

Gascoigne, George
Certayne notes of
instruction in English
verse

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00575127 6

PR
2277
C4
1868





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

~~A 664 en 5~~

English Reprints.

[52]

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire.

1. Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verbe.

1575.

2. The Steele Glas.

[Commenced April 1575. Finished April 1576.]
April 1576.

3. The Complaynt of Philomene.

[Commenced Apr. 1562. Continued in Apr. 1575. Finished 3 Apr. 1576.]
April 1576.

PRECEDED BY

GEORGE WHETSTONE'S

A Remembrance of the well employed Life, and
godly end of George Gascoigne Esquire, &c.

[*Ent. Stat. Hall.* 11 Nov. 1577.]

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,

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

517152

26. 1. 51

LONDON :

ALEX. MURRAY & SON, 30, QUEEN SQUARE, W.C.

[*Ent. Stat. Hall.*]

18 November, 1868.

[*All Rights reserved.*]



CONTENTS.

CHRONICLE of the Life, Works, and Times of G. Gascoigne	3
INTRODUCTION,	11
BIBLIOGRAPHY,	14

George Whetstone.

<i>A REMEMBRANCE &c. OF G. GASKOIGNE, &c.</i>	15
(1) The wel employed life, and godly end of G. Gascoigne, Esq.	17
(2) Exhortatio	27
(3) An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the death of M. G. Gaskoygne	29

George Gascoigne.

<i>CERTAYNE NOTES OF INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH VERSE, &c.</i>	31
--	----

THE STEELE GLAS 41

(1) The Epistle Dedicatorie [15 April. 1576]	42
(2) N. R. in commendation of the Author, and his works	46
(3) Walter [afterwards Sir Walter] Raleigh, of the Middle Temple, in commendation of <i>The Steele Glas</i>	47
(4) Nicholas Bowyer in commendation of this work	47
(5) The Author to the Reader	48
(6) <i>THE STEELE GLAS</i>	49
(7) Epilogus	52

THE COMPLAINTE OF PHILOMENE 85

(8) The Epistle Dedicatorie [16 April. 1575]	86
(9) <i>PHILOMENE</i>	87
(10) The Fable of Philomela	91



CHRONICLE

(to be taken in connection with Whetstone's *Remembraunce*, at pp. 15-30)

of

some of the principal events

in the

LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES

of

GEORGE GASCOIGNE Esquire,

Courtier, Soldier, Poet.

* Probable or approximate dates.

1509, Apr. 22. Henry VIII. begins to reign.

* 1535-37. GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son and heir of Sir J. Gascoigne, p. 18. The date or place of his birth is not known. If it might be safely assumed that he was somewhat over 20 years of age when he entered Gray's Inn in 1555, that would confirm the otherwise unsupported statement, that he was only 40 years when he died.

Gascoigne himself tells Queen Elizabeth [see 1576] that he had 'Suche Englishe as I stale in westmerland.' From which it is inferred he was either born or bred in that county.

1547. Jan. 29. Edward VI ascends the throne.

He goes to Cambridge. 'Such lattyn as I forgatt at Cambridge,' [see 1576]

Pray for the nources of our noble Realme
I meane the worthy Vniuersities,
(And *Cantabridge*, shal haue the dignitie,
Whereof I was vnworthy member once) p. 77.

1553. July 6. Mary succeeds to the throne.

Harl. M.S. 1912, is a nominal index of the Registers of all 'Admittances,' 'Ancients,' and 'Barresters' in the Society of Gray's Inn, down to 1671; together with a digest of such orders of the society which were looked upon as precedents. In the 16th century, four gentlemen of the name of Gascoigne were admitted into the society. John in 1536 [admitted to ye degree of Ancient, 24 May 1552; fol. 195], George in 1555, Edward in 1584, and John in 1590; fol. 33. None of these occur in the list of 'Barresters.'

1555. George Gascoigne admitted to Grays Inn. 43 admitted in the same year. *Harl. MS.* 1912, fol. 33.

1557. May 24. Among the names of 'Ancients' called on 24 May, 1557, is that of 'Gascoine,' *Idem*, fol. 204.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.

'The lost time of my youth mispent,' p. 42. 'Disinherited,' p. 17.

1562. Apr. Gascoigne begins 'to deuise' *The Complaint of Philomene* 'riding by the high way betwene Chelmissford and London, and being ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is placed amongst my other *Poesies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfinished.' pp. 86, 119.

In *The introduction to the Psalme of Deprofundis*, which

YOUTH.

AT CAMBRIDGE.

A MEMBER OF GRAY'S INN.

with the Psalm itself, is included in Gascoigne's *Flowers*, are the following lines.

The Skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say :

Why doe not I my verry muses frame
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)
To write some verse in honour of his name?

Among the precedential orders relating to 'Ancients,' at the end of *Harl. M.S.* 1912, is the following.

1555 Mr. Barkinge, Mr. Brand, Geo. Gascoigne, Tho.
1561 Michelborne, and William Clopton beinge called
1565 Ancients as of ye former Call paid their respectiue
1567 fines for their Vacacions past to compleate ye num-
1624 ber of nine Vacacions of ye said former call, *fol.* 238.

1565.

Gascoigne pays the above fines. In his *Flowers*, are *Gascoignes Memories*, written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes. And being required by fise sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these fise sundrie sortes of metre vpon fise sundrye theames, which they deliuered vnto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarsho who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna inuat*. . . . The next was at request of Antony Kinwelmarsho, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis sufficit*. . . . John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia*. . . . Alexander Neule deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito, si sat bene*, wherevpon he compiled these seuen Sonets in sequece, therein bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*: and therwith his *Vix bene*. . . . Richard Courtope (the last of the fise) gaue him this theame *Durum aenium et miserabile auum*. . . . And thus an ende of these fise Theames, admounting to the number of. CCLVIII. verses, deused ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Iourney, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye, in taryng with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gascoigne's memories. *Posies*, 1575.

1565. Apr. 26.

Date of his dedication of '*The Glasse of Government*. A tragicall Comedie,' first printed in 1576. 'A piece in a dramatic form, the body of which is in prose, although it has four choruses and an epilogue in rhyme, besides two didactic poems in the third act.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet.* iii. 7.

1566.

Two plays are represented at Gray's Inn in this year.

(1) *The Supposes*—translated by Gascoigne from Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*, Venice, 1525—the earliest 'existing specimen of a play in English prose acted, either in public or private.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet.* iii. 6.

(2) *Jocasta*—adapted from the *Phenissa* of Euripides—the second dramatic performance in our language in blank verse, and the first known attempt to introduce a Greek play upon the English stage.' *Collier, Idem.* p. 8. Gascoigne contributes Acts ii, iii, v.; F. Kinwelmarsh, Acts i. and iv.; and C., afterwards Sir C., Yelverton, the Epilogue. Each Act was preceded by a dumb show. The Autograph copy of this play is in the *Guilford MS.*

In this year also was published *The French Littleton*.

Nevly set forth by C. Holiband [*i.e.* Desainliens], teaching in Paules Church yarde, by the signe of the Lucrece London, 1566." At the beginning is what is apparently Gascoigne's first *published* verse,

George Gascoigne Squire in commendation of this booke.

The pearle of price, which englishmen haue sought
So farre abrode, and cost them there so dere
Is now founde out, within our contrey here
And better cheape, amongst vs may be bought
I meane the frenche: that pearle of pleasant speeche
Which some sought far, and bought it with their liues
With sicknesse some, yea some with bolts and gyues
But all with payne, this peerlesse pearle did seeche.
Now *Hollyband* (A frendly frenche in deede)
Hath tane such payne, for euerie english ease
That here at home, we may this language learne:
And for the price, he craueth no more neede
But thankful harts, to whome his perles msy please
Oh thank him then, that so much thank doth earne
Tam Marti quam Mercurio

Marries.

Goes a journey into the West of England.

Gascoigne's Woodmanship Written to the L. Grey of Wilton vpon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting (amongst many other good qualities) in chusing of his winter deare, and killing the same with his bove, did furnishe master Gascoigne with a croisebowe *cum Pertinencijs* and vouchsafed to vse his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his wodmen. Now master Gascoigne shooting very often, could neuer hitte any deare, yea and often times he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene them. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse it in verse. [This poem was published in 1572.]

Is published Gascoigne's first book, *A Hundreth sundrie Floures bound up in one small Poesie*: respecting which he afterwards says. "It is verie neare two yeares past, since (I being in Hollande in seruice vwith the vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of these Posies were imprinted. . . . I neuer receyued of Printer, or of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes of these Posies. True it is that I vvas not vnwillinge the same shoulde be imprinted:" for which he assigns four reasons. *1st Pref. to 'Posies,' 1575.*

In the dedication to Lord Grey of Wilton, of a poem entitled *The fruites of Warre*, 'begon at Delfe in *Hollande*'; Gascoigne says, 'I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath thoroughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that you haue founde therein iust cause to laugh at my follies forepassed. This first edition was therefore prepared and anonymously published by its author; not surreptitiously by the printer as sometimes supposed.

O. G. G[ilchrist] in *Cens. Lit. i.* 110—112. Ed. 1805, has gleaned from his works, the following account of Gascoigne's trip abroad.

"He afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose

Principal occupation not known.

1572.

?

?

of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 19th of March, 1572, at Gravesend; the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge; but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland) Yorke and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,

they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

While this negociation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague: the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "The Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprized soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

In Holland, fighting for the Dutch.

1575. Feb.

He published '*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire.* Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Author.' [2nd Dedication dated Feb. 2]. It consists of 3 prefaces; and 4 parts, FLOWERS, HERBS, WEEDS, and the NOTES OF INSTRUCTION. In the second preface, he thus explains the three principal divisions. "I haue here presented you

with three sundrie sorts of Posies: *Floures, Herbes and Weedes*. . . . I terme some Floures, bycause being indeede inmented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my iudgement) some rare inuention and Methode before not commonly vsed. And therefore (being more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them Floures. The seconde (being indeede moral discourses and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named Hearbes. The third (being Weedes, might seeme to some iudgements neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee cast awaie. But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so may you finde inthis none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled."

1575. April.

Gascoigne begins *The Steele Glas*: and continues a little farther *The Complaint of Philomene*, pp. 86, 119.

1575.

The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hvting is published 'The Translator [George Turberville] to the Reader' is dated 16 June 1575. After which comes a poem of 58 lines *George Gascoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie*. This work is generally attached to Turberville's *The Booke of Faulconrie or Hawking*.

In her summer progress, the Queen makes her famous visit to Kenilworth.

1575. July 9-27.

Leicester commissioned Gascoigne to devise masks &c. for her entertainment. These were printed the next year under the title of *The Princely pleasures, at the Courte at Kenelworth*; and with R. Laneham or Langham's published *Letter* of date of 20 Aug. 1575: constitute the best accounts of that splendid reception.

Sept. 11.

The Queen continuing arrives at Woodstock, and is greeted with Gascoigne's *The tale of Hemetes*.

1576. Jan. 1.

He presents, as a New Year's gift, to Queen Elizabeth, and apparently in his own handwriting the manuscript of *The tale of Hemetes the hermyte pronounced before the Queenes Maiesty att Woodstocke*. This is now in the British Museum. *MS. Reg. 18. A. xlviiii, p. 27*. The frontispage is a finished drawing representing the presentation of his work. Then comes, in English verse, the Dedication, 1 p: after which is an English address 'to the Queenes most excellent Majestye; 8 pp. Then follows the tale in four languages. English, 9 pp; Latin, 15 pp; Italian 15 pp; French 13 pp; concluding the whole with *Epilogismus*, 1 p.

In his address at fol. 6 of the book, he says, 'But yet suche Itallyan as I haue learned in London, and such lattyn as I forgatt att Cambridge, such frenche as I borrowed in Holland, and such Englyshe as I stale in westmerland, even such and no better (my worthy soueraigne haue I poured forth before you,' &c.

1576. Apr. 3.

He finishes *The Complaint of Philomene*. p. 119. Apparently in the same month, he finishes *The Steele Glas*, the dedication of which is dated Apr. 15.

1576. Apr. 12.

In an Epistle dated 'From my lodging, where I march amongst the Muses for lacke of exercise in martial employes, the 12 of April, 1576 to *A Discourse of a new Passage to Cataia*. Written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, *Quid non?*' Gascoigne gives the following account of his publication of this Letter to Sir John Gilbert, dated 'the last of June, 1566,' and therein incidentally reveals his relationship to Sir Martin Frobisher:

You must herewith vnderstand (good Reader) that the author hauinge a worshipfull Knight to his brother, who abashed at this enterprise (aswell for that he himselfe had

none issue, nor other heier whome he ment to bestow his lands vpon, but onely this Authour, and that this voyage the seemed strang and had not beene commonly spoken before, as also because it seemed vnpossible vnto the common capacities) did seeme partly to mislike his resolutions, and to disuade him from the same: there-upon he wrote this Treatise vnto his saide Brother, both to excuse and cleare himselfe from the note of rashnesse, and also to set downe such Authorities, reasons, and experiences, as had chiefly encouraged him vnto the same, as may appeare by the letter next following, the which I haue here inserted for that purpose. And this was done about vii. yeares now past, sithence which time the originall copies of the same haue lien by the authour as one rather dreading to hazarde the Iudgement of curious perusers, then greedie of glorie by hasty publication.

Now it happened that my selfe being one (amongst manie) beholding to the said *S. Humfrey Gilbert* for sundrie curtesies, did come to visit him in Winter last passed at his house in *Linnehouse*, and beeing verie bolde to demaunde of him howe he spent his time in this loytering vacation from martiall stratagemes, he curteously tooke me vp into his Studie, and there shewed me sundrie profitable and verie commendable exercises, which he had perfected painefully with his owne penne: And amongst the rest this present *Discourse*. The which as well because it was not long, as also because I vnderstode that *M. Fourboiser* (a kinsman of mine) did pretend to trauaile in the same *Discouerie*, I craued at the said *S. Humfreyes* handes for two or three dayes to reade and to peruse. And hee verie friendly granted my request, but stil seming to doubt that therby the same might, contrarie to his former determination be Imprinted.

And to be plaine, when I had at good leasure perused it, and therewithall conferred his allegations by the *Tables of Ortelius*, and by sundrie other *Cosmographical Mappes* and *Charts*, I seemed in my simple iudgement not onely to like it singularly, but also thought it very meete (as the present occasion serueth) to giue it out in publike. Whereupon I haue (as you see) caused my friendes great trouaile, and mine owne greater presumption to be registred in print. [For which act, he offers five excuses.]

In a dedication to the Francis, second Earl of Bedford [b. 1528—d. 1585], dated, 'From my lodging where I finished this trauvaile in weake plight for health as your good L. well knoweth, this second day of *Maye* 1576,' Gascoigne writes,

1576. May 2.

(Not many monethes since) tossing and retossing in my small Lybarie, amongst some bookes which had not often felte my fyngers endes in. xv yeares before, I chaunced to light vpon a small volume skarce comely couered, and wel worse handled. For to tell a truth vnto your honour, it was written in an old kynd of Characters, and so torne as it neyther had the beginning perspicious, nor the end perfect. So that I cannot certainly say who shuld be the Author of the same. And there-vpon haue translated and collected into some ordre these sundry parcells of the same The whiche . . . I haue thought meete to entytyle *The Droome of Doomes daye*. [The work is divided into three parts, *The view of worldly Vanities*, *The shame of sinne*, *The Needels eye*.] Vnto these three parts thus collected and ordred I haue thought

good to adde an old letter which teacheth *Remedies against the bitterness of Death.*"

[The unknown Latin work thus Englished by Gascoigne, was *De miseria humanae conditionis* of Lothario Conti, Pope Innocent III. [b. 1160—d. 16 July, 1216], which appeared in print so early as 1470, and was frequently reprinted.]

"While this worke was in the presse, it pleased God to visit the translatur thereof with sicknesse. So that being vnable himselfe to attend the dayly proofes, he apoynted a seruant of his to ouersee the same." *Printer to the Reader.*

1576. Aug. 22. He publishes *A delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkards.*

1577. Jan. 1. He presents the Queen with another poem, which is now in the British Museum *Reg. MS. 18 A. lxi. p. 275.* '*The Grief of Ioy.* Certaine Elegies: wherein the doubtfull delightes of mannes lyfe are displaied.' It is on 38 folios, 4to: each full page having three stanzas of 7 lines each. The royal titles and name are throughout written in gold. From the following portion of the dedication, it would appear that at this date he was in some way in the Queen's service.

"Towching the *Methode and Inuention*, euen as Petrark in his woorkes *De remedys vtriusque fortuna*, dothe recowmpt the vncerteine Ioyes of men in seuerall dialogues, so haue I in these *Élegies* distributed the same into sundrie songes and haue hetherto perfected but foure of the first, the which I humbly commend vnto your noble sensure and gracious correction. And therewithall I proffer in like manner that if your Maiestie shall lyke the woorkes, and deeme yt worthy of publication I will then shrinke for no paynes vntill I haue (in suche songs) touched all the common places of mans peryulous pleasures.

But without the confirmation of your faorable acceptannts (your Maiestie well knoweth) I will neuer presume to publishe any thing hereafter, and that being well considered (compared also withe the vnspeakeable comfort which I haue conceiued in your Maiesties vnderseued fauor) may sufficientlie witnes without further triall, that doubtful greues and greuous doubttes, do often accompany oure greatest ioyes.

Howsoeuer it be, I right humbly beseeche youre heighnes to accept this Nifle for a new yeares gyfte. . . . Whome God preserue thes first of January, 1577, and euer. Amen."

After this come The Preface; then the *l'enuoie*; then the four Songs. (1) *The greues or discommodities of lustie youth*; (2) *The vanities of Beutie*; (3) *The faults of force and Strength*; (4) *The vanities of Actiuityes*; which terminates with 'Left vnperfect for feare of Horsmen.'

1577. Oct. 7. George Gascoigne dies at Stamford, see Whetstone's *Remembraunce.*

O. Gilchrist, in *Cens. Lit. ii.* 238, states, 'In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walthamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650.'

Mr. Gilchrist also informed Dr. Bliss "I have searched the registers of the six parishes for his interment without success. The result is this: Geo. Whetstones had wealthy relations, possessors of the manor of Walcot (four miles

? In the Queen's service.

Death.

distant from Stamford), which parishes to Bernack, where the family of Whetstones usually buried and where a monument of the Elizabethan style of architecture still remains: and I conjecture that Geo. Gascoigne dying at Stamford was carried to Bernack by his friend Geo. Whetstones, . . . and interred there in the family vault. I have endeavoured to ascertain this, but no old register of the parish of Bernack is to be found."—*Ath. Oxon. ii.* 437. Ed. 1813.

The following criticisms were bestowed by contemporaries on our Author. WILLIAM WEBBE, in *A Discourse of English Poetrie*, writes.

Master George Gaskoyne a wytty Gentleman, and the very cheefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albeit is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gyfts of wytt, and naturall promptnes appeare in him abundantly. *Ed.* 1815, p. 34.

2. GEORGE PUTTENHAM, in *The Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589, notices 'Gascon for a good mecter and for a plentifull vayne.' *Book i. p.* 51.

3. THOMAS NASH in a prefatory address 'To the Gentlemen Students' in R. Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589, writes,

Who euer my priuate opinion condemns as faultie, Master *Gascoigne* is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired too since his departure; whereto hee did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did *Græca cum Latinis*.



THE STEELE GLAS, &c.

INTRODUCTION.



ONE of the principal poets in the first half of Elizabeth's reign; one of our earliest dramatists; the first English satirist; and the first English critic in poesy: Gascoigne takes rank among the minor poets of England. An Esquire by birth, but an Esquire in good hap in life, he was also an Esquire in poetry.

No complete edition of his works has ever been published. Indeed copies of any of them, whether original or reprinted, are not of frequent occurrence. Still less are his character and career known. There exist considerable materials in the numerous personal allusions in his works, in his praiseworthy habit of frequently dating them, and in contemporary writers; towards a worthy account of himself and his associates: which, from their very early date in the Queen's reign, and their connection with the then incipient stage of our Drama; could not fail to be new and interesting to English students. Meanwhile, to most readers, the name of George Gascoigne or of any of his productions, are alike unknown.

In our attempt to make the present series of works representative of English Literature, we now present three idiosyncratic specimens of Gascoigne's powers, as a poetical critic, as a satirist, and as an elegist. To these we have prefixed—accurately reprinted, it is to be hoped, this time—Whetstone's *Remembrance* of his life and death: a book once thought to have perished, and of which but a single copy now exists:—that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A consideration of these four works in connection with his time, will doubtless create a favourable opinion both of the genius and character of George Gascoigne.

The earliest portion of the publications here reprinted, is the commencement of *The Complaint of Philomene*, begun in April 1562, on a journey on horseback from Chelmsford to London : wherein

as I rode by London waye,
Cloakleffe; vnclad.

he was 'ouertaken with a sodaine dafh of Raine,' and well soufed in this showre.

he changed the subject of his thought, and wrote the Psalm *De Profundis*, preserved in his *Flowers*.

The *Notes of instruction &c.*, must have been written between 1572—the date of his poem to Lord Grey of Wilton, entitled 'Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572,' to which he alludes therein—and 1575, when he first published them in his *Poesies*.

His old poem lay by him till April 1575, when, having just seen through the press, the corrected edition of his *Poesies*, he begins *The Steele Glas* 'with the Nightingales notes' : and makes further progress in the Elegy.

Then comes absence from home during the summer, in connection with great literary occupation. He is away at Kenilworth devising *The Princely pleasures* : and afterwards at Woodstock preparing *The tale of Hemetes the hermit*. Then in the following winter, he goes on a visit to the unfortunate Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 'at his house in *Limehouse*,' and is in consequence led into the study of the North-west passage and 'the *Tables of Ortelius* and fundrie other *Cosmographicall Mappes and Charts*.' So the two poems progress together at intervals, and at last are simultaneously finished in April 1576.

The author calls *The Complaint*, 'April showers' : Both the Satire and the Elegy may be said to be Spring songs. There resounds all through them the singing of birds. This discovers itself as much in the general imagery as in such passages as this.

In sweet April, the Messenger to May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in golden showres,
When euery byrde, records his louers lay,

And westerne windes, do foster forth our floures,
 Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
 To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
 And as I floode, I heard hir make great moane,
 Waymenting much p. 87.

In *The Steele Glas* however, Gascoigne has a serious purpose. As Whetstone reports.

(laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praise)

I wrought a Glasse, wherein eche man may see :

Within his minde ; what canckred vices be. p. 19.

It was a first experiment in English satire ; and though it does not fang like Dryden's *Abfalom and Achitophel* : it is a vigorous effort in favour of truth, right, and justice. Its central thought and fancy are thus expressed :

That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,
 Which thought that steele, both trusty was and true,
 And needed not, a foyle of contraries,

But shewde al things, euen as they were in deede.

In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
 The christal glas, which glimsfeth braue and bright,

And shewes the thing, much better than it is,

Beguyld with foyles, of sundry subtil fights,
 So that they seeme, and couet not to be. p. 54.

I haue presumde, my Lord for to present

With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,

And came to me, by wil and testament

Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.

Lucylius, this worthy man was namde,

Who at his death, bequeathd the christal glasse,

To such as loue, to seme but not to be,

And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,

How foule or fayre, soeuer that they are,

He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,

Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,

Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.

And since myselfe (now pride of youth is past)

Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,

Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,

Not what I would, but what I am or should,

Therefore I like this trustie glasse of Steele. pp. 55, 56.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE WHETSTONE.

A REMEMBRANCE OF THE WEL IMPLOYED LIFE &c.

(a) Issues in the Author's life time.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1577. London. *Editio princeps*: see title on opposite page. Edmond Malone has inserted the following note in the only extant copy, formerly his but now in the Bodleian. 'This piece is of such rarity, that it was for near a century not supposed to exist. No other copy is known. Bishop Tanner had one; but it has been long lost.' W. C. Hazlitt, in *Handbook*, p. 650, Ed. 1867, states 'The history of this book, of which it seems that only one copy has ever been seen, is rather curious. It had been Bishop Tanner's, and was formerly with his books at Oxford, but had been missed for many years, when it occurred at the sale of Mr. Voigt's [of the Custom House] books in 1806, and was bought by Malone for £42 10s. 6d. With his library it returned to its old resting place.'

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. With other works.

2. 1810. London. *The Works of the English Poets*. Ed. by A. CHALMERS, 21 Vols. 8vo. F.S.A. *A Remembrance &c.*, occupies ii. 457-466.
3. 1815. Bristol. Whetstone's Metrical Life of Gascoigne. Only 10 copies printed; 5s. each.
4. 1821. London. Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*, &c. With an introductory Memoir and notes. *A Remembrance* occupies pp. xx.-xxxviii.
5. 18 Nov. 1868. London. 1 Vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

CERTAYNE NOTES OF INSTRUCTION &c.

(a) Issues in the Author's life time.

II. With other works.

1. 1575. London. 'The Posies of George Gascoigne Esquire.' The *Notes* form the fourth and last section of the book: the other three being *Flowers*, *Hearbes*, and *Weedes*.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. With other works.

2. 1587. London. 'The whole woorkes of George Gascoigne Esquyre.' 1 Vol. 4to. The *Notes* are at the end, and have no pagination.
3. 1815. London. *Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poesy*. 2 vols. 4to. Ed. by J. HASLEWOOD. The *Notes* occupy ii. 1-12.
4. 18 Nov. 1868. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

THE STEELE GLAS. and THE COMPLAYNT OF PHILOMENE.

(a) Issues in the Author's life time.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1576. London. 1 vol. 4to. *Editio princeps*: see the titles at pp. 41, 85.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. With other works.

2. 1587. London. 'The whole woorkes of George Gascoigne, Esquyre.' 1 vol. 4to. The two poems occupy nominally folios 287-351, but actually folios 189-252.
3. 1810. London. *The Works of the English Poets*. Ed. by A. CHALMERS, 21 vols. 8vo. F.S.A. The two poems occupy ii. 548-568.
4. 18 Nov. 1858. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

A REMEMBRAVNCE

of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of
George Gascoigne Esquire, who
deceased at Stalmford in Lin-
colne Shire the 7. of October.
1577.

The reporte of Geor. Whetstons
Gent. an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
end in this world.

Formæ nulla Fides.

IMPRINTED AT LON

don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Paules Churchyard and
are there to be solde.

*The wel imployed life, and godly end of
G. Gascoigne, Esq.*



And is there none, wil help to tel my tale !
who (ah) in helth, a thousand plaints haue shone?
feeles all men joy? can no man skil of bale?
o yes I fee, a comfort in my mone.

Help me good *George*, my life and death to touch
some man for thee, may one day doo afmuch.

Thou seeft my death; and long my life didft knowe,
my life : nay death, to liue I now begin :
But some wil fay. *Durus est hic sermo*,
Tis hard indeed, for fuch as feed on fin.
Yet trust me friends (though flesh doth hardly bow)
I am resolu'd, I neuer liu'd til now.

And on what caufe, in order fhall enfue,
My worldly life (is first) must play his parte :
Whofe tale attend, for once the fame is true,
Yea *Whetston* thou, haft knowen my hidden hart
And therefore I coniure thee to defend :
(when I am dead) my life and godly end.

First of my life, which some (amis) did knowe,
I leue mine armes, my acts shall blafe the fame
Yet on a thorne, a Grape wil neuer growe,
no more a Churle, dooth breed a childe of fame.
but (for my birth) my birth right was not great
my father did, his forward fonne defeat.

He was
Sir Iohn
G. sonne
and Heire
Disinheri-
ted.

This froward deed, could scarce my hart difmay,
 Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke:
 And wel I wot *Domini est terra*,
 Besides my wit can guide me from a wrack.
 Thus finding cause, to foster hie desire:
 I clapt on cost (a help) for to aspire.

But foolish man dect in my Pecoocks plumes,
 my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit:
 Yea, brainfick I, was, drunk with fancies fumes,
 But, *Nemo sine crimine uiuit*.
 For he that findes, himself from vices free
 I giue him leue, to throwe a stone at me.

It helps my praise, that I my fault recite,
 The lost sheep found, the feast was made for ioy:
 Euil sets out good, as far as black dooth white.
 The pure delight, is drayned from anoy.
 But (that in cheef, which writers should respect)
 trueth is the garde, that keepeth men vnchect.

And for a trueth begilde with self conceit,
 I thought yat men would throwe rewards on me
 But as a fish, feld bites with out a baight,
 So none vnforst, men needs will hear or see.
 and begging futes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:
 the mounting minde, had rather sterue in need.

Wel leaue I hear, of thriftles wil to write,
 wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:
 The sweet of war, fung by the carpet knight,
 In poste haste then shipt me in Ventures Barge.
 These lusty lims, *Saunce use* (quod, I) will rust:
 That pitie were, for I to them must trust.

Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch,
 (though rumours lewd, impayred my desert) He serued
in Hol-
land.
 I boldly vaunt, the blast of Fame is such,
 As prooues I had, a froward fowrs hart.
 My slender gaine a further witnes is :
 For woorthiest men, the spoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence, Prisoner
in Hol.
 Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt :
 Yeahad not woordes, fought for my liues defence, He had
the Latin,
Italian,
French,
and Dutch
languages.
 For all my hands, my breth had there been stopt
 But I in fine, did so perfwade my foe :
 as (scot free) I, was homewards fet to goe.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit,
 Yet awckward chance, lackt force, to beard my hope
 In peace (quod I) ile trust unto my wit,
 the windowes of my muse, then straight I ope His
bookes
publ.
 And first I showe, the trauail of such time :
 as I in youth, imployd in loouing rime.

Some straight way said (their tungs with enuy fret),
 those wanton layes, inductions were to vice :
 Such did me wrong, for (*quod nocet, docet*) Poyses.
 our neyghbours harms, are Items to the wife.
 And sure these toyes, do showe for your behoof :
 The woes of looue, and not the wayes to loue.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
 I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies : Glasse of
gouer-
ment.
 The lewd I checkt, in Glas of gouerment,
 And (laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praise)
 I wrought a Glasse, wherin eche man may see : Steele
Glasse
 Within his minde, what canckred vices be.

The druncken soule, transformed to a beast, Diet for
drunkers.
 my diet helps, a man, again to make :
 But (that which should, be praised abooue the rest)
 My Doomes day Drum, from sin dooth you awake
 For honest sport, which dooth refresh the wit : Drum of
doomsday
 I haue for you, a book of hunting writ. Hunting.

These few books, are dayly in your eyes, He hath
books to
publish.
 Parhaps of woorth, my fame aliuie to keep :
 Yet other woorks, (I think) of more emprise,
 Coucht close as yet, within my cofers sleep.
 yea til I dy, none shall the fame reuele :
 So men wil fay, that *Gascoign* wrote of *Zeale*.

O *Enuy* vile, foule fall thee wretched fot, Enuy.
 Thou mortall foe, vnto the forward minde :
 I curse thee wretch, the onely cause godwot,
 That my good wil, no more account did finde.
 And not content, thy self to doo me fear :
 Thou nipst my hart, with *Spight*, *Suspect* and *Care*.

And first of *Spight* foule *Enuies* poyfoned pye,
 To *Midas* eares, this As hath *Lyntius*, eyes : Spight.
 With painted shewes, he heaues him self on hie,
 Ful oft this Dolte, in learned authors pries,
 But as the Drone, the hony hiue, dooth rob :
 with woorthy books, so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a prating tung.
 When (God he knowes) he knows not what he faies
 And lest the wise should finde his wit but yung,
 He woorks all means, their woorks for to dispraife.
 To smoothe his speech, ye beast this patch doth crop
 He shoves the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye woofe then this, he dealeth in offence,
 (Ten good turnes, he with silence striketh dead) ;
 A slender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
 This wretched *Spirit* in euery place dooth spread.
 And with his breth, the *Viper* dooth infect :
 The hearers heads, and harts with false suspect.

Now of *Suspect* : the propertie to shoue, Suspect.
 He hides his dought, yet stil mistrusteth more :
 The man suspect, is so debard to knowe,
 The cause and cure of this his ranckling fore.
 And so in vain, hee good account dooth seek,
 Who by this *Feende*, is brought into millike.

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart,
 These priuy foes, to tread me vnder foot :
 My true intent, with forged faults did thwart :
 so that I found, for me it was no boot.
 to work as Bees, from weeds, which hony dranes,
 When Spiders turnd, my flowers vnto banes.

When my plain words, by fooles misconfired were
 by whose fond tales reward hild his hands back
 To quite my woorth, a cause to settle care :
 within my brest, who wel deseru'd, did lack.
 for who can brook, to see a painted crowe :
 Singing a loft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to starue among his books, Care.
 and see pied Doultes, vppon a booty feed ?
 What honest minde, can liue by fau'ring looks,
 and see the lewd, to rech a freendly deed ?
 What hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile :
 when carpet fwads, deuour ye Soldiers spoile ?

I am the wretch, whom Fortune flirted foe,
 These men, were brib'd, ere I had breth to speak :
 Muse then no whit, with this huge ouerthrowe,
 though cruffhing care, my giltles hart doth break
 But you wil fay, that in delight doo dwell :
 my outward showe, no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true ; but hark vnto the rest,
 The Swan in fongs, dooth knolle ner passing bel :
 The Nightingale, with thornes against her brest
 when she might mourn, her sweetest layes doth yel
 The valiant man, so playes a pleafant parte :
 When mothes of mone, doo gnaw vppon his hart.

For prooffe, my felf, with care not fo a feard,
 But as hurt Deere waile, (through their wounds alone)
 When floutly they doo stand among yat heard.
 So that I faw, but few hark to my mone.
 made choife to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint :
 in fight of men, who nothing feemd to faint.

But as oft vse, dooth weare an iron cote,
 as miffing drops, hard flints in time doth pearfe
 By peece meales, care so wrought me vnder foot
 but more then fraunge is that I now rehearfe,
 Three months I liued, and did digeft no food :
 when none by arte my ficknes vnderstood.

No Phisi-
 cion could
 find out
 his greefe.

What helpeth then ? to death I needs must pine,
 yet as the horfe, the vse of warre which knowes :
 If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
 but til he dye, poste with his Rider goes.
 Euen so my hart, whilst lungs may lend me breth :
 Bares vp my limmes, who liuing go like death.

But what auailles, *Achilles* hart, to haue,
 King *Creffus* welth, the fway of all the world :
 The Prince, the Peere, fo to the wretched flaue,
 when death affaults, from earthly holdes are whorld.
 Yea oft he strikes ere one can stir his eye :
 Then good you liue, as you would dayly dye.

You fee the plight, I wretched now am in,
 I looke much like a threfhed ear of corne :
 I holde a forme, within a wrimpled skin,
 but from my bones, the fat and flesh is worne
 See, fee the man, late plefures Minion :
 pinde to the bones, with care and wretched mone

See gallants fee, a picture worth the fight,
 (as you are now, my felf was heertofore)
 My body late, ftuft ful of manly might,
 As bare as *Iob*, is brought to Death his doore.
 My hand of late, which fought to win me fame :
 Stif clung with colde, wants forfe to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body ful of flesh,
 Vnable are, to ftay my bones vpright :
 My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wifh,
 In broken woords, can fcarce my minde recite.
 My head late ftuft, with wit and learned skil :
 may now conceiue, but not conuay my wil.

What fay you freends, this fudain change to fee ?
 You rue my greef, you doo like flesh and blood :
 But mone your finnes, and neuer morne for me,
 And to be plain, I would you vnderftood.
 My hart dooth fwim, in feas of more delight :
 Then your who feems, to rue my wretched plight.

What is this world? a net to snare the foule,
 A mas of finne, a defart of deceit :
 A moments ioy, an age of wretched dole,
 A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome baight.
 Vnto the minde, a cankerworm of care :
 Vnfaire, vniust, in rendring man his share.

A place where pride, oreruns the honest minde,
 Wheer richmen ioynes, to rob the shiftles wretch :
 where bribing mists, the iudges eyes doo blinde,
 Where *Parasites*, the fattest crummes doo catch.
 Where good deferts (which challenge like reward)
 Are ouer blowen, with blasts of light regard.

And what is man? Dust, Slime, a puf of winde,
 Conceiu'd in sin, plaste in the woorld with greef,
 Brought vp with care, til care hath caught his minde,
 And then (til death, vouchsafe him some releef)
 Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end :
 To gather goods, for other men to spend.

O foolish man, that art in office plaste,
 Think whence thou cam'st, and whether ye shalt goe :
 The huge hie Okes, small windes have ouer cast,
 when slender reeds, in roughest wethers growe.
 Euen so pale death, oft spares the wretched wight :
 And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You lusty youths, that nurish hie desire,
 Abuse your plumes, which makes you look so big :
 The Colliers cut, the Cōurtiars Steed wil tire,
 Euen so the Clark, the Parsones graue dooth dig.
 Whose hap is yet, heer longer life to win :
 Dooth heap (God wot) but forowe vnto finne.

And to be fhort, all fortes of men take heede,
the thunder boltes, the loftye Towers teare :
The lightning flash, confumes the houfe of reed,
yea more in time, all earthly things will weare.
Saue only man, who as his earthly liuing is :
Shall liue in wo, orels in endles blis.

More would I fay, if life would lend me fpace,
but all in vain : death waites of no mans will :
The tired Iade, dooth trip at euery pace,
when pampered horfe, will praunce againft the hil.
So helthfull men, at long discourfes fporte :
When few woords, the fick, would fain reporte.

The beft is this, my will is quickly made,
my welth is fmall, the more my confcience eafe :
This fhort accompt (which makes me ill apaid)
my louing wife and fonne, will hardly please.
But in this cafe, fo please them as I may :
Thefe folowing woords, my testament do wray.

My foule I firft, bequeath Almighty God,
and though my finnes are greuous in his fight : The
effect of
his wil.
I firmly truft, to fcape his firy rod,
when as my faith his deer Sonne fhall recite.
Whofe precious blood (to quench his Fathers ire)
Is fole the caufe, that faues me from hel fire.

My Body now which once I decked braue
(from whence it cam) vnto the earth I giue :
I wifh no pomp, the fame for to ingraue,
once buried corn, dooth rot before it liue.
And flesh and blood in this felf forte is tryed :
Thus buriall coft, is (with out proffit) pride.

I humbly giue, my gracious foueraign Queene
 (by seruice bound) my true and loyall hart :
 And trueth to fay, a fight but rarely seene,
 as Iron greues from th'adamant to parte.
 Her highnes so, hath reacht the Grace alone :
 To gain all harts, yet giues her hart to none.

My louing wife, whose face I fain would see,
 my loue I giue, with all the welth I haue :
 But fence my goods (God knoweth) but slender bee
 most gracious Queene, for Christ his sake I craue
 (not for any seruice that I haue doon)
 you will vouchsafe, to aid her and my Sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my blessing take in parte.
 and therwithall I giue thee this in charge :
 First serue thou God, then vse bothe wit and arte,
 thy Fathers det, of seruice to discharge.
 which (forste by death) her Maiestie he owes :
 beyond defarts, who still rewardes bestowes.

I freely now all fortes of Men forgiue
 Their wrongs to me, and wish them to amend :
 And as good men, in charitie should liue,
 I craue my faults may no mans minde offend.
 Lo heer is all, I haue for to bequest :
 And this is all, I of the world request.

Now farwell Wife, my Sonne, and Freends farwel.
 Farwell O world, the baight of all abuse :
 Death where is thy sting? O Deuil where is thy hel?
 I little forse, the forses you can vse ;
 Yea to your teeth, I doo you both defye :
Vt essem Christo, cupio dissolui.

In this good mood, an end woorthy the showe,
 Bereft of speech, his hands to God he heau'd :
 And sweetly thus, good *Gaskoigne* went a *Dio*,
 Yea with such ease, as no man there perceiu'd,
 By strugling signe, or striuing for his breth :
 That he abode, the paines and pang of Death.

Exhortatio.

His *Sean* is playd, you folowe on the aēt,
 Life is but death, til flesh, and blood be flain: Good men.
 God graunt his woords, within your harts be paēt
 As good men doo, holde earthly pleasures vain.
 The good for ther needs, *Vtuntur mundo* :
 And vse good deeds, *Vt fruuntur Deo*.

Contemne the chaunge, (vse nay abuse) not God,
 Through holy showes, this wordly muck to scratch :
 To deale with men and Saints is very od. Ipocrites
 Hypocrisie, a man may ouer catch.
 But Hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth see :
 Who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil iudge thee.

Thou iesting foole, which mak'ft at fin a face,
 Beware that God, in earnest plague thee not : Careles
liuers.
 For where as he, is coldest in his grace,
 Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.
 Tempt not to far, the lothest man to fight :
 When he is forste, the lustiest blowes dooth smight.

You Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,
 you by your losse, do match with them in blame: Courtiers.
 The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not flaine,
 The blinde for slouth, may hardly check the lame.
 I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit: Merchants.
 wil Lawyers payze, I feare with ouer waight.

You Lawyers now who earthly Iudges are, Lawyers.
 you shalbe judg'd, and therefore iudge aright:
 you count *Ignorantia Iuris* no bar,
 Then ignorance, your sinnes wil not acquite.
 Read, read God's law, with which yours should agre:
 That you may iudge, as you would iudged bee.

You Prelats now, whose words are perfect good,
 Make showe in woorks, yat you your words infue:
 A Diamond, holdes his vertue set in wood, Prelats.
 but yet in Golde, it hath a fresher hue,
 Euen so Gods woord, tolde by the Deuil is pure:
 Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office so thou haue,
 to whose behoofe, this breef discourse is tolde: Readers
 Prepare thy self, eche houre for the graue, in generall.
 the market eats afwel yong sheep as olde.
 Euen so, the Childe, who feares the smarting rod:
 The Father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this wordly life shall leaue,
 thus sure thou art, but know'st not when to dye:
 Then good thou liue, least death doo the deceiue,
 as through good life, thou maist his force defye.
 For trust me man, no better match can make:
 Then leaue vnfore, for certain things to take.

Viuit post funera Virtus.

*An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the
death, of M. G. Gaskoyne.*

For Gaskoynes death, leaue of to mone, or morne
You are deceiued, aliuie the man is stil :
Aliue? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,
In that, that he, his fleshly lyfe did kil.

For by such death, tvvo lyues he gaines for one,
His Soule in heauen dooth liue in endles ioye
His vvoorthy vvoorks, such fame in earth haue fovvne,
As sack nor vvrack, his name can there destroy.

But you vvill fay, by death he only gaines.
And hovv his life, vvould many stand in stead :
O dain not Freend (to counterchaunge his paynes)
If novv in heauen, he haue his earnest meade.
For once in earth, his toyle vvvas passing great :
And vve deuourd the svveet of all his svveat.

FINIS.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.





¶ Certayne notes of Instruction.

concerning the making of verse or

ryme in English, vwritten at the request

of Master *Edouardo Donati*.

S *Ignor Edouardo*, since promise is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendship) do burden me with a promise that I shoulde lende you instructions towards the making of English verse or ryme, I will assaye to discharge the same, though not so perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therewithall I pray you consider that *Quot homines, tot Sententiæ*, especially in Poetrie, wherein (neuetherlesse) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your request aduenture to set downe my simple skill in such simple manner as I haue vsed, referring the same hereafter to the correction of the *Laureate*. And you shall haue it in these few poynts followyng.

THe first and most necessarie poynt that euer I founde meete to be considered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it upon some fine inuention. For it is not inough to roll in pleasant wordes, nor yet to thunder in *Rym, Ram, Ruff*, by letter (quoth my master *Chaucer*) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, vnlesse the Inuention haue in it also *aliquid falis*. By this *aliquid falis*, I meane some good and fine deuise, the wing the quicke capacitie of a writer and where I say some *good and fine inuention*, I meane that I would haue it both fine and good. For many inuentions are so superfine, that they are *Vix good*. And againe many Inuentions are good, and yet not finely handled. And for a general forwarning: what Theame foeuer you do take in hande, if you do handle it but *tanquam in oratione*

perpetua, and neuer studie for some depth of deuise in ve Inuention, and some figures also in the handlyng thereof: it will appeare to the skilfull Reader but a tale of a tubbe. To deliuer vnto you generall examples it were almost vmpossible, sithence the occasions of Inuentions are (as it were) infinite: neuerthelesse take in worth mine opinion, and perceyue my furder meanyng in these few poynts. If I should vndertake to wryte in prayse of a gentlewoman, I would neither praise hir christal eye, nor hir cherrie lippe, etc. For these things are *trita et obuia*. But I would either finde some supernaturall cause wherby my penne might walke in the superlatiue degree, or els I would vndertake to aunswere for any imperfection that shee hath, and therevpon rayse the prayse of hir commendation. Likewise if I should disclose my pretence in loue, I would eyther make a strange discourse of some intollerable passion, or finde occasion to pleade by the example of some historie, or discover my disquiet in shadowes *per Allegoriam*, or vse the couertest meane that I could to anoyde the vncomelye customes of common writers. Thus much I aduenture to deliuer vnto you (my freend) vpon the rule of Inuention, which of all other rules is most to be marked, and hardest to be prescribed in certayne and infallible rules, neuertheles to conclude therein, I would haue you stand most vpon the excellencie of your Inuention, and sticke not to studie deeply for some fine deuise. For that beyng founde, pleasant woordes will follow well inough and fast inough.

2. Your Inuention being once deuised, take heede that neither pleasure of rime, nor varietie of deuise, do carie you from it: for as to vse obscure and darke phrascs in a pleasant Sonet, is nothing delectable, so to entermingle merie iests in a serious matter is an *Indecorum*.

3. I will next aduise you that you hold the iust measure wherwith you begin your verse, I will not denie but this may seeme a preposterous ordre: but

bycaufe I couet rather to fatiffie you particularly, than to vndertake a generall tradition, I wil not fomuch stand vpon the manner as the matter of my precepts. I fay then, remember to holde the fame meafure wher with you begin, whether it be in a verfe of fixe fyl- lables, eight, ten, twelue, etc. and though this precept might feeme ridiculous vnto you, fince euey yong fcholler can conceiue that he ought to continue in the fame meafure wherwith he beginneth, yet do I fee and read many mens Poems now adayes, whiche begin- ning with the meafure of xij. in the firft line, and xiiij. in the fecond (which is the common kinde of verfe) they wil yet (by that time they haue paffed ouer a few verfes) fal into xiiij. and fourtene, *et fic de fimilibus*, the which is either forgetfulnes or carelefnes.

4. And in your verfes remembre to place euey worde in his natural *Emphafis* or found, that is to fay in fuch wife, and with fuch length or fhortneffe, eleua- tion or depression of fillables, as it is commonly pro- nounced or vfed : to exprefse the fame we have three maner of accents, *grauis, lenis, et circumflexa*, the whiche I would english thus, the long accent, the fhort accent, and that which is indifferent: the graue / accent is marked by this caracte, / the light ac- _____ cent is noted thus, \ and the circumflexe or in- \ different is thus fignified ~ the graue accent _____ is drawn out or eleuate, and maketh that ~ fillable long wherevpon it is placed : the light accent is depressed or fnatched vp, and maketh that fillable fhort vpon the which it lighteth : the circumflexe accent is in- different, fometimes fhort, fometimes long, fometimes de- pressed and fometimes eleuate. For example of th' em- phafis or natural found of words, this word *Treafure*, hath the graue accent vpon the firft fillable ; whereas if it fhoulde be written in this forte, *Treafure*, nowe were the fecond fillable long, and that were cleane contrarie to the common vfe wherwith it is pronounced. For furder explanation hereof, note you that commonly now a dayes in english rimes (for I dare not cal them English

verfes) we vse none other order but a foote of two fillables, wherof the first is depressed or made short, and the second is eleuate or made long : and that found or scanning continueth throughout the verse. We have vsed in times past other kindes of Méeters as for example this following :



No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,

Vnlesse he beleue, that all is but vayne.

Also our father *Chaucer* hath vsed the same libertie in fæete and measures that the Latinists do vse : and who so euer do peruse and well consider his workes, he shall finde that although his lines are not alwayes of one selfe same number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath vnderstanding, the longest verse and that which hath most Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correspondent vnto that whiche hath fewest fillables in it, and like wise that whiche hath in it fewest syllables : shalbe founde yet to consist of woordes that haue suche naturall founde, as may seeme equall in length to a verse which hath many moe fillables of lighter accentes. And surely I can lament that wee are fallen into suche a playne and simple manner of wryting, that there is none other foote vsed but one : wherby our Poemes may iustly be called Rithmes, and cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verse. But since it is so, let vs take the forde as we finde it, and lette me set downe vnto you suche rules and precepts that euen in this playne foote of two syllables you wreste no worde from his natural and vsuall founde, I do not meane hereby that you may vse none other wordes but of twoo fillables, for therein you may vse discretion according to occasion of matter : but my meaning is, that all the wordes in your verse be so placed as the first fillable may found short or be depressed, the second long or eleuate, the third shorte, the fourth long, the fifth shorte, etc. For example of my meaning in this

point marke these two verses :

I vnderstand your meanying by your eye.

Your meaning I vnderstand by your eye.

In these two verses there seemeth no difference at all, since the one hath the very selfe same woordes that the other hath, and yet the latter verse is neyther true nor pleasant, and the first verse may passe the musters. The fault of the latter verse is that this worde *vnderstand* is therein so placed as the graue accent falleth upon *der*, and thereby maketh *der*, in this word vnderstand to be eleuated : which is contrarie to the naturall or vsual pronounciation : for we say

vnderstand, and not *vnderstand*.

5. Here by the way I thinke it not amisse to forewarne you that you thrust as few woordes of many fillables into your verse as may be : and herevnto I might alledge many reasons : first the most auncient English woordes are of one fillable, so that the more monasyllables that you vse, the truer Englishman you shall seeme, and the lesse you shall smell of the Inke-horne. Also woordes of many syllables do cloye a verse and make it vnpleasent, whereas woordes of one syllable will more easily fall to be shorte or long as occasion requireth, or wilbe adapted to become circumflexe or of an indifferent sounde.

6 I would exhorte you also to beware of rime without reason : my meaning is hereby that your rime leade you not from your firste Inuention, for many wryters when they haue layed the platforme of their inuention, are yet drawn sometimes (by ryme) to forget it or at least to alter it, as when they cannot readily finde out a worde whiche maye rime to the first (and yet continue their determinate Inuention) they do then eyther botche it vp with a worde that will ryme (howe small reason soeuer it carie with it) or els they alter

their first worde and so percase decline or trouble their former Inuention: But do you alwayes hold your first determined Inuention, and do rather searche the the bottome of your braynes for apte words, than change good reason for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is also a plaine yong schollers leffon) worke thus, when you haue set downe your first verse, take the last worde thereof and coumpt ouer all the wordes of the selfe same founde by order of the Alphabete: As for example, the laste worde of your firste line is *care*, to ryme therwith you haue *bare, clare, dare, fare, gare, hare, and share, mare, snare, rare, stare, and ware* &c. Of all these take that which best may serue your purpose carying reason with rime: and if none of them will serue so, then alter the laste worde of your former verse, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Inuention.

8 You may vse the same Figures or Tropes in verse which are vsed in prose, and in my iudgement they serue more aptly, and haue greater grace in verse than they haue in prose; but yet therein remembre this old adage, *Ne quid nimis*, as many wryters which do know they vse of any other figure than that whiche is expressed in repeticion of fundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modestly vsed) lendeth good grace to a verse: but they do so hunte a letter to death, that they make it *Crambé*, and *Crambe bis positum mors est*: therefore *Ne quid nimis*.

9 Also asmuche as may be, eschew straunge words, or *obsoleta et inusitata*, vnlesse the Theame do giue iust occasion: marie in some places a straunge worde doth drawe attentiuie reading, but yet I would haue you therein to vse discretion.

10 And asmuch as you may, frame your stile to *perspicuity* and to be sensible: for the haughty obscure verse doth not much delight, and the verse that is to easie is like a tale of a roasted horse: but let your Poeme be such as may both delight and drawe attentiuie readyng, and therewithal may deliuer such matter as be worth the marking.

11. You shall do very well to vse your verſe after th[e] engliſhe phraſe and not after the manner of other languages: The Latinifts do commonly ſet the adiectiue after the Subſtantiuē: As for example *Femina pulchra, ædes altæ, &c.* but if we ſhould ſay in Engliſh a woman fayre, a houſe high, etc. it would haue but ſmall grace: for we ſay a good man, and not a man good, etc. And yet I will not altogether forbidde it you, for in ſome places, it may be borne, but not ſo hardly as ſome vse it which wryte thus:

*Now let vs go to Temple ours,
I will go viſit mother myne &c.*

Surely I ſmile at the ſimplicities of ſuch deuifers which might aſwell haue ſayde it in playne Engliſhe phraſe and yet haue better pleaſed all eares, than they ſatiſfie their owne fancies by ſuch *ſuperfineſſe*. Therefore euen as I haue aduiſed you to place all wordes in their naturall or moſt common and vſuall pronounciation, ſo would I wiſhe you to frame all ſentences in their mother phraſe and proper *Idioma*, and yet ſometimes (as I haue ſayd before) the contrarie may be borne, but that is rather where rime enforceth, or per *licentiam Poëticam*, than it is otherwiſe lawfull or commendable.

12. This poeticall liſenſe is a ſhrewde fellow, and couereth many faults in a verſe, it maketh wordes longer, ſhorter, of moſt ſyllables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falſer, and to conclude it turkeneth all things at pleaſure, for example, *ydone* for *done*, *adowne* for *downe*, *orecome* for *ouercome*, *tane* for *taken*, *power* for *powre*, *heauen* for *heavn*, *thewes* for good partes or good qualities, and a nombre of other whiche were but tedious and needeleſſe to rehearſe, ſince your owne iudgement and readyng will ſoone make you eſpie ſuch aduauntages.

13 There are alſo certayne pauſes or reſtes in a verſe whiche may be called *Ceaſures*, whereof I would be lothe to ſtand long, ſince it is at diſcretion of the wryter, and they haue bene firſt deuiferd (as ſhould

feeme) by the Musicians: but yet thus much I will aduenture to wryte, that in mine opinion in a verse of eight fillables, the pause will stand best in the midst, in a verse of tenne it will best be placed at the ende of the first foure fillables: in a verse of twelue, in the midst, in verses of twelue in the firste and fouretene in the seconde, wee place the pause commonly in the midst of the first, and at the ende of the first eight fillables in the second. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters discretion, and forceth not where the pause be vntill the ende of the line.

14. And here bycause I haue named Rithme royall, I will tell you also mine opinion aswell of that as of the names which other rymes haue commonly borne heretofore. Rythme royall is a verse of tenne fillables, and seuen such verses make a staffe, whereof the first and thirde lines do aunswer (acroffe) in like terminations and rime, the second, fourth, and fifth, do likewise answere eche other in terminations, and the two last do combine and shut vp the Sentence: this hath bene called Rithme royall, and surely it is a royall kinde of verse, seruing best for graue discourses. There is also another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are fundrie fortes: for a man may write ballade in a staffe of sixe lines, euery line conteyning eighte or sixe fillables, whereof the firste and third, second and fourth do rime acrosse, and the fifth and sixth do rime together in conclusion. You may write also your ballad of tenne fillables rimyng as before is declared, but these two were wont to be most commonly vsed in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) deriued of this worde in Italian *Ballare*, whiche signifieth to daunce. And in deed those kinds of rimes serue beste for daunces or light matters. Then haue you also a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one self same foote or repeticion, and was thereof (in my iudgement) called a rondelet. This may consist of such measure as best liketh the wryter, then haue you Sonnets, some thinke that all Poemes (being short) may be called

Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutiue worde deriued of *Sonare*, but yet I can best alowe to call those Sonnets whiche are of foure tene lynes, euery line conteyning tenne syllables. The firste twelue do ryme in staues of foure lines by crosse meetre, and the last two ryming together do conclude the whole. There are Dyzaynes, and Syxaines which are of ten lines, and of fixe lines, commonly vsed by the French, which some English writers do also terme by the name of Sonettes. Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called *Verlayes*, deriued (as I haue redde) of this worde *Verd* whiche betokeneth Greene, and *Laye* which betokeneth a Song, as if you would say greene Songes: but I muste tell you by the way, that I neuer redde any verse which I saw by aucthoritie called *Verlay*, but one, and that was a long discourse in verses of tenne fillables, whereof the foure first did ryme acrosse, and the fifth did aunswere to the firste and thirde, breaking off there, and so going on to another termination. Of this I could shewe example of imitation in mine own verses written to ye right honorable ye Lord *Grey* of *Wilton* upon my iourney into *Holland*,* etc. There are also certaine Poemes deuised of tenne syllables, whereof the first aunswereth in termination with the fourth, and the second and thirde answere eche other: these are more vsed by other nations than by vs, neyther can I tell readily which name to giue them. And the commonest fort of verse which we vse now adayes (*viz.* the long verse of twelue and fourtene fillables) I know not certainly howe to name it, vnlesse I should say that it doth consist of Poulters measure, which giueth. xii. for one dozen and xiiij. for another. But let this suffice (if it be not to much) for the fundrie sortes of verses which we vse now adayes.

15 In all these sortes of verses when soeuer you vndertake to write, auoyde prolixitie and tediousnesse, and euer as neare as you can, do finish the sentence and meaning at the end of euery staffe where you

* Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572, in his *Herbes*, 1575.

wright staues, and at the end of euery two lines where you write by cooples or poulters measure: for I see many writers which draw their sentences in length, and make an ende at latter Lunmas: for commonly before they end, the Reader hath forgotten where he begon. But do you (if you wil follow my aduise) eschue prolixitie and knit vp your sentences as compendiously as you may, since breuitie (so that it be not drowned in obscuritie) is most commendable.

16 I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, called ryding rime, and that is sliche as our Mayster and Father *Chaucer* vsed in his Canterburie tales, and in diuers other delectable and light enterprises: but though it come to my remembrance somewhat out of order, it shall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will nowe tell you a conceipt whiche I had before forgotten to wryte: you may see (by the way) that I holde a preposterous order in my traditions, but as I sayde before I wryte moued by good wil, and not to shewe my skill: Then to returne to my matter, as this riding rime serueth most aptly to wryte a merie tale, so Rythme royall is fittest for a graue discourse. Ballades are beste of matters of loue, and rondlettes mooste apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common prouerbe: Sonets serue aswell in matters of loue as of discourse: Dizaymes and Sixames for shorte Fantazies: Verlayes for an effectual proposition, although by the name you might otherwise iudge of Verlayes, and the long verse of twelue and fouretene fillables, although it be now adayes vsed in all Theames, yet in my iudgement it would serue best for Pfalmes and Himpnes.

I woulde stande longer in these traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignoraunce, but as I sayde before. I know that I write to my freende and affying my selfe therevpon, I make an ende.

FINIS.

THE STEELE GLAS.
A Satyre compiled by George
Gascoigne Esquire.

Together with
The Complaine of *Phylomene.*
An Elegie devised by
the same Author.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



Printed for Richard Smith.

To the right honorable his singular good Lord the Lord Gray of VVil-

ton Knight of the most honorable order of the Garter, George Gascoigne Esquire wisheth long life
with encrease of honour, according to
 his great worthinesse.



R ight honorable, noble, and my singular good Lorde: if mine abilitie were any way correspondent too the iust desires of my hart, I should yet thinke al the same vnable to deserue the least parte of your goodnesse: in that you haue alwayes deigned with chearefull looke to regarde me, with affabyllitie to heare me, with exceeding curtesy to vse me, with graue aduice to directe mee, with apparant loue to care for me, and with assured assistance to protect me. All which when I do remember, yet it stirreth in me an exceeding zeale to deserue it: and that zeale begetteth bashfull dreade too performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet those dolours reuiued the very same affection, whiche firste moued in mee the desire to honour and esteme you. For whiles I bewayle mine own vnworthynesse, and therewithal do set before mine eyes the lost time of my youth mispent, I seeme to see a farre of (for my comfort) the high and triumphant vertue called *Mignanimite*, accompanied with industrious diligence. The first doth encourage my faynting harte, and the seconde doth

beginne (already) to employ my vnderstanding, for (ahlas my goode Lorde) were not the cordial of these two pretious Spiceries, the corrofyue of care woulde quickly confounde me.

I haue misgouerned my youth, I confesse it : what shall I do then? shall I yelde to myfery as a iust plague apointed for my portion? Magnanimitie faith no, and Industrye seemeth to be of the very same opinion.

I am derided, suspected, accused, and condemned : yea more than that, I am rygorously reiected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore dispayre? shall I yeelde vnto iellosie? or drowne my dayes in idlennesse, bycause their beginning was bathed in wantonnesse? Surely (my Lord) the Magnanimitie of a noble minde will not suffer me, and the delightfulnesse of dilygence doth vtterly forbydde me.

Shal I grudge to be reproued for that which I haue done in deede, when the sting of Emulation spared not to touche the worthy *Scipio* with most vntrue surmyfes? Yea *Themistocles* when he had deliuered al Greece from the huge host of *Xerxes*, was yet by his vnkinde citizens of Athens expulsed from his owne, and constrained to seeke fauour in the fight of his late professed enemy. But the Magnanimitie of their mindes was such, as neither could aduerfytie ouercome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men coulde kindle in their brestes any least sparke of desire, to seeke any vn honorable reuenge.

I haue loytred (my lorde) I confesse, I haue lien streaking me (like a lubber) when the funne did shine, and now I striue al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the Maymoone of my youth, and yet now I stand prinking me in the glasse, when the crows foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what?

Aristotle spent his youth very ryotously, and *Plato* (by your leaue) in twenty of his youthful yeares, was no lesse addicted to delight in amorous verse, than hee was after in his age painful to write good precepts of

moral Phylofophy. VVhat shoulde I fpeake of Cato, who was olde before he learned lattine letters, and yet became one of the greateft Oratours of his time : Thefe examples are fufficient to proue that by indurie and diligence any perfection may be attained, and by true Magnanimitie all aduerfities are eafye to be endured. And to that ende (my verie good lorde) I do here prefume thus rudely to rehearfe them. For as I can be content to confeffe the lightneffe wherewith I haue bene (in times past) worthie to be burdened, fo would I be gladde, if nowe when I am otherwife bent, my better endeuors might be accepted. But (alas my lorde) I am not onely enforced ftill to carie on my foulders the croffe of my carelefneffe, but therewithall I am alfo put to the plonge, too prouide newe weapons wherewith I maye defende all heauy frownes, deepe fufpects, and dangerous detractions. And I finde my felfe fo feeble, and fo vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordialles before rehearfed) I fhould either caft downe mine armoure and hide myfelfe like a recreant, or elfe (of a malicious flubborneffe) fhould bufie my braines with fome Stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduerfaries.

But neither wil Magnanimitie fuffer me to become vnhoneft, nor yet can Indurie fee me finke in idleneffe.

For I haue learned in facred fcriptures to heape coles vpon the head of mine enimie, by honeft dealing: and our fauour himfelf hath encoraged me, faying that I fhall lacke neither workes nor feruice, although it were noone dayes before I came into the Market place.

Thefe things I fay (my fingular good lorde) do renewe in my troubled minde the fame affection which firft moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your fauorable eyes will vouchsafe to beholde me as I am, and neuer be fo curious as to enquire what I haue bene.

And in ful hope therof, I haue prefumed to present your honour with this Satyre written without rime, but I trust not without reason. And what soeuer it bee, I do humbly dedicate it vnto your honorable name, beseeching the same too accept it with as gracious regarde, as you haue in times past bene accustomed too beholde my trauailes. And (my good Lorde) though the skorneful do mocke me for a time, yet in the ende I hope to giue them al a rybbe to roste for their paynes. And when the vertuous shall perceiue indeede how I am occupied, then shall detraction be no lesse ashamed to haue falsely accused me, than light credence shal haue cause to repent his rashe conceypt: and Grauitie the iudge shal not be abashed to cancel the sentence vniustly pronounced in my condemnation. In meane while I remaine amongst my bookes here at my poore house in VValkamstowe, where I praye daylie for speedy aduaancement, and continuall prosperitie of your good Lordship. VVritten the fiftenth of April. 1576.

(· ·)

*By your honours most bownden and well assured
George Gascoigne.*

N. R. in commendation
of the Author, and his
 workes.

I N rowfing verfes of *Mauors* bloudie raigne,
 The famous *Greke*, and *Miro* did excel.
 Graue *Senec* did, furmounte for Tragike vaine,
 Quicke *Epigrams*, *Catullus* wrote as wel.
Archilochus, did for *Iambickes* paffe,
 For commicke verfe, ftill *Plautus* peereleffe was.

In *Elegies*, and wanton loue writ laies,
 Sance peere were *Nafso*, and *Tibullus* deemde :
 In Satyres fharpe (as men of mickle praife)
Lucilius, and Horace were efteemde.
 Thus diuers men, with diuers vaines did write,
 But *Gascoigne* doth, in euery vaine indite.

And what perfourmaunce hee thereof doth make,
 I lift not vaunte, his workes for me fhall fay ;
 In praifing him *Timantes* trade I take,
 VVho (when he fhould, the woful cheare displaie,
 Duke *Agamemnon* had when he did waile,
 His daughters death with teares of fmal auaile :

Not skild to counterfhape his morneful grace,
 That men might deeme, what art coulde not fupplie)
 Deuifde with painted vaile, to fhrowde his face.
 Like forte my pen fhall *Gascoignes* praife difcrie,
 VVhich wanting grace, his graces to rehearfe,
 Doth fhrowde and cloude them thus in filent verfe.

'Walter Rawely of the middle Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glasse.

SVVete were the fauce, would please ech kind of tast,
The life likewise, were pure that neuer fwerued,
For spyteful tonges, in cankred stomackes plaste,
Deeme worst of things, which best (percase) deserued :
But what for that ? this medicine may fuffyse,
To scorne the rest, and seke to please the wife.

Though fundry mindes, in fundry forte do deeme,
Yet worthiest wights, yelde prayse for euery payne,
But enuious braynes, do nought (or light) esteeme,
Such stately steppes, as they cannot attaine.
For who so reapes, renowne aboute the rest,
VVith heapes of hate, shal surely be opprest.

VVherefore to write, my censure of this booke,
This Glasse of Steele, vnpartially doth shewe,
Abuses all, to such as in it looke,
From prince to poore, from high estate to lowe,
As for the verse, who lists like trade to trye,
I feare me much, shal hardly reache so high.

Nicholas Bowyer in commen- dation of this worke.

FFrom layes of Loue, to Satyres fadde and fage,
Our Poet turnes, the trauaile of his time,
And as he pleasde, the vaine of youthful age,
VVith pleasant penne, employde in louing ryme :
So now he fokes, the grauest to delight,
VVith workes of worth, much better than they showe.

¹ Mr. J. P. Collier, in *Arch.* xxxiv. 138, states that this is the earliest known verse of Sir W. Raleigh's, and that the above heading shows him to have been at least resident in the Middle Temple in 1570

This Glaffe of Steele, (if it be markt aright)
 Difcries the faults, as wel of high as lowe.
 And *Philomelaes* fourefolde iuft complaynte,
 In fugred founde, doth shrowde a folempne fence,
 Gainft thofe whome luft, or murder doth attaynte.
 Lo this we fee, is *Gafcoignes* good pretence,
 To please al forts, with his praiseworthy skill.
 Then yelde him thanks in figne of like good wil.

The Author to the Reader.

TO vaunt, were vaine : and flatterie were a faulte.
 But truth to tell, there is a fort of fame,
 The which I feeke, by fcience to affault,
 And fo to leaue, remembrance of my name.
 The walles thereof are wondrous hard to clyme :

And much to high, for ladders made of ryme.
 Then fince I fee, that rimes can feldome reache,
 Vnto the toppe, of fuch a flatly Towre,
 By reafons force, I meane to make fome breache,
 VVhich yet may helpe, my feeble fainting powre,
 That fo at laft, my Mufe might enter in,
 And reason rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such battring tyre, this pamphlet here bewraies,
 In rymeleffe verfe, which thundreth mighty threates,
 And where it findes, that vice the wal decayes,
 Euen there (amaine) with sharpe rebukes it beates.
 The worke (thinke I) deserues an honeft name,
 If not? I fayle, to win this forte of fame.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

THE STEELE

GLAS.



He Nightingale, (whose happy noble hart,
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force affright,
Whose chereful voice, doth comfort faddest wights,
When she hir self, hath little cause to sing.

Whom louers loue, bicause she plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes esteemed much,
And grauest yeares, haue not disdaine hir notes :
(Only that king proud *Tereus* by his name
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleasant tong,
To couer so, his owne foule filthy fault)
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To sing a song, in spight of their despight,
Which worke my woe, withouten cause or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,
By flaundrous steppes, and stayres of tickle talke,
To clyme the throne, wherein my selfe should fitte.
O Phylomene, then helpe me now to chaunt :
And if dead beastes, or liuing byrdes haue ghosts,
Which can conceiue the cause of carefull mone,
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrodde,

Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,
 In barrayne verfe, to tell a frutefull tale,
 A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes
 Of learned men, and graue Philofophers.

And you my Lord, (whofe happe hath heretofore
 Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,
 And yet haue deignde, with fauor to forget
 The faults of youth, which paff my hasty pen :
 And therewithall, haue graciously vouchsafte,
 To yeld the reft, much more than they defervde)
 Vouchsafe (lo now) to reade and to perufe,
 This rimles verfe, which flowes from troubled mind.
 Synce that the line, of that false caytife king,
 (Which rauifhed fayre *Phylomene* for luft,
 And then cut out, hir trustie tong for hate)
 Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.
 They liue, they liue, (alas the worfe my lucke)
 Whofe greedy luft, vnbridled from their brest,
 Hath raunged long about the world fo wyde,
 To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,
 And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)
 Whofe harmeleffe hart, perceivde not their deceit.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderftand,
 The myfteries, of all that I do meane,
 I am not he whom flanderous tongues haue tolde,
 (Falfte tongues in dede, and craftie fubtile braines)
 To be the man, which ment a common fpoyle
 Of louing dames, whofe eares wold heare my words
 Or trust the tales deuifed by my pen.
 In' am a man, as fome do thinke I am,
 (Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,
 Or at the leaft, a right *Hermaphrodite*.
 And who defires, at large to knowe my name,
 My birth, my line, and euery circumstance,
 Lo reade it here, *Playne dealyng* was my Syre,
 And he begat me by *Simplicity*,

Not ig-
 norant
 symplicity
 but a
 thought
 free from
 deceite.

A paire of twinnes at one selfe burden borne,
 My sistr' and I, into this world were sent,
 My Systers name, was pleasant *Poesys*,
 And I my selfe had *Satyra* to name,
 Whose happe was such, that in the prime of
 youth,

Satyricall
 Poetrye
 may right-
 ly be cal-
 led the
 daughter
 of such
 symplici-
 tie.

A lusty ladde, a stately man to see,
 Brought vp in place, where pleasures did abound,
 (I dare not say, in court for both myne eares)

Beganne to woo my sifter, not for wealth,
 But for hir face was louely to beholde,
 And therewithall, hir speeche was pleasant stil.
 This Nobles name, was called *vayne Delight*,
 And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe
 Of guylefull wights: *False semblant* was the
 first,

VVhere
 may be
 commonly
 found a
 meeter
 vvoer for
 plesant
 poetry,
 than vaine
 Delight?
 Such men
 do many
 tymes at-
 tend
 vpon
 vaine de-
 light.

The second man was, *Flearing flattery*,
 (Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)

Then followed them, *Detraction* and *Deccite*.

Sym Swash did beare a buckler for the first,

False witnesse was the seconde stemly page,

And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,

This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,

And woed my sifter, for she elder was,

And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)

Hir pleasant speech surpasse mine somuch,

That *vayne Delight*, to hir adrest his sute.

Short tale to make, she gaue a free consent,

And forth she goeth, to be his wedded make,

Entyft percase, with glosse of gorgeous shewe,

(Or else perhappes, perswaded by his peeres,)

That constant loue had herbord in his brest,

Such errors growe where such false Prophets preach.

Poetrie
 married
 to vaine
 Delight.

How so it were, my Sister likte him wel,
 And forth she goeth, in Court with him to dwel,
 Where when she had some yeeres yfoiorned,
 And saw the world, and marked eche mans minde,
 A deepe *Desire* hir louing hart enflamde,

To see me fit by hir in seemely wife,
 That companye might comfort hir sometimes,
 And sound advice might ease hir wearie thoughtes :
 And forth with speede, (euen at hir first request)
 Doth *vaine Delight*, his hasty course direct,
 To seeke me out his sayles are fully bent,
 And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,
 Whereas she lay, that mourned dayes and nights
 To see hir selfe, so matchte and so deceivde,
 And when the wretch, (I cannot terme him bet)
 Had me on seas ful farre from friendly help,
 A sparke of lust, did kindle in his brest,
 And bad him harke, to songs of *Satyra*.
 I felly foule (which thought no body harme)
 Gan cleere my throte, and straue to sing my
 best,

Satyrical
 Poetry is
 somtimes
 rauished
 by vayne
 Delight.

Which pleasde him so, and so enflamde his hart,
 That he forgot my sister *Poesys*,
 And rauisht me, to please his wanton minde.
 Not so content, when this foule fact was done,
 (Yfraught with feare, least that I should disclose
 His incest : and his doting darke desire)
 He causde straight wayes, the formost of his
 crew

False sem-
 blant and
 flatterie
 can sel-
 dome be-
 guile sati-
 rical Poe-
 trie.

VVith his compeare, to trie me with their
 tongues :

And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne
 My simple mynde, from tracke of trustie truth,
 Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,
 Came Slander then, accusing me, and sayde,
 That I entist *Delyght*, to loue and luste.
 Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought none il.
 And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
 They clapt me fast, in cage of *Myserie*,
 And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
 Vntil this theefe, this traytor *vaine Delight*,
 Cut out my song, with *Rayfor* of *Restraynte*,
 Least I should wraye, this bloody deede of his.

The re-
 vvard of
 busy med-
 ling is
 Misery.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a weary life,
 Not as I feemd, a man sometmes of might,
 But womanlike, whose teares must venge hir
 harms.

note novv
 and compare
 this allego-
 ry to the
 story of
 Progne and
 Philomele.

And yet, euen as the mighty gods did daine
 For *Philomele*, that thoughe hir tong were cutte,
 Yet should she sing a pleafant note sometmes :
 So haue they deignd, by their deuine decrees,
 That with the stumps of my reprovoued tong,
 I may sometmes, *Reprovouers* deedes reprove,
 And sing a verse, to make them see themselues.

Then thus I sing, this felly song by night,
 Like *Phylomene*, since that the shining Sunne
 Is how eclypst, which wont to lend me light.

And thus I sing, in corner closely cowcht
 Like *Philomene*, since that the stately cowrts,
 Are now no place, for such poore byrds as I.

And thus I sing, with pricke against my brest,
 Like *Philomene*, since that the priuy worme,
 Which makes me see my reckles youth mispent,
 May well suffise, to keepe me waking still.

And thus I sing, when pleafant spring begins,
 Like *Philomene*, since euery ianglyng byrd,
 Which squeaketh loude, shall neuer triumph so,
 As though my muze were mute and durst not sing.

And thus I sing, with harmeleffe true intent,
 Like *Philomene*, when as percase (meane while)
 The Cuckowe suckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
 And lickes the sweet, which might haue fed me first.

And thus I meane, in mournfull wise to sing,
 A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)
 A trustie tune, from auncient clyffes conueyed,
 A playne song note, which cannot warble well.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world, Here the substance of the theame beginneth
 Wherein I see, howe every kind of man
 Can flatter still, and yet deceives himselfe.
 I seeme to muse, from whence such error springs,
 Such grosse conceits, such mists of darke mistake,
 Such *Surcuydry*, such weening ouer well,
 And yet in dede, such dealings too too badde.
 And as I stretch my weary wittes, to weighe
 The cause thereof, and whence it should proceede,
 My battred braynes, (which now be shrewdly brusde,
 With cannon shot, of much misgouernment)
 Can spye no cause, but onely one conceite,
 Which makes me thinke, the world goeth still awry.

I see and sigh, (bycause it makes me sadde)
 That peuishe pryde, doth al the world possesse,
 And every wight, will haue a looking glasse
 To see himselfe, yet so he seeth him not :
 Yea shall I say? a glasse of common glasse,
 Which glistreth bright, and shewes a seemely shew,
 Is not enough, the days are past and gon,
 That Berral glasse, with foyles of louely brown,
 Might serue to shew, a seemely fauord face.
 That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,
 Which thought that steele, both trusty was and true,
 And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
 But shewde al things, euen as they were in dede.
 In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
 The cristal glas, which glimsfeth braue and bright,
 And shewes the thing, much better than it is,
 Beguyld with foyles, of fundry subtil sights,
 So that they seeme, and couet not to be.

This is the cause (beleue me now my Lorde)
 That Realmes do rewe, from high prosperity,

That kings decline, from princely gouernment,
 That Lords do lacke, their auncestors good wil,
 That knights confume, their patrimonie still,
 That gentlemen, do make the merchant rise,
 That plowmen begge, and craftesmen cannot thriue,
 That clergie quayles, and hath smal reuerence,
 That laymen liue, by mouing mischiefe stil,
 That courtiers thriue, at latter Lammas day,
 That officers, can scarce enrich their heyres,
 That Souldiours sterue, or prech at Tiborne croffe,
 That lawyers buye, and purchase deadly hate,
 That merchants clyme, and fal againe as fast,
 That roysters brag, aboue their betters rome,
 That sicophants, are counted iolly guests,
 That *Lais* leades a Ladies life alofte,
 And *Lucrece* lurkes, with fobre bashful grace.

This is the cause (or else my Muze mistakes)
 That things are thought, which neuer yet were wrought,
 And castels buylt, aboue in lofty skies,
 Which neuer yet, had good foundation.
 And that the same may seme no feined dreame,
 But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
 I haue presumde, my Lord for to present
 With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,
 And came to me, by wil and testament
 Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.

Lucylus, this worthy man was namde,
 Who at his death, bequeathd the christal glasse,
 To such as loue, to seme but not to be,
 And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,
 How foule or fayre, foeuer that they are,
 He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,
 Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
 Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.
 And since myselfe (now pride of youth is past)

A famous
 old satyri-
 cal Poete.

Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,
 Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,
 Not what I would, but what I am or should,
 Therefore I like this trustie glasse of Steele.

Wherein I see, a frolike fauor frounst
 With foule abuse, of lawlesse lust in youth :
 Wherein I see, a *Sampsons* grim regarde
 Disgraced yet with *Alexanders* bearde :
 Wherein I see, a corps of comely shape
 (And such as might befeeme the courte full wel)
 Is cast at heele, by courting al to soone :
 Wherein I see, a quicke capacitye,
 Berayde with blots of light Inconstancie :
 Anage suspect, bycause of youthes misdeedes.
 A poets brayne, possesst with layes of loue :
 A *Cæsars* minde, and yet a *Codruss* might,
 A Souldiours hart, supprest with feareful doomes :
 A Philosopher, foolishly fordone.
 And to be playne, I see my selfe so playne,
 And yet so much vnlike that most I seemde,
 As were it not, that Reason ruleth me,
 I should in rage, this face of mine deface,
 And cast this corps, downe headlong in dispaire,
 Bycause it is, so farre vnlike it selfe.

The Auc-
 thor him-
 selfe.

Alexander
 magnus
 had but a
 smal
 beard.

He vvhich
 vvil re-
 buke mens
 faults, shal
 do vvell
 not to for-
 get hys
 ovvne im-
 perfections

And therewithal, to comfort me againe,
 I see a world, of worthy gouernment,
 A common welth, with policy so rulde,
 As neither lawes are sold, nor iustice bought,
 Nor riches fought, vnlesse it be by right.
 No crueltie, nor tyrannie can raigne,
 No right reuenge, doth rayse rebellion,
 No spoyles are tane, although the sword preuaile,
 No ryot spends, the coyne of common welth,
 No rulers hoard, the countries treasure vp,
 No man growes riche, by subtilty nor sleight :

Common
 vveth

All people dreade, the magistrates decree,
 And al men feare, the scourge of mighty Ioue.
 Lo this (my lord) may wel deferue the name,
 Of fuch a lande, as milke and hony flowes.
 And this I see, within my glasse of Steel,
 Set forth euen so, by *Solon* (worthy wight)
 Who taught king *Cræfus*, what it is to seme,
 And what to be, by prooffe of happie end.
 The like *Lycurgus*, *Lacedemon* king,
 Did fet to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,
 And left the fame, a mirour to behold,
 To euery prince, of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing chriftal glasse
 Doth make vs thinke, that realmes and townes are rych
 VVhere fauor sways, the fentence of the law, Common
 VVhere al is fishe, that cometh to the net, vvoe
 VVhere mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,
 VVhere iniuries, do foster secret grudge,
 VVhere bloody sword, maks euery booty prize,
 VVhere banquetting, is compted comly cost,
 VVhere officers grow rich by princes pens,
 VVhere purchase commes, by couyn and deceit,
 And no man dreads, but he that cannot shift,
 Nor none ferue God, but only tongtide men.

Againe I see, within my glasse of Steele,
 But foure estates, to ferue eche country Soyle,
 The King, the Knight, the Peasant, and the Priest.
 The King should care for al the subiectes still,
 The Knight should fight, for to defende the fame,
 The Peasant he, should labor for their ease,
 And Priests shuld pray, for them and for themselues.

But out alas, such mists do bleare our eyes,
 And chriftal glosse, doth glister so therwith,
 That Kings conceiue, their care is wonderous Kings.
 great.

When as they beat, their busie restles braynes,
 To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant fights, 1
 To fede their fil, of daintie delicates, 2
 To glad their harts, with sight of pleasant sports, 3
 To fil their eares, with found of instruments, 4
 To breake with bit, the hot coragious horse, 5
 To deck their haules, with sumpteous cloth of gold, 6
 To cloth themselues, with filkes of straunge deuise, 7
 To searck the rocks, for pearles and pretious stones, 8
 To delue the ground, for mines of glistering gold : 9
 And neuer care, to maynteine peace and rest,
 To yeld reliefe, where needy lacke appears,
 To stop one eare, vntil the poore man speake,
 To seme to sleepe, when Iustice still doth wake,
 To gard their lands, from fodaine sword and fier,
 To feare the cries of gittles suckling babes,
 Whose ghosts may cal, for vengeance on their bloud,
 And stirre the wrath, of mightie thundring Ioue.

I speake not this, by any english king,
 Nor by our Queene, whose high forfight prouids,
 That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,
 Whiles we inioy the golden fleece of peace.
 But there to turne my tale, from whence it came,
 In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,
 (Who sawe themselues, in glasse of trusty Steele)
 Contented were, with pompes of little pryce,
 And set their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did florish most,
 That no man might triumph in stately wise,
 But such as had, with blowes of bloody blade
 Fiue thousand foes in foughten field foredone.
 Now he that likes, to loke in Christal glasse,
 May see proud pompes, in high triumphant wise,
 Where neuer blowe, was delt with enemie.

Valeri
 max. lib. 2.
 cap. 3.

When *Sergius*, deuised first the meane

To pen vp fishe, within the swelling fload,
 And so content his mouth with daintie fare,
 Then followed fast, exceffe on Princes bordes,
 And euery dish, was chargde with new conceits,
 To please the taste, of vncontented mindes.
 But had he seene, the streine of straunge deuise,
 Which *Epicures*, do now adāyes inuent,
 To yeld good smacke, vnto their daintie tongues :
 Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is fillde
 With secreet cause, of sickeneffe (oft) vnseene,
 Whiles lust desires, much more than nature craues,
 Then would he say, that al the Romane cost
 Was common trash, compar'd to fundrie Sauce
 Which princes vse, to pamper Appetite.

O Christal Glasse, thou fettest things to shew,
 Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
 All eyes behold, with eagre deepe desire, 3
 The Faulcon flye, the grehounde runne his course,
 The bayted Bul, and Beare at stately stake,
 These Enterluds, these newe Italian sportes,
 And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man :
 But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke,
 And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
 The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel.
 Fewe loke to lawe, but al men gaze on lust.

A swete consent, of Musicks sacred sound, 4
 Doth rayse our mindes, (as rapt) al vp on high,
 But sweeter foundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,
 Are out of tune, and iarre in euery stoppe.

To tosse and turne, the sturdie trampling stede, 5
 To bridle him, and make him meete to serue,
 Deferues (no doubt) great commendation.
 But such as haue, their stables ful yfraught,
 VVith pampred Iades, ought therwithal to wey,
 VVhat great exceffe, vpon them may be spent,
 How many pore, (which nede nor brake nor bit)

Might therwith al, in godly wife be fedde, Deut. 18.
 And kings ought not, fo many horſe to haue.

The ſumptuous houſe, declares the princes ſtate, 6
 But vaine exceſſe, bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbaſt hoſe, our treble double ruffes, 7
 Our futes of Silke, our comely garded capes,
 Our knit filke ſtockes, and ſpaniſh lether ſhoes,
 (Yea veluet ferues, ofttimes to trample in)
 Our plumes, our ſpangs, and al our queint aray,
 Are pricking ſpurres, prouoking filthy pride,
 And ſnares (vnſeen) which leade a man to hel.

How liue the Mores, which ſpurne at gliſtring perle, 8
 And ſcorne the coſts, which we do holde ſo deare?
 How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
 Of peerleſſe truth, amongſt them publiſhed,
 (VWhich we enioy, and neuer wey the worth.)
 They would not then, the ſame (like vs) deſpiſe,
 VWhich (though they lacke) they liue in better wiſe
 Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle ſo deare.
 But glittering gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
 Til greedy mindes, gan ſearch the very guts
 Of earth and clay, to finde out fundrie moulds
 (As redde and white, which are by melting made
 Bright gold and ſiluer, mettals of miſchiefe)
 Hath now enflamde, the nobleſt Princes harts
 With fouleſt fire, of filthy Auarice,
 And ſeldome ſeene, that kings can be content
 To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left:
 What cauſeth this, but greedy golde to get?
 Euen gold, which is, the very cauſe of warres,
 The neaſt of ſtriſe, and nourice of debate,
 The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

(Squires
 But is this ſtrange? when Lords when Knightes and
 (Which ought defende, the ſtate of common welth)
 Are not afrayd to couet like a King?

O blinde desire : oh high aspiring harts.
 The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight, ^{Knights.}
 The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke,
 The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
 And none content, with that which is his own.
 Yet none of these, can see in Christal glasse
 (VVhich glistereth bright, and beares their gazing eyes)
 How euery life, beares with him his diseafe.
 But in my glasse, which is of trustie steele,
 I can perceiue, how kingdomes breede but care,
 How Lordship liues, with lots of lesse delight,
 (Though cappe and knee, do seeme a reuerence,
 And courtlike life, is thought an other heauen)
 Than common people finde in euery coast.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
 A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherlesse,
 VVith pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,
 (Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)
 VVil breake vp house, and dwel in market townes,
 A loytring life, and like an *Epicure*.

But who (meane while) defends the common welth ?
 VVho rules the flocke, when sheperds so are fled ?
 VVho stayes the staff, which shuld vphold the state ?
 Forsooth good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
 Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,
 And rules the rost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
 You were not borne, al onely for your selues :
 Your countrie claymes, some part of al your paines.
 There should you liue, and therein should you toyle,
 To hold vp right, and banish cruel wrong,
 To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
 To punish vice, and vertue to aduaunce,
 To see God seruede, and *Belzebub* supprest.
 You should not trust, lieftenaunts in your rome,
 And let them fway, the sceptor of your charge,
 VVhiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is don,
 Nor yet can yeld, accompt if you were callde.

The stately lord, which woonted was to kepe
 A court at home, is now come vp to courte,
 And leaues the country for a common prey,
 To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit :
 (Al which his prefence might haue pacified,
 Or else haue made offenders smel the smoke.)
 And now the youth which might haue serued him,
 In comely wife, with countrey clothes yclad,
 And yet thereby bin able to preferre
 Vnto the prince, and there to feke aduance :
 Is faine to sell, his landes for courtly cloutes,
 Or else sits still, and liueth like a loute,
 (Yet of these two, the last fault is the lesse :)
 And so those impes which might in time haue sprong
 Alofte (good lord) and seruede to shielde the state,
 Are either nipt, with such vntimely frosts,
 Or else growe crookt, bycause they be not proynd.

These be the Knights, which shold defend the land,
 And these be they, which leaue the land at large.
 Yet here percase, it wilbe thought I roue
 And runne astray, besides the kings high way,
 Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
 (And such as shew, most perfect in my glasse)
 Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
 Whose skil in armes, and long experience
 Should still vphold the pillers of the worlde.
 Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
 May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, lorde, Knight,
 Yea gentlemen, and euery gentle borne. (Squire

But if you wil, constraine me for to speake
 What souldiours are, or what they ought to be
 (And I my selfe, of that profession)
 I see a crew, which glister in my glasse, Souldiours,
 The brauest bande, that euer yet was sene :
 Behold behold, where *Pompey* commes before,
 VWhere *Manlius*, and *Marius* infue,

Æmilius, and *Curius* I fee,
Palamedes, and *Fabius maximus*,
 And eke their mate, *Epaminondas* loe,
Protefilaus and *Phocyan* are not farre,
Pericles stands, in rancke amongst the rest,
Aristomenes, may not be forgot,
 Vnlesse the list, of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these fouldiours can I spie
 Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasse.

I fee not one therein, which seekes to heape
 A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes, Couetous
Soldiours
 And so beguiles, the prince in time of nede,
 When muster day, and foughten fielde are odde.
Since Pompey did, enrich the common heaps,
And Paulus he, (Æmilius furnamed)
Returnde to Rome, no richer than he went,
Although he had, so many lands subdued,
And brought such treasure, to the common chests,
That fourscore yeres, the state was (after) free
From greuous taske, and imposition.
Yea since againe, good Marcus Curius,
Thought sacriledge, himselfe for to aduance,
And see his fouldiours, pore or liue in lacke.

I fee not one, within this glasse of mine, Soldiours
more
braue then
valiant.
 Whose fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,
 As though he were, all onely to be markt,
 When simple snakes, which go not halfe so gay,
 Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field :
 And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,
 Is daunted downe, with dastard dreadfulnessse.
 And yet in towne, he ietted euery streete,
 As though the god of warres (euen *Mars* himself)
 Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,
 Though much more like, the coward *Constantine*.
 I fee none such, (my Lorde) I fee none such,

*Since Phocion, which was in deede a Mars
And one which did, much more than he wold vaunt,
Contented was to be but homely clad.*

*And Marius, (whose constant hart could bide
The very vaines, of his forweariet legges
To be both cut, and carued from his corps)
Could neuer yet, contented be to spend,
One idle groate, in clothing nor in cates.*

I see not one, (my Lord) I see not one
Which stands fomuch, vpon his paynted
sheath

(Bycause he hath, perchance at *Bolleyne* bene
And loytered, since then in idleneffe)

That he accompts, no Soldiour but himselfe,
Nor one that can, despise the learned brayne,
VVhich ioyneth reading with experience.

Since Palamedes, and Vliffes both,

VVhere much esteemed for their pollicies

Although they were not thought long trained men.

Epamynondas, eke was much esteemde

VVhose Eloquence, was such in all respects,

As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.

And Fabius, furnamed Maximus,

Could ioyne such learning, with experience,

As made his name, more famous than the rest.

Soldiours
vwho (for
their ovvn
long con-
tinuance
in seruice)
do seeme
to despise
all other
of latter
time, and
especially
such as are
learned.

These bloody beasts, apeare not in my glasse,
VVhich cannot rule, their sword in furious rage,
Nor haue respecte, to age nor yet to kinde:
But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand.

VVhose greedy harts so hungrie are to spoyle,
That few regard, the very wrath of God,
VVhich greeued is, at cries of gitleffe blood.

Pericles was, a famous man of warre,

And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,

VVherof he was the general in charge.

Yet at his death he rather did reioyce

Soldiours
ouer cruel
vwithout
any re-
gard.

In clemencie, than bloody victorie.
Be still (quoth he) you graue Athenians,
VVho whispered, and tolde his valiant facts)
You haue forgot, my greatest glorie got.
For yet (by me, nor mine occasion)
VVas neuer sene, a mourning garment worne.
O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.
 Beleue me (Lord) a fouldiour cannot haue
 Too great regarde, whereon his knife should cut.

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
 And shewe their scarres to euery commer by,
 Dare once befeene, within my glasse of Steele,
 For so the faults, of *Thrafo* and his trayne,
 (Whom *Terence* told, to be but bragging brutes)
 Might sone appeare, to euery skilful eye.
Bolde Manlius, could close and wel conuey
Ful thirtie wounds, (and three) vpon his head,
Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.

Braggers
and such
as boast
of their
vvounds.

What should I speake, of drunken Soldiours?
 Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy lust?
 Of whom that one, can fit and bybbe his fil,
 Confume his coyne, (which might good corage yeld,
 To such as march, and moue at his commaunde)
 And makes himselfe, a worthy mocking stocke
 Which might deferue, (by sobre life) great laude.
 That other dotes, and driueth forth his dayes
 In vaine delight, and soule concupiscence,
 When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
 Yea therwithal, he puts his owne fonde heade
 Vnder the belt, of such as should him serue,
 And so becoms, example of much euil,
 Which should haue seruede, as lanterne of good life :
 And is controlde, whereas he should commaund.
Augustus Cæsar, he which might haue made
 Both feasts and banquets brauely as the best,
 Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
 And seldome dranke his wine vnwatered.

Drunken
and lecherous
soldiours.

Aristomenes, dayned to defende
 His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
 And rather chofe, to die in their defence,
 Then filthy men, fhould foyle their chafitie.
 This was a wight, wel worthy fame and prayfe.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,
 Behold my glaffe, and you fhall fee therin,
 Proud *Craffus* bagges, confumde by couetife,
 Great *Alexander*, drounde in drunkenneffe,
Cæfar and *Pompey*, fplit with priuy grudge,
Brennus beguild, with lightneffe of beliefe,
Cleômenes, by ryot not regarded,
Vefpafian, difdayned for deceit,
Demetrius, light fet by for his luft,
 Whereby at laft, he dyed in prifon pent.

Hereto percafe, fome one man will alledge,
 That Princes pence, are purfed vp fo clofe,
 And faires do fall fo feldome in a yeare,
 That when they come, prouifion muft be made
 To fende the froft, in hardeft winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glaffe of mine,
Iuftinian, that proude vngrateful prince, Vngrateful
Princes.
 Which made to begge, bold *Belifarius*
 His trustie man, which had fo stoutly fought
 In his defence, with evry enemy.
 And *Scypio*, condemnes the Romaine rule,
 Which fuffred him (that had fo truely ferued)
 To leade pore life, at his (*Lynternum*) ferme,
 VVhich did deferue, fuch worthy recompence.
 Yea herewithal, moft Souldiours of our time,
 Beleeue for truth, that proude *Iuftinian*
 Did neuer die, without good ftore of heyres.
 And *Romanes* race, cannot be rooted out,
 Such yffewe fprings, of fuch vnplefant budds,

But fhall I fay? this leffon learne of me,

VVhen drums are dumb, and found not 'dub a dub,
 Then be thou eke, as mewet as a mayde
 (I preach this fermon but to fouldiours)
 And learne to liue, within thy bravries bounds.
 Let not the Mercer, pul thee by the fleewe
 For futes of filke, when cloth may ferue thy turne,
 Let not thy fcores, come robbe thy needy purfe,
 Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

VVhat e-
 uery sol-
 diour
 should be
 in time of
 peace.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,
 VVhich wil be glad, thy companie to haue,
 If manhoode may, with manners well agree.

Art thou a feruing man? then ferue againe,
 And flint to steale as common fouldiours do.

Art thou a craftsman? take thee to thine arte,
 And cast off slouth, which loytreth in the Campes.

Art thou a plowman preffed for a shift?
 Then learne to clout, thine old cast cobled shoes,
 And rather bide, at home with barly bread,
 Than learne to fpoyle, as thou haft feene some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)
 Who lust, by warres to gather lawful welth,
 And so to get, a right renoumed name,
 Must caste aside, al common trades of warre,
 And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long.
 Bycaufe he bare, fuch compaffe in my glaffe.
 High time were then, to turne my wery pen,
 Vnto the Peasant comming next in place.
 And here to write, the summe of my conceit,
 I do not meane, alonely husbandmen,
 Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and fowe,
 Which fwinke and sweate, whiles we do sleepe and
 And ferch the guts of earth, for greedy gain, [fnort

But he that labors any kind of way. Peasants.
 To gather gaines, and to enriche himfelfe,
 By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests,
 And al the rest, that liue in common welth
 (So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)
 Him can I compt, a Peasant in his place. Strange
 All officers, all aduocates at lawe, Peasants.
 Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
 Must be content, to take a Peasants rome.

A strange deuise, and fure my Lord wil laugh,
 To see it so, desgested in degrees.
 But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
 And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,
 Most officers, commaund that shuld be cravde) Officers.
 He that can share, from euery pention payde
 A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounce,
 He that can plucke, fir *Bennet* by the sleeue,
 And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,
 He that can winke, at any foule abuse,
 As long as gaines, come trouling in therwith,
 Shal such come see themfelues in this my glasse?
 Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do?
 Yea let them come: but shall I tell you one thing?
 How ere their gownes, be gathered in the backe,
 With organe pipes, of old king *Henries* clampe,
 How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,
 How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,
 How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
 I compt them worfe, than harmeles homely hindes,
 Which toyle in dede, to ferue our common vse.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
 And yet there one eye, sharpe as *Linceus* fight,
 That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,
 That other pries and peekes in euery place.
 Come naked neede? and chance to do amisse?
 He shal be fure, to drinke vpon the whippe.
 But priuie gaine, (that bribing busie wretch)

Can finde the meanes, to creepe and crouch so low,
 As officers, can neuer see him flyde,
 Nor heare the trampling of his stealing steppes.
 He comes (I thinke,) vpon the blinde side stil.

These things (my Lord) my glasse now sets to shew,
 Whereas long since, all officers were seene
 To be men made, out of another mould.

Epamynond, of whome I spake before
 (Which was long time, an officer in *Thebes*)
 And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
 VVould neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.
 And thus he spake, to such as fought his helpe :
 If it be good, (quoth he) that you desire,
 Then wil I do, it for the vertues sake :
 If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.
 If so it be, for this my common weale,
 Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both
 To see it done, withouten furdere words.
 But if it be, vnprofitable thing,
 And might empaire, offende, or yeld anoy
 Vnto the state, which I pretende to stay,
 Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth
 Shal neuer tempt, my free consent thereto.

There
 so fevv
 such of-
 ficers.

How many now, wil treade *Zeleucus* steps?
 Or who can byde, *Cambyfes* cruel dome?
 Cruel? nay iust, (yea softe and peace good fir)
 For Iustice sleepes, and Troth is iested out.

O that al kings, would (*Alexander* like)
 Hold euermore, one finger streight stretcht out,
 To thrust in eyes, of all their mastert heeues.

False
 iudges.

But *Brutus* died, without posteritie,
 And *Marcus Craffus* had none issue male,
Cicero slipt, vnfene out of this world,
 With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas, Aduocats.
 And were content, to vse their eloquence,

In maintenance, of matters that were good.
Demosthenes, in *Athens* vſde his arte,
 (Not for to heape, himſelfe great hounds of gold,
 But) ſtil to ſtay, the towne from deepe deceite
 Of *Philips* wyles, which had beſieged it.
 Where ſhal we reade, that any of theſe foure
 Did euer pleade, as careleſſe of the trial?
 Or who can ſay, they builded ſumpteuouſly?
 Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?
 They were (I trowe) of noble houſes borne,
 And yet content, to uſe their beſt deuoire,
 In furduring, eche honeſt harmeleſſe cauſe.
 They did not rowte (like rude vnringed ſwine,)
 To roote nobilitie from heritage.
 They ſtoode content, with gaine of glorious fame,
 (Bycauſe they had, reſpect to equitie)
 To leade a life, like true Philoſophers.
 Of all the briſtle bearded Aduocates
 That euer lovde their fees aboue the cauſe,
 I cannot ſee, (ſcarce one) that is ſo bolde
 To ſhewe his face, and fayned Phifnomie
 In this my glaſſe: but if he do (my Lorde)
 He ſhewes himſelfe, to be by very kinde
 A man which meanes, at euey time and tide,
 To do ſmal right, but ſure to take no wrong.

And maſter Merchant, he whoſe trauaile ought Merchants.
 Commodiouſly, to doe his cuntry good,
 And by his toyle, the ſame for to enriche,
 Can finde the meane, to make *Monopolyes*
 Of euey ware, that is accompted ſtrange.
 And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine deſires
 Vntil the court, haue courtiers caſt at heele,
Quia non habent veſtes Nuptiales.

O painted foolles, whoſe harebrainde heads muſt haue
 More clothes attones, than might become a king:
 For whom the rocks, in forain Realmes muſt ſpin,
 For whom they carde, for whom they weaue their webbes

For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,
 (I speake not this by english courtiers
 Since english wool, was euer thought most worth)
 For whom al seas, are tossed to and fro,
 For whom these purples come from *Perfia*,
 The crimofine, and liuely red from *Inde* :
 For whom soft filks, do fayle from *Sericane*,
 And all queint costs, do come from fardest coasts :
 Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour, August. 9.
 Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
 Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,
 His daughters and, his niepces euerychone,
 To spin and worke the clothes that he shuld weare,
 And neuer carde, for filks or sumpteous cost,
 For cloth of gold, or tinsel figurie,
 For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.
 He fet the shippes, of merchantmen on worke,
 VVith bringing home, oyle, graine, and favrie salt
 And such like wares, as serued common vse.

Yea for my life, those merchants were not woont
 To lend their wares, at reasonable rate,
 (To gaine no more, but *Cento por cento*,)
 To teach yong men, the trade to sel browne paper,
 Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too sometimes,
 To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
 To binde such babes, in father Derbies bands,
 To stay their steps, by statute Staples staffe,
 To rule yong roysters, with *Recognifance*,
 To read *Arithmeticke* once euery day,
 In VVoodstreat, Bredstreat, and in Pultery
 (VVhere such schoollmaisters keepe their countinghouse)
 To fede on bones, when flesh and fell is gon,
 To keepe their byrds, ful close in caytiues cage,
 (Who being brought, to libertie at large,
 Might sing perchaunce, abroad, when sunne doth shine
 Of their mishaps, and how their fethers fel)
 Vntill the canker may their corpe consume.

These knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde,
 Bycause they shewe not in my glasse of steele.
 But holla : here, I see a wondrous sight,
 I see a swarme, of Saints within my glasse :
 Beholde, behold, I see a swarme in deede
 Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wise,
 Not deckt in robes, nor garnished with gold,
 But some vnshod, yea some ful thinly clothde,
 And yet they seme, so heauenly for to see,
 As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,
 Their face of Rubies, Saphires, and Iacincts,
 Their comly beards, and heare, of filuer wiers.
 And to be shorth, they seeme Angelycall.
 What should they be, (my Lord) what should they be ?

O gracious God, I see now what they be.
 These be my priests, which pray for evry state,
 These be my priests, deuorced from the world, Priest.
 And wedded yet, to heauen and holynesse,
 Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche.
 Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,
 VVhich enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
 Which loth all lust, disdayning drunkenesse,
 Which cannot faine, which hate hypocrisie.
 Which neuer sawe, Sir *Simonies* deceits.
 Which preach of peace, which carpe contentions,
 Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,
 Which thunder threts, of gods most greuouse wrath,
 And yet do teach, that mercie is in store.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,
 Descended from, *Melchisedec* by line
 Cofens to Paule, to Peter, Iames, and Iohn,
 These be my priests, the seafning of the earth
 VVhich wil not leese, their Saurinesse, I trowe.

Not one of these (for twentie hundreth groats)

VVil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine.

Not one of these, wil reade the holy write

Which doth forbid, all greedy vfurie,
And yet receiue, a shilling for a pounce.

Not one of these, wil preach of patience,
And yet be found, as angry as a waspe,

Not one of these, can be content to sit
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehouses all day,
But spends his time, deuoutly at his booke.

Not one of these, will rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted, with extortion.

Not one of these, will paint out worldly pride,
And he himselfe, as gallaunt as he dare.

Not one of these, rebuketh auarice,
And yet procureth, proude pluralities.

Not one of these, reproueth vanitie
(Whiles he him selfe, with hauke vpon his fist
And houndes at heele,) doth quite forget his text.

Not one of these, corrects contentions,
For trifling things: and yet will sue for tythes.

Not one of these (not one of these my Lord)
Wil be ashamde, to do euen as he teacheth.

My priests haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their lyplabour.

My priests can fast, and vse al abstinence,
From vice and sinne, and yet refuse no meats.

My priests can giue, in charitable wise,
And loue also, to do good almes dedes,
Although they trust, not in their owne deserts.

My priestes can place, all penaunce in the hart,
VVithout regard, of outward ceremonies.

My priests can keepe, their temples vndefyled,
And yet defie, all Superstition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my priests?
Although they were, the last that shewed themfelues,
I faide at first, their office was to pray,
And since the time, is such euen now a dayes,
As hath great nede, of prayers truely prayde,
Come forth my priests, and I wil bydde your beades
I wil presume, (although I be no priest)
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to god himselfe,
That he vouchsafe, (euen for his Christes sake) The poets
Beades.
To giue his word, free passage here on earth,
And that his church (which now is Militant)
May foone be fene, triumphant ouer all,
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,
VVhich walloweth stil, in Sinks of filthy sinne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,
Emperours, Monarks, Duks, and all estates, For
Princes.
VVhich sway the sworde, of royal gouernment,
(Of whom our Queene, which liues without compare
Must be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,
Else I deserue, to lese both beades, and bones)
That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,
To maintaine truth, and therwith stil to wey
That here they reigne, not onely for themfelues,
And that they be but slaues to common welth,
Since al their toyles, and all their broken sleeps
Shal scant suffize, to hold it stil vpright.

Tell some (in *Spaine*) how close they kepe their clofets,
How selde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,
While as (mene while) their sunburnt futours sterue
And pine before, their processe be preferre.
Then pray (my priests) that god wil giue his grace,
To such a prince, his fault in time to mende.

Tel some (in *France*) how much they loue to dance,

VVhile futours daunce, attendaunce at the dore.
Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.

Tel some (in *Portugale*,) how colde they be,
In fetting forth, of right religion :
Which more esteme, the present pleasures here,
Then stablishing, of God his holy worde.
And pray (my Priests) least god such princes spit,
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.

Tel some (*Italian*) princes, how they winke
At stinking stewes, and say they are (forfooth)
A remedy, to quench foule filthy luste :
When as (in dede they be the finkes of sinne.
And pray (my priests) that God wil not impute
Such wilful facts, vnto such princes charge,
When he himselfe, commaundeth euery man
To do none ill, that good may grow therby.

And pray likewise, for all that rulers be
By kings commaundes, as their lieftenants here,
Al magistrates, al councellours, and all
That sit in office or Authoritie. For al nobilitie and
counselors.
Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither loue nor mede
Do sway their minds, from furduring of right,
That they be not, too faintish nor too fowre,
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,
That stil they stoppe, one eare to heare him speake,
Which is accused, absent as he is :
That euermore, they mark what moode doth moue
The mouth which makes, the information,
That faults forpasse (so that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,
When as they see, repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which went to runne astray.
That malice make, no mansion in their minds,
Nor enuy frete, to see how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory sure,
If deeds mainteine, their auncestors degree.

Eke pray (my Priests) for them and for yourselues, ^{For the}
 For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeanes, deanes, and Priests ^{clergie.}
 And al that preach, or otherwise professe
 Gods holy word, and take the cure of soules.
 Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,
 Make walke vpright, in your vocation.
 And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,
 To lende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therwithal, that some, (I see them I
 VVheras they fling, in *Flaunders* all asarre,
 For why my glasse, wil shew them as they be)
 Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,
 So libertie, may launch about at large.

And some again (I see them wel enough
 And note their names, in *Liegelande* where they lurke)
 Vnder pretence, of holy humble harts
 Would plucke adowne, al princely *Dyademe*.
 Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you neere.

Shrinke not to fay, that some do (Romainelike)
 Esteeme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.
 And therefore pray (my priests) lest pride preuaile.

Pray that the soules, of fundrie damned gofts,
 Do not come in, and bring good euidence
 Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
 Of some whose welth, made them neglect their charge
 Til secret finnes (vntoucht) infecte their flocks
 And bredde a scab, which brought the shep to bane.

Some other ranne, before the greedy wolfe,
 And lest the folde, vnfended from the fox
 Which durst not barke, nor bawle for both theyr eares.
 Then pray (my priests) that such no more do so.

Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,
 I meane the worthy Vniuersities,

(And *Cantabridge*, shal haue the dignitie,
 Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)
 That they bring vp their babes in decent wife :
 That *Philosophy*, smel no secret smoke,
 Which *Magike* makes, in wicked mysteries :
 That *Logike* leape, not ouer euery stile,
 Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,
 With curious *Quids*, to maintain argument.
 That *Sophistirie*, do not deceiue it felse,
 That *Cosmography* keepe his compasse wel,
 And such as be, *Historiographers*,
 Trust not to much, in euery tatlying tong,
 Nor blynded be, by partialitie.
 That *Phisicke*, thriue not ouer fast by murder :
 That *Numbring* men, in all their euens and odds
 Do not forget, that only *Vnitie*
 Vnmeasurable, infinite, and one.
 That *Geometrie*, measure not so long,
 Til all their measures out of measure be :
 That *Musike* with, his heauenly harmonie,
 Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,
 Nor fet mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,
 Til heauenly *Hierarchies* be quite forgot :
 That *Rhetorick*, learne not to ouerreache :
 That *Poetrie*, presume not for to preache,
 And bite mens faults, with *Satyres* corofiuues,
 Yet pamper vp hir owne with pulteffes :
 Or that she dote not vppon *Erato*,
 Which should inuoke the good *Caliope* :
 That *Astrologie*, looke not ouer high,
 And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit :
 That *Grammer*, grudge not at our english tong,
 Bycause it stands by *Monosyllaba*,
 And cannot be declined as others are.
 Pray thus (my priests for vniuersities.
 And if I haue forgotten any Arte,
 Which hath bene taught, or exercised there,
 Pray you to god, the good be not abusde,
 With glorious shewe, of ouerloding skill.

For all
learned.

Now these be past, (my priests) yet shal you pray
 For common people, eche in his degree, ^{For the}
 That God vouchsafe to graunt them al his grace. ^{Cominaltie.}
 Where should I now beginne to bidde my beades?
 Or who shal first be put in common place?
 My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,
 I cannot see who best deserues the roome,
 Stand forth good *Peerce*, thou plowman by thy name,
 Yet so the Saylor saith I do him wrong :
 That one contends, his paines are without peare,
 That other saith, that none be like to his,
 In dede they labour both exceedingly.
 But since I see no shipman that can liue
 Without the plough, and yet I many see
 (Which liue by lande) that neuer sawe the seas :
 Therefore I say, stand forth *Peerce* plowman first,
 Thou winst the roome, by verie worthinesse.

Behold him (priests) and though he stink of sweate
 Disdaine him not : for shal I tel you what? ^{The}
 Such clime to heauen, before the shauen crownes. ^{plowman.}
 But how? forfooth, with true humilytie.
 Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,
 Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,
 Nor that they fet, debate betwene their lords,
 By earing vp the balks, that part their bounds :
 Nor for because, they can both crowche and creep
 (The guilefulst men, that euer God yet made)
 VVhen as they meane, most mischiefe and deceite,
 Nor that they can, crie out on landelordes lowde,
 And say they racke, their rents an ace to high,
 VVhen they themselues, do sel their landlords lambe
 For greater price, than ewe was wont be worth.
 I see you *Peerce*, my glasse was lately scowrde.
 But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,
 Both King and Knight, and priests in cloyster pent :
 Therefore I say, that sooner some of them
 Shal scale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,
 Than cornfed beasts, whose bellie is their God,

Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priests) pray you to God for *Peerce*,
 As *Peerce* can pinch, it out for him and you.
 And if you haue a *Paternoster* spare
 Then shal you pray, for Saylers (God them fend
 More mind of him, when as they come to lande,
 For towarde shipwracke, many men can pray)
 That they once learne, to speake without a lye,
 And meane good faith, without blaspheming othes :
 That they forget, to steale from euey freight,
 And for to forge, false cockets, free to passe,
 That manners make, them giue their betters place,
 And vse good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priests begin to frowne,
 And say, that thus they shal be ouerchargde,
 To pray for al, which seme to do amisse :
 And one I heare, more faucie than the rest,
 VVhich asketh me, when shal our prayers end ?
 I tel thee (priest) when shoemakers make shoes,
 That are wel sowed, with neuer a stich amisse,
 Aud vse no craft, in vttring of the same :
 VVhen Taylours steale, no stufte from gentlemen,
 VVhen Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreede,
 And both so dresse their hydes, that we go dry.
 when Cutlers leaue, to sel olde rustie blades,
 And hide no crakes, with foder nor deceit :
 when tinkers make, no more holes than they founde,
 when thatchers thinke, their wages worth their worke,
 when colliers put, no dust into their sacks,
 when maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,
 when Dauie Diker diggs, and dallies not,
 when smithes shoo horses, as they would be shod,
 when millers, toll not with a golden thumbe,
 when bakers make, not barme beare price of wheat,
 when brewers put, no bagage in their beere,
 when butchers blowe, not ouer al their fleshe,
 when horsecorfers, beguile no friends with Iades,

when weauers weight, is found in hufwiues web.
(But why dwel I, fo long among thefe lowts?)

VWhen mercers make, more bones to fwere and lye,
VWhen vintners mix, no water with their wine,
VWhen printers paffe, none errors in their bookes,
VWhen hatters vse, to bye none olde cast robes,
VWhen goldsmithes get, no gains by sodred crownes,
When vpholsters, fel fethers without dust,
When pewterers, infect no Tin with leade,
When drapers draw, no gaines by giuing day,
When perchmentiers, put in no ferret Silke,
When Surgeons heale, al wounds without delay.
(Tush thefe are toys, but yet my glas sheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themfelues,
VWhen Takers, take no brybes, nor vse no brags,
When customers, conceale no covine vsde,
VWhen Seachers fee, al corners in a shippe,
(And spie no pens by any fight they see)
VWhen shriues do serue, al proceffe as they ought,
VWhen baylifes strain, none other thing but strays,
VWhen auditours, their counters cannot change,
VWhen proude surveyours, take no parting pens,
VWhen Siluer sticks not on the Tellers fingers,
And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,
When al thefe folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.

(Againe (my priests) a little by your leaue)
VWhen Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,
But are espied, for *Ecchoes*, as they are,
When roysters ruffle not about their rule,
Nor colour crafte, by swearing precious coles:
When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,
A peece of breade, and therwithal a bobbe
VWhen *Lays* liues, not like a ladies peare,
Nor vseth art, in dying of hir heare.
When al thefe things, are ordred as they ought,
Aud see themfelues, within my glasse of steele,
Euen then (my priests) may you make holyday,

And pray no more but ordinairie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)
Pray stil for me, and for my Glasse of steele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycause we shew, all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that (since my hap is such
To see men so) I may perceiue myselfe.
O worthy words, to ende my worthlesse verse,
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio



EPILOGVS.



Las (my lord) my haft was al to hote,
I shut my glasse, before you gasde
your fill,
And at a glimse, my feely felse haue
spied,
A stranger trowpe, than any yet
were sene :
Beholde (my lorde) what monsters
muster here,

With Angels face, and harmefull helish harts,
With smyling lookes, and depe deceitful thoughts,
With tender skinnes, and stony cruel mindes,
With stealing steppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they neuer stande content,
With God, with kinde, with any helpe of Arte,
But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare, with sundry subtill sleights,
But paint and slicke, til fayrest face be foule,
But bumbaft, bolster, frisle, and perfume :
They marre with muske, the balme which nature made,
And dig for death, in dellicatest dishes.
The yonger forte, come pyping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they birded
The elder forte, go stately stalking on,
And on their backs, they beare both land and see,
Castles and Towres, renews and receipts,
Lordships and manours, fines, yea fermes and al.
What should these be ? (speake you my louely lord)
They be not men : for why ? they haue no beards.
They be no boyes, which weare such side long gowns.
They be no Gods, for al their gallant glosse.
They be no diuels, (I trow) which seme so faintish.
What be they ? women ? masking in mens weedes ?

With dutchkin dublets, and with Ierkins iaggde?
 With Spanish spangs, and ruffles fet out of France,
 With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt?
 They be so fure euen *VVo* to *Men* in dede.
 Nay then (my lorde) let shut the glasse apace,
 High time it were, for my pore Muse to winke,
 Since al the hands, al paper, pen, and inke,
 Which euer yet, this wretched world possest,
 Cannot describe, this Sex in colours dewe,
 No no (my Lorde) we gased haue inough,
 (And I too much, God pardon me therefore)
 Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre:
 And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.
 But if my Glasse, do like my louely lorde,
 VVe wil espie, some funny Sommers day,
 To loke againe, and see some femely fights.
 Meane while, my Muse, right humbly doth besech,
 That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verse,
 Vntil my braines, may better stufte deuise.

FINIS:

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.





The complaynt
of Philomene.

An Elegye Compyled by
George Gascoigne
Esquire.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



IMPRINTED AT
London by Henrie Binne-
man for Richarde

Smith.

Anno Domini 1576.

To the right honorable, my
singuler good Lord, the *L. Gray* of
Wilton, Knight of the most noble
order of the Garter.



Yght noble, when I had determin'd
with myself to write the *Satire* be-
fore recited (called the *Steele Glasse*)
and had in myne *Exordium* (by al-
legorie) compar'd my case to that
of fayre *Phylomene*, abus'd by the
bloudy king hir brother by lawe: I
call'd to minde that twelue or thir-
tene yeares past, I had begonne an *Elegye* or sorrowe-
full song, call'd the *Complainte of Phylomene*, the
which I began too deuise riding by the high way be-
twene Chelmissford and London, and being ouertaken
with a sodaine dash of Raine, I chang'd my copy,
and stroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is plac'd
amongst my other *Poesies*, leuing the complaint of
Phylomene vnfinished: and so it hath continued euer
since vntil this present moneth of April. 1575. when
I begonne my *Steele Glasse*. And bycause I haue in
mine *Exordium* to the *Steele Glasse*, begonne with the
Nightingales notes: therefore I haue not thought
amisse now to finish ande pece vp the faide *Complaint*
of *Philomene*, obseruing neuerthelesse the same deter-
minate inuention which I had propounded and be-
gonne (as is faide) twelue yeares nowe past. The
which I presume with the rest to present vnto your
honor, nothing doubting but the same wil accept my
good entente therin. And I furder besече that
your lordship wil voutsafe in reading therof, to gesse
(by change of style) where the renewing of the verse
may bee most apparantly thought to begin. I wil no
furder trouble your honor with these rude lines, but
besech of the almightie long to preferue you to his
pleasure. From my pore house in VValkamstowe the
sixtenth of April 1575.

Your *L. bounden and most assured*
George Gascoigne.

PHILOMENE.



IN sweet April, the messenger to
May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in
golden showres,
When euery byrde, records hir
louers lay,
And westerne windes, do foster forth
our floures,
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
And as I floode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much, and thus she tolde hir tale.

These thriftles birds (quoth she) which spend the day,
In needleffe notes, and chaunt withouten skil,
Are costly kept, and finely fedde alway
With daintie foode, whereof they feede their fil.
But I which spend, the darke and dreadful night,
In watch and ward, when those birds take their rest,
Forpine my selfe, that Louers might delight,
To heare the notes, which breake out of my breste.
I leade a life, to please the Louers minde,
(And although god wot, my foode be light of charge,
Yet feely foule, that can no fauour finde)
I begge my breade, and seke for feedes at large.
The Throftle she, which makes the wood to ring
With shryching lowde, that lothsome is to heare,
Is costly kept, in cage: (O wondrous thing)
The Mauis eke, whose notes are nothing cleare,
Now in good sooth (quoth she) sometimes I wepe
To see Tom Tyttimouse, so much set by.
The Finche, which singeth neuer a note but peepe,
Is fedde afwel, nay better farre than I.
The Lenet and the Larke, they singe alofte,
And coumpted are, as Lordes in high degree.
The Brandlet faith, for singing sweete and softe,
(In hir conceit) there is none such as she.

Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,
 And Goldfinches, do hope to get the gole :
 The tatling Awbe doth please some fancie wel,
 And some like best, the byrde as Black as cole.
 And yet could I, if so it were my minde,
 For harmony, fet al these babes to schole,
 And sing such notes, as might in euery kinde
 Disgrace them quight, and make their corage coole
 But should I so? no no so wil I not.
 Let brutish beasts, heare such brute birds as those.
 (For like to like, the prouerbe faith I wot)
 And should I then, my cunning skil disclose?
 For such vnkinde, as let the cuckowe flye,
 To sucke mine eggs, whiles I sit in the thicke?
 And rather praise, the chattering of a pye,
 Than hir that sings, with brest against a pricke?
 Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes talke,
 The iangling Iay, for that becomes them wel.
 And in the silent night then let them walke,
 To heare the Owle, how she doth shryche and yel.
 And from henceforth, I wil no more constraîne
 My pleasant voice, to sounde, at their request.
 But shrowd myself, in darkefome night and raine,
 And learne to cowche, ful close vpon my neast.
 Yet if I chauce, at any time (percase)
 To sing a note, or twaine for my disporte,
 It shalbe done, in some such secret place,
 That fewe or none, may thervnto resorte.
 These flatterers, (in loue) which falshood meane,
 Not once aproch, to heare my pleasant song.
 But such as true, and stedfast louers bene,
 Let them come neare, for else they do me wrong.
 And as I gesse, not many miles from hence,
 There stands a squire, with pangs of sorrow prest,
 For whom I dare, auowe (in his defence)
 He is as true, (in Loue) as is the best.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting al this night :
 And with that word, she gan to cleare hir throate.
 But such a liuely song (now by this light)

Yet neuer hearde I fuch another note.
 It was (thought me) fo pleafant and fo plaine,
Orphæus harpe, was neuer halfe fo fweete,
Tereu, Tereu, and thus ſhe gan to plaine,
 Moſt piteouſly, which made my hart to greeue,

Hir ſecond note, was *fy, fy, fy, fy, fy*,
 And that ſhe did, in pleafant wife repeate,
 With fweete reports, of heauenly harmonie,
 But yet it ſeemd, hir gripes of grieſe were greate.
 For when ſhe had, fo ſoong and taken breath,
 Then ſhould you heare, hir heauy hart fo throbbe,
 As though it had bene, ouercome with death,
 And yet alwayes, in euery ſigh and ſobbe,

She ſhewed great ſkil, for tunes of vnifone,
 Hir *Iug, Iug, Iug*, (in grieſe) had ſuch a grace.
 Then ſtinted ſhe, as if hir ſong were done.
 And ere that paſt, not ſul a furlong ſpace,
 She gan againe, in melodie to melt,
 And many a note, ſhe warbled wondrous wel.
 Yet can I not (although my hart ſhould ſwelt)
 Remember al, which hir fweete tong did tel.

But one ſtrange note, I noted with the reſt
 And that faide thus: *Nemefis, Nemefis*,
 The which me thought, came boldly from hir breſt,
 As though ſhe blamde, (therby) ſome thing amiſſe.

Short tale to make, hir finging founded ſo,
 And pleaſde mine eares, with ſuch varietie,
 That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,
 Which I my ſelfe felt in my fantaſie)
 I ſtoode aſtoynde, and yet therwith content,
 Wiſhing in hart that (ſince I might aduant,
 Of al hir ſpeech to knowe the plaine entent,
 Which grace hirſelfe, or elſe the Gods did graunt)
 I might therwith, one furder fauor craue,
 To vnderſtand, what hir ſwete notes might meane.
 And in that thought, (my whole deſire to haue)

I fell on sleepe, as I on staffe did leane.
 And in my slomber, had I such a sight,
 As yet to thinke theron doth glad my minde.
 Me thought I sawe a derling of delight,
 A stately Nimph, a dame of heauenly kinde.
 Whose glittering gite, so glimfed in mine eyes,
 As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,
 Ne therewithal, my wits can wel deuise,
 To whom I might hir louely lookes compare.
 But trueth to tel, (for al hir smyling cheere)
 She cast sometymes, a grieuous frowning glance,
 As who would say : by this it may appeare,
 That *Iust reuenge*, is *Prest for euery chance*,
 In hir right hand, (which to and fro did shake)
 She bare a skourge, with many a knottie string,
 And in hir left, a snaffle Bit or brake,
 Bebest with gold, and many a gingling ring :
 She came apace, and stately did she stay,
 And whiles I seemd, amazed very much,
 The courteous dame, these words to me did say :
 Sir Squire (quoth she) since thy desire is such,
 To vnderstande, the notes of *Phylomene*,
 (For so she hight, whom thou calst Nightingale)
 And what the founde, of euery note might meane,
 Giue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.

The Gods are good, they heare the hartly prayers,
 Of such as craue without a craftie wil,
 With fauour eke, they furder such affaires,
 As tende to good, and meane to do none ill.
 And since thy words, were grounded on desire,
 Wherby much good, and little harme can growe,
 They graunted haue, the thing thou didst require,
 And louingly, haue sent me here by lowe,
 To paraphrase, the piteous pleasant notes,
 Which *Phylomene*, doth darkely spend in spring,
 For he that wel, *Dan Nasocs* verses notes,
 Shall finde my words to be no fained thing.
 Giue eare (sir Squire quoth she) and I wil, tel
 Both what she was, and how hir fortunes fel.

The fable of Philomela.



TN *Athens* reignde somtimes,
A king of worthy fame,
VVho kept in courte a stately
traine,
Pandyon was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen,
No holly breade of happe,
(I meane such fruts as make men thinke
They fit in fortunes lappe).

Then had his golden giftes,
Lyen dead with him in toombe.
Ne but himfelfe had none endure,
The daunger of his doome.

But smyling lucke, bewicht,
This peerelesse Prince to thinke,
That poyson cannot be conueyde
In draughts of pleasant drinke.

And kinde became so kind,
That he two daughters had,
Of bewtie such and so wel giuen,
As made their father gladde.

*See : see : how highest harmes,
Do lurke in ripest Ioyes,
How couertly doth sorow shrowde,
In trymmest worldly toyes.*

These iewels of his ioy,
 Became his caufe of care,
 And bewtie was the guileful bayte,
 VVhich caught their liues in Snare.

For *Tereus* Lord of *Thrace*,
 Bycaufe he came of kings,
 (So weddings made for worldly welth
 Do feme triumphant things)

VVas thought a worthy matche,
Pandyons heire to wedde:
 VVhose eldest daughter chofen was,
 To ferue this king in bedde.

That virgine *Progne* hight,
 And she by whom I meane,
 To tell this woful *Tragedie*,
 VVas called *Phylomene*.

¶ The wedding rytes performde,
 The feasting done and past,
 To *Thrace* with his new wedded spoufe
 He turneth at the last.

VVhere many dayes in mirth,
 And iolytie they spent,
 Both fatiffied with deepe delight,
 And cloyde with al content.

¶ At last the dame desirde
 Hir fister for to see,
 Such coles of kindly loue did feme
 VVithin hir brest to be.

She praies hir Lorde, of grace,
 He graunts to hir request,
 And hoist vp saile, to feke the coaste.
 VVhere *Phylomene* doth rest.

He past the foming seas,
 And findes the pleafant porte,
 Of *Athens* towne, which guided him
 To King *Pandyons* court.

There : (louingly receivde,
 And) welcomde by the king,
 He shewde the cause, which thither then
 Did his ambassade bring.

His father him embrast,
 His sifter kist his cheeke,
 In al the court his comming was
 Reioyst of euerie Greeke.

*O see the sweete deceit,
 Which blindeth worldly wits,
 How common peoples loue by lumps,
 And fancie comes by fits.*

*The foe in friendly wise,
 Is many times embraste,
 And he which meanes most faith and troth
 By grudging is disgrast.*

¶ Faire *Phylomene* came forth
 In comely garments cladde,
 As one whom newes of sisters helth
 Had moued to be gladde,

Or womans wil (perhappes)
 Enflamde hir haughtie harte,
 To get more grace by crummes of cost,
 And princke it out hir parte.

VVhom he no fooner sawe
 (I meane this *Thracian* prince)
 But streight therwith his fancies fume
 All reason did conuince.

And as the blazing bronde,
 Might kindle rotten reeds :
 Euen fo hir looke a secret flame,
 Within his bosome breedes.

He thinks al leysure long
 Til he (with hir) were gone,
 And hir he makes to moue the mirth,
 VVhich after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent
 And if he cravde too much,
 He then excusde him selfe, and faide
 That *Prognos* words were such.

His teares confirmed all
 Teares : like to sisters teares,
 As who shuld say by these fewe drops
 Thy sisters grieffe appears.

So finely could he faine,
 That wickednesse seemde wit,
 And by the lawde of his pretence,
 His lewdnesse was acquit.

Yea *Phylomene* fet forth
 The force of his request,
 And cravde (with sighes) hir fathers leaue
 To be hir sisters guest.

And hoong about his necke
 And collingly him kist,
 And for hir welth did feke the woe
 VVherof she little wist.

Meane while stooode *Tereus*,
 Beholding their affectes
 And made those pricks (for his desire
 A spurre in al respects.

And wisht himselfe hir fire,
 VWhen she hir fire embrast,
 For neither kith nor kin could then
 Haue made his meaning chaf.

¶ The *Grecian* king had not
 The powre for to denay,
 His own deare child, and sonne in lawe
 The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles,
 To thanke him on hir knee,
 Supposing that for good succeffe,
 VWhich hardest hadde must be.

But (least my tale seeme long)
 Their shipping is preparte :
 And to the shore this aged Greeke,
 Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)
 He vsde this parting speech :
 Daughter (quoth he) you haue desire
 Your sistes court to seech.

Your sifter seemes likewise,
 Your companie to craue,
 That craue you both, and *Tereus* here
 The selfe same thing would haue.

Ne coulde I more withstande
 So many deepe desires,
 But this (quoth he) remember al
 Your father you requires,

And thee (my sonne of *Thrace*,)
 I constantly coniure,
 By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,
 And al that seemeth fure,

That father like, thou fende
 My daughter deare from scathe,
 And (since I counte al leafure long)
 Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my *Phylomene*,
 (Quoth he) come soone againe,
 Thy sisters absence puts thy fyre,
 To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kist hir cheeke,
 And sent a second kisse
 For *Progne*s part, and (bathde with teares)
 His daughter doth he bliffe.

And tooke the *Thracians* hand
 For token of his truth,
 VVho rather laught his teares to scorn,
 Than wept with him for ruth.

The fayles are fully spredde,
 And winds did ferue at will,
 And forth this traitour king conueies
 His praie in prison still.

Ne could the *Barbrous* bloud,
 Conceale his filthy fyre,
Hey: Victorie (quoth he) my shippe
 Is fraught with my desire.

VVherewith he fixt his eyes,
 Vppon hir fearefull face,
 And stil behelde hir gestures all,
 And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a fide,
 But like the cruel catte
 VVhich gloating casteth many a glance
 Vpon the felly ratte.

¶ VVhy hold I long difcourfe?
 They now are come on lande,
 And forth of fhip the feareful wenche
 He leadeth by the hande.

Vnto a felly throwde,
 A fheepecote clofely builte
 Amid the woodds, where many a lamb
 Their guiltleffe bloud had fpilte,

There (like a lambe,) fhe floode,
 And askte with trimbling voice,
 VVhere *Progne* was, whose only fight
 Might make hir to reioyce.

VVherewith this caytife king
 His luft in lewdneffe lapt,
 And with his filthy fraude ful faft
 This fimple mayde entrapt.

And forth he floong the raines,
 Vnbridling blinde defire,
 And ment of hir chaft minde to make
 A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)
 VVith force he hir fuppreft,
 And made hir yelde the wicked weede
 VVhose flowre he liked beft.

*What could the virgine doe?
 She could not runne away,
 Whose forward fete, his harmfull hands
 With furious force did flay.*

*Ahlas what should fhe fight?
 Fewe women win by fight:
 Hir weapons were but weake (god knows)
 And he was much of might.*

THE COMPLAINT

*It booted not to crie,
 Since helpe was not at hande,
 And flil before hir feareful face,
 Hir cruel foe did stande.*

*And yet she (weeping cride)
 Vppon hir sisters name,
 Hir fathers, and hir brothers (oh)
 Whose facte did foyle hir fame.*

*And on the Gods she calde,
 For helpe in hir distresse,
 But al in vaine he wrought his wil
 Whose lust was not the lesse.*

¶ *The filthie fact once done,
 He gaue hir leaue to greete,
 And there she fat much like a birde
 New scape from falcons feete.*

*Whose blood embrues hir selfe,
 And fitts in sorie plight,
 Ne dare she proine hir plumes again,
 But feares a second flight.*

*At last when hart came home,
 Discheveld as she fate,
 VWith hands vphelde, she tried hir tongue,
 To wreake hir wooful state.*

*O Barbrous blood (quoth she)
 By Barbrous deeds disgrast,
 Coulede no kinde coale, nor pitties sparke,
 Within thy brest be plaste?*

*Could not my fathers hests,
 Nor my most ruthful teares,
 My maydenhoode, nor thine own yoke,
 Affright thy minde with feares?*

*Could not my sisters loue
Once quench thy filthy lust?
Thou foilst vs al, and eke thy selfe,
We griev'd, and thou vniust.*

*By thee I haue defilde
My dearest sisters bedde
By thee I compt the life but lost,
Which too too long I ledde.*

*By thee (thou Bigamus)
Our fathers grieffe must growe,
Who daughters twain, (and two too much)
Vppon thee did bestowe.*

*But since my faulte, thy faulte,
My fathers iust offence,
My sisters wrong, with my reproche,
I cannot so dispence.*

*If any Gods be good.
If right in heauen do raigne,
If right or wrong may make reuenge,
Thou shalt be paide againe.*

*And (wicked) do thy wurst,
Thou canst no more but kil:
And oh that death (before this gilte)
Had ouercome my will.*

*Then might my soule beneath,
Haue triumpht yet and faide,
That though I died discontent,
I liude and dide a mayde.*

¶ Herewith hir swelling sobbes,
Did tie hir tong from talke,
Whiles yet the *Thracian tyrant* (there)
To heare these words did walke.

And skornefully he cast
 At hir a frowning glaunce,
 VVhich made the mayde to striue for spech,
 And stertling from hir traunce,

¶ *F will reuenge (quoth she)*
For here I shake off shame,
And wil (my selfe) bewray this facte
Therby to foile thy fame.

Amidde the thickest throngs
(If I haue leaue to go)
I will pronounce this bloudie deede,
And blotte thine honor so.

If I in deserts dwel,
The woods, my words shall heare,
The holts, the hilles, the craggie rocks,
Shall witnesse with me beare.

I will so fil the ayre
With noyse of this thine acte,
That gods and men in heauen and earth
Shal note the naughtie facte.

¶ These words amazde the king,
 Conscience with choller straue,
 But rage so rackte his restles thought,
 That now he gan to raue.

And from his sheath a knife
 Ful despratly he drawes,
 VVherwith he cut the guiltlesse tong
 Out of hir tender iawes.

The tong that rubde his gall,
 The tong that tolde but truthe,
 The tong that movde him to be mad,
 And should haue moued ruth.

And from his hand with spight
 This trustie tongue he cast,
 VVhose roote, and it (to wreake this wrong)
 Did wagge yet wondrous fast.

So stirres the serpents taile
 VVhen it is cut in twaine,
 And so it seemes that weakeft willes,
 (By words) would ease their paine.

I blush to tell this tale,
 But sure best books say this :
 That yet the butcher did not blush
 Hir bloody mouth to kisse.

And ofte hir bulke embrast,
 And ofter quencht the fire,
 VVhich kindled had the furnace first,
 Within his foule desire.

Not herewithal content,
 To *Progne* home he came,
 VVho askt him streight of *Philomene* :
 He (fayning grieffe of game,)

Burst out in bitter teares,
 And sayde the dame was dead,
 And falsely tolde, what wery life
 Hir father (for hir) ledde

The *Thracian* Queene cast off
 Hir gold, and gorgeous weede,
 And drest in dole, bewailde hir death
 VVhom she thought dead in dede.

A sepulchre she builds
 (But for a liuing corse,)
 And praide the gods on sisters soule
 To take a iust remorse :

And offred sacrifice,
 To all the powers aboue.
 Ah traiterous *Thracian Tereus*,
 This was true force of loue.

¶ The heauens had whirld aboute
 Twelue yeares in order due
 And twelue times euery flowre and plant,
 Their liueries did renew,

VWhiles *Philomene* full close
 In shepcote stil was clapt,
 Enforst to bide by stonie walles
 VWhich fast (in hold) hir hapt.

And as those walles forbadde
 Hir feete by flight to scape,
 So was hir tong (by knife) restrainde,
 For to reueale this rape

No remedie remaynde
 But only womans witte,
 VWhich fodainly in queintest chance,
 Can best it selfe acquit.

And Miserie (amongst)
Tenne thousand mischieues moe,
Learnes pollicie in practises,
As prooffe makes men to knowe.

VWith curious needle worke,
 A garment gan she make,
 Wherin she wrote what bale she bode,
 And al for bewties fake.

This garment gan she giue
 To trustie Seruants hande,
 VWho streight conueid it to the queen
 Of *Thracian Tirants* lande.

VWhen *Progne* red the writ,
 (A wondrous tale to tell)
 She kept it close : though malice made
 Hir venging hart to swell.

And did deferre the deede,
 Til time and place might ferue,
 But in hir minde a sharpe reuenge,
 She fully did referue.

*O silence feldome feene,
 That women counsell keepe,
 The cause was this, she wakt hir wits
 And lulde hir tong on sleepe.*

I speake against my fex,
 So haue I done before,
 But truth is truth, and muste be tolde
 Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yeres rytes renewed,
 VWhich *Bacchus* to belong,
 And in that night the queene prepares
 Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in *Bacchus* gite)
 VWith sworde hir selfe doth arme,
 VWith wreathes of vines about hir browes
 And many a needles charme.

And forth in furie flings,
 Hir handmaidens following fast,
 Vntil with hastie steppes she founde
 The shepecote at the last.

There howling out aloude,
 As *Bacchus* priests do crie,
 She brake the dores, and found the place
 VWhere *Philomene* did lye.

And toke hir out by force,
 And drest hir *Bacchus* like,
 And hid hir face with boughes and leaues
 (For being knowen by like.)

And brought hir to hir house,
 But when the wretch it knewe,
 That now againe she was so neere
 To *Tereus* vntrue.

She trembled oft for dreade,
 And lookt like ashes pale.
 But *Progne* (now in priuie place)
 Set silence al to fale,

And tooke the garments off,
 Discouering first hir face,
 And sifter like did louingly
 Faire *Phylomene* embrace.

There she (by shame abasht)
 Held downe hir weeping eyes,
 As who should say: *Thy right (by me)*
Is reste in wrongful wife.

And down on the ground she falles,
 VWhich ground she kist hir fill,
 As witnesse that the filthie facte
 VWas done against hir wil.

And cast hir hands to heauen,
 In steede of tong to tell,
 VWhat violence the lecher vsde,
 And how hee did hir quell.

VWherewith the Queene brake off
 Hir piteous pearcing plainte,
 And sware with sworde (no teares) to venge
 The crafte of this constrainte.

Or if (quoth she) there bee
 Some other meane more fure,
 More stearne, more stoute, then naked sword
 Some mischiefe to procure,

I sweare by al the Gods,
 I shall the same embrace,
 To wreake this wrong with bloudie hande
 Vppon the king of *Thrace*.

Ne will I spare to spende
 My life in sisters cause,
 In sisters? ah what faide I wretch?
 My wrong shall lende me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,
 VVith al the princes pelfe,
 And in the midft of flaming fire,
 VVil caste the king him selfe.

I wil scrat out those eyes,
 That taught him first to lust,
 Or teare his tong from traitors throte,
 Oh that reuenge were iust.

Or let me carue with knife,
 The wicked Instrument,
 VVherewith he, thee, and me abusde
 (I am to mischiefe bent.)

Or sleeping let me seeke
 To fende the foule to hel,
 VVhose barbarous bones for filthy force,
 Did seeme to beare the bel.

¶ These words and more in rage
 Pronounced by this dame,
 Hir little sonne came leaping in
 VVhich *Ftis* had to name.

VVhose prefence, could not please
 For (vewing well his face,)
 Ah wretch (quoth she) how like he groweth
 Vnto his fathers grace.

And therewithal resolvde
 A rare reuenge in deede
 VVheron to thinke (withouten words)
 My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,
 And cheerefully did smile,
 And hung about his mothers necke
 VVith easie weight therewhile,

And kist (as children vse)
 His angrie mothers cheeke,
 Her minde was movde to much remorse
 And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could she teares refrayne,
 But wept against hir will,
 Such tender rewth of innocence,
 Hir cruell moode did kill.

At last (so furie wrought)
 VVithin hir brest she felt,
 That too much pitie made hir minde
 To womanlike to melt,

And saw hir sister sit,
 VVith heauy harte and cheere,
 And now on hir, and then on him,
 Full lowringly did leare,

Into these words she brust
 (Quoth she) why flatters he?
 And why againe (with tong cut out)
 So sadly sitteth shee?

He, mother, mother, calles,
 She fifter cannot fay,
 That one in earnest doth lament,
 That other whines in plaie.

Pandions line (quoth she)
 Remember fil your race,
 And neuer marke the subtil shewes
 Of any Soule in *Thrace*.

You should degenerate,
 If right reuenge you flake,
 More right reuenge can neuer bee,
 Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,
 Al mischiefe vnder skies,
 VVere pietie compar'd to that
 VVhich *Tereus* did deuife.

¶ She holds no longer hande,
 But (*Tygrelike*) she toke
 The little boy ful boistroufly
 VVho now for terror quooke .

And (crauing mothers helpe,)
 She (mother) toke a blade,
 And in hir sonnes smal tender hart
 An open wound she made.

The cruel dede dispatcht,
 Betwene the sisters twaine
 They tore in peces quarterly
 The corps which they had flaine.

Some part they hoong on hooks,
 The rest they laide to fire,
 And on the table caused it,
 Be set before the fire.

And counterfaite a cause
 (As *Grecians* order then)
 That at fuch feasts (but onely one)
 They might abide no men.

He knowing not their crafte,
 Sat downe alone to eate,
 And hungerly his owne warme bloud
 Deuoured then for meate.

His ouersight was fuch,
 That he for *Itis* sent,
 VVose murdered members in his mawe,
 He priuily had pent.

No longer *Progne* then,
 Hir ioy of grieffe could hide,
 The thing thou seekst (ò wretch
 VVithin thee doth abide. (quoth she)

VVherwith (he waxing wroth)
 And searching for his sonne)
 Came forth at length, faire *Philomene*
 By whom the grieffe begonne,

And (clokt in *Bacchus* copes,
 VVherwith she then was cladde,)
 In fathers bosom cast the head
 Of *Itis* felly ladde :

Nor euer in hir life
 Had more desire to speake,
 Than now : wherby hir madding mood
 Might al hir malice wreake.

¶ The *Thracian* prince stert vp,
 VVhose hart did boyle in brest,
 To feele the foode, and see the sawce,
 VVhich he could not digest.

And armed (as he was)
 He followed both the *Greekes*,
 On whom (by smarte of sword, and flame)
 A sharpe reuenge he fekes.

But when the heauenly benche,
 These bloudie deedes did see,
 And found that bloud stil couits bloud
 And so none ende could be.

They then by their forfight
 Thought meete to stinte the strife,
 And so restrained the murdring king,
 From sifter and from wife.

So that by their decree,
 The yongest daughter fledde
 Into the thicks, where couertly,
 A cloister life she ledde.

And yet to ease hir woe,
 She worthily can sing,
 And as thou hearst, can please the eares
 Of many men in spring.

The eldest dame and wife
 A *Swallowe* was affignde,
 And builds in smoky chimney toppes
 And flies against the winde.

The king him selfe condemnde,
 A *Lapwing* for to be,
 VVho for his yong ones cries alwais,
 Yet neuer can them see.

The lad a Pheasaunt cocke
 For his degree hath gaine,
 VVhose blouddie plumes declare the bloud
 VVherwith his face was staine.

¶ But there to turne my tale,
 The which I came to tell,
 The yongest dame to forrests fled,
 And there is dampnde to dwell.

An exposition of al such notes as the nightingale dot[h] commonly vse to sing.

And *Nightingale* now namde
 VWhich (*Philomela* hight)
 Delights for (feare of force againe)
 To sing alwayes by night.

But when the funne to west,
 Doth bende his weerie course,
 Then *Phylomene* records the rewth,
 VWhich craueth iust remorse.

1 And for hir foremost note,
Tereu Tereu, doth sing,
 Complaining stil vppon the name
 Of that false *Thracian* king.

Much like the childe at schole
 VVith byrchen rodde fore beaten,
 If when he go to bed at night
 His maister chaunce to threaten,

In euery dreame he starts,
 And (ô good maister) cries,
 Euen so this byrde vppon that name,
 Hir foremost note replies.

Or as the red breast byrds,
 VVhome prettie *Merlynes* hold,
 Ful fast in foote, by winters night
 To fende themselues from colde :

Though afterwards the hauke
 For pitie let them scape,
 Yet al that day, they fede in feare,
 And doubte a second rape.

And in the nexter night,
 Ful many times do crie,
 Remembring yet the ruthful plight
 VVherein they late did lye.

Euen so this felly byrde,
 Though now tranfformde in kinde,
 Yet euermore hir pangs forepafst,
 She beareth ftill in minde.

And in hir foremost note,
 She notes that cruel name,
 By whom she loft hir pleafant fpeech
 And foiled was in fame.

z ¶ Hir fecond note is *fye*,
 In Greeke and latine *phy*,
 In english *fy*, and euey tong
 That euer yet read I.

VVhich word declares difdaine,
 Or lothfome leying by
 Of any thing we tafst, heare, touche,
 Smel, or beholde with eye.

In tafst, phy fheweth fome fowre,
 In hearing, fome difcorde,
 In touch, fome foule or filthy toye,
 In fmel, fome fent abhorde.

In fight, fome lothfome loke,
 And euey kind of waie,
 This byword phy betokneth bad,
 And things to caft away.

So that it feemes hir well,
Phy, phy, phy, phy, to fing,
 Since *phy* befitteth him fo well
 In euey kind of thing.

Phy filthy lecher lewde,
 Phy false vnto thy wife,
 Phy coward phy, (on womankind)
 To vse thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde
 Eye fierce, and foule forsworne,
 Phy monster made of murdring mould
 Whose like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,
 Phy ouerthrowe of youth,
 Phy mirrour of mischeuoufnesse,
 Phy, tipe of al vntruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,
 Phy forging fyne excuse,
 Phy periury, fy blasphemy,
 Phy bed of al abuse.

These phyces, and many moe,
 Pore *Philomene* may meane,
 And in hir selfe she findes percase
 Some *phy* that was vncleane.

For though his fowle offence,
 May not defended bee,
 Hir sister yet, and she trangrest,
 Though not so deepe as he.

His doome came by deserte,
 Their dedes grewe by disdaine,
 But men must leaue reuenge to Gods,
 What wrong foeuer raigne.

Then *Progne* phy for thee,
 Which kildst thine only child,
 Phy on the cruel crabbed heart
 Which was not moude with milde.

Phy phy, thou clofe conveydft
 A fecret il vnfene,
 Where (good to kepe in councel clofe)
 Had putrifide thy fplene.

Phy on thy fifters faete,
 And phy hir felfe doth fting,
 VVhose lack of tong nere toucht hir fo
 As when it could not fting.

Phy on vs both faith fhe,
 The father onely faulted,
 And we (the father free therwhile)
 The felly fonne affalted.

3 ¶ The next note to hir phy
 Is *Iug, Iug, Iug*, I geffe,
 That might I leaue to latynifts,
 By learning to exprefse.

Some commentaries make
 About it much adoe:
 If it fhould onely *Iugum* meane
 Or *Fugulator* too.

Some thinke that *Iugum* is
 The *Iug*, fhe iugleth fo,
 But *Iugulator* is the word
 That doubleth al hir woe.

For when fhe thinkes thereon,
 She beares them both in minde,
 Him, breaker of his bonde in bed,
 Hir, killer of hir kinde.

As faft as furies force
 Hir thoughts on him to thinke,
 So faft hir confcience chöks hir vp,
 And wo to wrong doth linke.

At laſt (by grieſe conſtrainde)
It boldly breaketh out,
And makes the hollow woods to ring
VVith *Eccho* round about.

4 ¶ Hir next moſt note (to note)
I neede no helpe at al,
For I my ſelfe the partie am
On whom ſhe then doth call.

She calles on *Nèmeſis*
And *Nèmeſis* am I,
The Goddeſſe of al iuſt reuenge,
VVho let no blame go by.

This bridle boſt with gold,
I beare in my left hande,
To holde men backe in raſheſt rage,
Vntil the cauſe be ſcand.

And ſuch as like that bitte
And beare it willingly,
May ſcape this ſcourge in my right hand
Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,
And ſcorne to beare my yoke,
Oft times they buy the roſt ful deare,
It ſmelleth of the ſmoke.

This is the cauſe (ſir Squire
Quoth ſhe) that *Phylomene*
Doth cal ſo much vpon my name,
She to my lawes doth leane :

She feeles a iuſt reuenge.
Of that which ſhe hath done,
Conſtrainde to vſe the day for night,
And makes the moone hir funne.

Ne can she now complaine,
 (Although she lost hir tong)
 For since that time, ne yet before,
 No byrde so fwetely soong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,
 To countervaile hir woe,
 I sat on bench in heauen my selfe
 VVhen it was graunted fo.

And though hir foe be fledde,
 But whither knows not she,
 And like hir selfe transformed eke
 A feely byrde to bee :

On him this sharpe reuenge
 The Gods and I did take,
 He neither can beholde his brats,
 Nor is belovde of make.

As foone as coles of kinde
 Haue warmed him to do
 The felly shift of dewties dole
 VVhich him belongeth to :

His hen straight way him hates,
 And flieth farre him fro,
 And close conueis hir eggs from him,
 As from hir mortal foe.

As sone as she hath hatcht,
 Hir little yong ones runne,
 For feare their dame should serue them este,
 As *Progne* had begonne.

And rounde about the fields
 The furious father flies,
 To seke his sonne, and filles the ayre
 VVith loude lamenting cries.

This lothfome life he leads
 By our almightie dome,
 And thus fings ſhe, where company
 But very feldome come.

Now left my faithful tale
 For fable ſhould be taken,
 And therevpon my curteſie,
 By thee might be forfaken :

Remember al my words,
 And beare them wel in minde,
 And make thereof a metaphore,
 So ſhalt thou quickly finde.

Both profite and paſtime,
 In al that I thee tel :
 I knowe thy ſkil wil ferue therto,
 And ſo (quoth ſhe) farewell.

Wherewith (me thought) ſhe flong ſo faſt
 away,
 That ſcarce I could, hir ſeemely ſhaddowe ſee.
 At laſt : myſtaffe (which was mine onely ſtay)
 Did flippe, and I, muſt needes awaked be,
 Againſt my wil did I (God knowes) awake,
 For willingly I could my ſelfe content,
 Seuē dayes to ſleepe for *Philomelās* ſake,
 So that my ſleepe in ſuch ſwete thoughts were ſpent.
 But you my Lord which reade this ragged verſe,
 Forgiue the faults of my ſo ſleepy muſe,
 Let me the heaſt of *Nemefis* rehearſe,

The au-
 thor conti-
 nevveth
 his diſ-
 courſe and
 concludeth.

For fure I fee, much fenfe therof enfues.
 I feeme to fee (my Lord) that lechers luft,
 Procures the plague, and vengauce of the higheft,
 I may not fay, but God is good and iuft,
 Although he fcouge the furdeft for the nigheft :
 The fathers fault lights fometime on the fonne,
 Yea foure difcents it beares the burden ftill,
 Whereby it falles (when vaine delight is done)
 That dole fteppees in and wieldes the world at wil.
 O whoredom, whoredome, hope for no good happe,
 The beft is bad that lights on leechery
 And (al wel weyed) he fits in Fortunes lappe,
 Which feeles no fharpier fcouge than beggery.
 You princes peeres, you comely courting knights,
 Which vfe al arte to marre the maidens mindes,
 Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,
 Which bewtie force, to loofe what bountie bindes :
 Thinke on the fcouge that *Némefis* doth beare,
 Remember this, that God (although he winke)
 Doth fee al finnes that euer fecret were.
 (*Væ vobis*) then which ftill in finne do finke.
 Gods mercy lends you brydles for defire,
 Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,
 The flefh may fpurre to euerlafting fire,
 But fure, that horfe which tyreth like a roile,
 And lothes the grieve of his forgalded fides,
 Is better, much than is the harbrainde colte
 Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,
 But hunttes for finne in euery hil and holte.
 He which is fingle, let him spare to fpil
 The flowre of force, which makes a famous man :
 Left when he comes to matrimonies will,
 His fynest graine be burnt, and ful of branne.
 He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,
 Be wel content with that which may fuffyfe,
 And (were no God) yet feare of worldly strife
 Might make him lothe the bed where *Lays* lies :
 For though *Pandyons* daughter *Progne* fhee,
 Were fo tranfformde into a fethered foule,

Yet seemes she not withouten heires to be,
 Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can scoule,
 And beare in brest a right reuenging mode,
 Til time and place, may serue to worke their will.
 Yea surely some, the best of al the broode
 (If they had might) with furious force would kil.
 But force them not, whose force is not to force.
 And way their words as blasts of bluftring winde,
 VVhich comes ful calme, when stormes are past by
 course :

Yet God about that can both lose and bynde,
 VVil not so soone appeased be therefore,
 He makes the male, of female to be hated,
 He makes the fire go fighting wondrous fore,
 Because the sonne of such is feldome rated.
 I meane the sonnes of such rash sinning fires,
 Are feldome sene to runne a ruly race.
 But plagude (be like) by fathers foule desires
 Do gadde a broade, and lacke the guide of grace.
 Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,
 And howles and cries to see his children stray,
 Where he him selfe (and no man better) mought
 Haue taught his bratts to take a better way.
 Thus men (my Lord) be *Metamorphosed*,
 From seemely shape, to byrds, and ougly beastes :
 Yea brauest dames, (if they amisse once tredde)
 Finde bitter sauce, for al their pleafant feasts.
 They must in fine condemned be to dwell
 In thickest vnseene, in mewes for minyons made,
 Vntil at last, (if they can *bryde it wel*)
 They may *chop chalke*, and take some better trade.
 Beare with me (Lord) my lusting dayes are done,
 Fayre *Phylomene* forbad me fayre and flat
 To like such loue, as is with lust begonne.
 The lawful loue is best, and I like that.
 Then if you see, that (Lapwinglike) I chaunce,
 To leape againe, beyond my lawful reache,
 I take hard taske) or but to giue a glaunce,
 At bewties blafe : for such a wilful breache,

Of promise made, my Lord shal do no wrong,
To say (*George*) thinke on *Philomelâes* song.

FINIS.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

AND thus my very good L. may se how coblerlike I haue clouted a new patch to an olde sole, beginning this complainte of *Philomene*, in Aprill, 1562, continuing it a little further in Aprill. 1575 and now thus finished this thirde day of Aprill. 1576.

Al which mine April showers are humbly sent vnto your good Lordship, for that I hope very shortly to see the May flowers of your fauour, which I desire, more than I can deserue. And yet rest

*Your Lordships bownden
and assured.*





English Reprints.

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER.

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

Ready.

I. JOHN MILTON.

(1) A decree of Starre-Chamber, concerning Printing, made the eleuenth day of July last past. London, 1637.

(2) An Order of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament for the regulating of Printing, &c. London, 14 June, 1643.

(3) *AREOPAGITICA*; A spech of Mr. John Milton for the liberty of Vnlicenc'd Printing, to the Parliament of England. London [24 November], 1644. Sixpence.

2. HUGH LATIMER, Bp. of Worcester.

SERMON ON THE PLOUGHERS. A notable Sermon of ye reuerende father Master Hughe Latimer, whiche he preached in ye Shrouds at paules church in London, on the xviii daye of Januarye. ¶ The yere of oure Lorde MDXLviii. Sixpence.

3. STEPHEN GOSSON, Stud. Oxon.

(1) *THE SCHOOLE OF ABUSE.* Containing a pleasaunt invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth; Setting up the Flagge of Defiance to their mischievous exercise, and ouerthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason, and common experience. A discourse as pleasaunt for gentlemen that fauour learning, as profitable for all that wyll follow vertue. London [August?] 1579.

(2) *AN APOLOGIE OF THE SCHOOLE OF ABUSE,* against Poets, Pipers, and their Excusers. London, [December?] 1579. Sixpence.

4. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

AN APOLOGIE FOR POETRIE. Written by the right noble, vertuous, and learned Sir Phillip Sidney, Knight. London, 1595. Sixpence.

5. **E. WEBBE, Chief Master Gunner.**

The rare and most wonderful things which Edward Webbe an Englishman borne, hath seene and passed in his troublesome trauailes, in the Citties of Ierusalem, Dammasko, Bethelem, and Galely: and in the Landes of Iewrie, Egipt, Gtecia, Russia, and in the land of Prester Iohn. Wherein is set foorth his extreame slauerie sustained many yeres together, in the Gallies and wars of the great Turk against the Landes of Persia, Tartaria, Spaine, and Portugall, with the manner of his release-ment, and comming into Englande in May last. London, 1590. **Sixpence.**

6. **JOHN SELDEN.**

TABLE TALK: being the Discourses of John Selden Esq.; or his Sence of various Matters of Weight and High Consequence relating especially to Religion and State. London, 1689. **One Shilling.**

7. **ROGER ASCHAM.**

TOXOPHILUS. The schole of shooting conteyned in two bookes. To all Gentlemen and yomen of Englande, pleasaunte for theyr pastime to rede, and profitable for theyr use to folow, both in war and peace. London, 1545. **One Shilling.**

8. **JOSEPH ADDISON.**

CRITICISM OF MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. From the *Spectator*: being its Saturday issues between 31 December, 1711, and 3 May, 1712. London. **One Shilling.**

9. **JOHN LILLY.**

(1) ¶ *EUPHUES. THE ANATOMY OF WIT.* Verie pleasaunt for all Gentlemen to read, and most necessarie to remember. Wherein are contained the delightes that Wit followeth in his youth by the pleasantnesse of loue, and the happinesse he reapeth in age, by the perfectnesse of Wisedome. London, 1579.

(2) ¶ *EUPHUES AND HIS ENGLAND.* Containing his voyage and aduentures, myxed with sundry pretie discourses of honest Loue, the Discription of the Countrey, the Court, and the manners of that Isle. Delightful to be read, and nothing hurtfull to be regarded: wher-in there is small offence by lightnesse giuen to the wise, and lesse occasion of loosenes proffered to the wanton. London, 1580. **Four Shillings.** [Oct. 1.

10. **GEORGE VILLIERS, Second Duke of Buckingham.**

THE REHEARSAL. As it was Acted at the Theatre Royal. London, 1672. With the readings of subsequent editions up to the author's death, and the passages parodied. One Shilling. [Nov. 1.

11. **GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire.**

(1) A Remembrance of the well employed life, and godly end of George Gaskoigne, Esquire, who deceased at Stalmford in Lincoln shire, the 7 of October 1577. The reporte of GEOR WHETSTONS, Gent an eye witnes of his Godly and charitable End in this world. London 1577.

(2) Certayne notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English, vwritten at the request of Master *Edouardo Donati.* 1575.

(3) *THE STEELE GLAS.* A Satyre compiled by George Gasscoigne Esquire [Written between April 1575 and April 1576]. Together with

(4) *THE COMPLAYNT OF PHYLOMENE.* An Elegye compyled by George Gasscoigne Esquire [between April 1562 and 3rd April 1576.] London 1576.

One Shilling. [Nov. 15.

12. **JOHN EARLE, successively Bishop of Worcester and Salisbury.**

MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE. or, a Peece of the World discovered, in Essayes and Characters. London 1628. With the additions in subsequent editions during the Author's life time. One Shilling. [Dec. 1

Copies will be sent post free by the Publishers on the receipt of

Seven stamps for Sixpenny copies ;

Fourteen Stamps for Shilling copies ;

Fifty-four stamps for *Euphues.*

Uncut copies can be had, at the same price. It will be convenient, if they are ordered in advance.

Handsome cases, in best roan and cloth, Roxburghe style, to contain six of the 'Reprints,' are now ready.

One Shilling each ; post free, Fourteen stamps.

ALEXANDER MURRAY & SON,
30, Queen Square, London, W.C.

CHIEFLY IN SIXPENNY AND SHILLING VOLUMES.

THE 'English Reprints' have proved a greater success than I anticipated. More copies of the several works issued have been already sold in the open market, than have been produced, in the same time, by any Printing Club, by subscription.

I am thereby encouraged to go on with the series, and I trust to bring out, during the remainder of the year, the works announced on pages 1 to 3: so that the first year's issue will contain specimens of—

16th Cent. Ascham, Bp. Latimer, Gascoigne, Gosson, Lilly, E. Webbe, and Sir Philip Sidney.	7
17th Cent. Bp. Earle, Milton, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Selden.	4
18th Cent. Addison.	1—12

If therefore any go about ignorant of thus much of our literature, they only will be to blame: for it seems impossible to reprint these works cheaper. Strange to say, their cheapness militates at present against their universal sale: but this obstacle will doubtless melt away, as the series become more known.

As nothing can foster more the fresh and increasing general study in our language and literature, than the free circulation throughout the country, of *cheap* as well as *accurate* texts; the 'English Reprints' will continue to be issued separately, at the general prices originally announced.

The 'English Reprints' being thus current, all can now most readily avail themselves of the capabilities of English, as a gymnasium of intellect, an instrument of culture; or passing within the Treasure-house of the language, possess themselves of the stored-up precious wealth of thought and fact, the accumulation therein of century after century.

The *Areopagitica* is already read in King's College and other schools: other suitable texts will doubtless be similarly utilized.

I desire to call attention to *Euphuus*. It was last published in 1636. The present impression will contain the two parts, originally issued separately in 1579 and 1580; will be printed from copies supposed to be unique; and will form a volume of between 400 and 500 pages. This work represents a fashion of expression in the Elizabethan age, and gave a word *Euphuism* to the English language. An acquaintance with it, is essential to an accurate knowledge of the literature of the time of Shakespeare.

In conclusion, I tender my sincere thanks to some for their zealous advocacy of the series: and can but hope it may appear to others worthy of like approval and encouragement.

23 April, 1868.

EDWARD ARBER.

Early English Text Society.

Committee of Management:

DANBY P. FRY, Esq.
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq.
FITZEDWARD HALL, Esq.
REV. J. RAWSON LUMBY.
RICHARD MORRIS, Esq.
H. T. PARKER, Esq.

EDWARD B. PEACOCK, Esq.
REV. GEORGE G. PERRY.
REV. WALTER W. SKEAT.
TOULMIN SMITH, Esq.
HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq.
THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq.

(With power to add Workers to their number.)

Honorary Secretary:

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

Bankers:

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON, REGENT STREET BRANCH,
14, ARGYLL PLACE, W.

The Early English Text Society was started in 1864 for the purpose of bringing the mass of the Old English Literature within the reach of the ordinary student, and of wiping away the reproach under which England has long rested of having felt little interest in the monuments of her early life and language.

A large proportion of our early literature is still unprinted, and much that has been printed by exclusive clubs is almost as inaccessible as that which remains in MS. The E. E. T. Soc. desires to print in its Original Series the whole of our unprinted MS. literature, and in its Extra Series to reprint in careful editions all that is most valuable of printed MSS. and early printed books.

The Society's work divides itself into four classes, viz.: I. The Arthurian and other Romances. II. Works illustrative of our Dialects and the history of our Language, including a series of early English Dictionaries. III. Biblical Translations and Religious Treatises. IV. Miscellaneous works of various authors that cannot be included in either of the other three divisions, and having special regard to the illustration of Early English life. By the end of the five years that the Society will have been established next Christmas, it will

have issued to its subscribers Forty-two Texts, most of them of great interest; so much so indeed that the publications of the first three years have been for some time out of print, and a special Fund has had to be opened for reprinting them.

The Publications for 1867 are :—

24. *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils; and other Religious Poems.* Edited from the Lambeth MS. 853, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 3s.
25. *The Stacions of Rome, and the Pilgrims' Sea-voyage and Sea-sickness, with Clene Maydenhod.* Edited from the Vernon and Porkington MSS. etc., by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 2s.
26. *Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse.* Edited from Robert Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440 A.D.) by the Rev. G. G. Perry, M.A. 2s.
27. *Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum, 1570; the earliest Rhyming Dictionary.* Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq. 12s.
28. *Langland's Vision of Piers Plowman, with Vita de Dowel, Dobet, et Dobeest, 1362 A.D. Part I.* The earliest or Vernon Text; Text A. Edited from the Vernon MS., with full collations, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 7s.
29. *Early English Homilies (ab. 1150-1230 A.D.)* from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Edited by R. Morris, Esq. Part I. 7s.
30. *Piers Plowman's Crede.* Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 2s.

The Publications for 1868 will be :—

31. *Mirk's Duties of a Parish Priest, in Verse.* Edited for the first time from the MSS. in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries (ab. 1420 A.D.) by E. Peacock, Esq. 4s.
32. *The Babees Boke, the Children's Book, Urbanitatis, the Bokes of Norture of John Russell and Hugh Rhodes, the Bokes of Keruyng, Cortasye, and Demeanour, etc.,* with some French and Latin Poems on like subjects. Edited from Harleian and other MSS. by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 15s.
33. *The Knight De La Tour Landry, A.D. 1372.* A Father's Book for his Daughters. Edited from the Harleian MS. 1764, and Caxton's Text, by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., and Mr William Rossiter. 8s.
34. *Early English Homilies (ab. 1220-30 A.D.)* from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Edited by R. Morris, Esq. Part II. 8s.
35. *Sir David Lyndesay's Works, Part III.: The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum.* Edited by F. Hall, Esq., D.C.L. 2s.
36. *Merlin, Part III.* Edited by H. B. Wheatley, Esq. [*In the Press.*]

The Publications for 1869 will probably be chosen from the following :—

- English Gilds, 1389 A.D. Edited by Toulmin Smith, Esq. [*Nearly ready.*]
 The Alliterative Romance of the Destruction of Troy, ed. Rev. G. A. Panton.
 Langland's Vision of Piers Plowman, Part II. Text B., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
 Palladius on Husbandrie, from the unique MS., ed. Rev. B. Lodge.
 Lyndesay's Works, Part IV., ed. F. Hall, Esq., D.C.L.
 Catholicon Anglicum. Eng.-Lat. Dict. (A.D. 1480), ed. H. B. Wheatley, Esq.
 Various Poems relating to Sir Gawaine, ed. R. Morris, Esq.
 The Rule of St Benet. Five Texts, ed. R. Morris, Esq.
 The Lay-Folk's Mass-Book, and other Poems, ed. Rev. T. F. Simmons.

The Life of St Juliana. Two texts, ed. Rev. T. O. Cockayne.
 Early English Homilies. Second Series, ed. R. Morris, Esq.
 Mayster Jon Gardener, and Poems on Herbs, ed. Rev. E. Gillett.
 Cato Great and Little, with Proverbs from MSS., ed. Mr E. Brock.

EXTRA SERIES.

The EXTRA SERIES was commenced in 1867 in order to supplement the work of the Original Series. In it will be included those works which have been previously printed, but are now of great rarity. It contains in the two first years two Romances of great interest that have long been out of print, viz., William of Palerne, and Havelok the Dane, besides the first separate print of Chaucer's Prose Works ever issued.

The Publications for 1867 are :—

- I. William of Palerne; or, William and the Werwolf. Re-edited from the unique MS. in King's College, Cambridge, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 13s.
- II. Chaucer's Prose Works. To be edited from the best MSS., with a Preface on the Grammar and Dialect of Chaucer, and Notes, by Richard Morris, Esq. The Translation of Boethius, Sec. 1, and an Essay on the Pronunciation of Chaucer and Shakspeare, by Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part I. [In the Press.]

The Publications for 1868 will be :—

- III. Caxton's Book of Curtesye, in Three Versions: 1, from the unique printed copy in the Cambridge University Library; 2, from the Oriel MS. 79; 3, from the Balliol MS. 354. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 5s.
- IV. Havelok the Dane. Re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., with the sanction and aid of the original editor, Sir Frederick Madden. [In the Press.]
- V. Chaucer's Prose Works. Part II., concluding the Boethius. Edited from the MSS. by R. Morris, Esq. [In the Press.]
- VI. Chaucer's Prose Works, Part III. Treatise on the Astrolabe, edited from the best MSS., by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.

Reprinting fund.

The Publications for the first three years, 1864, 1865, and 1866, are out of print, but a separate subscription has been opened for their immediate reprint, and the Texts for 1864 are now at the press. Subscribers who desire all or either of these years should send their names at once to the Hon. Secretary.

The Publications for 1864 are :—

1. Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1320-30 A.D., ed. R. Morris.
2. Arthur, ab. 1440, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
3. Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c., 1556, ed. F. Hall.
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1320-30, ed. R. Morris.

The Publications for 1865 are :—

5. Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley.
6. Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
7. Genesis and Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. R. Morris.
8. Morte Arthure, ab. 1440, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
9. Thynne on Chaucer's Works, ab. 1598, ed. Dr Kingsley.
10. Merlin, ab. 1450, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
11. Lyndesay's Monarche, &c., 1552, Part I., ed. F. Hall.
12. The Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. Furnivall.

The Publications for 1866 are :—

13. Seinte Marherete, 1200-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
14. King Horn, Floris and Blancheflour, &c., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby.
15. Political, Religious, and Love Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
16. The Book of Quinte Essence, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
17. Parallel Extracts from 29 MSS. of Piers Plowman, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
18. Hali Meidenhad, ab. 1200, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
19. Lyndesay's Monarche, &c., Part II., ed. F. Hall.
20. Hampole's English Prose Treatises, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
21. Merlin, Part II., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
22. Partenay or Lusignen, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
23. Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt, 1340, ed. R. Morris.

A few copies are left of No. 5, Hume's Orthographie, 4s. ; No. 17; Extracts from Piers Plowman, 1s. ; No. 20, Hampole's Treatises, 2s. ; No. 22, Partenay, 6s. ; No. 23, Ayenbite, 10s. 6d.

The Subscription is £1 1s. a year [and £1 1s. (Large Paper, £2 2s.) additional for the EXTRA SERIES], due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid either to the Society's Account at the Union Bank of London, 14, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W., or by post-office order (made payable at the Chief Office, London) to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, Berners Street, London, W.

The Society's Report, January, 1868, with Lists of Texts to be published in future years, etc., etc., can be had on application.

PUBLISHERS AND AGENTS:

LONDON: N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW.
 DUBLIN: WILLIAM McGEE, 18, NASSAU STREET.
 EDINBURGH: T. G. STEVENSON, 22, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET.
 GLASGOW: M. OGLE & CO., 1, ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE.
 BERLIN: ASHER & CO., UNTER DEN LINDEN, 20.
 NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO. LEYPOLDT & HOLT, 451, BROOME STREET.
 PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
 BOSTON, U.S.: DUTTON & CO

The Chaucer Society.

To do honour to CHAUCER, and to let the lovers and students of him see how far the best unprinted Manuscripts of his works differ from the printed texts, this Society is founded. It will deal with the works of no other man—except so far as may be found necessary for the illustration of Chaucer—and will dissolve as soon as all the good Manuscripts of the Poet's Works, and all matter wanted for their illustration, are in type. It is not intended to interfere with any edition of Chaucer's Works past or future, but to supplement them all, and afford material for the improvement of his text. Eight or ten years will suffice, if the Society be well supported, to finish its work.

If men said it was well-done for Lord Vernon to reprint the first four printed texts of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, if we know it is well-done of The Early English Text Society to print the three versions of Chaucer's great contemporary's work, William Langland's *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, it cannot be ill-done of us to print all the best MSS. of the works of him whom all allow among our early men to be the greatest,

“I mene fader chaucer / maister galfryde
Alas the whyle / that euer he from vs dyde

[49]

Redith his werkis / ful of plesauce
Clere in sentence / in langage excellent
Briefly to wryte / suche was his suffysaunce
What euer to saye / he toke in his entente
His langage was so fayr and pertynente
It semeth vnto mannys heerynge
Not only the worde / but verely the thyng.”

Caxton's Book of Curtesye, l. 335—343.

And though collations to one text might suffice for ordinary readers, yet here something may be conceded to the scholar's desire for fullness of material for criticism, to the often expressed wish of editors and students abroad, like Professor Child, of Harvard, for whole texts,* and not collations only, which must often omit variations of spelling, &c., unimportant to one editor, but important to another. There are many questions of metre, pronunciation, orthography, and etymology yet to be settled, for which more prints of Manu-

* The printing of the best texts of Chaucer is a *necessary condition* of a satisfactory edition of his poetry. It is not to gratify a fancy, or to furnish material for simply curious researches, that I, for one, want these texts. I do not myself see how the standard edition of Chaucer can be made, on an enduring basis, until all the best texts are before us. And I want the texts also for general philological purposes.—F. J. CHILD.

scripts are wanted, and it is hardly too much to say that every line of Chaucer contains points that need re-consideration. The proposal, then, is to begin with *The Canterbury Tales*, and give of them (in parallel columns in Royal 4to) six of the best unprinted Manuscripts known, and to add in another quarto the six next best MSS. if 300 Subscribers join the Society. Inasmuch also as the parallel arrangement will necessitate the alteration of the places of certain tales in some of the MSS., a print of each MS. will be issued separately, and will follow the order of its original. The first six MSS. to be printed will probably be .

The Ellesmere (by leave of the Earl of Ellesmere).	The Corpus, Oxford. The best Cambridge (Univ. Lib.).
The Lansdowne (Brit. Mus.).	
The Hengwrt (by leave of W. S. W. Wynne, Esq.).	The Petworth (by leave of Lord Leconfield).

To secure the fidelity and uniform treatment of the texts, Mr F. J. Furnivall will read all with their MSS. It is hoped that the first Part of the Works, comprising the Prologue and Knight's Tale, will be ready by December, 1868, together with specimen extracts from all the accessible MSS. of the Tales, and a Table showing the Groups of the Tales, and the changing order of these Groups in the different MSS.

The first Essay in illustration of Chaucer's Works that will be published by the Society will be, 'A detailed Comparison of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* with the *Teseide* of Boccaccio,' by HENRY WARD, Esq., of the MS. Department of the British Museum. The second will probably be either a translation of Kissner's 'Chaucer and his relation to Italian Literature,' or 'A detailed Comparison of the *Troilus and Cryseyde* with Boccaccio's *Filostrato*, by W. MICHAEL ROSSETTI, Esq.

The first French work will be Guillaume de Machault's *Dit du Lyon*, the possible original of Chaucer's lost *Book of the Leo*, edited from the MSS., for the first time, by Monsieur PAUL MEYER. This will be followed by such originals of Chaucer's other works as are known, but are not of easy access to subscribers.

Messrs Trübner & Co., of 60, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., are the Society's publishers, Messrs Childs its printers, and the Union Bank, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., its bankers. The yearly subscription is two guineas, due on every first of January.

Prof. Child, of Harvard University, Massachusetts, will be the Society's Honorary Secretary for America. For England and the Continent Mr Furnivall will act as Hon. Sec. till the appointment of a permanent one. Members' names and subscriptions may be sent to the Publishers, or to

FREDK. J. FURNIVALL,

3, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.

The Ballad Society.

THE completion of the edition of the Percy Folio seems a good opportunity for beginning to print all the other collections of Ballads. The importance of Ballads for the student of history, of society and manners, of thoughts and customs, in former days, is admitted by all writers and thinkers. These light hand-glasses reflect for us many a feature of the times that is lost in the crowded scenes which larger mirrors, hung at other angles, present to our view; and without the sight of the Ballad pictures, as well as the larger and more formal ones of professed Histories, State-Papers, Memoirs, and Treatises, we cannot know faithfully,—or, at least, we cannot know as faithfully as we have the means of knowing,—the lineaments of the ages that have preceded us. That it is the duty of the student of history to endeavour so to know those lineaments, as well in their nobleness as their commonplaceness and deformity, no real student will question. He wants the portraiture of each age as complete as he can get it; he desires to study all its expressions,—of power, of whim, of impulse, of faith, of nobleness and baseness;—and many of these he can get from Ballads alone.

Now the known collections of printed Ballads are the Pepys at Magdalene College, Cambridge; the Roxburghe, the Bagford, and the King's-Library Civil-War and London Ballads, in the British Museum; the Ashmole, Douce, Wood, and Rawlinson, at Oxford; Mr Euing's at Glasgow (from Mr Heber's Library); the Earl of Jersey's at Osterley Park; and small ones in the Antiquaries' Society, etc. Manuscript Ballads are also at Oxford and elsewhere. *The Ballad Society* proposes to print the whole of these collections, so far as it can, with copies of the original woodcuts to such of the Ballads as have them, and Introductions when needed.

Had the Pepys collection been a public one, it would have been the first chosen for issue by the Society; and the founder's first care was to apply to the authorities of Magdalene for permission to print the Pepys collection entire for the Ballad Society. The answer received was to the effect that the Master and Fellows of Magdalene had for some time had the intention of some day printing the collection themselves—were indeed then indexing it;—that in no case would the College print the collection entire, but that they might soon issue part of it under the charge of one of their Fellows. Until, therefore, the College make up their minds themselves to publish their Ballads,—which men of letters have desired any time these hundred years without getting them,—or to let the Society do it, the Society is obliged to turn to other collections.

Of these the most celebrated and complete is the ROXBURGHE, in the British Museum, in three large folio volumes, each containing above six hundred ballads, almost all of which are headed by woodcuts, but which illustrate manners and customs rather than politics. Of Political Ballads, the most important collection is that relating to the CIVIL WAR and the PROTECTORATE, in the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum. These two collections have therefore been taken in hand, and will be produced as quickly as funds and editors' leisure will allow. Dr E. F. RIMBAULT and Mr WILLIAM CHAPPELL, whose long study of Ballads and Ballad Literature is so well known, and whose knowledge has been so often tried and proved to be sound, have kindly undertaken to act as Editors of the Ballads,—Dr Rimbault of the Civil War set, and Mr Chappell of the Roxburghe,—and the Rev. Alexander Dyce has promised general help. Other aid will be forthcoming when called for, and the Manuscript Ballads will be produced when Mr FURNIVALL, or whoever their Editor may be, has had time to collect them.

Already 150 of the old woodcuts have been copied on wood by the Society's artist, Mr RUDOLF BLIND, and most of them engraved by Mr JOHN H. RIMBAULT, two gentlemen whose interest in the work has led them to place their services at the Society's disposal at a rate far under their market value. Already also half the Roxburghe Ballads, and the whole of the Civil War ones, have been copied; so that the Society will certainly be able to issue one volume of each collection before the end of this year; and it will therefore begin publication in 1868, instead of in 1869, as at first proposed. A catalogue of all the Oxford Ballads has also been made.

The books will be printed in demy 8vo, like those of the Early English Text Society, and the Percy Folio (but on toned paper for the sake of the woodcuts), and also in super-royal 8vo, on Whatman's eighty-shilling ribbed paper. The subscription for the demy 8vos will be *One Guinea* a year; that for the royal ribbed papers *Three Guineas*. The subscriptions will date from January 1, 1868, and immediate payment of them is asked, as considerable expense has already been incurred for the copiers and artist. The Society's books will not be on sale separately to the public. The Society's printers will be Messrs J. E. TAYLOR and Co., Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

Local Secretaries are wanted.

Subscriptions should be paid either to the account of *The Ballad Society* at the Chancery Lane Branch of the Union Bank, or to—

F. J. FURNIVALL,
3, Old Square, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE LONDON LIBRARY,

12, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

Patron.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

President.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON, K.G., G.C.B., ETC.

Vice-Presidents.

HIS EXCELLENCY MONS. VAN DE WEYER.

THE EARL STANHOPE.

THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.

THE LORD LYTTTELTON.

Trustees.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

G. GROTE, Esq.

Committee.

J. ALDERSON, Esq., M.D.
EDWARD H. BUNBURY, Esq.
THOMAS CARLYLE, Esq.
W. D. CHRISTIE, Esq.
C. W. COPE, Esq., R.A.
E. CRESY, Esq.
Rev. LLEWELLYN DAVIES.
W. B. DONNE, Esq.
Rev. E. E. ESTCOURT.
JOHN FORSTER, Esq.
W. B. HODGE, Esq.
The LORD HOUGHTON.
THOMAS HUXLEY, Esq.

THOMAS H. KEY, Esq.
G. H. LEWES, Esq.
Sir R. J. PHILLIMORE, D.C.L.,
Q.C.
Sir JOHN SIMEON, Bart., M.P.
WM. SMITH, Esq., LL.D.
J. SPEDDING, Esq.
HERBERT SPENCER, Esq.
The Very Rev. DEAN STANLEY.
Hon. E. TWISLETON.
W. POLLARD URQUHART, Esq.,
M.P.
JOHN WICKENS, Esq.

Secretary and Librarian.

ROBERT HARRISON.

Bankers.

MESSRS. RANSOM, BOUVERIE, AND CO., 1, PALL MALL EAST.

This institution, now twenty-eight years old, contains nearly 100,000 volumes, including the best works in every department of literature. Before its establishment no such collection of books was available for home use to the earnest student, the scholar, or the professional man.

The founders thus announced their scheme in 1840 :—

“ We propose to establish a Library which, containing books in every department of literature and philosophy, shall allow these books to be taken out and read, where they can be read best, in the study and by the fireside, and which shall offer its advantages to the public on terms rendering it generally accessible. We propose to establish this Library by means of a subscription, so moderate that it can be grudged by none who feel the want of a large, general, comprehensive Lending Library, either for themselves or for their families, and yet sufficient to ensure the establishment of the Library on an ample scale, with the support of all by whom the want of it is felt. And, taking into consideration the increased and daily increasing facilities of conveyance to all parts of the United Kingdom, we propose to frame regulations which shall make it worth the while of persons in the country and at a distance, no less than of those living in London and its immediate vicinity, to avail themselves of the Library, thereby increasing at one and the same time its sphere of usefulness, and its means of supplying the wants of its Subscribers. Not therefore only for the Metropolis itself, but for all parts of the United Kingdom between which and the Metropolis there is easy and regular communication, we propose to establish in London a large, general, comprehensive, cheap, lending Library.”

While the original objects of the Library have been steadily kept in view, the advantages offered to its members have gradually increased. The Library has from its commencement had the advantage of a Committee selected from among the most distinguished men of letters. Lord Macaulay, Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, Dean Milman, Chevalier Bunsen, Mr. Hallam, and others, have given valuable aid in the choice of books.

The number of volumes allowed to each member is ten in London or fifteen in the country. The newest standard books are supplied in such proportion to the demand as is consistent with the original design of the Library, that, namely, of furnishing the best books of all ages and countries. The Reading-rooms, which are open from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., contain the best periodicals, English and foreign, which, with a selection of the newest books, are kept on the table. Encyclopædias, dictionaries, and other works of reference, are also kept in the Reading-rooms.

The Subscription is £3 a year without entrance-fee, or £2 a year with entrance-fee of £6. Life subscription, £26.

The Catalogue (962 pages), with a classified Index of subjects, is sold for 15s.; to Members, 10s. 6d.



THE ROXBURGHE LIBRARY.



THE ROXBURGHE LIBRARY was established in 1867, for the purpose of bringing within the reach of everybody who cares for them the best inedited remains of our early literature for a moderate yearly subscription.

The *Roxburghe Library* acts in harmony and in connection with the Early English Text Society's *Extra Series*, and with all other institutions of the same class, which have sprung into existence of late.

No book is admitted into the *Roxburghe Library* which has merely its accidental rarity to recommend it to notice. The old texts are given *verbatim*, including, if possible, the original woodcuts and other embellishments. The utmost attention is bestowed on the typography.

The books are printed on fine and thick paper, and are bound in the *Roxburghe* style. One hundred and seventy copies are printed in small 4to. to match the publications of the *Camden Society*, and thirty in demy 4to. The whole of this impression is reserved for Subscribers, and will in no case be for sale.

The conductor of the *Roxburghe Library* will at all times be happy to receive any suggestions which may proceed from the kindness of friends or correspondents, and he will pay to these the best attention, carrying them out wherever it appears to be practicable.

Three volumes a year (or four, if possible) will be issued for the subscription of £2 2s. for the foolscap 4to. copies, and £5 5s. for the demy 4to. copies.

An annual return of the income and expenditure will be forwarded to Subscribers.

BOOKS BELONGING TO THE SUBSCRIPTION FOR 1868.

1. The Romance of Paris and Vyenne. From the unique copy printed by W. Caxton in 1485. *Ready.*
2. The complete Works of William Browne, of Tavistock, author of *Britannia's Pastorals*. Vol. I. *Ready.*
3. Three inedited Tracts illustrating the manners, opinions, and occupations of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I., viz. :—

(1) *The English Courtier and the Country Gentleman*, 1579.

(2) *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving-Men*, by Gervase Markham, 1598.

(3) *The Court and Country*, by Nicholas Breton, 1618.

In November next. Two of these pieces are from unique copies; the third is of the utmost rarity. They are all of the greatest intrinsic curiosity.

FOR THE SUBSCRIPTION OF 1869, IT IS PROPOSED TO GIVE,—

1. A Collection of Tracts relating to the ENGLISH STAGE (1552—1664), comprising:—

(1) Proclamations against Stage Plays, 1552—9.

(2) A Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies and Theatres, 1580.

(3) A Sonnett upon the Pittifull Burneing of the Globe Play-House in London, *circa* 1613.

(4) Playes confuted in five actions. By Stephen Gosson. [1580.]

(5) A Shorte Treatise against Stage-Playes, 1625

(6) *The Stage-Player's Complaint*, 1641.

(7) An Ordinance of the Parliament against Plays, 1642.

(8) *The Actor's Remonstrance*, 1643.

(9) A [second] Ordinance against Stage-Plays and Interludes, 1647.

(10) *A Short Treatise of the English Stage*, by Richard Flecknoe, 1664.

2. The complete works of William Browne, vol. ii., containing the remainder of *Britannia's Pastorals* (in three books) and *The Shepherds Pipe*, first printed in 1614.

3. The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire. *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*. From the edition of 1575.

If the state of the subscription list admits it, a fourth book shall be forthcoming for 1869.

The following is a list of some other works, of which it is hoped that the *Roxburghe Library* will be enabled by its supporters to furnish good editions in the course of the next few years; but the editor desires it to be understood that it is impossible that he should bind himself to the appearance of the several books in the exact order in which they are named. Great difficulty is often experienced in meeting with original copies available for use.

1. *The Life of Charles the Great*. Printed by W. Caxton, 1485. Folio. From the only copy known.

2. Narratives, in prose and verse, of early murders in various parts of England, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First [1558—1625]. From the original black-letter copies, most of which are unique. One volume.

Some of these are the ground-plots of dramas.

3. A *Petite Pallace of Pettie his Pleasure*. By George Pettie, 1576. A Collection of Twelve Elizabethan Novels, written in imitation of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*.

4. A Collection of English Historical Tracts of high interest, published or privately issued during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, illustrative of important events. One volume.

Among these will be included the contemporary narratives of the marriage of Catherine of Arragon, the coronation of Anne Boleyn, the tournaments at Calais and Boulogne in 1532, &c., together with several surreptitious pamphlets of the utmost rarity, which stole into print within the same period.

5. The Complete Works of SAMUEL ROWLANDS, now first collected.

The value of Rowlands' pieces for illustrations of manners and ancient ways of thought can scarcely be overstated. They are all extremely rare and costly.

6. A Collection of unique Early Jest-Books [1607-38].

7. The Complete Works of Thomas Lodge, author of *Euphues Golden Legacie*, 1590. Now first collected.

Euphues Golden Legacie was the foundation-tale of Shakespeare's *As you Like it*. Lodge was an elegant and vigorous writer, and has been undeservedly neglected.

8. The Poems of Thomas Carew, now first collected. With a biographical Preface and Portraits. From the first edition of 1640 (collated with those of 1642, 1651, and 1670) and from MSS. One volume.

The *Spenser Society*, of Manchester, wish, it is understood, to print Heywood's *Interludes* (originally announced by the *Roxburghe Library*), uniform with its edition of his *Works*, 1562; and that article has accordingly been withdrawn from our list. Mr. F. Ouvry has reprinted Copland's black-letter edition of HOWLEGLASS (1867, 4to.), which accounts for the disappearance of what formed No. 7 of our original prospectus; while the recent organization of the *Ballad Society* seemed to render it undesirable to persevere in our scheme for printing anything of that particular nature. No. 12 has therefore been cancelled—at least, for the present.

There is no lack of work for all our existing associations, and by steering clear of each other and co-operating in a kindly spirit, they may in a comparatively short time achieve very valuable results. The *Roxburghe Library* will endeavour to bear its part.

W. C. HAZLITT.

55, Addison Road,
Kensington,
September 1, 1868.



In the Press, to form three volumes, 8vo., elegantly printed by Whittingham, the impression strictly limited to 350 copies, of which 300 will be in medium 8vo., at £1 16s. to Subscribers, and £2 10s. to non-subscribers, and 50 in super-royal 8vo., fine thick paper, at £3 5s. to Subscribers, and £4 4s. to non-subscribers,

THE POPULAR ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY

JOHN BRAND, M.A.

An entirely New Library Edition, Digested, Corrected, and Enlarged throughout, by

W. CAREW HAZLITT.

PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.



THE author of this book left the MS. at his death in a state wholly unfit for the press. Several years afterwards, in 1813, Sir Henry Ellis, then Mr. Ellis, arranged the materials to a certain extent, and gave the *Popular Antiquities* to the world in two quarto volumes.

Mr. Brand's *nucleus* had been Bourne's *Antiquitates Vulgares*, a strangely jejune work, but important and noticeable, inasmuch as it was the earliest attempt which had been made to collect the written and traditional records of our national customs and superstitions.

Brand upon Bourne (so to speak) has passed through three, if not more, impressions. It has been reprinted by Mr. Knight and by Mr. Bohn, in each case with additions and improvements. The tendency and necessity from the outset have alike been to correct, so far as such a thing could be done without wholly obliterating the original text, Mr. Brand's deplorable want of method and deficiency in a fixed plan.

The observation, however, applies almost equally to all the current editions of the *Popular Antiquities*, that whole pages are fruitlessly occupied by passages extracted either from books with which everybody is familiar, such as Herrick, or from books which with scarcely anybody could be tempted to become acquainted, such as Hospinian and Naogeorgus. It is hard even for me to choose (with all my affection for the old English versifiers) between Naogeorgus and his English paraphrast, Googe, which is the more tedious. Now it is no exaggeration to say that in all the existing impressions of Brand, fifty or sixty pages are taken up by excerpts from Googe's *Naogeorgus*, dragged in by the head and shoulders, without any attempt to give, which would in many cases have been more advantageous and readable, the substance of the passage in a few lines, with a reference to chapter and verse.

Again, an enormous space is wasted, without any demonstrable result, in the rehearsal, scores of times over and over, of drawn-out title-pages belonging to the books which Brand had occasion to consult and to cite. All these books are well known in our days, and, indeed, there are extremely few of them which were not so in Brand's; but that writer had a very imperfect acquaintance, it would appear, with bibliography, and was accordingly apt to overrate the scarcity of works in his own possession or in the hands of others. These bibliographical minutiae appear to be misplaced in a publication of the present nature.

I have, I believe, pointed out two rather grave defects in the *Popular Antiquities* as they stand, namely, the superabundant display of raw material, and the plethora of unmeaning title-pages. I have still to refer to a third most serious drawback.

The relative worth and weight of authorities constitute a point on which Brand himself certainly and his editors to all appearance, do not seem to have bestowed much attention. The natural consequence is, that an ephemeral tract by Taylor the Water-poet, or by Rowlands, is placed side by side with the grave disquisition of some learned essayist, or is mentioned in the same paragraph with Durandus or Hospinian. St. Augustine and the *British Apollo*, Mr. Douce and Poor Robin, are similarly coupled together, and, so far as the general reader can be expected to know, one is as good as the other.

It was the consideration of this threefold weakness in the book, of which the intrinsic value, with more methodical handling, would have been unquestionably very great, which prompted me to attempt something in the way of rearrangement and digestion, and I here beg to present the net result. I have reduced the original work about a third in bulk, without omitting a single line of real consequence or practical relevance, and I have introduced a vast number of corrections and additions, of the character of which others must be the judges.

The main difficulty in this case appeared not to *collect*, but to *select*. The materials which presented themselves were so large in quantity and variety that, in making a choice, it was only possible to accept those which struck me as being of peculiar interest and relevancy; and I was under the inevitable necessity of excluding many articles—curious indeed, but either illustrative of usages which were probably never very widely spread or very largely influential; or of points which Brand seemed to have treated already at sufficient length.

Another consideration which had its weight with me was, that in some instances I thought that the questions of folk-lore, which turned more directly on PROVERBS, might be allowed more properly to find a place in a work on Proverbial Literature, which I have in a forward state of preparation, and which I hope before long to submit to the public judgment.

W. C. HAZLITT.

55, Addison Road,
Kensington,
September 1, 1868.

NOTICE.

*Will shortly be published in One Volume, 8vo., of about 360 pp.,
Uniform with the "POPULAR ANTIQUITIES."*

ENGLISH PROVERBS AND PROVERBIAL PHRASES.

*Collected from a large variety of authentic sources, alphabetically
arranged and annotated. By*

W. CAREW HAZLITT.



THE author has been engaged upon this inquiry since 1857, and has brought together a very extensive body of illustrative notes, and nearly 3,000 unregistered proverbs. In the endeavour to present as complete a monograph on this interesting and important subject as possible, neither labour nor time has been spared, and the vast field of our early literature has been diligently explored for the purpose during the past eleven years.

The impression of ENGLISH PROVERBS, &c., will be strictly limited to 350 copies, of which 300 will be in medium 8vo. and 50 in super-royal 8vo.

The present Archbishop of Dublin, in a letter with which he favoured the author, observes:—"I feel very sure that the plan which you propose for your Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases (that is, annotations where needed, or where one feels that one has something to say which has not been said already) is the best, and I feel confirmed in the conviction from observing that Zouder, who must have made his *Deutsche Sprach Wörterbuch* (not yet finished) well-nigh the business of a life, has exactly adopted this scheme."

This work and the new edition of Brand belong to a plan, which the author has formed, for producing a series of publications, in a small number of copies, on the same principle as that pursued in the last century by THOMAS HEARNE. The series will greatly depend on its subscribers, and these shall have the advantage, *per contrá*, of obtaining the volumes at a lower rate than that at which they are offered to the general public.

W. C. HAZLITT.

55, Addison Road,
Kensington,
September 1st, 1868.

MR. W. CAREW HAZLITT'S WORKS.

Already published.

1. The Sonnets and other Poems of Henry Constable, of St. John's College, Cambridge. Now first collected. With a Memoir and Notes. London: *B. M. Pickering*, 1859. 8vo. Only 250 copies printed.
2. History of the Venetian Republic; its Rise, its Greatness, and its Civilization. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1860. 4 vols. 8vo. With Maps and other Illustrations.
3. Old English Jest Books (1525—1639), edited with Introductions and Notes. London: Henry Sotheran & Co. 1864. 3 vols. 8vo.
4. The Poems of Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier Poet. Now first edited. With a Memoir of Lovelace, Notes, and Illustrations. London: John Russell Smith. 1864. 1 vol. 8vo.
5. Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England. Collected and edited, with Introductions and Notes. London: J. R. Smith. 1864—6. 4 vols. 8vo. With Woodcuts and Facsimiles.

This collection embraces *fifty-nine* pieces, some of them of considerable length. All the preceding publications of the kind, including Ritson's, contain together only sixty-one articles.

6. *Memoirs of William Hazlitt (1778—1830)*. With portions of his Correspondence. London: Richard Bentley. 1867. 2 vols. 8vo. With three Portraits.

7. *A Handbook to the Early Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain (1471—1660)*. London: J. Russell Smith. 1867. 8vo. 706 pp., closely printed in double columns.

Extracts from the Prospectus.

∴ This Bibliographical Work, which has been an eight or nine years' labour of love to the Author, brings together a large variety of fresh information, and very numerous and important notices of undescribed works and editions in early English and Scottish Literature.

Such a project as the present one has necessarily, in its execution, gone in a certain measure over ground occupied already by other labourers in a similar field; but the field is one which has been cultivated in such a manner as to afford rich material for new workers.

Our early literature has very numerous admirers both in the Old World and in the New. It is to these that I appeal for encouragement and support, and I do so with confidence.

One branch of early English Literature, which in existing works of reference has been very superficially treated, has received peculiar attention, and a new prominence to which I think it fairly entitled. I refer to our Popular Literature in the strict sense of that term, and to our Folk Lore, which are bound together by very intimate ties.

In these pages are gathered together and embodied (in a few words) all the latest discoveries in bibliography; and I have furnished in the case of all rare and important volumes the imprint, and a collation, with a note of the public repositories in which they are to be found.

Further, I have supplied what I think it will be granted readily has been hitherto a want—a catalogue as perfect as possible of the works of William Elderton, Thomas Deloney, Richard Johnson, Martin Parker, Richard Tarlton, Laurence Price, George Gascoigne, George Whetstone, John Taylor, the water poet, Andrew Borde, and many other authors, whose productions have been hitherto very imperfectly described and catalogued.

Hundreds of fugitive pieces, broadsides, and ballads, have been indexed for the first time, either under general heads, or under the author's name, where his name was known to me, and important additions have been so made in very numerous instances to the list of a man's writings.



PR
2277
C4
1868

Cascoigne, George
Certayne notes of
instruction in English
verse

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

