil. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

Nine of the Clock.

It is now the ninth hour, and the ſun is gotten up well toward his height, and the ſweating traveller begins to feel the burden of his way. The ſcholar now falls to conning of his leſſon, and the lawyer at the bar falls to pleading of his caſe. The ſoldier now makes many a

weary ſtep in his march, and the amorous courtier is almoſt ready to go out of his chamber. The market now grows to be full of people, and the ſhopmen now are in the heat of the market. The falconers now find it too hot flying, and the huntſmen begin to grow weary of their ſport. The birders now take in their nets and their rods, and the fiſhermen ſend their fiſh to the market. The tavern and the alehouſe are almoſt full of gueſts, and Weſtminſter and Guildhall are not without a word or two on both ſides. The carriers now are loading out of town, and not a letter but muſt be paid for ere it paſs. The cryer now tries the ſtrength of his throat, and the bearward leads his bear home after his challenge. The Players' bills are almoſt all ſet up, and the clerk of the market begins to ſhow his office. In ſum, in this hour there is much to do as well in the city as the country. And, therefore, to be ſhort, I will thus make my concluſion: I hold it the toil of wit and the trial of reaſon. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

Ten of the Clock.

It is now the tenth hour, and now preparation is to be made for dinner. The trenchers muſt be ſcraped and the napkins folded, the ſalt covered and the knives ſcoured, and the cloth laid, the ſtools ſet ready and all for the table. There muſt be haſte in the kitchen for the boiled and the roaſt, and proviſion in the cellar for wine, ale, and beer. The Pantler [= *pantry keeper*] and the Butler muſt be ready in their offices, and the uſher of the Hall muſt marſhal the ſerving-men. The hawk muſt be ſet on the perch and the dogs put into the kennel, and the gueſts that come to dinner muſt be invited againſt the hour. The ſcholars now fall to conſtrue and parſe, and the lawyer makes his client either a man or a mouſe [= *victim*]. The chapmen now draw home to their inns, and the shopmen fall to folding up their wares. The ploughman now begins to grow towards home, and the dairymaid, after her work, falls to cleanſing of her veſſels. The cook is cutting ſops for broth, and the butler is chopping of loaves for the table. The

minſtrels begin to go towards the taverns, and the curſed crew viſit the vile places. In ſum, I thus conclude of it: I hold it the meſſenger of the ſtomach and the ſpirit's recreation. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

Eleven of the Clock.

It is now the eleventh hour; children muſt break up ſchool, lawyers muſt home to their houſes, merchants to the Exchange, and gallants to the Ordinary. The diſhes ſet ready for the meat, and the glaſſes half full of fair water. Now the market people make towards their homes, and the beggars begin to draw near the towns. The porridge put off the fire is ſet a-cooling for the plough folk, and the great loaf and the cheeſe are ſet ready for the table. Colleges and halls ring to dinner, and a ſcholar's commons is ſoon digeſted. The rich man's gueſts are 'at courteſy, and 'I thank you'; and the poor man's feaſt is welcome, and 'God be with you.' The Page is ready with his knife and his trencher, and the meat will be

half cold ere the gueſts can agree on their places. The cook wards the kitchen and the butler the buttery, and the ſerving-men ſtand all ready at the dreſſer [=*drawered table*]. The children are called to ſay grace before dinner, and the nice people rather look than eat. The gates be locked for fear of the beggars, and the minſtrels called in to be ready with their muſic. The pleaſant wit is now breaking a jeſt, and the hungry man puts his jaws to their proof. In ſum, to conclude my opinion of it, I hold it the Epicure's joy and the Labourer's eaſe. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

Twelve of the Clock.

It is now the twelfth hour: the ſun is at his height, and the middle of the day, the firſt courſe is ſerved in, and the ſecond ready to follow. The diſhes have been read over and the reverſion ſet by. The wine begins to be called for, and who waits not is chidden. Talk paſſeth away time, and when ſtomachs are full diſcourſes grow dull and heavy.

But after fruit and cheeſe, ſay grace and take away. Now the markets are done, the Exchange broke up, and the lawyers at dinner, and Duke Humphrey's ſervants make their walks in Paul's.* The ſhopmen keep their ſhops and their ſervants go to dinner. The traveller begins to call for a reckoning, and goes into the ſtable to ſee his horſe eat his provender. The ploughman now is in the bottom of his diſh, and the labourer draws out his dinner out of his bag. The beaſts of the field take reſt after their feed, and the birds of the air are at juke [=*ſport*] in the buſhes. The lamb lies ſucking while the ewe chews the cud, and the rabbit will ſcarce peep out of her burrow. The hare ſits cloſe aſleep in her muſe [=*hole in a hedge*], while dogs ſit waiting for a bone from the trencher. In brief, for all I find of it, I thus conclude in it: I hold it the ſtomach's pleaſure and the ſpirit's wearineſs. Farewell.

(*Fantaſticks.*)

* So Hutton, in 'Satyres and Epigrams' (1619), 'dine with Duke Humfrey in decayed Paule's'—see also Donne=go without dinner by walking up and down St. Paul's, and deftly using toothpicks as if they had just dined.

QUEEN ELIZABETH LIVING— 1603.

A Queen . . . I ſay not only with Antonio, 'God preſerve her,' by knowing ſuch a queen in a little, but I may ſay, a great bleſſed Iſland, whom according to the excellency of her nature the heavens have worthily named Bazilethea: I ſay ſuch a queen as not the greateſt monarchy in the world hath the like, to love and honour.

Let me ſay thus much in her due, that what dignity ſoever may be juſtly given unto man above all other creatures, that and much more may be given unto her Majeſty above all others; who in all the judgments of the worthieſt wits on Earth, is worthily held not only the Grace of all her Court, but under heaven the very glory of her kingdom; whoſe patience in all trouble, whoſe temper in all paſſion, whoſe bounty to the well-deſerving and juſtice over the obſtinate; whoſe mercy to the offendant and love to the virtuous; whoſe beauty in nature, whoſe wiſdom in judgment, whoſe magnanimity in dangers and conſtancy in religion; whoſe providence

in care, and resolution in performance; makes her the true figure of the Phœnix and the worthy honoured wonder of the world; whose praises so far pass the reach of human reason to set down, that Admiration may rather contemplate than Conceit express them. For while the wise serve, the virtuous love, the valiant fear and the mighty admire, what can be said? but that since in the dignity of human nature she is the worthy wonder of her days, let her subjects ever pray, that in the ever wonder of the world, she may live the blessed Majesty of her kingdom, and be persuaded that where the virtue of beauty and beauty of virtue, the mercy of Justice and care of Judgment, in the eye of Grace, the heart of Truth, and the hand of Bounty, makes that angel of a woman, which proves the glory of a creature. Let the Phœnix be drawn from her spirit, and the dignity of man in this world under heaven from her Majesty: whom the Chronicles of never-ending ages may eternize for the gracious queen of the world. Of which truth, while Envy is eating of her snaky hairs with anger to hear of, Fame joyfully soundeth her name in eternal

triumph. But leſt I blot my paper in ſeeking to ſhow a fair hand and abridge much of her worth in ſo little touching the wonder of her worthineſs, I will only leave princes to admire her, the virtuous to love her, the honourable to attend her, the learned to commend her, the devout to pray for her, that God, who by His Almighty power for the good of her kingdom, did in her ſeat of Majeſty place her, will ſo in His glorious mercy in the ſame ever preſerve her, that while the whole world is full of her worthy fame, her ſubjects may joy to behold the Majeſty of her perſon, and while the greateſt part of the world doth admire her, the heart of England may ever joy to enjoy her : to which prayer I hope he lives not ſo unworthily born that will not joyfully say Amen.

(*A Dialogue of Pith and Pleaſure.*)

FAITH.

Faith is the hand of the ſoul, which layeth hold of the promiſes of Chriſt in the mercy of the Almighty. She hath

a bright eye and a holy ear, a clear heart and ſure foot. She is the ſtrength of Hope, the truſt of Truth, the honour of Amity and the joy of Love. She is rare among the ſons of men and hardly found among the daughters of women; but among the ſons of God ſhe is a conveyance of their inheritance, and among the daughters of Grace, ſhe is the aſſurance of their portions. Her dwelling is in the Church of God, her converſation with the ſaints of God, her delight with the beloved of God, and her life is in the love of God. She knows no falſehood, diſtruſts no truth, breaks no promiſe, and coins no excuſe; but as bright as the ſun, as ſwift as the wind, as ſure as the rock, and as pure as gold, ſhe looks toward heaven but lives in the world, in the ſouls of the Elect, to the glory of Election. She was wounded in Paradiſe by a dart of the Devil and healed of her hurt by the death of Chriſt Jeſus. She is the poor man's credit and the rich man's praiſe; the wiſe man's care and the good man's cognizance. In ſum, finding her worth in words hardly to be expreſſed, I will in theſe few words only deliver my

opinion of her : ſhe is God's bleſſing and man's bliſs, Reaſon's comfort and Virtue's glory.

(*Characters upon Eſſays.*)

A PRETTY FANCY.

Who takes a friend, and truſts her not ;
Who hopes of good, and hath it not ;
Who hath an item, and keeps it not ;
Who keeps a joy, and loves it not ;
The firſt wants wit, the ſecond will ;
Careleſs the third, the fourth doth ill.

(*Arbor of Amorous Devices.*)

FOLLIES.

Oh, 'tis a word to hear a gander keak= *quack*
And all the geeſe to give a hiſs to hear ;
To hear an owl to teach a parrot ſpeak,
While cuckoo's notes makes better muſic clear,

Where ne'er a better ſinging-bird is near ;
Would it not grieve a good Muſician's ear,
To be enforc'd to ſtand attentive hear ?

To ſee a wiſe man handled like a fool ;
An aſs exalted like a proper man ;
To ſee a puddle honour'd like a pool ;
An old blind gooſe ſwim wagers with a ſwan ;
A ſilver cup diſgracèd by a can ;
Who would not grieve that ſo the world ſhould go ?
But who can help it, if it will be ſo ?

No, no, alas ! it is in vain for me
To help the eyes that joy not in the light ;
He that is ſworn that he will never ſee,
Let him play buzzard with his blinded ſight ;
He that is o'er-conceited of his Art
Muſt die of folly ; there's no help for it . . . .

A curtal jade will ſhew his hackney tricks,
And ſnarling curs will bite a man behind;
The blackthorn ſhrub is beſt known by his pricks;
A keſtrel cannot chooſe but ſhow her kind;
Wiſe men ſometimes muſt wait till fools have din'd;
And yet theſe fools in common Wits' conceit,
Are wiſe when Wiſdom on their Wealth doth wait.

And yet the wealthy Fool is but a Fool;
The Knave with all his wealth is but a Knave;
For trueſt Wiſdom reads in Virtue's School,
That there is no man happy till his grave;
The hermit has more quiet in his cave
Than many a king that long uſurps a crown,
That in the end comes headlong tumbling down.
(*Paſquil's Paſſion.*)

FORKS (WITH KNIVES), AN INNOVATION AND LUXURY.

For us in the country, when we have waſhed our hands after no foul work, nor handling any unwholeſome thing, we need no little forks to make hay with our mouths, to throw our meat into them.

(*The Courtier and the Countryman.*)

[Cf., 'King John,' i. 1, 190.]

WEARERS OF THE FOOL'S CAP.

If thou chance to meet an idle mate,
Whoſe tongue goes all too glib upon the ſeare = *trigger*
And chief delight is ſo much in his prate,
As when he comes, will be chief prater there:
In friendly kindneſs tell him in his ear,
That in the rules of Wit and Reaſon's School,
He will be counted but a prating FOOL.

And if you hap to light upon a Gull,
That is conceited of his mother-wit,
And doth apply his beetle-headed ſcull
But to an humour of an idle fit;
In honeſt kindneſs let him hear of it,
That in the rolls of Wiſdom's rules you read,
Leſs hope of him than of a FOOL indeed.

And if you chance to ſee the Son of Pride
Look fifteen thouſand mile above the moon;
And lie abed until his idle hide
Muſt make a morning of an afternoon,
For fear his Worſhip ſhould be up too ſoon;
Leſt that the air ſhould hap to do him harm,
Send *him* the Fool's Cap for to keep him warm.

And if you chance to ſpy a ſubtle ſlave
That hath a world of ſimple wits beguil'd,
And, like a cunning, cogging, cozening knave,
On other harms, his helps doth only build;

Tell him that Satan is a ſubtle child ;
That while the wicked gold for droſs do ſell,
Makes fools ſeem wiſe until they come to hell.
(*Paſquil's Foole's Cap.*)

HEAVEN v. EARTH.

The Earth, alas ! from whence your loves receive
Their flowers and ſweets, their pearls and precious ſtones,
To deck themſelves ; with which they ſo deceive
The blinded ſpirits of the ſimple ones ;
This Earth, from whence their outward graces ſpring,
Is but the footſtool of my heavenly King.

And if He ſo hath deck'd the Earth below ;
Imagine, then, the glory of His ſeat ;*

* Cf. Giles Fletcher :
'If such a house God to another gave,
How shine those glittering courts He for Himself will have' (our edition, p. 211, st. 27).

Which may perſuade, where angels tremble ſo,
For human eyes the glory is too great;
For where the ſun, the moon and ſtars have light,
For Nature's eyes the beauty is too bright.
(*A Solemn Paſſion.*)

HONOUR.

Honour is a title or grace, given by the ſpirit of Virtue to the ſeed of valour, in the defence of Truth. It is wronged in baſeneſs, and abuſed in unworthineſs, and endangered in wantonneſs, and loſt in wickedneſs. It nouriſheth art, and crowneth wit, giveth learning, and glorifieth wiſdom. In the Heraldry of Heaven it hath the richeſt coat, being in nature allied unto all the houſes of Grace, which in the heaven of heavens attend the King of Kings. Her eſcutcheon is a heart, in which, on the ſhield of Faith, ſhe bears or[=*golden*] the anchor of Hope and the helmet of Salvation. She quarters with Wiſdom in the

reſolution of Valour, and in the line of Charity ſhe is the home of Juſtice. Her ſupporters are Time and Patience, her mantle Truth, and her creſt Chriſt treading upon the globe of the world. Her impreſs is *Corona mea Chriſtus.* In brief, finding her ſtate ſo high that I am not able to climb unto the frame of her perfection, I will leave her royalty to the regiſter of moſt princely ſpirits, and in my humble hand thus only deliver my opinion of her: She is Virtue's due and Grace's gift, Valour's wealth and Reaſon's joy.

(*Characters upon Eſſays.*)

[Cf. Milton's 'Hymn upon the Circumciſion':

'He, who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere,
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us eaſe.'

So, converſely, Phineas Fletcher's Locuſts (our edition, Works, ii., 73, ſt. 18), 'Hell's Heraldry.']

AN ODD HUMOUR.

Purely fair and fairly wiſe ;
Bleſſed wit and bleſſed eyes ;
Bleſſed wiſe and bleſſed fair ;
Never may thy bliſs impair.

Kindly true and truly kind ;
Bleſſed heart and bleſſed mind ;
Bleſſed kind and bleſſed true ;
Ever may thy bliſs renew.

Sweetly dear and dearly ſweet ;
Bleſſed where theſe bleſſings meet ;
Bleſſed meetings never ceaſe ;
Ever may thy bliſs increaſe.

Bleſſed Beauty, Wit and Senſe ;
Bleſt in Nature's excellence ;
Where all bleſſings periſh never,
Bleſſed may'ſt thou live for ever.
(*Melancholic Humours.*)

INHOSPITALITY.

When I had been a little on ſhore, had weathered myſelf, dried my clothes, filled my belly, and emptied my purſe, I now began to think how my wits ſhould work for my welfare. And firſt

intending to ſeek entertainment of ſome noble perſon, that would honourably look into the virtues, valour, and good qualities of a good mind, I began to put on a reſolution to adventure my fortune and endure any diſcomfort that might be a hindrance to my happineſs. And with this reſolution, travelling till I was weary, almoſt pennileſs, and exceedingly hungry, I came to the view of a goodly, fair, and gorgeouſly built houſe, which ſtood, as it were, a mile from a city near adjoining. Now in hope there to find ſome ſuch perſon as I before ſpake of, I began to rouſe up myſelf, as one that had an aſſured hope at leaſt of ſome good victual—I mean of a good dinner ſcot-free—however otherwiſe Fortune would be my friend. When, ere I would approach too near the houſe, leſt I ſhould be ſeen in any unfit manner, I combed my beard, gartered up my ſtockings, truſſed every point, buttoned every button, and made myſelf ready in the beſt manner I could, to appear before the preſence of ſuch as I ſhould meet withal in this gallant manſion. But when I came near unto the houſe, and finding the door ſhut, I did imagine

(being about the mid-time of the day) that the ſervants were all at dinner, and the lord of the houſe either laid down to ſleep or gone into the cloſet to talk upon ſome accounts with his lady. But hearing no ſound of any noiſe nor voice within of either man or dog, I feared ſome ill-fortune, that there was ſome great ſickneſs or danger of death that might damp the ſpirits and ſo cauſe the ſorrow of the whole houſe. But ſtaying awhile, and neither hearing anyone within nor any poor creature without at the gate, that might hope of alms from the Hall, I feared the charity within was ſo little that my comfort without would be according. But after that I had ſtood awhile, loth to loſe time, I knocked at the door; where I knocked long before I had any anſwer, and in the end was ſaluted at a window far within by an old fellow, who it ſhould ſeem to ſave a groat, had ſlept out his dinner; whoſe ſpeech (with a wide mouth gaped out) was this: 'What lack you?' 'My friend,' quoth I, 'I pray you let me ſpeak with you.' 'No,' quoth he, 'I cannot come down; I am buſy; my maſter is not at home,

and there is nobody in the houſe but I and my wife, and ſhe is not well; but ſay your errand, and I will hear you.' My errand, thought I. Was there ever ſuch a kennel for ſuch a cur? Doth he take me for ſome ſorry fellow, or hath he no better kind of greeting for ſtrangers? And thus while I ſtand muſing and fretting at my future and this bad fellow, he ſhut the window, and I with a ſigh to ſee how I was miſtaken in this fair houſe, turning me from it, I met with a fool in a pied coat, who, looking upon me after he had out-laughed himſelf, told me: 'Sir, you are miſtaken. This is a Banqueting Houſe, where the gazers are only fed with conceits; for there is not a chimney that ſmokes nor a door open. It is called Mockbeggar. Ha! ha! ha!' Now when the fool went thus laughing away, and left me, more fool, to tarry there, before I ſtirred my foot, out of my pocket I took my table book, in which I writ down this.

(*A Mad World, my Maſters.*)

[Parker, in his 'Curtain Drawer' (1612) has many ſimilar hits on contem-

porary inhoſpitality; *e.g.*, 'Then [in the good old times] noblemen's chimneys uſed to ſmoke, and not their noſes' (our edition). On 'table-book,' cf. 'Hamlet,' ii. 2, and 'Winter's Tale,' iv. 3.]

A PATHETIC LETTER BY BRETON.

To my deareſt beloved friend on Earth, H. W.

Honest Harry,—Out of a troubled ſpirit of a tormented heart, I write to thee, and therefore bear with my ſkill if it be not in the pleaſing nature of ſo good an humour as I could wiſh and thou art worthy of. But as I know thee able to judge of colours better than the blind eyes and beetle-heads [=*ſtupid clowns*] and of that true kindneſs that can and doth rather comfort the afflicted than increaſe the ſorrows of the diſtreſſed; let me unfold to thee ſome part of my paſſion, that patience in thy pity may better play her part in my ſpirit. What ſhall I ſay? I live without life, pleaſured in nothing, croſſed

in all hopes, put in many fears, languiſhing in many ſorrows, and troubled with the griefs of a wounded conſcience: not with the horrors of murder, the fear of treaſon, nor delight in ſin, but with the cruelty of Fortune, the unkindneſs of friends and the breach of credit, and moſt of all with them whom I moſt love. Oh God, my heart acheth, and blame it not: and my ſpirit mourneth, and reprove it not; for though patience be a virtue that maketh men divine, yet there is but one Chriſt, and men are no angels. And let me tell the truth, the miſery of my life is intolerable in the ſenſe of Nature; for compare the afflictions of the moſt patient, with the cauſes of my paſſions, and provide a world of pity to behold the map of my miſeries. Hath any man been wealthy and become poor? ſo am I. Hath another ſuffered wrong? ſo do I. Another buried his parents, children and dear friends? ſo have I. Another travelled far in hope of gain and returned with loſs? ſo have I. Another been wounded in the Wars, fared bad, lain in a cold bed many a bitter ſtorm, and been at many a hard banquet? all theſe have I. Another

impriſoned? ſo have I. Another long been ſick? ſo have I. Another plagued with an unquiet wife? ſo am I. Another indebted to his heart's grief and fain would pay and cannot? ſo am I. In ſum, any of theſe croſſes are able to kill the heart of a kind ſpirit, and all theſe lie at once ſo heavy upon my heart as nothing but the hand of God can remove: beſides, my continual toil for the reward of unquietneſs, while that which ſhould be my comfort is my ſorrow. Imagine how with all this I can live, and think what a death it is thus to live! Oh for the ſcorn of the proud, the abuſe of the ungracious, the ſcoff of the fooliſh, and the ſcanning of the unkind; the company of the diſcontentive, and the want of the moſt affected [=*beloved*]; the diſgrace of learning, the loſs of time, and the miſery of want. If there be a hell on earth, it cannot be far from this cauſe of my diſcomfort; where I am ſure the devil, ſeeing my deſire to ſerve God, layeth all his bars he can in the way for my diſcomfort. But I defy him, and hope in Chriſt that my living and loving God, who hath tried my ſoul in adverſities,

will one day in His mercy ſo look upon me that the devil ſhall be driven back from his purpoſe ; and the tears of my body wiped away, I ſhall rejoice in ſuch a joy as all my griefs clean forgotten, my heart and ſoul ſhall—in the joy of my ſenſe, in the heavenly harmony of a holy hymn—ſing a new ſong of praiſe to the glory of my Saviour : for the haſtening whereof in my deliverance from my torments and comforts in His mercies, I will frame my daily prayers, and be aſſured of thy amen. But I fear I am too tedious, and therefore will thus end : God continue my patience, but not my ſorrows ; give me deliverance from my miſeries, and make me thankful for His bleſſings, and bleſs thee with as much happineſs as thou knoweſt I want. So, leaving my hopes to His mercy and us both to His tuition, I reſt with as little reſt as I think any man can reſt,

Thine or not mine own, N. B.

(*A Poſte.*)

LOVE LETTERS.

To my Sweet Love, Miſtreſs E. S.

Sweet Love,—If abſence could breed forgetfulneſs, then Fortune ſhould do much harm to Affection; but when the eye of the mind looketh into the joy of the heart, the ſentence may well be ſpoken. As in ſilence you may hear me, ſo in abſence you may ſee me; for love is not an hour's humour nor a ſhadow of light, but it is a light of the ſpirit and a continuing paſſion. Think not, therefore, I do or can forget thee, or love myſelf but for thee. Shortly I hope to ſee thee, and in the meantime, though not with thee, yet not from thee; nor will be at reſt with myſelf till I may reſt only with thee, I reſt always to reſt thine only and all.

(*F. W.*)

Her Anſwer.

My Dear,—If delays were not a death to Love, excuſe were current in the conſtruction of kindneſs; but

ſentences are better ſpoken than underſtood [= *when written*], and a pleaſing preſence is better than an excuſed abſence. Remembrance is good, but poſſeſſion better, and Love holdeth memory but a kind of melancholy. Let your ſelf, therefore, be the meſſenger rather of your love than your letters, leſt Fortune in a mad fit croſs to your beſt comfort, not in reſpect of my conſtancy, but my parents' unkindneſs. This is all I will write at this time, but wiſhing a happy time to the beginning of a never ending, I reſt till that time and at all times, one and the ſame,

Yours, as you know, E. P.

(*A Poſte.*)

WHAT IS LOVE?

Men talk of Love that know not what it is;
For could we know what Love may be indeed
We would not have our minds ſo led amiſs

With idle toys, that wanton humours
feed ;
But in the rules of higher reaſon read
What love may be, ſo from the
world conceal'd
Yet all too plainly to the world
reveal'd.

Some one doth fain Love is a blinded
god ;
His blindneſs him more half a devil
ſhews ;
For Love with blindneſs never made
abode ;
Which all the power of Wit and Reaſon
knows :
And from whoſe grace the ground of
knowledge grows.
But ſuch blind eyes that can no
better ſee
Shall never live to come where
Love may be.

Some only think it only is a thought
Bred in the eye and buzzeth in the
brain ;
And breaks the heart until the mind be
brought
To feed the ſenſes with a ſorry vein ;

Till wits once gone, come never home again:
And then too late in mad conceit do prove
Fantaſtic wits are ever void of love.

Some think it is a babe of Beauty's getting,
Nurſt up by Nature and Time's only breeding;
A pretty work to ſet the wits a-whetting
Upon a fancy of an Humour's feeding;
Where Reaſon finds but little ſenſe in reading:
No, no, I ſee children muſt go to ſchool;
Philoſophy is not for every fool.

And ſome again think there is no ſuch thing
But in conceit, a kind of coinèd jeſt;
Which only doth of idle humours ſpring
Like to a bird within a Phœnix neſt,
Where never yet did any young one reſt:
But let ſuch fools take heed of blaſphemy,
For Love is high in his divinity.

But to be ſhort, to learn to find him out,
'Tis not in Beauty's eye nor babies' hearts;

He muſt go beat another world about,
And ſeek for Love but in thoſe living parts
Of Reaſon's light, that is the life of arts;
That will perceive though he can never ſee
The perfect eſſence whereof Love may be.

It is too clear a brightneſs for man's eye;
Too high a wiſdom for his wits to find;
Too deep a ſecret for his ſenſe to try;
And all too heavenly for his earthly mind;
It is a grace of ſuch a glorious kind
As gives the ſoul a ſecret power to know it;
But gives no heart nor ſpirit power to ſhow it.

It is of heaven and earth the higheſt beauty;
The powerful hand of heaven's and earth's creation;
The due commander of all ſpirits' duty;
The deity of angels' adoration;
The glorious ſubſtance of the ſoul's ſalvation:
The light of Truth that all perfection trieth,
And life that gives the life that never dieth.

It is the height of God and hate of ill,
Triumph of Truth and Falſehood's overthrow;
The only worker of the Higheſt Will,
And only knowledge that doth knowledge know,
And only ground where it doth only grow:
It is in ſum the ſubſtance of all bliſs,
Without whoſe bleſſing all things nothing is.

But in itſelf itſelf it all containeth,
And from itſelf but of itſelf it giveth;
It nothing loſeth and it nothing gaineth,
But in the glory of itſelf it liveth;
A joy which ſoon away all ſorrow driveth:
The provèd truth of all perfection's ſtory,
Our God incomprehenſible in glory.

Thus is it not a riddle to be read,
And yet a ſecret to be found in reading;
But when the heart joins iſſue with the head,
In ſettled faith to ſeek the ſpirit's feeding;
While in the wounds that ever freſh and bleeding,

In Chriſt His ſide, the faithful ſoul
may ſee
In perfect life what perfect love
may be.
(*Longing of a Bleſſed Heart*, 1601.)

LOVE.

Fooliſh love is only folly ;
Wanton love is too unholy ;
Greedy love is covetous ;
Idle love is frivolous ;
But the gracious love is it
That doth prove the work of wit.

Beauty but deceives the eye ;
Flattery leads the ear awry ;
Wealth doth but enchant the wit ;
Want, the overthrow of it ;
While in Wiſdom's worthy grace,
Virtue ſees the ſweeteſt face.

There hath Love found out his life,
Peace without all thought of ſtrife ;
Kindneſs in Diſcretion's care ;
Truth, that clearly doth declare
Faith doth in true fancy prove,
Luſt the excrements of Love.

Then in faith may fancy ſee
How my love may conſtrued be ;
How it grows and what it ſeeks ;
How it lives and what it likes ;
So in higheſt grace regard it,
Or in loweſt ſcorn diſcard it.
(*Paſſionate Shepheard.*)

MY LADY-LOVE.

Love, oh life of more tormenting
Than the world hath inventing ;
Never ſeized upon a creature
In a truer killing nature :
Not with Venus' idle itching,
Nor with vain affects' bewitching ;
But with Wit and Reaſon's ſeeing,
Nature's beauties ſweeteſt being :
Time and Truth on Earth declaring
Excellence hath no comparing :
Not a hair but hath in holding
Honour's heart, in Love's beholding ;
Not an eye, but in her glances
Graceth reaſon in Love's trances ;
Not a look but hath in loving
Faith too faſt for ever moving ;

Not a word but in commanding
Daunteth Folly from demanding;
Not a lip but makes the cherry
Only held a pretty berry;
Not a breath that ſoftly blows
But perfumeth where it goes;
Not a truth but doth diſplay
All the Cheſs in battle 'ray;
Where the princely eye may ſee
How they all in order be:
King and Queen, Knight, Biſhop, Rook,
And the Pawn his place hath took:
Bleſſèd cheek, the ſweeteſt chain
Of Affection's ſweeteſt vein:
What can ſweeteſt judgments ſay
But thou carrieſt ſweet away?
Pretty cheek, in whoſe ſweet pit
Love would live and die to ſit;
Let me think no more on thee,
Thou haſt too much wounded me.
(*Paſſionate Shepheard.*)

LOVE'S YES AND NO.

Doth Love live in Beauty's eyes?
Why then are they ſo unloving?
Patience in her paſſion proving,
There her ſorrow chiefly lies.

Lives Belief in lovers' hearts?
Why then are hey unbelieving?
Hourly ſo the ſpirit grieving
With a thouſand jealous ſmarts.

Is there pleaſure in Love's paſſion?
Why then is it ſo unpleaſing?
Heart and ſpirit both diſeaſing,
Where the wits are out of faſhion.

No; Love ſees in Beauty's eyes;
He hath only loſt his ſeeing;
Where in Sorrow's only being
All his comfort wholly dies.

Faith, within the heart of Love,
Fearful of the thing it hath;
Treading of a trembling path,
Doth but jealouſy approve.

In Love's paſſion then what pleaſure,
Which is but a lunacy?
Where grief, fear, and jealouſy,
Plague the ſenſes out of meaſure.

Farewell then unkindly Fancy,
In thy courſes all too cruel;
Woe the price of ſuch a jewel,
As turns Reaſon to a frenzy. =*franſy*

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

Farewell Love and loving folly,
All thy thoughts are too unholy ;
Beauty ſtrikes thee full of blindneſs,
And then kills thee with unkindneſs.

Farewell wit and witty reaſon,
All betray'd by Fancy's treaſon ;
Love hath of all joy bereft thee,
And to ſorrow only left thee.

Farewell will and wilful fancy,
All in danger of a frenzy ;
Love to Beauty's bow hath won thee,
And together all undone thee.

Farewell Beauty, Sorrow's agent ;
Farewell Sorrow, Patience' pagent ; = *pageant*
Farewell Patience, Paſſion's ſlayer,
Farewell Paſſion, Love's betrayer.

Sorrow's agent, Patience' pagent ;
Paſſion's ſlayer, Love's betrayer ;
Beauty, Sorrow, Patience, Paſſion ;
Farewell life, of ſuch a faſhion.

Faſhion ſo good faſhion' ſpilling ;
Paſſion, ſo with paſſions killing ;

Patience, ſo with ſorrow wounding ;
Farewell Beauty, Love's confounding.
(*Melancholic Humours.*)

LOVE-LILT.

Say that I ſhould ſay I love you,
Would you ſay 'tis but a ſaying ?
But if love in prayers move you,
Will you not be mov'd with praying ?

Think I think that Love ſhould know you,
Will you think 'tis but a thinking?
But if Love the thought do ſhow you,
Will you loſe your eyes with winking?

Write that I do write you bleſſèd,
Will you write 'tis but a writing ?
But if truth and love confeſs it,
Will you doubt the true inditing ?

No, I ſay, and think, and write it ;
Write, and think, and ſay your pleaſure ;
Love, and truth, and I indite it,
You are bleſſèd out of meaſure.
(*Daffodils and Primroſes.*)

LOVE—A JEST.

If that Love had been a King,
He would have commanded Beauty ;
But he is a ſilly thing,
That hath ſworn to do *her* duty.

If that Love had been a god,
He had then been full of grace ;
But her grace and love are odd,
'Tis too plain a piteous caſe.

No ; Love is an idle jeſt,
That hath only made a word ;
Like unto a cuckoo's neſt,
That hath never hatch'd a bird.

Then from nothing to conceive,
That may any ſubſtance be ;
Yet ſo many doth deceive—
Lord of heaven, deliver me !
(*Melancholic Humours.*)

LOVE ACCURSED.

Love is witty, but not wiſe,
When he ſtares on Beauty's eyes;
Finding wonders in conceit,
That do fall out but deceit.

Wit is ſtable but not ſtay'd,
When his ſenſes are betray'd ;
Where too late ſorrows deeply prove,
Beauty makes a fool of Love.

Youth is forward but too fond,
When he falls in Cupid's bond ;
Where Repentance lets him ſee,
Fancy faſt is never free.

Age is cunning, but unkind,
When he once grows Cupid-blind ;
For when Beauty is untoward,
Age can never be but froward.

So that I do find in brief,
In the grounds of Nature's grief,
Age and Youth, and Wit do prove,
Beauty makes a fool of Love.
(*Melancholic Humours.*)

A LULLABY.

Come, little babe, come, ſilly ſoul, = *innocent*
Thy father's ſhame, thy mother's grief ;
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyſelf unhappy chief ;
Sing lullaby, and lap it warm ;
Poor ſoul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'ſt, and leſs doſt know,
The cauſe of this thy mother's moan ;
Thou want'ſt the wit to wail her woe,
And I myſelf am all alone ;
Why doſt thou weep ? why doſt thou wail ?
And knoweſt not yet what thou doſt ail.

Come, little wretch, ah, ſilly heart,
Mine only joy, what can I more ?
If there be any wrong thy ſmart,
That may the deſtinies implore :
'Twas I, I ſay, againſt my will ;
I wail the time, but be thou ſtill.

And doſt thou ſmile ? oh, thy ſweet face,
Would God himſelf He might thee ſee !
No doubt thou wouldſt ſoon purchaſe grace,
I know right well for thee and me :
But come to mother, babe, and play,
For father falſe is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by future chance
Thy father home again to ſend ;
If death do ſtrike me with his lance,
Yet mayeſt thou me to him commend :
If any aſk thy mother's name,
Tell how by love ſhe purchaſ'd blame.

Then will his gentle heart ſoon yield ;
I know him of a noble mind—
Although a lion in the field,
A lamb in town thou ſhalt him find :
Aſk bleſſing, babe, be not afraid ;
His ſugar'd words hath me betray'd.

Then mayeſt thou joy and be right glad,
Although in woe I ſeem to moan ;
Thy father is no raſcal, lad ;
A noble youth of blood and bone ;
His glancing looks if he once ſmile,
Right honeſt women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock aſleep ;
Sing lullaby, and be thou ſtill ;
I that can do nought elſe but weep,
Will ſit by thee and wail my fill ;
God bleſs my babe and lullaby,
From this thy father's quality.
(*Arbor of Amorous Devices.*)

*PASQUIL'S MESSAGE.**

Go, Muſe, abroad, and beat the world about;
Tell truth for ſhame and hugger up no ill;
Flatter no folly with too plain a flout,
Nor on a buzzard ſet a falcon's bill;
Do no man wrong, give every man his right;
For time will come that all will come to light.

* With 'Go' for refrain, there follow in this pointed satire mordant exposures of the sins and sinners of the period. But Breton was too sweet-blooded and Shakspere-like 'gentle' to be a mere satirist. He works in graciously-touched delineations of the 'Court' and 'King,' 'Lords and Ladies,' 'Courtiers,' 'Lawyers,' 'Scholars,' 'Country Players,' 'Fiddlers,' 'Swaggerers,' 'Divine,' 'Soldier,' 'Craftsman,' 'Fencer,' the 'wretch in world that cannot thrive,' the 'Crow,' 'Æsop's Fire,' 'Beggar,' 'Jailor,' 'Prisoner,' 'Piety,' 'Authors of High Tragedies,' 'Scrivener,' 'Jugglers,' 'Pander and Parasite,' 'Traitor,' 'Farmers,' 'Labourers.' All these are wisely counselled. It is hard to hold one's hand with such literary treasure-trove available. Our limits compel selection of 'Country Players,' 'Poets and Poor Writers,' 'Authors of High Tragedies.' These will be found under their headings.

Do not perſuade a fool that he is wiſe,
Nor make a beggar think he is a king;
Say not a mole can ſee that hath no eyes,
Nor ſtark dead ſtocks have any power to ſpring;
For while that logic would maintain a lie,
'Tis eaſily found out in philoſophy.

Tell idle eyes that know not how to look,
That wanton thoughts will work them nought but woes;

Tell addle wits that have the world miſtook,
Unbridled wills are Reaſon's overthrows;
While only truth that walks by Wiſdom's line,
Happieth the heart and makes the ſoul divine.

(*Paſquil's Madcappe.*)

MURMURERS—ACCESSION OF JAMES I. (1607).

It is written that a man ſhould be as a god unto man, but it may be written that man is, or at leaſt many men are, as devils unto men; where there are ſo many murmurers that there can be few lovers. The rich man murmurs at the poor man that he ſhould dwell nigh him; the uſurer murmurs at the broker that he getteth anything by him; the tradeſman murmurs at his neighbour that he ſhould proſper or thrive by him; the lawyer murmurs at the term that is ſo ſhort a harveſt for him; the merchant murmurs at the winds that his ſhips come not home to him; the ſoldier murmurs at his paymaſter that he keeps his money from him; the courtier murmurs at his tailor that his clothes are not fit for him; the miniſter [= *curate*] murmurs at the parſon becauſe he hath the greateſt profit from him, and the parſon murmurs at the pariſh that they come not to church to pay their dues to him, and the pariſh murmurs at the parſon that they pay ſo much for ſo little pains from him;

the tenant murmurs at his landlord for racking of his rent; the landlord murmurs at his tenant to ſee him thrive by his huſbandry. In ſum, there is almoſt no profeſſion or condition wherein one doth not murmur at another; which murmuring, while it continueth in the hearts of people, it will ſuffer love to have no life among them. But were the world purged of this malicious humour, then would there be as great a heaven as there is now a hell in the world; where love ſhould eſtabliſh ſuch a law as ſhould never be broken. Among men, do not two eyes in one head, two hands and two legs to one body, make up man? and ſhall not two lands make one Kingdom? Nay, more; doth not one eye the ſame that the other, the one hand the ſame that the other? and ſhall not one people ſo near another as one member is to another, have one will, one law, and one love with another? It is ſtrange it ſhould be ſo, but I hope it will be otherwiſe. God will have His will and our good King his will. In this work of God's will every good Chriſtian and good ſubject will give his good will to God's and our

King's will; againſt which, if any ſhall murmur, God will be diſpleaſed that the King is not obeyed; the King will be diſpleaſed that God is not obeyed; the Council will be diſpleaſed that God and the King are not obeyed; the Court will be aggrieved to ſee God, the King and Council diſpleaſed; and the commonwealth will have a common woe when all theſe are diſpleaſed.

(*A Murmurer.*)

A SWEET PASTORAL.

Good Muſe, rock me aſleep
with ſome ſweet harmony;
This weary eye is not to keep
thy wary company.

Sweet Love, be gone awhile,
thou knoweſt my heavineſs;
Beauty is born but to beguile
my heart of happineſs.

See how my little flock,
that lov'd to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock
and in the valley die.

The buſhes and the trees,
that were ſo freſh and green ;
Do all their dainty colours leeſe, = *loſe*
and not a leaf is ſeen.

The Blackbird and the Thruſh,
that made the woods to ring ;
With all the reſt are now at huſh,
and not a note they ſing.

Sweet Philomela, the bird
that hath the heavenly throat ;
Doth now, alas, not me afford
recording of a note.

The flowers have had a froſt,
each herb hath loſt her ſavour,
And Phillida the Fair hath loſt
the comfort of her favour.

Now all theſe careful ſights
ſo kill me in conceit ;
That how to hope upon delights
it is but mere deceit.

And, therefore, my ſweet Muſe,
that knoweſt what help is beſt ;
Do now thy heavenly cunning uſe
to ſet my heart at reſt.

And in a dream bewray,
what Fate ſhall be my friend;
Whether my life ſhall ſtill decay,
or when my ſorrow end.
(*England's Helicon.*)

PHILLIS AND CORIDON.

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty ſweet;
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muſes meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringèd all about with gold;
Where doth ſit the faireſt fair,
That did ever eye behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright;
She that is the ſhepherd's joy;
She that Venus did deſpite,
And did blind her little Boy.

This is ſhe, the wiſe, the rich,
And the world deſires to ſee,
This *ipſa quæ*, the which
There is none but only ſhe.

Who would not this face admire ?
Who would not this ſaint adore ?
Who would not this ſight deſire ?
Though he thought to ſee no more.

Oh fair eyes, yet let me ſee,
One good look, and I am gone ;
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor ſilly Coridon. = *innocent*

Thou that art the ſhepherds' Queen,
Look upon thy ſilly ſwain ;
By thy comfort have been ſeen
Dead men brought to life again.
(*Arbor of Amorous Devices.*)

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

A Paſtoral.

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood ſide
When as May was in his pride ;
There I ſpied all alone
Phillida and Coridon :
Much ado there was ; God wot
He would love and ſhe would not ;

She ſaid, never man was true ;
He ſaid, none was falſe to you ;
He ſaid, he had lov'd her long ;
She ſaid, Love ſhould have no wrong.
Coridon would kiſs her then ;
She ſaid, Maids muſt kiſs no men
Till they did for good and all :
Then ſhe made the Shepherd call
All the heavens to witneſs truth ;
Never lov'd a truer youth.
Then with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth ;
Such as ſilly ſhepherds uſe =*harmleſs*
When they will not love abuſe ;
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kiſſes ſweet concluded ;
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was made the Lady of the May.
(*Daffodils and Primroſes.*)

POETS AND POOR WRITERS.

Go tell the Poets that their fiddling rhymes
Begin apace to grow out of requeſt ;
While wanton humours in their idle times,

Can make of Love but as a laughing jeſt:
And tell poor Writers ſtories are ſo ſtale,
That penny ballads make a better ſale.
(*Paſquil's Meſſage.*)

PROVERBS AND WISE SAWS.

Fortune favours fools. Not ſo, there are fools enough, but there is no fortune.

Women are like waſps in their anger. Not ſo, for waſps leave their ſtings, but women never leave their tongues behind them.

Virgins are angel-like creatures. Not ſo, for then they would not be ſo proud of their beauty.

Painted creatures are dead ſpeakers. Not ſo, for then many women would be ſilent.

Money is a continual traveller in the world. Not ſo, for with ſome he is a cloſe priſoner.

Every child knows his own father. Not ſo, but ſo his mother tells him.

There is nothing ſtolen without hands. Yes, a good name with an ill tongue.

Rich men are ſtewards for the poor. Not ſo, when the poor man's pence fill their purſes.

He that is wiſe in his own conceit is a fool. Not ſo, for he that is wiſe is no fool.

A bagpipe makes more noiſe than muſic. Not ſo, for 'tis all muſic, though not of the beſt.

There is no fire without ſmoke. Yes, in a flint.

The Law is coſtly. No, 'tis the lawyer.

Love is the peace of the Senſes. Not where it is joined with jealouſy.

He is a fond (=*fooliſh*) fiſher that angles for a frog. Not ſo, for he may be a bait for a better fiſh.

Neat apparell graceth a man. Not ſo, a neat man graceth his apparell.

Try, and then truſt. Not ſo, for he that is kind to-day may be croſs to-morrow.

There is none ſo faithleſs as a heretic. Yes, an hypocrite.

There is a time allowed for all things. No, not to do evil.

Poverty is the purgatory of reaſon. Not ſo; it is the trial of patience.

He is wiſe that is rich. Not ſo; he is rich who is wiſe.

Nothing ſo neceſſary for travellers as languages. Yes, money.

Which is the beſt travel that ever was? Towards heaven.

What is the beſt learning in the world? Truth.

What is the greateſt wealth in the world? Content.

What is the greateſt bleſſing to Nature? Health.

What comforteth a lame man? That he ſhall not be ſent of haſty errands.

What is the comfort of Age? That he hath paſſed the perils of his youth.

What is the beſt companion in the world? A library, where a man talks without offence.

What is a remedy for all diſeaſes? Death.

What is a miſer's muſic? Chinking of money.

What is the true ſign of a fool? To be ever laughing.

What is good for a bald head? A periwig.

Who are as gray-headed as old men? Young men when they powder their hair.

(*Croſſing of Proverbs; Croſs-anſwers and Croſs-humours.*)

THE QUIET LIFE.

If Right were rack'd and over-run,
And Power take part with open wrong;
If Force by fear do yield too ſoon;
The lack is like to laſt too long.

If God for goods ſhall be unplac'd;
If Right for riches leaves his ſhape;
If World for wiſdom be embrac'd:
The gueſs is great much hurt may hap.

Among good things I prove and find,
The QUIET LIFE doth moſt abound;
And ſure, to the contented mind,
There is no riches may be found.

Riches doth hate to be content;
Rude enemy to quiet eaſe;
Power, for the moſt part, is impatient,
And ſeldom likes to live in peace.

I heard a Shepherd once compare :
That quiet nights he had more ſleep,
And had more merry days to ſpare
Than he which own'd his flock of ſheep.

I would not have it thought, hereby,
The dolphin ſwim I mean to teach ;
Ne yet to learn the falcon fly ;
I rove not ſo far paſt my reach.

But as my part above the reſt,
Is well to wiſh and good to will ;
So till the breath doth fail my breaſt ;
I ſhall not ſtay to wiſh you ſtill. = *ceaſe*
(*Arbor of Amorous Devices.*)

GIRD AT' THE PURITANS.

For myſelf, I never loved to angle for credit with a ſhew of more ſober countenance than ſimple meaning ; for 'in truth, brother,' and 'verily, ſiſter,' made the devil dance Trenchmore where Hypocriſy blew the bagpipe. Yea, quoth the Scholar, how catch you a trout but with a ſilken fly, and can you better deceive a fool than with a

taffaty (=*ſmooth*) face? Oh no, laugh upon every man at the firſt ſight, make a curtſey of the old faſhion, ſay a long grace without book, find fault with long hair and great ruffs, and tell youth of his folly, and all imperfections of the fleſh ſhall be excluded from the ſpirit.

(*Trenchmour.*)

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

There are four things greatly to be taken heed of: a fly in the eye, a bone in the throat, a dog at the heel, and a thief in the houſe.

There are four grievous lacks to a great many in the world: lack of health, lack of wealth, lack of wit, and lack of honeſty.

There are four ſtrange men in the world: they that make a god of their gold, an angel of the devil, a paradiſe of their pleaſure, and glory of their pride.

There are four notes of an excellent wit: to learn that which is good, to labour for that which is neceſſary, to foreſee a miſchief, and to forget that which cannot be recovered.

There are four great trials of wit: to chooſe a friend and keep him, to conceal adverſity with patience, to be thrifty without covetouſneſs, and to live out of the fear of the law.

There be four great ciphers in the world: he that is lame among dancers, dumb among lawyers, dull among ſcholars, and rude among courtiers.

There are four wicked kinds of ſcoffers: they that ſcoff at the honeſt, at the wife, at the learned, or at the poor.

There are four knaves much dealt withal in the world: the Knave of Clubs [= *drinkers*], the Knave of Hearts [= *lovers*], the Knave of Spades [= *labourers*], and the Knave of Diamonds [= *rich*].

There are four things fooliſhly proud: a peacock that is proud of his tail, for he muſt moult it once every year; an hart that is proud of his horns, for he muſt mew them once a year; a cuckoo that is proud of her note, for ſhe ſings but once a year; and an oak that is proud of her leaf, for it falls once a year. [Quaint old Dr. Wiſdome bids the peacock remember that if it has a

gorgeous tail it may keep humble by looking down at its black feet.]

Four notes of a divine nature: to regard him whom the world ſcorneth, to love him whom the world hateth, to help him whom the world hurteth, and to advance him whom the world overthroweth.

Four needful eyes in a tavern: an eye to the gueſt, an eye to the plate, an eye to the ſcore, and an eye to the door.

Four things generally empty: a head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honeſty, and a purſe without money.

Four excellent medicines for many diſeaſes: abſtinence, exerciſe, mirth, and patience.

Four ſtrange ſports: to ſee a bear hunt a wild duck, an ape kiſs an owl, a gooſe bite a fox, and a ſquirrel hunt a coney.

Four ſpeedy paſſengers in the world: a bird through the air, a ſhip through the ſea, a word from the mouth, and a thought from the mind.

Four tellers of fair weather: when the robin-red-breaſt ſings early, when the bee works earneſtly, when the ſpider

keeps houſe, and the ſwallow flies merrily.

Four things good in Winter: good fire, good company, good liquor, and money to pay for't.

(*The Figure of Foure.*)

THE IGNOBLE RICH.

'*Where graceleſs ſons do in their glory ſit.*'

The wealthy RASCAL, be he ne'er ſo baſe,
Filthy, ill-favoured, ugly to behold,
Mole-eye, plaice-mouth, dog's-tooth and camel's-face;
Blind, dumb and deaf; diſeasèd, rotten, old;
Yet, if he have his coffers full of gold,
He ſhall have reverence, curtſey, cap and knee;
And worſhip, like a man of high degree.
He ſhall have ballads written in his praiſe;
Books dedicated to his patronage;
Wits working for his pleaſure many ways;

Pedigrees ſought to mend his parentage,
And link'd, perhaps, in noble marriage;
He ſhall have all that this vile
world can give him,
That into pride the devil's mouth
may drive him.
If he can ſpeak, his words are oracles;
If he can ſee, his eyes are ſpectacles;
If he can hear, his ears are miracles;
If he can ſtand, his legs are pinnacles;
Thus in the rules of Reaſon's obſtacles:
If he be but a beaſt in ſhape and
nature,
Yet give him wealth, he is a goodly
creature.
But be a man of ne'er ſo good a mind;
As fine a ſhape as Nature can deviſe;
Virtuous and gracious, comely, wiſe and
kind;
Valiant, well-given, full of good
qualities,
And almoſt free from Fancy's vanities;
Yet let him want this filthy worldly
droſs,
He ſhall be ſent but to the Beggar's
Croſs.
The fool will ſcoff him and the knave
abuſe him,
And every raſcal in his kind diſgrace him;

Acquaintance leave him and his friends refuſe him,
And every dog will from his door diſplace him ;
Oh, this vile world will ſeek ſo to deface him,
That until Death do come for to relieve him,
He ſhall have nothing here but that may grieve him.
If he have pence to purchaſe pretty things,
She that doth love him will diſſemble love ;
While the poor man his heart with ſorrow wrings
To ſee how want doth women's love remove ;
And make a jackdaw of a turtle dove.
If he be rich, worlds ſerve him for his pelf ;
If he be poor, he may go ſerve himſelf.
If he be rich, although his noſe do run,
His lips do ſlaver and his breath do ſtink,
He ſhall have napkins fair and finely ſpun ;

Pills for the rheum, and ſuch perfumèd drink
As were he blind, he ſhall not ſeem to wink ;
Yea, let him cough, halk, ſpit . . .
If he be wealthy, nothing is amiſs.
But with his pence, if he have got him power,
Then half a god, that is more half a devil ;
Then Pride muſt teach him how to look as ſour
As beldam's milk that turnèd with her ſnevil ; = *noſe-drops*
While the poor man that little thinketh evil,
Though nobly born, ſhall fear the beggar's frown,
And creep and crouch unto a filthy clown.
Oh, he that wants this wicked canker'd coin
May fret to death before he find relief ;
But if he have the cunning to purloin
And eaſe the beggar of his biting grief,
Although (perhaps) he play the privy thief,

It is no matter if the bags be full;
Well fare the wit that makes the
world a Gull.
(*Paſquil's Madcappe.*)

A REPORT SONG IN A DREAM BETWEEN A SHEPHERD AND HIS NYMPH.

Shall we go dance the hay? *The hay?*
Never pipe could ever play
better ſhepherd's roundelay.

Shall we go ſing the ſong? *The ſong?*
Never Love did ever wrong:
fair maids hold hands all along.

Shall we go learn to woo? *To woo?*
Never thought came ever to,
better deed could better do.

Shall we go learn to kiſs? *To kiſs?*
Never heart could ever miſs
comfort, where true meaning is.

Thus at baſe they run. *They run,*
When the ſport was ſcarce begun:
but I wake, and all was done.
(*Daffodils and Primroſes.*)

RESPECT HUMBLE RUSTIC FOLKS.

If you will needs be merry with your wits,
Take heed of names and figuring of natures;
And tell how near the goose the gander sits;
Of *Hal* and *Lil*, and of such silly creatures; = *innocent*
Of *Croydon sanguine* * and of home-made features;
But scorn them not, for they are honest people,
Although perhaps they never saw Paul's steeple.

(*No Whippinge.*)

* Black-a-viced. Croydon was then noted for its colliers. A play called 'Grim, the Collier of Croydon,' has been (in part) ascribed to no less than Shakespeare. See Simpson's 'School of Shakspeare,' vol. ii., 388, and 443, 870.

SATIRE TO BE SHUNNED.

If that a mind be full of miſery,
What villainy is it to vex it more?
And if a wench do tread her ſhoe awry
What honeſt heart would turn her out of door?
Oh, if our faults were all upon the ſcore; =*debts*
What man ſo holy but would be aſhamed
To hear himſelf upon the ſchedule named?

Let us then leave our biting kind of verſes;
They are too bitter for a gentler taſte.
Sharp-pointed ſpeech ſo near the ſpirit pierces,
As grows to rankle ere the poiſon waſte.
But let all be forgotten that is paſt;
And let us all agree in one in this,
Let God alone to mend what is amiſs.

But if we needs will try our wits to write,
And ſtrive to mount our Muſes to the height;

Oh, let us labour for that heavenly light
That may direct us in our paſſage ſtraight:
Where humble wits may holy will await:
And there to find that work to write and read,
That may be worth the looking on indeed.

To ſhow the life of unity in love,
Where never diſcord doth the muſic mar;
But, in the bleſſing of the ſoul's behove
To ſee the light of that far-ſhining ſtar,
Which ſhows the day that never night can ſcar;
But in the brightneſs of eternal glory,
How love and life do make a bleſſed ſtory.

If we be touch'd with ſorrow of our ſins,
Expreſs our paſſions as the Pſalmiſts did;
And ſhow how mercy, hope's relief begins,
Where greateſt harms are in repentance hid:

Where Grace in Mercy doth deſpair forbid :
And ſing of Him and of His glory ſuch,
Who hateth ſin yet will forgive ſo much.

And let our hymns be angel harmony
Where Hallelujah makes the heavens to ring ;
And make a concert of ſuch company,
As make the Choir but to their Holy King :
This, then, I ſay, would be a bleſſed thing :
When all the world might joy to hear and ſee,
How Poets in ſuch Poetry agree . . .

Let us all Poets then agree together
To run from Hell and feigned Helicon ;
And look at Heaven, and humbly hie us thither ;
Where graces ſhall be let in, every one,
To ſing a part in Glory's uniſon ;
And there to ſettle all our ſoul's deſire,
To hear the muſic of their heavenly quire. (*No Whippinge.*)

FINAL APPEAL TO DONNE, HALL, MARSTON, AND ALL.

Oh, Poets, turn the humour of your brains
Unto ſome heavenly Muſe, or meditation ;
And let your ſpirits there employ your pains,
Where never weary needs no recreation ;
While God doth bleſs each gracious cogitation ;
For proud companions are always odious,
But humble Muſes' muſic is melodious . . .

No, no ; let Fancy wean herſelf from Folly,
And heavenly prayers grace our poetry ;
Let us not love the thought that is not holy,
Nor bend our minds to blind men's beggary ;
But let us think it our ſoul's miſery,

That all our Muſes do not join in one,
To make a Quire to ſing to God alone.
For could our ſpirits all agree together,
In the true ground of Virtue's humble grace;
To ſing of Heaven and of the highway thither,
And of the joys in that moſt joyful place;
Where angels' arms the bleſſed ſouls embrace;
Then God Himſelf would bleſs our ſoul's inditing;
And all the world would love a Poet's writing.

(*No Whippinge.*)

SATIRE THREATENED IF NEEDED.

Then let a knave be known to be a knave;
A thief a villain and a churl a hog;
A minx a minion and a rogue a ſlave;
A trull a tit, an uſurer a dog;

A lob a lout, a heavy lol a log ;
And every bird go rooſt in her own neſt,
And then perhaps my Muſe will be at reſt.

But if a Jack will be a gentleman,
And Miſtreſs Needens lady it at leaſt ;
And every gooſe be ſaucy with the ſwan,
While the aſs thinks he is a goodly beaſt ;
While ſo the fool doth keep Ambition's feaſt :
My Muſe in conſcience that cannot be quiet,
Will give them this good ſauce unto their diet.

But I do hope I am but in a dream ;
Fools will be wiſer than to loſe their wits ;
The country wench will look unto her cream,
And workmen ſee beſt where their profit ſits,
And leave fantaſticks to their idle fits :
Pride ſhall go down and virtue ſhall increaſe ;
And then my Muſe be ſtill, and hold her peace.

But if I ſee the world will not amend ;
The wealthy beggar counterfeit the King,
And idle ſpirits all their humours ſpend,
In ſeeking how to make the cuckoo ſing ;
If fortune thus do dance in Folly's ring,
When contraries thus go againſt their kinds
My Muſe reſolves to tell them what ſhe finds.

For ſhe cannot be partial in her ſpeech,
To ſmooth and flatter, to cologue and lie ;
She cannot make a breaſt-plate of a beech,
Nor praiſe his ſight that hath but half an eye ;
She cannot do herſelf ſuch injury :
For ſhe was made out of ſo plain a mould,
As doth but Truth for all her honour hold.

(*Paſquil's Madcappe.*)

A SMILE MISCONSTRUED.

By your leave a little while
Love hath got a Beauty's ſmile,
From on Earth the faireſt face;
But he may be much deceiv'd,
Kindneſs may be miſconceiv'd;
Laughing oft is in diſgrace.

Oh, but he doth know her nature,
And to be that bleſſèd creature
That doth anſwer Love with Kindneſs;
Tuſh, the Phœnix is a fable,
Phœbus' horſes have no ſtable;
Love is often full of blindneſs.

Oh, but he doth hear her voice,
Which doth make his heart rejoice
With the ſweetneſs of her ſound;
Simple hope may be abuſed:
Hears he not he is refuſed?
Which may give his heart a wound.

No! Love can believe it never,
Beauty favours once and ever;
Though proud Envy play the elf;
Truth and Patience have approv'd
Love ſhall ever be belov'd,
If my Miſtreſs be her ſelf.

(*Melancholic Humours.*)

QUAINT AND APT SAYINGS.

Fools are cozened with fair words of fine devices, as a foul crow to be perſuaded with eloquence, that ſhe is beloved for her white bill.
(*Wit's Trenchmour.*)

Snarling curs will bite a man behind.
(*Paſquil's Fool's Cap.*)

A mouſe in a cupboard will mar a whole cheeſe, and an ill-tongued woman will trouble a whole town.
(*Wit's Private Wealth.*)

When the owl ſings, the nightingale will hold her peace. (*A Poſie.*)

While the peacock is gazing at his train, the fox will be knitting of his hoſe garters [=*ſeizing him by the legs*].
(*Wit's Trenchmour.*)

As rich as a new-ſhorn ſheep.
(*A Poſie.*)

I now have found the ſnail out by his ſlime. (*Paſſionate Shepheard.*)

They were all ſparrows to his nightingale. (*Wit's Trenchmour.*)

Loſe not thy pains to teach an owl to ſpeak.
(*Mother's Bleſſing.*)

He is but fooliſh, were he ne'er ſo ſoon,
That runs in haſte to overtake the moon.
(*Paſquil's Fool's Cap.*)

'To break a bulruſh on a coat of ſteel.'
(*Honour of Valour.*)

'Tis money makes the man,
Yet ſhall not money make him young again, do what he can.
(*A Flouriſh upon Fancy.*)

The nearer that thy purſe is poll'd,
The more ſtill friendſhip waxeth cold.
(*Ibid.*)

To reap the corn ere it be ripe may prove more haſte than good ſpeed.
(*Strange Fortunes.*)

Haſty climbers have ſudden falls.
(*Croſſing of Proverbs.*)

Very far in millſtones to ſee.
(*Wit's Trenchmour.*)

Once well warned is as good as twice.
(*Flouriſh upon Fancy.*)

There is no pack of cards without a knave. (*Paſquil's Fool's Cap.*)

Rather love a molehill of thine own than a mountain of thy neighbour's. (*Wit's Trenchmour.*)

Home is home, be it never ſo homely. (*Strange Fortunes.*)

Faint heart never won fair lady. (*Will of Wit.*)

The nearer the Church the further from God. (*Croſſing of Proverbs.*)

A merry companion is a waggon on the way. (*Ibid.*)

When thieves fall out true men come by their goods. (*Ibid.*)

Nothing venture, nothing having. (*Wonders worth Hearing.*)

It is an ill wind that bloweth no man to good. (*Ibid.*)

The ſmall graſs of the field fills the barn full of hay, and the poor man's money fills the rich man's purſe. (*Ibid.*)

Many drops of water will drive a mill. (*A Murmurer.*)

He who has an evil name is half hanged. (*Divine Conſolations.*)

The evil mind is more foul than the blackeſt face. (*A Murmurer.*)

Spoil not thy teeth with cracking ſuch a nut. (*Mother's Bleſſing.*)

If the cook do not lack wit he will ſweetly lick his fingers. (*Fantaſtics.*)

What is bred in the bone will never out of the fleſh. (*Good and Bad.*)

It is an evil bird will 'file its own nest. (*Will of Wit.*)

A calf in a cloſet is as ill as a cuckoo in a cage. (*A Poſie.*)

Ale will make a cat ſpeak. (*Ibid.*)

A ſtaff is ſoon found to beat a dog withal. (*Croſſing of Proverbs.*)

To laugh at a horſe's neſt [=modern '*mare's neſt*']. (*Flouriſh of Fancy.*)

A curtail [= *docked*] jade will ſhow his hackney tricks. (*Figure of Four.*)

One ſwallow makes not ſummer. (*Wit's Trenchmour.*)

Eſteem a horſe according to his pace,
But looſe no wages on a wild-gooſe chaſe. (*Mother's Bleſſing.*)

Good maſters are like black ſwans [=*rare* (*until Auſtralia ſent them to us*)]. (*A Poſie.*)

The rolling ſtone gathers no moſs. (*Strange Fortunes.*)

Haſte makes waſte. (*Flouriſh of Fancy.*)

To gallop ere he learn to trot. (*Paſquil's Fool's Cap.*)

He that looks before he leaps,
Is likeſt ſure to ſtand.
(*Flouriſh of Fancy.*)
No eye ſo cloudy as the wilful blind.
(*Arbor of Amorous Devices.*)
Too long hoping for dead men's shoes.
(*Paſquil's Paſs.*)
Over ſhoes, over boots.
(*Croſſing of Proverbs.*)

[See our Introduction on Breton as the giver of the preſent-day form to many Proverbs.]

SENTENTIOUS SAYINGS.

He that takes much and gives nothing ſhall have more wealth than love.

He that gives much and takes nothing ſhall have many thanks and few friends.

He that builds caſtles in the air in hope of a new world may break his neck ere he comes to half his age.

He that riſeth early and maketh light meals keeps his body in health and his ſtomach in temper.

If you offend God repentance will have pardon, but if you offend the Law take heed of execution.

He that ſpends more than he gets will hardly be rich, and he that ſpeaks more than he knows will never be counted wiſe.

He that offends God to pleaſe a creature is like him that killeth himſelf to avoid a hurt.

He that feaſteth the rich makes a friendſhip with Mammon; but he that relieveth the poor is bleſſed of God.

The ſhot of a cannon makes a terrible report, but he that ſtarts at the noiſe of it will hardly prove a ſoldier.

The ſpider's web is a net for a fly, and a flattering tongue is a trap for a fool.

The longeſt day will have night at laſt, and age will wither the ſmootheſt ſkin in the world.

A fair flower without ſcent is like a fair woman without grace.

A jeſt is never well broken but when it hurteth not the hearers and profiteth the ſpeaker.

Hope is comfortable in abſence, but poſſeſſion is the true pleaſure.

A man is dead when he ſleepeth, and darkneſs is the Sorrow of Time.

There is no true rich man but the

contented, nor truly poor but the covetous.

The rich man's goods make him fearful to die, and the poor man's want makes him weary of his life.

Snuff a candle and it will burn clear, and cut off dead fleſh and the wound will heal the ſooner.

Thought is a ſwift traveller, and the ſoul is in Heaven in an inſtant.

How vain is the love of riches, which may be loſt or left in an inſtant.

If thou doſt ill do not excuſe it; if well, do not boaſt of it.

The cares of buſineſs and the vanity of pleaſures are the ſoul's hindrance to her higheſt happineſs.

Sin comes with conception, but grace only by impoſition.

In the repentance of ſin ſorrow brings comfort.

Who laboureth for knowledge makes a benefit of Time, but he that loveth virtue looks after Eternity.

He that makes Beauty a ſtar, ſtudies a falſe aſtronomy, and he that is ſoundly in love needs no other purgatory.

The looking-glaſs of life becomes an hour-glaſs at death.

A cat may loſe a mouſe and catch her again, but he that loſeth time can never recover it.

When rich men die they are buried with pomp, but when good men die they are buried with tears.

A great wit may have a weak body, and a great head but little wit.

The tiger is ſaid to be the cruelleſt beaſt in the world, but an uſurer upon a bond will go to the devil for money.

The eyes grow dim when they come to ſpectacles, and it is cold in the valleys when ſnow lieth on the mountains.

The ſting of a ſcorpion is only healed with his blood, and where Beauty wounds Love makes the cure.

A ſhower of rain doth well in a drought, but when duſt turns to dirt the home is better than the highway.

When the rich prey on the poor and the poor pray for the rich there is great difference in praying.

Much reading makes a ready ſcholar, but the gift of Nature doth much in Art.

A far traveller ſeeth much, but he that goes to Heaven makes a happy journey.

An eſcape from danger is comfortable, but to keep out of it is wiſdom.

The hearts of the honeſt bleed inwardly.

A fly feeds a ſwallow that will choke a man.

Hunger is the beſt ſauce to any meat.

Some ſay tobacco is good to purge the head, but he that followeth it well will find it a ſhrewd purge to the purſe.

No eye can ſee the brightneſs of the ſun: how glorious is then that light from whence it hath light.

Great boaſt and ſmall roaſt makes a cold kitchen, and ſhrugging of ſhoulders is no paying of debts.

He that will hold out the year muſt abide Winter and Summer, and he that will go into Heaven muſt endure the miſeries of the world.

When a fox prowleth, beware the geeſe.

The fiſh in the river is not afraid of drowning; but if he play with a bait it will coſt him his life.

A dog will rejoice at the ſight of his maſter, when, perhaps, his miſtreſs will frown at his coming home.

He that hath an ill face hath need of a good wit.

Many hands make quick work, but one is enough in a purſe.

When geeſe fly together they are known by their cackling, and when goſſips do meet they will be heard.

When tailors began to mete lords' lands by the yard, then began gentility to go down the wind.

Truth hath often much ado to be believed, and a lie runs far before it be ſtayed.

Affability breeds love, but familiarity contempt.

The ſun is the labourer's dial, and the cock the houſewife's watchman.

Many a dog is hanged for his ſkin, and many a man is killed for his purſe.

'Tis ſoon enough that is well enough, and never too late that doth good at laſt.

That is not to-day may be to-morrow, but yeſterday will never come again.

Too much reading is ill for the eye-ſight, and too little reading is ill for the in-ſight.

'Be not jealous without juſt cauſe.'—[It will be remembered Shakeſpeare

puts the ſentiment in the mouth of Cæſar.]

(*Wit's Private Wealth.*)

SPEECH IS SILVERN, SILENCE GOLDEN.

Oh, my thoughts, keep in your words,
  Leſt their paſſage do repent ye ;
Knowing, Fortune ſtill affords
  Nothing, but may diſcontent ye.

If your ſaint be like the ſun,
  Sit not ye in Phœbus' chair ;
Leſt, when once the horſes run,
  Ye be Dædalus his heir.

If your labours well deſerve,
  Let your ſilence only grace them ;
And in patience hope preſerve,
  That no fortune ſhall deface them.

If your friend do grow unkind,
  Grieve, but do not ſeem to ſhow it ;
For a patient heart ſhall find
  Comfort, when the ſoul ſhall know it.

If your truſt be all betrayed,
Try, but truſt no more at all ;
But in ſoul be not diſmayed
Whatſoever do befall.

In yourſelves yourſelves encloſe,
Keep your secrecies unſeen ;
Leſt, when ye yourſelves diſcloſe,
Ye had better never been.

And whatever be your ſtate,
Do not languiſh over-long ;
Leſt you find it, all too late,
Sorrow be a deadly ſong.

And be comforted in this,
If your paſſions be concealed,
Croſs or comfort, bale or bliſs,
'Tis the beſt, if not revealed.

So, my deareſt thoughts, adieu,
Hark, whereto my ſoul doth call ye !
Be but ſecret, wiſe, and true,
Fear no evil can befall ye.

(*Melancholic Humours*, 1600.)

EDMUND SPENSER, 1599.

Mournful Muſes, Sorrow's minions
Dwelling in Deſpair's opinions ;
Ye that never thought invented
How a heart may be contented ;
(But in torments all diſtreſſèd,
Hopeleſs how to be redreſſèd ;
All with howling and with crying,
Live in a continual dying) ;
Sing a dirge on Spenſer's death,
Till your ſouls be out of breath.

Bid the dunces keep their dens,
And the poets break their pens ;
Bid the ſhepherds ſhed their tears,
And the nymphs go tear their hairs ;
Bid the ſcholars leave their reading,
And prepare their hearts to bleeding ;
Bid the valiant and the wiſe,
Full of ſorrows fill their eyes ;
All for grief that he is gone,
Who did grace them every one.

Fairy Queen, ſhew faireſt Queen
= *Elizabeth*
How her fair in thee is ſeen ;
Shepherd's Calendar ſet down
How to figure beſt a clown ;

As for *Mother Hubbard's Tale,*
Crack the nut and eat the ſhale ; =*ſhell*
And for other works of worth
(All too good to wander forth),
Grieve that ever you were wrot,
And your Author be forgot.

Farewell Art of Poetry,
Scorning idle foolery ;
Farewell true conceited Reaſon,
Where was never thought of treaſon ;
Farewell judgment, with invention
To deſcribe a heart's intention ;
Farewell Wit, whoſe ſound and ſenſe
Shew a poet's excellence ;
Farewell all in one together,
And with Spenſer's garland wither.

And if any Graces live,
That will Virtue honour give ;
Let them ſhow their true affection
In the depth of Grief's perfection ;
In deſcribing forth her glory,
When ſhe is moſt deeply ſorry ;
That they all may aſk to hear
Such a ſong and ſuch a quier ; =*choir*
As with all the woes they have
Follow Spenſer to the grave.
(*Melancholic Humours.*)

A JESTING STORY.

FRANCIS. It was my hap to travel into a country town or pretty village, where I lodged in an inn at the ſign of the Wild Gooſe; where, walking in the back-ſide, I ſaw a dozen of pretty fine chickens, when, looking well upon them, an unhappy boy (meaning to play the knave kindly with me) told me that in the morning all thoſe chickens would be lambs. 'Go to now, boy,' quoth I; 'do not lie, I pray thee.' 'In truth, ſir,' quoth he, 'it is true.' At the firſt (a little concealing my diſpleaſure conceived againſt the boy) I wondered at his ſpeech; but in the morning I found it true. And was not this a wonder? LAD. No, marry, Sir, it is no wonder that the goodman of the houſe being called Lamb, but the chickens ſhould be all Lamb's. (*Merry Wonders.*)

[The occurrence *ut ſupra* of 'back-ſide' = garden, or here back-court, recalls a miſunderſtood bit in Henry Vaughan the Siluriſt in his 'Looking Back':

'How brave a proſpect is a bright back-ſide!
Where flow'rs and palms refreſh the eye!.
And days well ſpent like the glad Eaſt abide,
Whoſe morning-glories cannot dye.'

Lyte, in his edition of *Silex Scintillans*, ignorant (apparently) of the real meaning, or offended by its changed application, ſilently changed the text thus:

'How brave a proſpect is a traverſ'd plain!'

So, too, after-reprints, until our collective edition of Vaughan. A quotation from Ben Jonſon's 'Caſe is Altered' will further illuſtrate the early and later meaning.—'ONION. . . . but if thou wilt go with me into her father's back-ſide, old Jacques' back-ſide, and ſpeak for me to Rachel' (Act iv., ſc. 3). Then in ſc. 4, Jacques being told by Rachel that there are ſome perſons in the back-garden, cries in fear of robbery, 'How, in my back-ſide? Where? What come they for? Where are they?' It is in this back-encloſure that Jacques digs

a hole for his gold and covers it with horſe-dung, and there Onion, leſt he ſhould be diſcovered, gets up a tree. It might be worth while inquiring how 'back-ſide' has come to have ſuch a deteriorated and oddly different meaning.]

SHIPWRECKED SAILOR'S STORY.

Melancholy walking a little on. . . . I began to frame myſelf to the humour of a cunning beggar; when, meeting with a grave old man—who by his velvet coat, his golden chain and his rich-furred gown, ſhould ſeem to be at the leaſt ſome rich Burgher, if not ſome Burghmaſter of ſome city—this well-apparelled picture with a kind of life that gave the body leave to carry the head upon a ſquare pair of ſhoulders: I, in hope to find him more comfortable than the fair houſe of Maſter Mock-beggar, having ſaluted with a great reverence, and being requited with a proud nod, I yet adventured to board with a few words. When, hoping to

have found him a man of no leſs underſtanding ſpirit, to judge of the eſtate and conditions of men, than bounty in the relief of the unfortunately diſtreſſed, I fell aboard with him with theſe few words: 'Sir, I think you have heard of the hard fortune of the *Buon-a-venture*, who put into your harbour the other night, hardly ſaving her life with loſs of all her goods and ſome of her people. Myſelf, with much ado, well weather-beaten, as you may ſee, with ſome few that lie ſick in the haven, got to ſhore, and am now travelling towards your city near before me. Loth am I to enter into any baſe courſe for my comfort; but if I might be beholden to your good favour in this time of my diſtreſs, giving me your name withal, I doubt not, if I live, but either by myſelf or my better friends, to find a time either to requite or deſerve it.' He, as one whoſe heart was ſo ſhut up in his purſe that he underſtood nothing but ware and money, after a harſh hum or two, gave me this anſwer: 'Was there nothing ſaved of her goods, I pray you? What was her freight?' 'Sir,' quoth I, 'it was moſt ſilks and ſpices, but ſome pearl and

money, more than would have been willingly loſt.' 'Good commodities,' quoth he, 'by my fay [=*faith*], a ſhrewd miſchance; I am ſorry for ye; I would I could do ye good, but am now in haſte going about a little buſineſs, and therefore I cannot ſtand to talk with you. God be with you; the town is hard before you, you will be there anon; but if you have any jewels or pearl that you have ſaved, I will give you money for it, if I like it.' 'Truly, Sir,' quoth I, 'jewels I have not many, only two rings on my fingers, and this bracelet of pearl I have ſaved. My bracelet coſt me a hundred crowns; if it pleaſe you to have it of the price it coſt, though againſt my will, I will part with it.' With this upon his bottle-red noſe he drops on a pair of ſpectacles, and looking on my pearl, found fault with the roundneſs and the clearneſs, and I know not elſe, till at the laſt, thinking to make a gain of my miſery, he offered me ten crowns, ſaying that he had no need of it, but rather than I ſhould be diſfurniſhed of money (being a ſtranger), he would adventure ſo much on it. Whereat I ſwallowed a ſigh, and concealing my diſ-

content, desired him to pardon me. I hoped to find some of my countrymen in the city, that I would be as bold as I might withal. Thus, with an idle word or two, did I leave this good old gentleman, in whom how much I was, and many more no doubt have been, mistaken, I refer to the judgment of those that can spell him with book, and my desire never to come near him within book. . . . The shadow of a man, and the substance of a money-bag; with charity or humanity, by the hypocritical figure of gravity, to be a creature of understanding, a man of honour, and a blessed reliever of the miserable.

(*A Mad World, my Masters.*)

[With reference to the words 'bord' and 'aboard,' a quotation from George Herbert will make the meaning clear:

'Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.'

French *aborder*, to go or come side by side with; hence it has the same etymology and signification as 'accord' (*accoast*, Fr. *coste* or *côte*): 'accost her or

front her, board her, woo her, aſſail her' ('Twelfth Night,' i. 3). As a reſulting ſenſe, the French *aborder* alſo means to become familiar with. (Cotgrave.)]

SUMMER.

It is now Summer, and Zephirus with his ſweet breath cools the parching beams of Titan. The leaves of the trees are in whiſper-talks of the bleſſings of the air, while the nightingale is tuning her throat to refreſh the weary ſpirit of the traveller. Flora now brings out her wardrobe, and richly embroidereth her green apron. The nymphs of the woods, in concert with the Muſes, ſing an *ave* to the morning and a *vale* to the ſun's ſetting. The lambs and the rabbits run at baſe [= *game of priſoner's baſe*] in the ſandy warrens, and the plough lands are covered with corn. The ſtately hart is at lair in the high wood, while the hare in a furrow ſits waſhing of her face. The bull makes his walk like a maſter of the field and the broad-headed ox bears the

garland of the market. The Angler with a fly takes his pleaſure with the fiſh, while the little merlin [= *hunting-hawk*] hath the partridge in the foot. The honey-dews perfume the air, and the ſunny ſhowers are the earth's comfort. The greyhound on the plain makes the fair courſe, and the well-mouthed hound makes the muſic of the woods. The battle of the field is now ſtoutly fought, and the proud rye muſt ſtoop to the ſickle. The carter's whiſtle cheers his forehorſe, and drink and ſweat is the life of the labourer. Idle ſports are baniſhed the limits of honour, while the ſtudious brain brings forth his works. The azure ſky ſhows the heaven is gracious, and the glorious ſun glads the ſpirit of Nature. The ripened fruits ſhow the beauty of the Earth, and the brightneſs of the air the glory of the heavens. In ſum, for the world of work I find in it, I thus conclude of it: I hold it a moſt ſweet reaſon, the variety of pleaſures and the paradiſe of Love. Farewell.

(*Fantaſtics.*)

CHRISTMAS DAY.

It is now Chriſtmas, and not a cup of drink muſt paſs without a carol. The beaſts, fowl and fiſh come to a general execution, and the corn is ground to duſt for the bakehouſe and the paſtry. Cards and dice purge many a purſe, and the youth ſhow their agility in ſhooting of the wild mare.* Now good cheer and 'Welcome, and God be with you,' and 'I thank you,' and againſt the New Year provide for the preſents. The Lord of Miſrule is no mean man for his time,† and the gueſts of the high table muſt lack no wine. The luſty bloods muſt look about them like men, and piping and dancing puts away much melancholy. Stolen veniſon is ſweet, and a fat coney is worth money. Pitfalls [= *ſnares*] are now ſet for ſmall birds and a woodcock hangs himſelf in a gin. A good fire heats all the houſe, and a full alms-baſket makes the beggar's prayers. The Maſkers and the Mummers make the merry ſport; but if they loſe

* 'Wild mare' = Old English sport.

† Along with Maskers of the Mummers, etc. = a sport of the season.

their money their drum goes dead. Swearers and ſwaggerers are ſent away to the alehouſe, and unruly wenches go in danger of judgment. Muſicians now make their inſtruments ſpeak out, and a good ſong is worth the hearing. In ſum, it is a holy time, a duty in Chriſtians for the remembrance of Chriſt, and cuſtom among friends for the maintenance of good-fellowſhip. In brief, I thus conclude it: I hold it a memory of the Heaven's love and the World's peace, the mirth of the honeſt and the meeting of the friendly. Farewell.

(*Fantaſtics.*)

EASTER DAY.

It is now Eaſter, and Jack of Lent is turned out of doors. The fiſhermen now hang up their nets to dry, while the calf and the lamb walk towards the kitchen and the paſtry [qu. *pantry?*]. The velvet heads of the foreſt [= *deer*] fall at the looſe of the croſſ-bow. The ſalmon-trout plays with the fly, and the March rabbit runs dead into the diſh.

The Indian commodities pay the merchant's adventure, and Barbary ſugar puts honey out of countenance. The Holy Feaſt is kept for the faithful, and a known Jew hath no place among Chriſtians. The Earth now begins to paint her upper garment, and the trees put out their young buds; the little kids chew their cuds, and the ſwallow feeds on the flies in the air. The ſtork cleaneth the brooks of the frogs, and the ſpar-hawk prepares her wing for the partridge. The little fawn is ſtolen from the doe, and the male deer begin to herd. The ſpirit of youth is inclined to mirth, and the conſcionable ſcholar will not break a holiday. The minſtrel calls the maid from her dinner, and the lover's eyes do troll the tenniſ-balls. There is mirth and joy when there is health and liberty; and he that hath money will be no mean man in his manſion. The air is wholeſome and the ſky comfortable. The flowers are odoriferous, and the fruits pleaſant. I conclude it is a day of much delightfulneſs: the ſun's dancing day and the Earth's holiday. Farewell.

(*Fantaſtics.*)

AUTHORS OF HIGH TRAGEDIES.

Go tell the authors of High Tragedies
That bloodleſs quarrels are but merry fights;
And ſuch as beſt conceit their Comedies,
Do feed their fancies but with fond delights;
Where toys will ſhow that figure Truth's intention,
They ſpoil their ſports with too much invention.

* * * * *

Go bid the Poets ſtudy better matter,
Than Mars and Venus in a Tragedy;
And bid them leave to learn, to lie and flatter,
In plotting of a Lover's Comedy;
And bid Play-Writers better ſpend their ſpirits
Than in fox-burrows or in coney-ferrits.*

(*Paſquil's Meſſage.*)

* See note under 'Pasquil's Message;' also our Introduction. Meantime, the last line of above quotation may be noted as a gird at unhappy Robert Greene and his 'fox-burrows' and 'coney'-catching books.

FOREIGN AND HOME TRAVEL.

Adventures are dangerous, the ſeas boiſterous and the waves perilous; and great is the difference between ſtrange companions and home friends. What canſt thou ſee abroad that is not here? The ſame Earth, and little different in nature either for heat or cold. The ſame ſun ſhining there that ſhineth here. Men and women in the ſame ſhape that thou ſeeſt here. In their univerſities the ſame kind of ſcholars. In their cities, merchants and men of trade and traffic as we have in ours. In their villages, ſuch farmers and labourers. In their tribunal-ſeats, ſuch judges. In their wars, ſuch men of arms. In their Court, ſuch lords and ladies; and in all places ſuch kind of people as in ſome places of our dominion thou mayeſt take notice of if thou be circumſpect. What ſhall I ſay to perſuade thee rather to ſtay at home than ſtray abroad? Thou haſt a father that loves thee more dearly than any friend can do; a ſiſter whoſe virtue with her beauty deſerveth an honourable fortune,

and which I think not thy leaſt charge in conſcience to have a care of, inaſmuch as may be in thee to accompliſh; thy mother holds thee ſo dear as her life; thy friends make a game of thy kindneſs; thy followers in thine honour ſettle the hope of their fortune, and my ſubjects in thy wiſdom repoſe the happineſs of their whole ſtate. All this and many more particular cauſes of content thou haſt here at home, likely every day to encreaſe; where abroad how bitter will be thy change, I fear to think, ſhould ſorrow to hear, and ſhall not live to digeſt. Then, perhaps, ſuch may be the merciful nature of the glorious height of the Heaven's higheſt grace, as may favour thy diſpoſition, proſper thy adventures, and bleſs thee in all thy actions. But as it is ill to diſtruſt God, ſo is it not good to tempt Him: anſwer me therefore truly to this, I demand of thee, whether thy deſire be to travel or not, and what are the reaſons that perſuade thy reſolution; however it be, you ſhall find in me that kindneſs that the condition of thy love deſerveth.

(*Strange Fortunes.*)

AN USURER.

An Uſurer is a figure of Miſery, who hath made himſelf a ſlave to his money. His eye is cloſ'd from pity, and his hand from charity; his ear from compaſſion and his heart from piety. While he lives he is the hate of a Chriſtian, and when he dies, he goes with horror to Hell. His ſtudy is ſparing, and his care is getting; his fear is wanting, and his death is loſing. His diet is either faſting or poor fare; his clothing the hangman's wardrobe; his houſe the receptacle of knavery, and his muſic the chinking of his money. He is a kind of canker that with the teeth of Intereſt eats the hearts of the poor, and a venomous fly that ſucks out the blood of any fleſh that he alights on. In ſum, he is a ſervant of droſs, a ſlave to miſery, an agent for Hell and a devil in the world. (*Good and Bad.*)

A BEGGAR.

A Beggar is the child of Idleneſs, whoſe life is a reſolution of eaſe. His travel is moſt in the highways and his *rendezvous* is commonly an alehouſe. His ſtudy is to counterfeit impotency and his practice to cozen ſimplicity of Charity. The juice of the malt is the liquor of his life, and at bed and board a louſe is his companion. He fears no ſuch enemy as a conſtable, and being acquainted with the ſtocks muſt viſit them as he goes by them. He is a drone that feeds upon the labours of the bee, and unhappily begotten that is born for no goodneſs. His ſtaff and his ſcrip are his walking furniture, and what he lacks in meat he will have out in drink. He is a kind of caterpillar that ſpoils much good fruit, and an unprofitable creature to live in a Commonwealth. He is ſeldom handſome and often noiſome, always troubleſome and never welcome. He prays for all and preys upon all; begins with bleſſing but ends often with curſing. If he has a licenſe he ſhows it with a grace, but if he has none, he is ſubmiſſive to the ground. Sometimes

he is a thief, but always a rogue ; and in the nature of his profeſſion the ſhame of Humanity. In ſum, he is commonly begot in a buſh, born in a barn, lives in a highway, and dies in a ditch.

(*Good and Bad.*)

A WAGGERY.

Children's *ahs* and women's *ohs*,
Do a wondrous grief diſcloſe ;
Where a dug the one will ſtill,
And the t'other but a will.

Then in God's name let them cry ;
While they cry they will not die ;
For but few that are ſo curſt
As to cry until they burſt.

Say ſome children are untoward ;
So ſome women are as froward ;
Let them cry then, 'twill not kill them ;
There is time enough to ſtill them.

But if Pity will be pleaſ'd
To relieve the ſmall diſeaſ'd ; = *uneaſy*
When the help is once applying
They will quickly leave their crying.

Let the child then ſuck his fill ;
Let the woman have her will ;
All will huſh was heard before ;
Ah and *oh* will cry no more.
(*Melancholic Humours.*)

WATCHFULNESS.

To have a kind of ſuperficial ſight
In hawks and hounds, and horſe and fowl and fiſh,
Is not amiſs ; but let thy heart's delight
Be never ſettled in an idle diſh,
Nor ſhow thy folly in a wanton wiſh ;
Be ſilent to thyſelf whate'er thou thinkeſt,
And take good heed with whom and where thou drinkeſt.

Learn for inſtruction, read for exerciſe ;
Practiſe for knowledge and for gain remember ;
In worldly pleaſures make no paradiſe ;
Know that thou art of Chriſt His church a member,
And do not make thine April in September ;

Unto thy God in youth direct thy ways,
And He will bleſs thee in thine aged days.

Let Conſcience know the title of a crown,
Yet know withal there is a King of kings,
Who hoiſteth up and headlong tumbleth down ;
And all the world doth cover with His wings ;
While heaven and earth but of His glory ſings :
To whom diſcharge the love thou daily oweſt,
And He will bleſs thee whereſoe'er thou goeſt.

Wink at the world as though thou ſaw'ſt it not,
And all Earth's treaſure but as traſh deſpiſe ;
Let not thy folly loſe that wit hath got,
Nor loſe an art by lack of exerciſe ;
Yet let no labour honour prejudice ;
Be wiſely ſparing but not miſerable, = *miſerly*
And rather die than be diſhonourable.
(*A Mother's Bleſſing.*)

YEOMAN: 1618—*TO A COURTIER.*

For your gentlemen, we have good Yeomen that uſe more courteſy, or at leaſt, kindneſs than courteſy, more friendship than compliments, and more truth than eloquence; and perhaps I may tell you I think we have more ancient and true gentlemen that hold the plough in the field than you have in great places that wait with a trencher at a table; and I have heard my father ſay, this I believe to be true, that a true gentleman will be better known by his inſide than his outſide: for (as he ſaid) a true gentleman will be like himſelf, ſober but not proud, liberal and yet thrifty, wiſe but not full of words; and better ſeen on the land than be too buſy with the laws: one that fears God, will be true to his king, and well knows how to live in the world, and whatſoever God ſends hath the grace to be content with it; loves his wife and his children, is careful for his family, is a friend to his neighbour and no enemy to himſelf; and this (ſaid my father) is indeed the true gentleman: and for his

qualities, if he can ſpeak well, and ride well, and ſhoot well, and bowl well, we deſire no more of him. But for kiſſing of the hand, as if he were licking of his fingers, hanging down the head as if his neck were out of joint; or scratched by the foot as if he were a corn-cutter; or leering aſide like a wench after her ſweetheart; or winking with one eye as though he were levying at a woodcock; and ſuch apiſh tricks as came out of the Land of Petito, where a monkey and a baboon make an urchin generation; and for telling of tales of the adventurous knight and the ſtrange lady; and for writing in rhyme or talking in proſe with more tongues than teeth in his head; and with that which he brought from beyond the ſeas which he cannot get rid of at home, for ſwearing and braving, ſcoffing and ſnubbing, with ſuch tricks of the devil's teaching, we allow none of that learning.

(*Courtier and Countryman.*)

THE END.

Elliot Stock, 62, *Paternoster Row*, *London*, *E.C.*