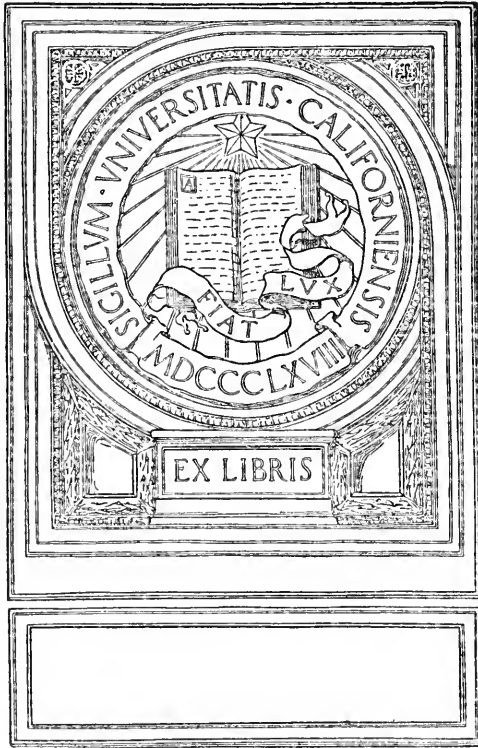




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THE  
COMPLETE WORKS  
OF  
SAMUEL ROWLANDS



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THE  
COMPLETE WORKS  
OF  
SAMUEL ROWLANDS

1598-1628

*NOW FIRST COLLECTED*

VOLUME THIRD



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## To the Reader.



*THE present carelesse security of all men in generall, is like vnto our first Parents neglect of Gods sacred commandement in Paradiſe, when the ſeducing Serpent no ſooner perſwaded euill, but it was inſtantly put in praetiſe: You ſhall dye (ſaid God) was heard, but you ſhall not dye (ſaid the Diuell) was beleeued. Our eares are daily acquainted with the threatnings of Gods denounced*

To the Reader.

nounced against sinners, and yet that sinne, that broad way-path and highway to hell, is attempted with a delectation and pleasure, so craftie and subtill are the baits and lures of the deceiuer, and so void of spirituall wisdome is the soule-murdering sinner. But if due consideration were had of the wages of sinne, and the reward of vnrighcoufnesse, and to what bitternesse it will turne in the end, it would make vs lesse bold to sinne, and more fearefull to offend, if we would take into our company for a daily consort, the pale memory of death, and whereto he summoneth vs after this life. Death it selfe is very fearefull, but much more terrible, in regard of the iudgement it warneth vs  
vnto

To the Reader.

*vnto. Imagine to see a sinner  
lye on his departing bed, burde-  
ned and tyred with the grieuous  
and heauie load of all his former  
trespasses, goared with the sting  
and pricke of a festered consci-  
ence, feeling the crampe of death  
wresting at his heart strings,  
ready to make the ruthfull di-  
uorce betweene soule and body,  
panting for breath, and swim-  
ming in a cold and fatall sweat,  
wearied with struggling against  
the deadly pangs: Oh how much  
would he giue for an houre of re-  
pentance! at what rate would he  
value a daies contrition! Then  
worlds would be worthlesse, in  
respect of a little respite, a short  
truce would seeme more precious  
than the treasures of Empires,  
A 4 nothing*

To the Reader.

*nothing would be so much esteemed as a moment of time, which now by months and yeeres is lauishly spent.*

*How inconsolable were his case, his friends being fled, his senses frighted, his thoughts amazed, his memorie decayed, his whole minde agast, and no part able to performe that it should, but onely his guiltie conscience pestered with sinne, continually vpbraiding him with bitter accusations? what would hee thinke then (stripped out of this mortall weed, and turned both out of the seruice and house roome of this world) hee must passe before a most seuerer Iudge, carrying in his owne conscience his enditement written, and a  
perfect*



To the Reader.

*perfect register of all his misdeeds: when hee should see the Judge prepared to passe the sentence against him, and the same to be his Vmpire, whom by so many offences he hath made his enemic: When not onely the devils, but euen the Angels, should plead against him, and himselfe maugre his will, bee his owne sharpest appeacher: What were to be done in these dreadfull exigents?*

*When hee saw that gastly dungcon and huge gulfe of hell, breaking out with fearefull flames, the weeping, howling, and gnashing of teeth, the rage of all those hellish monsters, the horrour of the place, the rigour of the paine, the terrour of the*  
A 5 *company,*

## To the Reader.

*company, and the eternitie of all those punishments. Would you thinke them wise that would daily in so weighty matters, and idly play away the time allotted them to prevent these intollerable calamities? Would you then account it secure, to nurse in your bosome so many ugly Serpents as sinnes are, or to foster in your soule so many malicious accusers, as mortall faults are?*

*Would you not then thinke one life too little to repent for so many iniquities, euerie one whereof, were enough to cast you into those euerlasting and unspeakeable torments? Why then doe we not (at the least) deuote that small remnant of these*

To the Reader.

*these our latter dayes, to the making an attonement with God, that our consciences may be free from this eternall danger? Who would relie the cuerlasting affaires of the life to come, vpon the gliding, slipperinesse; and running streame of our vncertaine life?*

*It is a preposterous pollicie (in any wise conceit) to fight against God till our weapons be blunted, our forces consumed, our limmes impotent, and our breath spent; and then when we fall for faintnesse, and haue fought our selues almost dead, to presume on his mercy. It were a strange peece of Art, and a very exorbitant course, while the Ship is sound, the Pylot well, the Marriners strong, the gale fauourable, and the Sea calme,*  
to

To the Reader.

*to lye idle at rode: and when the Ship leakes, the Pylot were sicke, the Marriners faint, the stormes boysterous, and the Sea turmoyled with surges, to launch forth for a voyage into a farre Country: yet such is the skill of our euening repenters, who though in the soundnesse of health, and in the perfect use of reason, they cannot resolue to weigh the ankers that withhold them from God, neuerthelesse, feed themselves with a strong persuasion, that when their senses are astonied, their wits distracted, their vnderstanding dusked, and both body and minde racked and tormented with the throbs and gripes of a mortall sicknesse, then will they thinke of the weightiest matters, and become Saints, when they*

To the Reader.

*they are scarce able to behaue  
themselues like reasonable crea-  
tures? being then presumed to  
be lesse then men: for how can he  
that is assaulted with an vnsettled  
conscience, distrained with the  
wringing fits of his dying flesh,  
mained in all his abilities, and  
circled in with so many encom-  
brances, be thought of due discre-  
tion to dispose of his chiefest iewel,  
which is his soule? No, no, they that  
will loyter in seed time, and begin  
then to sowe when others begin to  
reape: they that will riot out their  
health, and cast their accounts  
when they can scarcely speake:  
they that will slumber out the day,  
and enter their iourney when the  
light doth faile them, let them  
blame their owne folly, if they dye  
in*

To the Reader.

*in debt, and eternall beggerie, and fall headlong into the lapse of endlesse perdition.*

*Great cause haue wee then to haue an houely watchfull care ouer our soule, being so dangerous assaulted and enuironed: most instantly entreating the diuine Maicesty to be our assured defence, and let vs passe the day in mourning, the night in watching and weeping, and our whole time in plainfull lamenting, falling downe vpon the ground humbled in sackcloth and ashes, hauing lost the garment of Christ, that hee may receiue what the persecuting enemy would haue spoyled, euery short sigh will not be sufficient satisfaction, nor euery knocke a warrant to get in. Many shall cry Lord, Lord,*

To the Reader.

Lord, and shall not be accepted: the foolish Virgins did knocke, but were not admitted: Iudas had some sorrow, and yet died desperate. Foreflow not (saith the holy Ghost) to be conuerted vnto God, and make not a daily lingering of thy repaire vnto him: for thou shalt finde the suddennesse of his wrath and reuenge not slacke to destroy sinners. For which cause, let no man sojourne long in sinfull securitie, or post ouer his repentance untill feare enforce him to it, but let vs frame our premises as we would finde our conclusion, endcaouering to liue as we are desirous to dye: let vs not offer the maine crop to the Diuell, and set God to gleane the reproofe of his haruest: let vs not gorge the Diuell

To the Reader.

*uell with our fairest fruits, and  
turne God to the filthy scraps of  
his leavings: but let vs truly de-  
dicate both soule and body to his  
seruice, whose right they are, and  
whose seruice they owe; that so in  
the euening of our life we may re-  
tire to a Christian rest, closing vp  
the day of our life with a cleare  
sunne-set, that leauing all dark-  
nesse behinde vs, we may carry in  
our consciences the light of grace:  
and so escaping the horrour of an  
cternall night, passe from a mor-  
tall day, to an euerlasting morrow,*

Thine in Christ Iesus,

*Samuell Rowland.*





*S* Trike saile, poore soule,  
in sins tempestuous tide,  
That runst to ruine  
and eternall wracke:  
Thy course from heauen  
is exceeding wide,  
Hels gulfe thou ent'rest,  
if grace guide not backe:  
Sathan is Pilot  
in this nauigation,  
The Ocean, Vanity,  
The Rocke, damnation.

*Warre with the Dragon,  
and his whole alliance,  
Renounce his league  
intends thy vtter losse;*

*Take*

*Take in sinnes flag of truce,  
set out defiance,  
Display Chrsts ensigne  
with the bloody crosse:  
Against a Faith prooffe  
armed Christian Knight,  
The hellish coward  
dares not mannage fight.*

*Resist him then,  
if thou wilt victor be,  
For so he flies,  
and is disanimate;  
His fiery darts can haue  
no force at thee,  
The shield of faith doth all  
their points rebate:  
He conquers none to  
his infernall den,  
But yeelding slaues,  
that wage not fight like men.  
Those*

*Those in the dungeon  
of eternall darke,  
He hath enthralled  
euerlasting date,  
Branded with Reprobations  
cole-blacke marke,  
Within the neuer-  
opening ramd vp gate:  
Where Diues rates one  
drop of water more  
Than any crowne  
that euer Monarch wore.*

*Where furies haunt the hart-  
torne wretch, despaire,  
Where clamours cease not,  
teeth are euer gnashing,  
Where wrath and vengeance  
sit in horrors chaire,  
Where quenchlesse flames  
of sulphur fire be flashing,  
Where*

*Where damned soules  
blaspheme God in despight,  
Where utter darknesse  
stands remou'd from light.*

*Where plagues inuiron,  
torments compasse round,  
Where anguish rores  
in neuer stinted sorrow,  
Where woe, woe, woe,  
is euery voices sound,  
Where night eternall  
neuer yeelds to morrow:  
Where damned tortures  
dreadfull shall perseuer,  
So long as God is God,  
so long is euer.*

*Who*

Heauens Glory.



**W** *Ho loues this life,*  
*from loue his loue doth*  
*And chusing droffe, (erre,*  
*rich treasure doth denie,*  
*Leauing the pearle,*  
*Christs counsels to preferre,*  
*With selling all we haue,*  
*the same to buy:*  
*O happy soule,*  
*that doth disburse a summe,*  
*To gaine a kingdome*  
*in the life to come.*

*Such trafficke may be*  
*termed heauenly thrift,*

*Such*

## Heauens Glory.

*Such venter hath no  
hazard to diffwade  
Immortall purchase,  
with a mortall gift,  
The greateſt gaine  
that euer Merchant made:  
To get a crowne  
where Saints and Angels ſing,  
For laying out  
a baſe and earthly thing.*

*To taſte the ioyes  
no humane knowledge knowes,  
To heare the tunes  
of the celeftiall quires,  
T'attaine hea'ns ſweet  
and mildeſt calme repoſe,  
To ſee Gods face  
the ſumme of good deſires:  
Which by his glorious Saints  
is howerly eyde,*

*Yet*

Heauens Glory.

*Yet sight with seeing,  
neuer satisfide.*

*God as he is,  
sight beyond estimate,  
VVhich Angel, tongues  
are vntaught to discover,  
VVhose splendor doth  
The heauens illustrate,  
Vnto which sight  
each sight becomes a louer:  
VVhom all the glorious  
court of heauen laud,  
VVith praises of  
eternities applaud.*

*There where no teares are  
to interpret griefes,  
Nor any sighes, heart  
dolours to expound,*

*There*

## Heauens Glory.

*There where no treasure  
is surpris'd by theeues,  
Nor any voice that speakes  
with sorrowes found.  
No vse of passions,  
no distempered thought,  
No spot of sinne,  
no deed of error wrought.*

*The natie home  
of pilgrime soules abode,  
Rest's habitation,  
ioyes true residence,  
Ierusalem's new Citie  
built by God,  
Form'd by the hands  
of his owne excellence;  
VVith gold-pau'd streets,  
the wals of precious stone,  
VVhere all sound praise  
to him fits on the throne.*

Heauens





H E A V E N S

*Glory, Earths Vanitie, and Hels Torments.*

Of the Glory of the blessed *Saints in Heauen.*

**T**O the end there might want nothing to stirre vp our mindes to vertue, after the paines which Almighty God threateneth to the  
B wicked,

wicked, he doth also fet before vs the reward of the good: which is, that glory and euerlasting life which the blessed Saints doe enjoy in heauen, whereby hee doth very mightily allure vs to the loue of the fame. But what manner of thing this reward, and what this life is, there is no tongue, neither of Angels nor of men, that is sufficient to expresse it. Howbeit, that wee may haue some kinde of fauour and knowledge thereof, I intend here to rehearse euen word for word, what S. *Augustine* faith in one of his meditations, speaking of the life euerlasting (ensuing this transitorie time) and of the joyes of the blessed Saints in  
hea-

heaven. O life (faith he) prepared by Almighty God for his friends, a blessed life, a secure life, a quiet life, a beautifull life, a cleane life, a chaste life, a holy life; a life that knoweth on death, a life without sadnesse, without labour, without griefe, without trouble, without corruption, without feare, without variety, without alteration; a life replenished with all beautie and dignity; where there is neither enemy that can offend, nor delight that can annoy, where loue is perfect, and no feare at all, where the day is euerlasting, and the spirit of all is one; where Almighty God is seene face to face, who is the onely meate whereupon they feed

B 2

with

without loathfomeneffe: it delighteth mee to confider thy brightneffe, and thy treafures doe reioyce my longing heart. The more I confider thee, the more I am ftriken in loue with thee. The great defire I haue of thee, doth wonderfully delight me, and no leffe pleafure is it to me, to keepe thee in my remembrance. O life moft happy, O kingdome truely bleffed, wherein there is no death nor end, neither yet fucceffion of time, where the day continuing euermore without night, knoweth not any mutation; where the victorious conqueror beeing ioyned with thofe euerlafting quires of Angels; and hauing his head crowned with a garland

land of glory, singeth vnto Al  
mighty God one of the songs  
of *Syon*. Oh happy, yea, and  
most happy should my foule be,  
if when the race of this my pil-  
grimage is ended, I might bee  
worthy to see thy glory, thy  
blesfednesse, thy beautie, the  
wals and gates of thy Citie, thy  
streets, thy lodgings, thy noble  
Citizens, and thine omnipotent  
King in his most glorious Ma-  
iestie. The stoncs of thy wals  
are precious, thy gates are ador-  
ned with bright pearles, thy  
streets are of very fine excel-  
lent gold, in which there ne-  
uer faile perpetuall praises; thy  
houfes are paved with rich  
stones, wrought throughout  
with Zaphirs, and couered

B 3                      about

aboue with massie gold, where no vncleane thing may enter, neither doth any abide there that is defiled. Faire and beautifull in thy delights art thou O *Ierusalem* our mother, none of those things are suffered in thee, that are suffered here. There is great diuersitie betweene thy things and the things that wee doe continually see in this life. In thee is neuer seene neither darkenesse nor night, neither yet any change of time. The light that shineth in thee, cometh neither of lampes, nor of Sunne or Moone, nor yet of bright glittering Starres, but God that proceedeth of God, and the light that cometh of light, is he that giueth clearenes

vn-

vnto thee. Euen the very King of Kings himfelfe keepeth continuall refidence in the middest of thee, compaffed about with his officers and feruants. There doe the Angels in their orders and quires fing a moft sweete & melodious harmonic. There is celebrated a perpetuall folemnie and feaft with every one of them that cōmeth thither, after his departure out of this pilgrimage. There be the orders of Prophets; there is the famous company of the Apoftles; there is the inuincible army of Martyrs; there is the moft reuerent affembly of confeffors; there are the true and perfect religious perfons; there are the holy Virgines, which haue ouer-

B 4            come

come both the pleasures of the world, and the frailtie of their owne nature; there are the young men and young women, more ancient in vertue than in yeares; there are the sheepe and little lambes that haue escaped from the wolues, and from the deceitfull snares of this life, and therefore doe now keepe a perpetuall feast, each one in his place, all alike in ioy, though different in degree. There Charitie raigneth in her full perfection, for vnto them God is all in all, whom they behold without end, in whose loue they be all continually inflamed, whom they doe alwayes loue, and in louing doe praife, and in praifing, doe loue, and all their  
their



their exercifes confift in praifes, without wearineffe, and without trauell. O happie were I, yea, and very happy indeed, if at what time I fhall bee loofed out of the prifon of this wretched body, I might be thought worthy to heare thofe fongs of that heauenly melodie, fung in the praife of the euerlafting King, by all the Citizens of that fo noble Citie. Happie were I, and very happie, if I might obtaine a roome among the Chaplaines of that Chappell, and wait for my turne alfo to fing my *Halleluia*. If I might bee neare to my King, my God, my Lord, and fee him in his glory, euen as hee hath promifed mee,

B 5 when

when he said: O Father, this is my last determinate will, that all those that thou hast giuen vnto me, may me with me, and see the glory which I had with thee before the world was created. Hetherto are the words of S. *Augustine*. Now tell mee (Christian brother) what a day of glorious shine shall that bee vnto thee (if thou lead thy life in Gods feare) when after the course of this pilgrimage, thou shalt passe from death to immortallity; and in that passage, when others shall beginne to feare, thou shalt beginne to reioyce, and lift vp thy head, because the day of thy deliuerance is at hand. Come forth a little (saith S. *Ierome* vnto the Virgine

gine *Eustochia*) out of the prison of this body, and when thou art before the gate of this Tabernacle, fet before thy eyes the reward that thou hopest to haue for thy present labours. Tell me, what a day shall that bee, when our Lord himselfe with all his Saints, shall come and meete thee in the way, saying vnto thee: *Arise and make hast O my beloued, my delight, and my Turtle done, for now the Winter is past, and the tempestuous waters are ceased, the flowers doe beginne to appeare in our land.* Cant. 2. How great ioy shall thy foule then receiue, when it shall be at that time presented before the Throne of the most bleffed Trinity, by the hands of the holy

ly Angels, and when shall bee declared thy good workes, and what croffes, tribulations, and iniuries thou hast suffered for Gods sake. *Acts 9.* S. *Luke* writeth, That when holy *Tabitha*, the great almes giuer, was dead, all the widdowes and poore folke came about the Apostle S. *Peter*, shewing vnto him the garments which shee had giuen them: wherewith the Apostle being moued, made his prayer vnto Almighty God for that so mercifull a woman, and by his prayers he raised her againe to life. Now what a gladnesse will it be to thy soule, when in the midst of those blessed spirits thou shalt be placed, with remembrance of thy almes deeds,

deeds, thy prayers and fastings, the innocency of thy life, thy suffering of wrongs and iniuries, thy patience in afflictions, thy temperance in diet, with all other vertues and good workes that thou hast done in all thy life. O how great ioy shalt thou receiue at that time for all the good deeds that thou hast wrought; how clearely then shalt thou vnderstand the value and the excellencie of vertue. There the obedient man shall talke of victories; there vertue shall receiue her reward, and the good honoured according to their merite. Moreouer, what a pleasure will it bee vnto thee, when thou shalt see thy selfe to bee in that  
sure

sure hauen, and shalt looke back vpon the course of thy nauigation which thou hast failed here in this life: when thou shalt remember the tempests wherein thou hast been tossed, the straits through which thou hast passed, and the dangers of theeues and pyrats, from whom thou hast escaped. There is the place where they shall sing the song of the Prophet, which saith, *Had it not beene that our Lord had beene mine helper, it could not be but my soule had gone into hell.* Especially, when from thence thou shalt behold so many sins as are committed every houre in the world, so many foules as doe descend euery day into hell, and how it hath pleased

fed Almighty God, that among such a multitude of damned persons, thou shouldst be of the number of his elect, and one of those to whom he would grant such exceeding great felicity and glory. Besides all this, what a goodly sight will it bee to see those seats filled vp, and the Citie builded, and the wals of that noble *Ierusalem* repaired again? With what chearefull embracings shall the whole court of heauen entertaine them, beholding them when the come loaden with the spoiles of their vanquished enemies? There shall those valiant men and women enter with triumph, which haue together with the world conquered the weakenesse of their  
their

their owne fraile nature. There shall they enter which haue suffered martyrdom for Christs sake, with double triumph ouer the fl sh and the world, adorned with all cœlestiall glory. There shall also daily enter many young men and children, which haue vanquished the tenderneffe of their young yeares with discretion and vertue. Oh, how sweet and fauorie shall the fruit of vertue then be, although for a time before her roots seemed very bitter: sweete is the cold euening after the hote funnie day; sweete is the fountaine to the weary thirstie tra-uailer; sweet is rest and sleepe to the tired seruant: but much more sweet is it to the Saints in  
hea-



heauen to enioy peace after warre, security after perill, eternall rest after their paines, and trauels: for then are the warres at an end, then need they no more to goe all armed, both on the right side and on the left. The children of *Israel* went forth armed towards the land of Promise, but after that the land was conquered, they laid downe their speares, and cast away their armour, and forgetting all feare and turmoile of warre, each one vnder the shadow of his pavillion & harbour enioyed the fruit of their sweet peace. Now may the watching Prophet come downe from his standing, that did watch and fix his feete vpon the place of the  
Sen-

Sentinell: There is no more feare of inuasion by the terrible armies of the bloody enemies: there is no place for the subtill crafts of the lurking viper: there cannot ariue the deadly fight of the venomous Bafeliske, nor yet shall the hissing of the ancient Serpent be heard there; but onely the soft breathing ayre of the holy Ghost, wherein is beholden the glory of Almighty God. This is the region of all peace, the place of security, situated aboue all the Elements, whether the cloudes and stormie winds of the darke ayre cannot come. O what glorious things haue beene spoken of thee, O Citie of God. Bleffed are they (saith holy *Tobias*) that loue

loue thee, and enioy thy peace.  
O my foule praise our Lord, for  
he hath deliuered *Ierusalem* his  
Citie from all her troubles.  
Happy shall I be, if the remnant  
of my posterity might come to  
see the clearenesse of *Ierusalem*:  
her gates shall be wrought with  
Zaphirs and Emeraulds, and all  
the circuit of her wals shall bee  
built with precious stones, her  
streets shall bee paved with  
white and polished marble, and  
in all parts of her territories shal  
bee fung *Halleluia*. O ioyfull  
countrey! O sweete glory! O  
blessed companie! who shall  
be those so fortunate and happy  
that are elected for thee? It see-  
meth a presumption to desire  
thee, and yet I will not liue  
with-

without the desire of thee. O ye sonnes of *Adam*, a race of men, miserably blinded and de-  
ceiued. O ye scattered sheepe, wandring out of your right way, if this be your sheep-coat, whether goe you backward? What meane you? Why suffer you such an excellent benefit to be wilfully lost for not taking so little paines? What wise man would not desire, that all labour & paine of the world were imposed vnto him? that all sorrowes, afflictions, and diseases were euen poured vpon him as thicke as haile; that persecutions, tribulations, and griefes, with one to molest him, another to disquiet him, yea, that all creatures in the world did

did conspire against him, being scorned and made a laughing stocke of all men; and that his whole life were converted into weepings and lamentations; so that in the next life hee might finde repose in the heavenly harbor of eternall consolation, and bee thought meet to haue a place among that blessed people, which are adorned and beautified with such inestimable glory. And thou, O foolish louer of this miserable world, go thy way, seek as long as thou wilt for honors & promotions, build sumptuous houses & pallaces, purchase lands & possessions, enlarge thy territories & dominions, yea, command if thou wilt the whole world,  
yet

yet shalt thou neuer bee so great as the least of all the seruants of Almighty God, who shall receiue that treasure which this world cannot giue, and shall enioy that felicity, which shall endure for euermore, when thou with thy pompe and riches, shall beare the rich glutton company, whose buriall is in the deepe vault of hell: but the deuout spirituall man shall bee carried by the holy Angels with poore *Lazarus* into *Abrahams* bosome, a place of perpetuall rest, ioy, follace, and eternall happineffe.

Of



Of the benefits which  
*our Lord promifeth to*  
giue in this present life,  
*to fuch as liue a iuft*  
and godly life.

**P**Eradventure thou wilt  
now fay, that all thefe  
things before rehear-  
fed, be rewards & punifhments  
onely for the life to come: and  
that thou defireft to fee fome-  
thing in this present life, becaufe  
our minds are wont to be mo-  
ued very much with the fight  
of things present. To fatisfie  
thee

thee herein, I will also explaine vnto thee what may answere thy desire. For although our Lord do referue the best wine, and the delicate dishes of most delight, vntill the end of the banquet, yet he suffereth not his friends to bee vtterly destitute of meate and drinke in this tedious voyage: for hee knoweth very well, that they could not otherwise hold out in their journey. And therefore when he said vnto *Abraham*, Feare not *Abraham*, for I am thy defender, and thy reward shall be exceeding great: By these words he promised two things, the one for the time present. that was, to bee his safegard and defence in all such things as  
may



may happen in this life; and the other for the time to come, and that is, the reward of glory which is referued for the next life. But how great the first promise is, and how many kinds of benefits and fauours are therein included, no man is able to vnderstand, but onely he, that hath with great diligence read the holy Scriptures, wherein no one thing is more often repeated and fet forth, than the greatnesse of the fauours, benefits, and priuiledges, which Almighty God promifeth vnto his friends in this life. Hearken what *Salomon* saith in the third chapter of his Prouerbs, as touching this matter. *Blessed is that man that findeth wisdom,*

C for

*for it is better to haue it, than all the treasures of Siluer and Gold, be they neuer so excellent and precious: and it is more worth than all the riches of the world, and whatsoeuer mans heart is able to desire, is not comparable vnto it. The length of daies are at her right hand, and riches and glorie at her left. Her waies be pleasant, and all her passages be quiet; she is a tree of life to all those that haue obtained her: and hee that shall haue her in continuall possession, shall be blessed. Keepe therefore (O my sonne) the lawes of Almighty God, and his counsell, for they shall be as life to thy soule, and sweetnesse to thy taste. Then shalt thou walke safely in thy waies, and thy feet shall not finde*

*finde any stumbling blockes. If thou sleepe, thou shalt haue no cause to feare: and if thou take thy rest, thy sleepe shall be quiet.* This is the sweetnesse and quietnesse of the way of the godly, but the wayes of the wicked are farre different, as the holy Scripture doth declare vnto vs. The paths and wayes of the wicked (saith *Ecclesiasticus*) are full of brambles, and at the end of their iourney are prepared for them, hell, darknesse, and pains. Doeſt thou thinke it then a good exchange, to forſake the wayes of Almighty God, for the waies of the world, ſith there is ſo great difference betweene the one and the other, not onely in the end of the way, but alſo

C 2

in

in all the steps of the same? What madnesse can be greater, than to choose one torment, to gaine another by; rather than with one rest to gaine another rest? And that thou maist more clearely perceiue the excellency of this rest, and what a number of benefits are presently incident thereunto, I beseech thee harken attentiuely euen what Almighty God himselfe hath promised by his Prophet *Esay*, to the obseruers of his law, in a manner with these words, as diuers interpreters doe expound them. When thou shalt doe (saith hee) such and such things, which I haue commanded thee to doe, there shall forthwith appeare vnto thee  
the

the dawning of the cleare day  
(that is, the sonne of iustice)  
which shall driue away all the  
darkeness of thy errours and  
miferies, and then shalt thou  
begin to enioy true and perfit  
saluation. Now these are the  
benefits which Almighty God  
hath promised to his seruants.  
And albeit some of them be  
for the time to come, yet are  
some of them to be presently  
receiued in this life: as, that new  
light and shining from heauen;  
that safety and abundance of  
all good things; that assured  
confidence and trust in the al-  
mighty God; that diuine affi-  
stance in all our Prayers and Pe-  
titions made vnto him; that  
peace and tranquility of consci-  
ence;

C 3

ence; that protection and providence of Almighty God. All these are the gracious gifts and fauours, which Almighty God hath promised to his seruants in this life. They are all the works of his mercy, effects of his grace, testimonies of his loue, and blessings, which he of his fatherly prouidence extendeth.

To be short, all these benefits doe the godly inioy both in this present life, and in the life to come: and of all these are the vngodly deprived, both in the one life, and in the other. Whereby thou maist easily perceiue, what difference there is betweene the one sort and the other, seeing the one is so rich in graces, and the other so  
poore

poore and needy: For if thou ponder well Gods promised blessings, and consider the state and condition of the good and the wicked, thou shalt find, that the one sort is highly in the fauour of Almighty God, and the other deeply in his displeasure: the one be his friends, and the other his enemies: the one be in light, and the other in darkenesse: the one doe enjoy the company of Angels, and the other the filthy pleasures and delights of Swine: the one are truly free, and Lords ouer themselves, and the other are become bondflaues vnto Sathan, and vnto their owne lusts and appetites. The one are ioy-

C 4 full

full with the witnesse of a good conscience, and the other (except they bee vtterly blinded) are continually bitten with the worme of conscience, euer more gnawing on them: the one in tribulation, stand stedfastly in their proper place; and the other, like light chaffe, are carried vp and downe with e-very blast of winde: the one stand secure and firme with the anker of hope, and the other are vnstable, & evermore yeelding vnto the assaults of fortune: the prayers of the one are acceptable & liking vnto God, and the praiers of the other are abhorred and accursed: the death of the one is quiet, peaceable, and precious in the sight of  
of



of God, and the death of the other, is vnquiet, painefull, and troubled with a thousand frights and terrours: To conclude, the one liue like children vnder the protection and defence of Almighty God, and sleepe sweetly vnder the shadow of his pastorall prouidence; and the other being excluded from this kinde of prouidence, wander abroad as strayed sheepe, without their sheeheard and Master, lying wide open to all the perils, dangers, and assaults of the world. Seeing then, that a vertuous life is accompanied with all these benefits, what is the cause that should withdraw thee, and perswade thee not to

C 5

em-

embrace such a precious treasure? what art thou able to alledge for excuse of thy great negligence? To say that this is not true, it cannot be admitted, for so much as Gods word doth auouch the certaintie hereof. To say that these are but small benefits, thou canst not, for so much as they doe exceede all that mans heart can desire. To say that thou art an enemy vnto thy selfe, and that thou doest not desire these benefits, cannot be, considering that a man is euen naturally a friend to himselfe, & the will of man hath euer an eye to his owne benefit, which is the very obiect or mark that his desire shooteth at. To say that thou hast no vnderstanding,

ding, nor taste of these benefits, it wil not serue to discharge thine offence, forsomuch as thou hast the faith and beleefe thereof, though thou hast not the taste, for the taste is lost through sinne, but not the faith: and the faith is a witnessse more certaine, moresecure, and better to be trusted, than all other experiences and witnessses in the world. Why doest thou not then discredit all other witnessses with this one affured testimony? Why doest thou not rather giue credit vnto faith, than to thine owne opinion and iudgement? O that thou wouldest make a resolute determination, to submit thy selfe into the hands of Almighty God,  
and

and to put thy whole trust assuredly in him. How soone shouldest thou then see all these Prophecies fulfilled in thee: then shouldest thou see the excellency of these diuine treasures: then shouldest thou see how starke blinde the louers of this world are, that seeke not after this high treasure: then shouldest thou see vpon what good ground our Sauour inuitheth vs to this kinde of life, saying; *Come vnto me all yee that trauell, and are loaden, and I will refresh you; take my yoake vpon you, and you shall finde rest for your soules: for my yoake is sweet, and my burden is light.* Almighty God is no deceiuer, nor false promifer, neither yet is he a  
great

great boaster of such things as he promiseth. Why dost thou then shrink backe? why dost thou refuse peace and true quietnesse? why dost thou refuse the gentle offers and sweet callings of thy Pastor? how darest thou despise and banish away vertue from thee, which hath such prerogatiues and priuiledges as these be: and withall, confirmed and signed euen with the hand of Almighty God? The Queene of *Saba* heard far lesse things than these of *Salomon*, and yet she trauelled from the vttermoſt parts of the world, to try the truth of those things that she had heard. And why doest not thou then (hearing such notable, yea, and so certaine

taine news of vertue) aduenture to take a little paines to try the truth and sequell thereof? O deare Christian brother, put thy trust in Almighty God and in his word, and commit thy selfe most boldly without all feare into his armes, and vnloose from thy hands those trifling knots that haue hitherto deceiued thee, and thou shalt finde, that the merits of vertue doe farre excell her fame: and that all which is spoken in praise of her, is nothing in comparison of that which she is indeede.

That



That a man ought not to  
*deferre his Repentance and Con-  
uerſion vnto God, from daytoday;  
conſidering he hath ſo many debts  
to diſcharge, by reaſon of the  
offences committed in  
his ſinfull life al-  
ready paſt.*

**N**ow then, if on the one  
ſide there be ſo many  
and ſo great reſpects,  
that doe binde vs to change our  
ſinfull life; and on the other ſide,  
we haue not any ſufficient ex-  
cuſe why we ſhould not make  
this exchange. How long wilt  
thou

thou tarry, vntill thou fully resolve to doe it? Turne thine eyes a little, and looke backe vpon thy life past, and consider. that at this present (of what age foeuer thou be) it is high time, or rather, the time well nigh past to begin to discharge some part of thy old debts. Consider, that thou which art a Christian regenerated in the water of holy Baptisme, which doest acknowledge Almighty God for thy father, and the Catholike Church for thy mother, whom she hath nourished with the milke of the Gospel, to wit, with the doctrine of the Apostles and Euangelists: consider (I say) that all this notwithstanding, thou hast liued euen as loofely



loofely & diffolutely, as if thou hadft beene a meere Infidell, that had neuer any knowledge of Almighty God. And if thou doe denie this, then tell mee what kinde of fin is there which thou haft not committed? What tree is there forbidden that thou haft not beholden with thine eyes? What greene meddow is there, in which thou haft not (at the leaft in defire) feasted thy letcherous luft? what thing hath beene fet before thine eyes, that thou haft not wantonly defired? What appetite haft thou left vnexecuted, notwithstanding that thou didft beleue in Almighty God, and that thou wert a Christian? what wouldeft thou haue done more,

more, if thou hadst not had any faith at all? If thou hadst not looked for any other life? If thou hadst not feared the dreadfull day of iudgement? What hath all thy former life beene, but a web of finnes, a sinke of vices, a way full of brambles and thornes, and a forward difobedience of God? with whom hast thou hitherto liued, but onely with thine appetite, with thy flesh, with thy pride, and with the goods and riches of this transitory world? These haue beene thy gods, these haue beene thine idols, whom thou hast serued, and whose lawes thou hast diligently obeyed. Make thine account with the Almighty God, with his lawes,  
and

and with his obedience, and peradventure thou shalt finde, that thou hast esteemed him no more, than if he had beene a god of wood, or stone. For it is certaine, that there be many Christians, which beleeuing that there is a God, are induced to sinne with such facilitie, as though they beleued, that there were no God at all: and doe offend no whit the lesse, though they beleue that there is a God, then they would doe, if they beleued there were none at all. What greater iniurie, what greater despight can bee done, than so to contemne his diuine maiestie? Finally, thou beleeuing all such things as Christs Church doth

doth beleue, haft notwithstanding fo led thy life, as if thou wert perfwaded, that the beleeve of Christians were the greateft fables or lies in the world. And if the multitude of thy finnes paft, and the faculty thou haft vfed in committing of them, doe not make thee afraid, why doeft thou not feare at the leaft the Maiefty and omnipotencie of him, againft whom thou haft finned? Lift vp thine eyes, and confider the infinit greatneffe and omnipotencie of the Lord, whom the powers of heauen no adore, before whose Maiefty the whole compaffe of the wide world lyeth prostrate; in whose prefence, all things created, are no more than  
than

than chaffe carried away with the winde. Consider also with thy selfe how vnseemely it is, that such a vile worme as thou art, should haue audacity so many times to offend and prouoke the wrath of so great a maiesty. Consider the wonderfull and most terrible seuerity of his iustice, and what horrible punishments he hath vsed from time to time in the world against sinne; and that not onely vpon particular persons, but also vpon Cities, Nations, Kingdomes and Prouinces, yea, vpon the vniuerfall World: And not onely in earth, but also in heauen; and not onely vpon strangers sinners, but euen vpon his owne most innocent sonne, our  
sweet

fweet Sauour Iefus Chrif, when he tooke vpon him to fatisfie for the debt that we owed. And if this feuerity was vfed vpon greene and innocent wood, and that for the finnes of others; what then will he doe vpon dry and withered wood, and againft thofe that are loden with their owne finnes? Now, what thing can bee thought more vnreafonable, then that fuch a fraile wretch as thou art, fhould be fo faucie and malapert, as to mocke with fo mightie a Lord, whose hand is fo heauie, that in cafe hee fhould ftrike but one froke vpon thee, hee would at one blow driue thee downe headlong into the deepe bottomeleffe pit of hell, with-

without remedy. Consider likewise the great patience of this our mercifull Lord, who hath expected thy repentance so long, euen from the time that thou didst first offend him: and thinke, that if after so long patience and tarrying for thee, thou shalt still continue thy leaud and sinfull life, abusing thus his mercy, and prouoking him to further indignation and wrath, hee will then bend his bowe, and shake his sword, and raine downe vpon thee euen sharpe arrowes of euerlasting wrath and death. Consider also the profoundnesse of his deepe iudgments, wherof we read, and see daily so great wonders. We see how *Salomon* himselfe, after  
his

his so great wifdome, and after those three thousand parables and most profound mysteries vttered by him, was forsaken by Almighty God, and suffered to fall down and adore Idols. We see how one of those seuen first Deacons of the Primitiue Church, which were full of the holy Ghost, became not onely an hereticke, but also an arch hereticke and a father of heresies. We see daily many starres fall downe from heauen vnto earth, with miserable fals, and to wallow themselues in the durt, and to eat the meat of fwine, which sate before at Gods owne table, and were fed with the very bread of Angels. If then the iust and righteous  
for



for some secret pride or negligence, or else for some ingratitude of theirs) be thus iustly forsaken of Almighty God, after they haue bestowed so many yeares in his seruice. What maiest thou looke for, that hast done in a manner nothing else in all thy life time, but onely heaped finnes vpon finnes, and hast thereby offended almighty God most grieuously?

Now, if thou hast liued after this sort, were it not reason that thou shouldst now at the length giue ouer, and cease heaping sinne vpon sinne, and debt vpon debt, and begin to pacifie the wrath of Almighty God, and to disburden thy sinfull soule? Were it not meet, that

D that

that time which thou hast hitherto giuen to the world, to thy flesh, and to the Diuell, should suffice? and that thou shouldest bestow some little time of that which remaineth, to serue him, who hath giuen thee all that thou hast? Were it not a point of wisedome, after so long time, and so many great iniuries, to feare the most terrible iustice of Almighty God, who the more patiently he suffereth sinners, the more hee doth afterwards punish them with feueritie & iustice? Were it not meet for thee to feare thy long continuance so many yeares in sinne, and in the displeasure of Almighty God, procuring thereby against thee such

a

a mighty aduersary as he is, and prouoking him of a mercifull louing father to become thy feuerer terrible iudge and enemy? Were it not meet to feare, leaft that the force of euill custome may in continuance of time be turned into nature; and that thy long vicious vsuall manner of committing sinne, may make of a vice, a necessity, or little lesse? Why art thou not afraid, leaft by little and little thou maiest cast thy selfe downe head long into the deep pit of a reprobate fence, whereinto after that a man is once falne, hee neuer maketh account of any sinne, be it neuer so great.

The Patriarke *Iacob* said vnto *Laban* his father in law: These

D 2

foure-

foureteene yeares haue I serued thee, and looking to thine affaires, now it is time that I should looke to mine owne, and begin to attend vnto the affaires of mine owne household. Wherefore if thou hast likewise bestowed so many yeares in the seruice of this world, and of this fraile transitory life, were it not good reason, that thou shouldst now begin to make some prouision for the saluation of thy soule, and for the euerlasting life to come? There is nothing more short, nor more transitory then the life of man; and therefore prouiding so carefully as thou doest for all such things as be necessarie for this life, which is so short, why doest

doest thou not provide like-  
wise somewhat for the life that  
is to come? which life  
shall endure for  
ever and  
ever.

*D 3 Earths*



## A Sigh.

**H** *Ence lazie sleepe,*  
*thou sonne of sullen night,*  
*That with soft-breathing Spels*  
*keeps sorrowes vnder*  
*Thy charmes; cheares vp*  
*the spirits with delight,*  
*And laps the Sences*  
*in Lethæan slumber;*  
*Packe and be gone:*  
*for my sad soule knowes well,*  
*Care best accordeth*  
*with a gloomie Cell.*

*And what more darke*  
*then my sin-clouded Soule?*

*Where*

*Where yet the Sunne  
of Sapience neuer shone;  
But still in Errors  
vgly caue did roule,  
Where nought keepes concord  
but discordant mone:  
Leaue me I say,  
and giue me leaue to tell,  
That to my Soule,  
my selfe ha's not done well.*

*Good man! (if good  
there liues one) Thou that art  
So farre thrust  
from the worlds imperious eyes;  
Helpe me to act  
this penitentiall part:  
I meane, No coyner  
of new Niceties,  
Nor wodden Worshipper:  
Giue me him than  
D 4                      That's*

*That's a God-loving,  
and good-living man,*

*To be my partner  
in this Tragedie;  
Whose scenes run bleeding  
through the wounded Aëts,  
Heart-strucke by Sinne  
and Satans fallacie,  
And poyson'd by  
my selfe-committed fact's:  
Send me thy prayers,  
if not thy presence found,  
To stop the Ore-face  
of this streaming wound.*

*Steere me (sweet Saviour)  
while I safe haue past  
The stormie Euroclydons  
of Despaire,*

*Till*



*Till happily I haue  
 arriv'd at last,  
 To touch at Thee, my Soules  
 sole-saving stayre:  
 Tow'p my sin-frought Soule,  
 sunke downe below,  
 And long lien weltring  
 midst the waues of wo.*

*New rig me up,  
 lest wallowing I orewhelme;  
 Thy Mercy be my Main-mast;  
 And for Sayles  
 My Sighs; thy Truth, mytackling;  
 Faith, my Helme:  
 My ballast, Loue;  
 Hope, Anchor that ne're failes:  
 Then in Heav'ns haven  
 calme Peace me arrive,  
 Where once enharbor'd,  
 I shall richly thrive.*

D 5

Woes

*Woes me! how long ha's  
 Pride befottcd me?  
 Propofing to dim Reafon  
 my good parts,  
 My nimble Wit,  
 my quicke proclinitic  
 To Apprehenfion;  
 and in high defarts  
 How many flood beneath me:  
 I (vaine foole)  
 Thus fob'd by Satans fleights,  
 ore-flipt my Soule:*

*Who in darke Error  
 downe embodied lies,  
 Blacke as the Star-lefse Night;  
 and hideoufly  
 Impuritie with rustie wings  
 croffe flies  
 Betwixt the Sunne of  
 Righteousneffe and me;*

*Whilst*

*Whilst (Bat-like) beats my Soule  
her leather sayles  
Gainst the soft Ayre;  
and rising, falls and failes.*

*Must I for each  
unsyllabled close Thought  
Render account?  
O wit fi'ld Conference!  
Cal'd in is thy protection then,  
deare bought:  
How was my brow  
o'rehatcht with Impudence?  
To let whole worlds of words  
my cheekes up-swell,  
The least of whom  
would ding me downe to Hell.*

*O wretched Impes  
then of mans impious race!*

*Who'l*

*Who'l breath out Blasphemies  
 to make a Jest;  
 And call wit flashing  
 the sole punctuall grace  
 Of genuine knowledge:  
 But amongst the rest,  
 Iudge in what case  
 are those wit-hucksters in,  
 That hourely practise  
 this soule sinking sinne?*

*O may my tongue  
 be cuer riuctted  
 Fast to my rooffe,  
 but when it speakes Gods praise:  
 May not one vocall sound  
 by breath be fed,  
 But when it carols out  
 celestiall Layes;  
 Let not one tone  
 through my tongues hatches flye,  
 But*

*But what beares with't  
heav'ns glories harmonic.*

*Helpe ( Lord of power ) my  
feeble-joynted praicrs  
To clamber th'azure Mountaines  
throwne aboue me;  
And keepe a seat for me there  
mongst those hairees,  
Apportion'd out to such  
as truly loue thee:  
Admit them in thine cares  
a resting roome,  
Vntill to thee and them,  
my soule shall come.*

*Meane while, moyst cy'd  
Repentance here below  
Shall, Inmate wise be  
Tenant to my minde:*

*For*

*For Prayers, without true  
 Penitence, doe show,  
 " Like meats vnseason'd,  
 or like Bills vnfign'd;  
 " Or corne on tops of  
 Cottages that growes,  
 " Which (vsleffe) no man  
 either reapes or sowes.*

*O how my Soule's surpriz'd  
 with shallow feares?  
 When, thinking to leane on  
 Lifes broken staffe;  
 And counting to mine age  
 large summes of yeares,  
 I heare the sweet  
 and sacred Psalmograph,  
 Compare Life to a Flowre,  
 a Puffe, a Span:  
 Who's Monarch now,  
 next minute's not a Man.*

*Myt*

*Must I needs dye?*  
*why surfet I on Pleasure?*  
*Must I needs dye?*  
*why swim I in Delight?*  
*Must I needs dye?*  
*why squint I after Treasure?*  
*Must I needs dye?*  
*why liue I not aright?*  
*Must I needs dye?*  
*why liue I then in sin?*  
*Thrice better for me*  
*I had neuer bin.*

*Fountaine of breathing Dust?*  
*such grace me giue,*  
*That I in life,*  
*prepare in dust to lye;*  
*Let me be dying still*  
*whiles I doe liue;*  
*That I may blisfull liue,*  
*when I shall dye:*

*For*

*For in Christs Schoole  
this Paradox learne I;  
Who dies before he dies,  
shall neuer die.*

*If I must die,  
then after must begin  
The life of Ioy or  
Torment, without end;  
The life of Torment  
purchas'd is by sinne;  
The life of Ioy, by life  
that learnes t'amend:  
Why should I then prophane,  
swear, curse, lust, lie,  
If I but thinke on this;  
That I must die?*

*Why should I quaffe  
to more then Nature can?*

*Sith*



*Sith more drinke I gaine  
more losse is mine:  
For may I not be tearm'd  
a bestiall man,  
To drowne my Reason  
in a cup of wine?  
Yea tenfold worse:  
Thus monster made at least:  
God made me Man,  
I make my selfe a Bcast.*

*How swelt I with hard trauell  
through the Dale  
That leads to Prophanations  
irkesome cell?  
But freeze, by softly  
pacing vp the skale,  
Where burning zeale,  
and her bright sisters dwell:  
Thus sweate I in the shadow,  
shake i' th shine,*

*And*

*And by free choice,  
from good to ill decline.*

*Sweet Saviour cleanse  
my leprous loathsome soule  
In that depurpled Fount,  
which forth thy side  
Gurgling, did twixt two  
Lilly-mountaines roule,  
To rinse Mans tainted Race,  
Sin-foylifide:  
Wash it more white  
then the triumphant Swan.  
That rides o' th siluer brest  
of Eridan.*

*Suffer my prayers  
harmony to rise  
Into thine cares,  
while th' Angels beare a part:*

*Accept*

*Accept my Sighs,  
as smelling Sacrifice,  
Sent from the Altar  
of my bleeding heart;  
Vp to thy nostrils, sweet  
as th' Oyle of Aaron,  
Or th' odoriferous Rose  
of flowrie Sharon.*

*The Hart ne're long'd more  
for the purling brookes;  
Nor did the lustfull Goate  
with more pursuit,  
After the blossom'd  
Tritifolie looke,  
Then do's my panting Soule,  
t' enjoy the fruit  
Of thy Life-water;  
which if I attaine  
To taste of once,  
I ne're shall thirst againe,  
*Euen**

*Euen as the chapped ground  
in Summers heat,  
Calls to the clouds,  
and gapes at euery shōwre:  
Whose thirstie Casma's  
greedily intreat,  
As tho they would  
th' whole house of heaui'n deuour;  
So do's my riuen Soule,  
beparcht with sin,  
Yatone wide, to let  
moyst drops of Mercie in.*

*Earths*



*Earths vanitie.*

**V***anitie of vanities, and  
all is but vanitie, saith  
the wisest Preacher  
that euer wrote: One generation  
passeth, and another commeth, and  
all is but vexation of spirit.  
Which diuine theorem, that  
we may the better perceiue, let  
vs fet our selues to the serious  
meditation of it: for the more  
we searh, the more we shall see  
all things to be vanity, nothing  
constant, nothing for our eter-  
nall*

nall good, but our foules faluation. Mans life on earth doth no fooner begin, but his end approacheth, his death hasteneth. Some come vpon the stage of this world but to haue a breathing, and are presently gone: others stay a while longer, it may be a day, perhaps a weeke, perhaps a month, peraduenture a yeare, or it may be some few yeares: but alas! the longer they stay, the greater their grieffe, care, feare, and anxietie of minde. Euen in the infancie of age man is oft times left as *Moses* sometime was, in the flouds of misery; but as age increaseth, forrow increaseth, because sinne increaseth: when youth runnes most at randome,  
and

and thinketh it selfe most safe, it is then hemm'd in with greatest dangers; then the rash-foole-hardy minde of man hurrieth him headlong to hell, except the irresistibile power of Gods preuenting grace doth speedily stay him; then his wits are euen intoxicated with a frenzie of iniquity, and wholly bent vpon riotoufnesse, rashnesse, luxury, iollitie, superfluity and exceffe in carnall pleasures. Hee then deuoteth his time, and addiēteth himselfe to all manner of euill, drinking, dancing, reuelling, fwagging, fwearing, whoring, gaming, quarelling, fighting; and in the meane while neuer thinkes on heauen, nor feareth hell. His head

head is fraught with vanities, his heart with fallacies, whereby his foule is brought into a labyrinth of inextricable miseries. So great is the temerity of his vnaduifed minde, that no confideration of Gods iudgements, either past, or present, or to come, can set a stop to his wickednesse. His youthfulness dampes at no bogges, quagmires, hils, or mountaines; but wingeth him ouer all impediments, mounts him ouer all motiues that might way-lay his finnes. He sticks not to offend his maker, to recrucifie his redeemer, to resist (shall I say his sanctifier, no, but) the Spirit whom God hath giuen to be his sanctifier: and if hee so carry him-



himselfe toward these, no meruaile that he derideth his Tutor, scornes the Minister (like the little children that mock'd *Elisha*) oppresseth his poore brother (as *Pharaoh* did the *Israelites*;) spareth not Infants (no more then *Herod* did) regardeth not parents (no more then *Hophin* and *Phinius* did.) Let the mother direct him, the father correct him, his ancients instruct him, alas! all is in vaine: youth makes men head-strong, selfe-conceited, and proud, so that they swell with an overweening opinion of their owne worth; they thinke themselves the onely wits of the time, the onely men of the world, more fit to teach others then to learn

E                    them

themselves, more able to give then to take advice. If they goe on a while in their lewd courses without the restraining and renewing Grace of God, they get a habit of euill, are hardened through the custome of sinne, none may resist them, none compare with them, no law of God or man can restrain them;

Psa. 2. 2, 3.

*They take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, Let vs breake their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from vs.* Whereupon oftentimes (the ripenessse of sinne being hastened by outragiousnesse of sinning) God suddenly cuts them off, in their intemperancy, luxury, quarrels, and disorders; which shewes their vaine

nesse

*Nequitias vite non finit esse senem.*

vainesse to be meere vanity. Suppose they grow as great as *Tamberlaine*, yet a Gunne, Pike Arrow; nay, a Fly, Flea, or Gnat; a dram, nay, a drop of poyson, proues them to be vaine men: one of these filly creatures may fend him presently to his creatour to receiue his final doome. Yet alas! what doe these most minde? The bum-basted silken Gallants of our time, that come forth like a May morning, decked with all the glory of Art; the Epicurean Cormerants, the guffling and tipling toffe-pots, the dainty painting Dames, the delicate mincing Ladies, the sweet-finging Syrens, the dancing Damfels, the finicall youths, the couzening Shop-  
E 2 keeper,

keeper, the crafty Crafts-man: I say, what doe all these, but set their minds vpon vanitie? vpon glory, honour, pride, drosse, and such like trash, which weighed in the ballance of the Sanctuary proue lighter then vanity? Doe we not sometime see more spent vpon one suite in Law then would keepe a poore Country towne with the inhabitants for a whole yeare? See wee not more spent vpon one suite of apparell, for one proud carkaffe, then would build a Free-schoole? So that the cloathes on many a Gallants backe exceeds his Rent-day. See we not more spent vpon a Feast to fatisfie the curiositie of a few, then would fatisfie the necessity

necessity of a hundred poore wretches almost famished to death? See wee not more drunke in a Tauerne at one sitting by a small company, then would serue a troope of sturdy Souldiers in the field? Many goe daily to the Tauern, where they sticke not to spend their twelue pence, who would grudge to giue one penny, nay, one farthing to a hungry begger. Againe, is there not now more spent vpon a Ladies feather, then would pay a meane mans tythes? Is there not more spent vpon one paire of sleeues then would cloath fixe bodies? and more spent at a Whitfunale, then would keepe the poore of the Parish for a yeare? Haue

E 3                      we

wee not amongst our Gentry, some of the female sexe, who will spend more vpon a Glasse and a pot of complexion, then they will giue a whole yeare at their gate? they must be menders of that which God makes, makers of that which God marres, turning themselues (like the Camelion) into all shapes, though neuer so grisly and vgly; and being neuer well till they be most ill, neuer (as they conceit) in fashion, till indeede they be out of all fashion. If this be not a vanity of vanities, who can tell what is vanity? Euery man is an eye-witnesse of this vanity, the more is the pittie that it should be so common: your Lady, the Merchants wife,  
the

the trades mans wife, nay, all of all forts are a degree about their estate. Your Gallant is no man, vnlesse his haire be of the womans fashion, dangling and wauing ouer his shoulders; your woman no body, except (contrary to the modesty of her sexe) shee be halfe (at least) of the mans fashion: shee jets, she cuts, she rides, shee sweares, shee games, shee smoakes, shee drinkes, and what not that is euill? She is in the vniuersall portraiture of her behauiour, as well as in her accoutrements, more then halfe a man; the man on the other side, no lesse womanish. Wee may well admire and exclaime with the Poet, *O tempora! O mores!* O the times!

E 4

O

O the manners of these times!  
*O quantum est in rebus mane!* O  
how great a nothing is there in  
all things! What a vanity of va-  
nity hath ouerspread the age we  
liue in? Were our forefathers  
now aliue to be spectators of  
this vanity, it would frike them  
into amazement. In their dayes  
the Pike, the Speare, the Sword,  
the Bowe, the Arrow, Musket  
and Calieuer, with the warlike  
Horse, were the obiect of exer-  
cise and recreation: Now the  
Pot, the Pipe, Dice and Cards,  
and such like vanities, indeede  
worfe then the quintescence of  
the extreamest vanity. We are  
now all for ease, wee must lye  
soft, fare deliciously, goe sump-  
tuously, drinke Wine in bowles,  
carowse



carowfe healths, till health be quite drunke away; nay, wee must kneele to our drinke, when we will not kneele to him that gaue vs our drinke; we doe homage to that which takes away the vse of our legges, nay, of our braines, our hearts, wits, fence, reafon, when we refuse homage to him that gaue vs all these. O vaine man that dost thus forget thy God, and abuse thy felfe! why dost thou thus suffer thy felfe to be fwallowed vp in the gulfe of vanity, which hath no bottome but misery? Why suffereft thou the Diuell thus to take thee on the hip, that he may cast thee downe into the Abiffe of hell? Art thou so bewitched with that which will

E 5            haue

haue an end, a sudder end, a wretched end? Thy hony will proue Gall in the end, and thy Wine Vinegar. In these faire roses of vanity the Diuell hides his pins, that shall pricke thee, when thou lookest to be refreshed with their sweet smels. These vanities wee purchase at no easie rate; it is with the procurement of punishment, and losse of happinesse: As the bird that accepts of the Fowlers meat buyes it full dearely, with the losse of her owne life: so when we accept these vanities from the Diuell, it is with the losse of better things, in price aboue the whole world. In these contracts with Satan, we make *Esau's* penniworth, sell heauen  
for

for a messe of pottage; *Claucus* exchange, Gold for Copper. Now thou art pompering thy corruptible flesh; but let pale death step in, and clap thee on the shoulder, wher's thy mirth, wher's thy felicity? thy voluptuous vanity doth presently expire. There is a banquet set before thee, in which are all varieties of delicacies, but alas! eue-ry one poysoned: darest thou touch or taste any one of them? by sin thou poysonest all those outward bleffings of God, which in themselues are wholesome and good: and wilt thou ingurgitate that which is poyson to thy soule? Tell me when all is done, two or three hundred yeares hence, what thou wilt be  
the

the better for all thy dainties, more then the poore man that neuer tasted them? Nay, how much better in the day of triall, and at the houre of death? Then all thy pride, pompe, and pleasure shall be turned into squaled deformity, & irrecouerable calamity; then vanity shewes it felfe in the proper colours, then death, and knell, and hell doe all conspire to aggrauate thy sorrow; yea, then hell begins to come to thee before thou come to it; thy eyes sleepe not, thy senses rest not, thy perplexed heart burnes within thee, thy wounded conscience bleeds within thee; thou seeft nothing but terror, thou feelest nothing but horror; thou thinkest thy  
felfe

self to be haunted with sprights, ghofts, and hellifh furies, flinging thee with Adders, purfuing thee with Torches and fire-brand. That faying of the Hea-then man is then, if not before, verified: *Sua quemque exagitant furia*; every man is tormented with his owne fury, which is his confcience. Befides thy wife, children, or other friends (to the exasperating of thy grieffe) doe ftand about thee weeping, as loath to part from thee: whereas thy finnes follow thee, and will follow thee, doe what thou canft; hell gapes before thee with a wide mouth as ready to deuoure thee, deftruction on both fides attends thee: backe thou canft not goe, for a dead

dead corps followes thee so neere that thou canst not part from it, it is tied vnto thee with an indiffolueable knot; besides, conscience followes thee, and cries out against thee, and will not leaue thee; continually it presents thee with the dreadful spectacle of thy doleful and wo-full finnes. If this were now seriously considered, how would it make thy heart to ake with grieuing, thy eyes to swell with weeping, thy hands to be alwayes lifted vp, thy knees euer bended? How wouldest thou striue to subdue thy flesh to the spirit, sensuality to reason, reason to faith, and faith to the seruice of God? But thou dost not now consider this, that thy sinne is so  
fast

fast linkt to thy confcience, that at the laſt (albeit not before) it will pull and hale thee, and rack and prick thy confcience, which will accuſe, conuict, & condemn thee: all thy vanities, all thy iniquities, will then purſue thee like ſo many furious ghoſts. Then *ex ore tuo*, out of thy own mouth ſhalt thou be iudged, thou euill ſeruant: thy owne mouth ſhall confeſſe that thou haſt followed nothing but vanity: What a vanity was it for me to make earth my heauen, and ſo to admire & euen adore this earth, that it is a hell to forfake it? What a wofull bargain haue I made to ſell my foule for vanity? I was borne in vanity, I haue liued in vanity, and it is  
my

my feare that I shall dye in vanity. Oh how grieffe followeth grieffe? my heart is terrified, my thoughts hurried, my conscience tortured, I fry in anguish, I freeze in paine, I stand agast and know not which way to turne me: my friends must forsake me, my foes will deride me, my earthly ioyes and comforts (I should call them vanities) haue betraid me. Indeede my friends may goe with me to the graue, but there they must leaue me; my riches, pleasures, and such like vanities vanish before; but my finnes and conscience will neuer leaue me; the diuell will still pursue me: hee that tempts me now to sinne, will then torment me for sinning  
vntill



untill I cry out with *Cain*, *My punishment is greater then I can beare. A horse is but a vaine thing to saue a man*, said the sweet finger of *Israell*: so say I, all earthly things are too vaine to saue a man, to make him blessed, I appeale to the conscience of euery man, if thou hast tried the pleasures of vanity (and who hath not?) whether thou maist not take vp the words of *Saint Paul*, *What fruit haue I of those things, whercof I am now ashamed?* Shame, and grieffe, and guilt, and punishment are the fruit of vanity: enough I thinke to rend our hearts from affecting of it. Thinke vpon this thou that art in the trace of vanity, that thou maist make a retreat;  
loose

Rom. 6.  
12.

loose no more time herein (for thou hast already lost too much) *redeeme the time, because the dayes are euill*; and why are they euill, but because they are vaine? Whatfoeuer is without the circumference of euill, is aboute the sphaere of vanity. Resolue therefore with thy selfe that all things earthly, worldly, carnall, finfull, are vaine: *the fashion of this world passeth away*, saith the Apostle, *1 Cor. 7. 3.* *The fashion*, τὸ σχῆμα, a word very emphaticall: it signifies first an accidentall and externall figure without substance; secondly, the habit, vesture or cloathing of a thing. Saint *Paul* vseth this word to debase the world, by intimating vnto vs, that

that the world is *cloathed with a vesture*, that is, wearing and waisting, the *fashion* of it lasteth but for a time, it is ready euery houre to put on a *new fashion*: againe, by intimating vnto vs, that the world is *without any substantiall forme*, like vnto *shewes and shadowes*, that vanish in the representation. Saint *Luke* cals all *Agrippa's pompe* but a *fancie*: *David* cals the yeares of a man but a *tale*, *Psal. 90. 9. We spend our yeares as a tale that is told.* As a tale, nay, as a thought (for so much the originall word doth import) and how many thoughts may a man haue in an houre? Nothing is more changable then a *vesture*, nothing more fugitiue then a *shadow*,  
nothing

nothing more fickle then a *fancie*, nothing more swift then *thought*. What a disproportion therefore is it for the immortall soule of a man to be fastened vnto things which are of such a variable nature? What a folly for vs to preferre those which are but momentary (for so I may more truely cal them then temporall) vnto those things which are indeede eternall? Glasse are in great vse amongst vs, yet because of their brittlenesse who esteemes them precious? We smell to flowers, because they are sweet; but because they are fading, we regard them thereafter. It were well if we would deale thus with all other vanities, *viz.* regard them as they are

are: vse the creatures we may, but not abuse them; serue our selues of them, but not serue them; inioy them, but not ouer-ioy in them.

Now because examples are are very effectually, whether we vse them by way of dehortation, or whether by way of exhortation, let me propound one or two in this matter whereof I am treating, that by them thou maist be beaten off from the vanities and iniquities of this present euill world. When *Alexander* in the height of his glory kept\* a Parliament of the whole world, himselfe was summoned by death to appeare in another world. It was a wonderfull president of the vanity and variety

*Conuen-  
tium ter-  
rarum  
orbis.*

<i>Iustin. l. 2.</i>	riety of humane condition (faith the Historian) to see mighty <i>Zerxes</i> flote and flye away in a small vessel, who before wanted Sea-roome for his Ships. When
Dan. 5.	<i>Belshazzar</i> was laughing and quaffing with his Princes and Concubines, carowfing healths in the sacred Vessels; deaths secretary, the hand-writing on the wall, told him he was weighed in the ballance, and his Kingdome was finished. And before him his father <i>Nebuchadnezzar</i> (at that time the greatest Monarch in the world) as he was strouting in his Galleries, and boasting of his owne power and honour, a voyce from heauen told him that his Kingdome was departed from him, that he
Dan. 4.	should

should be driuen from amongst men, that he should haue his dwelling with the Beasts of the field, &c. And the sentence was fulfilled on him the same houre.

So *Zedekiah* was a liuely spectacle of this worlds vanity and misery, who of a potent King became a miserable captiue, saw his children slaine before his face, after that had his eyes put out, and died miserably in prison. I had almost forgotten *Salomon*,

the wisest King that euer was, hauing giuen himselfe to take pleasure in pleasant things, hauing made great workes, built goodly Houses, planted Vineyards, Gardens, and Orchards, and planted in them trees of all fruit, & hauing gathered siluer and

2 Kin. 25

Ecccl. 2.

Ecccl. 1. 2.

and gold, and the chiefe treasures of Kings and Prouinces, being now full of wisedome, and schooled with experience, he is licensed to giue his sentence of the whole world, and euery man knowes what his censure was: *Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities, all is vanity.* This wise King trauelled all the world ouer, and the further he went the more vanity he did see, and the neerer he looked, the greater it seemed, till at last he could see nothing but vanity. Wouldst thou know what is to be seene, or heard, or had in this vast Vniuerse? *Vanity* faith *Salomon*, yea *vanity of vanities*; and what else? *Vanity of vanities.* And what else?  
*All*



*All is vanity.* Nothing beneath the Moone that hath not a tincture of vanity. Nay, the Moone it self, the Sunne, all the Planets, all the Starres, the whole body of the Heauens, is become subiect to Vanitie. The creature is subiect vnto Vanity, faith the Apottle, *Rom. 8. 20.* that is, the whole frame of the world, consisting of the cœlestiall and elementary region, the visibler heauens with all their goodly furniture of Starres and of cœlestiall bodies, and the earth with her ornaments, and the other elements. *The heauens shall perish, and they shall waxe old as doth a garment, and the Lord shall change them as a vesture, and they shall be changed.* As a garment

Pfal. 102.  
26.

F the

the older it waxeth, the leffe comely it is, the leffe able to warme him that weares it: fo the materiall heauens by continuance of yeares decrease in beauty and vertue. The neerer the Sunne drawes to the end of his daily courfe, the leffe is his ftrength; in the euening we feele the Sunne to decay in his heat, and he waxeth alway the weaker. Now if thofe fuperiour bodies, then much more things inferiour and fublunary, are included within the compaffe of vanity.

But it was my purpofe, when I firft fet vpon this fubieft, fo ample and large, to be fo much the more fhort: euery vnderftanding can of it felfe  
discourfe,

discourse, where such plenty of matter is offered. I haue therefore (according to the modell of that gift which God hath giuen me) contriued a great picture in a little ring, fet forth the great vanity of this world in a little Map.

Let vs now learne the leffon of Saint *John*, the beloued Disciple of Christ, who wrote so much of loue, doth yet dehorte vs from louing the world, 1 *Ioh.* 2. 15. *Loue not the world, neither the things that are in the world.* Why not the world? for three reasons: 1. *If any man loue the world, the loue of the father is not in him.* 2. *All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not*

*F 2 of*

*of the father, but is of the world.*  
3. *The World passeth away, and the lust thereof:* that is, it is vaine and vanishing, yea in the abstract Vanity. For these reasons we must not suffer our hearts to cleave to the best things in the world, as if happineffe were to be found in them. Follow the counsell of the holy Ghost, *1 Cor. 7. 31.* Use this world as though thou used it not, for the fashion of this world goeth away. Use the things of this world as helps to thee in thy trauell to heauen-ward, but let them not steale away thy heart from better things, from God, and Christ, and heauen, and peace of conscience, and ioy in the holy Ghost: these must delight

light the heart of a Christian, who was *redeemed, not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Iesus Christ*, in comparifon of whom all the things of the world must feeme losse and droffe, and dung, and whatfoeuer is moft despitabile in the eyes of man. *If riches increafe, fet not thy heart vpon them:* no treasure, no pleasure, no honor, nor gold, nor plate, nor iewels, nor house, nor land, nor appa-  
 rell, nor friends, must steale away thy heart. We must be affected to these things, as *Theodoricke* the good King of *Aquitaine* was with his play;\* *In good casts he was silent, in ill mery, in neither angry, in both a*  
 F 3 *Philosopher,*

1 Pet. 1.  
19.

Pl. Ec. 10.

*In bonis iactibus tacet, in malis videt, in utrisque Philosophatur.*

*Philosopher*, or a wise man. We must not make these a riuall vnto God, we must not leane vpon these by our confidence: for they are a reed that shall quickly breake, and the shiuers will run into our hand.

Death is the most terrible of all things that are terrible, said the *Philosopher Aristotle*: it is terrible both to man and beast, but most terrible to a wicked man that is worse then a beast, when he remembers his sinfull life past, the complexion of his flesh, the paleness of his face, the dissolution of his members, the rottenness of his bones, the obscureness of his graue, the solitariness of his sepulcher, the gnawing of wormes, and the like

like. But alas (albeit these are terrible, yet) these are nothing without the consideration of sin, which is the sting of death, the strength, and victory of the graue. Thinke vpon thy sinnes, whereof thou art guilty, and for which thou must dye, as the condemned malefactor that after sentence pronounced, is hurried to the fatall place of execution, to suffer deserued punishment. Remember, yea againe and againe. I say, remember, how miserably, how violently, how sodainly, others haue suffered death, that were guilty of those sins which are more predominant in thee then they were in them. Art thou a thiefe? which thou maist be, though  
F 4                    thou

thou wert neuer attached for  
 theft by the lawes of men; for  
 couetoufneffe is a Pick-purse  
 before God: read and remem-  
 ber how *Achan* dyed, *Iosh.* 7. Art  
 thou a whoremaster? which  
 thou maist be as well in thy  
 minde as in thy body: then  
 read and remember how *Hophni*  
 and *Phineas* dyed, how *Zimri*  
 and *Cosbi* were slain in the very  
 act of their vncleanneffe. And  
*Iczabel* an impudent strumpet  
 dyed a fodaine and shamefull  
 death. Art thou a blasphemous  
 fwearer that dost rend & grinde  
 the sacred name of God be-  
 tweene thy teeth? Remember  
 him vnder the Law that was  
 stoned to death for his blasphe-  
 my. Art thou an Idolatrous  
 impe

1 Sam. 3.

Num. 25.  
8.



impe of the Popish Church, that doſt leaue our Lord to worſhip our Lady, and giue that honour to Saints, nay, to ſtockes and ſtones, which is proper to God alone? call to minde how *Sennacharib* was ſlaine in the midſt of his Idolatry. Art thou an intemperate drunkard, that doſt ſacrifice thy time and ſtate, nay, foule and body vnto *Bacchus*, riſing early to drinke ſtrong drinke, and ſitting vp late till Wine inflame thee? thinke vpon *Belſhazzar* that was ſlaine in the midſt of his cups, whilſt he was drinking in that Wine, which the ſwords of his inſulting enemies drew out of him together with his lateſt blood. Art thou a couetous Vſurer,

F 5                      that

*1ſ. 37. vlt.**Dan. 5. vlt.*

that dost let out thy mony to men, thy time to Mamon, and thy soule to Satan, that like a common Hackney jade wilt not beare thy debtors one houre past thy day? or art thou a gripping oppreffor, that dost racke thy poore tenants, and exact vpon thy neighbour, to gaine a little transitory trash? Remember *Nabal*, and remember that

Luk. 12.

Miser in the Gospell, who being asleep in security, and dreaming of enlarged barns and plentiful haruests, was sodainly bereft of all, and being awaked vpon the hearing of his Soule-knell perceiued himself to be for euer wretched. Consider whether these and the like finners, that haue made their souls the slaues  
of

of vanity, haue not in the end made themfelues the flauers of mifery. Haue they prospered, or haue they perished? if they haue prospered, then follow them; if perished (as indeede they haue) then in the feare of God retire out of their paths, lest thou be speedily cut off, hauing no information of the danger, till thy owne eyes amazed with the sodainnes behold it in the fhape of ineuitable damnation. Be thou warned by their examples; for God hath punished sinne in them, to preuent sinne in thee: *Vt exempla sint omnium, tormenta paucorum*; that the torments of some few may be terrours vnto all: like as thunderbolts fall  
(*Pau-*

*Cyprian  
ser. 5. de  
Lapf.*

(*Paucorum periculo, sed omnium metu*) to the hurt but of few, though not without the horror of all. That ship which sees another ship sinke before her, lookes about her, puls downe her saile, turneth her course, and escapes the sands, which else would swallow her vp as they done the other. When the earth swallowed vp *Coral* and his confederates, all *Israel* that were round about them, fled at the cry of them, for they said, *Lest the earth swallow vs vp also, Num. 16. 34.* The Bird will not light on the lime-bush, nor into the net, if she see another infnared before her; the Horfe will not follow another, whom he sees to sticke fast in the  
the

the mire: oh be not lesse wife  
 then bird or beast, nor more  
 brutish then Horse and Mule  
 that hath no vnderstanding. If  
 thou seeft another fall into the  
 fire, thou wilt not willingly fol-  
 low him; then follow not finners  
 to the fire of hell, lest thou be  
 constrained at last, when it shall  
 be too late, to bewaile thy fol-  
 ly: to cry out with those that  
 haue mispent their time in va-  
 nity, Oh that now I might dye  
 the death of the righteous! oh  
 that I might not dye at all! oh  
 that I might feele in my consci-  
 ence the least hope of pardon,  
 which is as vnpossible as to vn-  
 lade all the water in the vast  
 Ocean with a spoone! Oh that  
 God would giue mee the least  
 dram

Thus Fran-  
 cis Spenza  
 cried out,  
 after he  
 had renou-  
 ced the  
 profession  
 o true  
 pietie, for  
 the posses-  
 sion of  
 earths va-  
 nity.

dram of grace, which is as impossible as for the least graine of Mustardseed to fill the whole earth! preuent this betimes, which thou maist doe, by abandoning the vanity of the world; and so liue, that wheresoeuer or howsoeuer thou dyest, whether abroad or at home, by day or by night, sleeping or waking, whether a sodain death or a deliberate death, thou maist willingly commend thy spirit vnto the hands of God as vnto the hands of a faithfull creator; and maist say with the Bride, *Come Lord Iesu, euen so, come Lord Iesu, come quickly:* my heart is prepared to enter into thy rest, receiue me into the armes of thy mercy, entertaine mee into thy  
 owne

Reu. 22.

owne kingdome, that leauing the vanity of this world, I may with thy glorified Angels and blessed Saints, enjoy that euerlasting felicity of a better world, which neuer shall haue an end.

Adew therefore vain world, with all worldly delights whatsoever: and now solitary foule begin to take thy folace in better things. And to proue the world vaine, and consequently thy selfe vaine, behold these shapes, read these Verses, and in order open the leaues that are folded vp. Herein, as in a mirror, behold thy owne estate, read, and consider what thou readest, that thou maist know and see thy owne vanity.

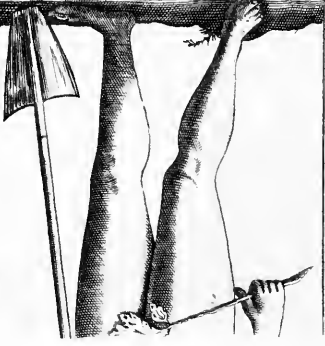
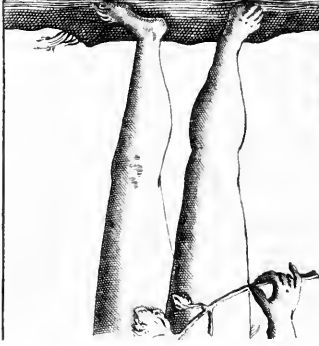
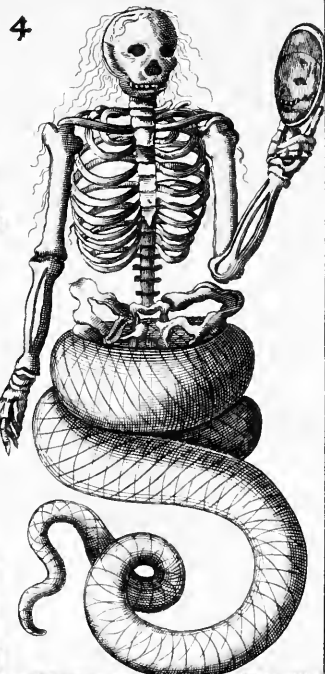
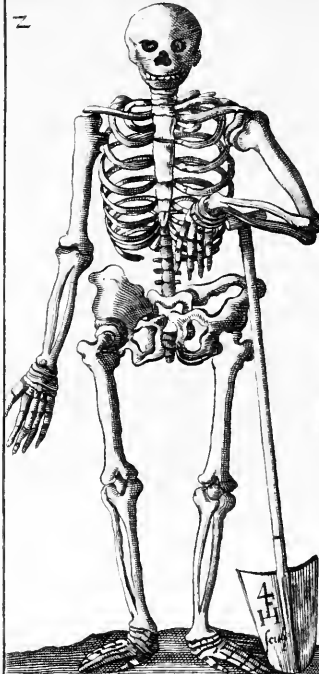
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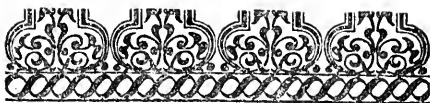
Here thou shalt see what thou wert, what thou art, and what thou shalt be. Dust thou wert, dust thou art, and vnto dust thou shalt returne: dust in thy creation, dust in thy constitution, dust in thy dissolution.

*Though*



Reader to giue thee insight of this Peece which shewes thy mortality, and the better for thee to vnderstand how perfect creatures wee were created at first, and what we shall all come vnto by *Adams* fall. First, fold vp this peece to figure 1. in the perfect shape of *Adam*. Then turne backe to figure 2. and there see *Death*. Then turne ouer to figure 3. and there see *Eue*. Then turne vp to figure 4. and see the *Serpent*. And open the peece to 1. and 3. together: and to 2. and 4. together; which for euery part so turned, these Verfes will declare the meaning more at large; So fare thee well: Thy well-wilher, M. S. 1628.





I.

**T***Hough long it were since Adam was,  
Yct seemes he here to be;  
A blessed creature once he was,  
Now naked as you see:  
Whose wife was cause of all my care,  
To say I may be bold:  
Turne backe the leaues, and then you may  
My picture there behold.*

II.

*To thinke vpon the workes of God,  
All worldly men may wonder:  
But thinking on thy finnes O man,  
Thy heart may burst asunder:  
The sinner sits and sweetly sings,  
And so his heart beguiles,*

*Till*

*Till I come with my bitter stings,  
And turne to grieffe his smiles.*

## III.

*Muse not to gaze vpon my shape,  
Whose nakednesse you see;  
By flattering and deceitfull words,  
The Diuell deceiued me:  
Let me example be to all,  
That once from God doe range:  
Turne backe the leaues, and then behold  
Another sight as strange.*

## IV.

*Had Adam and Eue neuer beene  
As there you saw their shape,  
I neuer had deceiued them,  
Nor they ere made debate:  
But turne, behold where both doe stand  
And lay the fault on me:  
Turne backe the vpper and nether crests,  
There each of them you see.*

*Here*

## I. III.

*Here we doe stand in perfect state,  
All formed as we were;  
But what the Serpent did by hate,  
Shall sodainely appeare:  
Then here behold how both doe stand,  
And where the fault did lye:  
Th' almighty power did so command,  
That once we all must dye.*

## II. IV.

*See what comes of wicked deed,  
As all men well doe know;  
And for the same God hath decreed  
That we should live in woe:  
The dust it was my daily food,  
Vnto it we must turne;  
And darknesse is my chiefe abode,  
In sorrow so we mourne.*

Of



Of the punishments  
which the Lord threat-  
*neth vnto such as liue*  
*a sinfull life.*

**O**Ne of the principall  
meanes that our Lord  
hath vsed oftentimes  
to bridle the hearts of men, and  
to draw them vnto the obedi-  
ence of his commandements,  
hath beene, to set before their  
eyes the horrible plagues and  
punishments that are prepared  
for

for such persons as be rebels and transgressours of his Law. For although the hope of the rewards that are promised vnto the good in the life to come, may moue vs very much hereunto: yet are we commonly more moued with things that be irkesome vnto vs, than with such as be pleasant: euen as we see by daily experience, that we are vexed more with an iniury done vnto vs, than delighted with any honour; and we are more troubled with sicknesse, than comforted with health: and so by the discommodity of sicknesse, we come to vnderstand the commodity of health, as by a thing so much the better perceiued, by how much more

more it is fenfibly felt. Now for this caufe did our Lord in times paft vfe this meane more than any other, as it appeareth moft clearly by the writings of the Prophets, which are euery where full of dreadfull fayings and threatnings, wherewith our Lord pretendeth to put a terrour into the hearts of men, and fo to bridle and fubdue them vnder the obedience of his Law. And for this end he commanded the Prophet *Jeremie*, That he fhould take a white booke, and write in the fame all the threatnings and calamities which hee had reuealed vnto him, euen from the firft day he began to talke with him, vntill that prefent houre, and that he  
fhould



should read the same in the presence of all the people, to see if peradventure they would be moued therewith vnto repentance, and to change their former life, to the end, that he might also change the determination of his wrath, which he had purposed to execute vpon them. And the holy Scripture saith, That when the Prophet had done according as he was commanded by almighty God, and had read all those threatenings in the presence of the people, and of the Rulers; there arose such a feare and terrour amongst them, that they were all astonished, and as it were bestraughted of their wits, looking one in anothers face, for the  
exceeding

exceeding great fear which they had conceiued of those words. This was one of the principall means which almighty God vfed with men in the time of the Law written, and fo he did alfo in the time of the Law of grace: in which, the holy Apoflle faith, That as there is reuealed a iuftice, whereby God maketh men iuft, fo is there alfo reuealed an indignation and wrath, whereby he punisheth the vniuft: for which caufe, *S. Iohn Baptift* (the glorious forerunner of our Sauour Chrift) was fent with this commiffion and embassage, to preach vnto the world, *That the axe was now put to the root of the tree, and that eucry tree that brought not forth good*

*good fruit, should be cut downe and cast into the fire. Hee said moreouer, That there was another come into the world, more mighty than hee, that carried in his hand a fanne, to winnow and cleanse therewith his floore, and that he would put vp the corne into his garner, but the chaffe he will burne in a fire that should neuer be quenched. This was the preaching and embassage which the holy fore-runner of our Sauour Iesus Christ brought into the world. And so great was the thunder of these words, and the terrour which entered into mens hearts, so dreadfull, that there ran vnto him of all estates and conditions of men, euen of the very Pharisees and*

G                      Publicans,

Publicans, yea, and Souldiours also (which of all others are wont to be most dissolute, and to haue the least care of their consciences) and each of them demanded for himselfe particularly of that holy man, what he should doe to attaine vnto saluation, and to escape those terrible threatnings which he had denounced vnto them, so great was the feare they had conceiued of them.

And this is that (deare Christian brother) which I doe at this present (in the behalfe of Almighty God) deliuer vnto thee, although not with such feruency of spirit and like holinesse of life, yet that which importeth more in this case, with  
the

the same truth and certainty; for so much as the faith and Gospell which Saint *Iohn Baptist* then preached, is euen the same now taught.

Now, if thou be desirous to vnderstand in few words, how great the punishment is, that almighty God hath threatned in his holy Scriptures to the wicked, that which may most briefly and most to the purpose be spoken in this matter, is this: That like as the reward of the good is an vniuerfall good thing, euen so the punishment of the wicked is an vniuerfall euill, which comprehendeth in it al the euils that are. For the better vnderstanding whereof, it is to be noted, That all the euils of this life

G 2                    are

are particular euils, and therefore doe not torment all our fences generally, but onely one, or some of them. As taking an example of the diseases of our body; we see, that one hath a disease in his eyes, another in his eares: one is sicke in the heart, another in the stomacke, some other in his head. And so diuers men are diseased in diuers parts of the body, howbeit, in such wise, that none of all these diseases be generally throughout all the members of the body, but particular to some one of them. And yet for all this, we see what grieue onely one of these diseases may put vs vnto, and how painefull a night the sicke man hath in any one of these

these infirmities, yea, although it be nothing else but a little ach in one tooth. Now let vs put the case, that there were some one man sicke of such an vniuerfall difeafe, that he had no part of his body, neither any one joynt or fence free from his proper paine, but that at one time and instant hee suffered most exceeding sharpe torment in his head, in his eyes, and eares, in his teeth, and stomack, in his liuer and heart: and to be fhort, in all the rest of his members and joints of his body, and that he lay after this fort fretting himselfe in his bed, being pained with these greefes and torments, euery member of his body hauing his particular tor-

G 3

ment

ment and griefe: Hee (I fay) that should lye thus pained and afflicted, how great torment and griefe of minde and body (thinke ye) should he sustaine? Oh, what thing could any man imagine more miserable, and more worthy of compassion? Surely, if thou shouldest see but a dogge to be so tormented and grieued in the street, his very paines would moue thy heart to take pittie vpon him. Now this is that (my deare Christian brother, if any comparifon may be made betweene them) which is suffered in that most curfed and horrible place of hell, and not onely during for the space of one night, but euerlastingly, for euer and euer. For like as  
the



the wicked men haue offended Almighty God with all their members and senses, and haue made armour of them all to ferue sinne, euen so will he ordaine, that they shall be there tormented euery one of them with his proper torment.

There shall the wanton vnchaste eyes be tormented with the terrible sight of Diuels: the eares with the confusion of such horrible cries and lamentations which shall there be heard: the nose with the intollerable stinke of that vgly, filthy, and loathsome place: the taste, with a most rauinous hunger and thirst: the touching, and all the members of the body with extreame burning fire. The ima-

G 4

ginations

gination shall be tormented by the conceiuing of griefes present: the memory, by calling to minde the pleasures past: the vnderstanding, by considering what benefits are lost, and what endlesse miseries are to come.

This multitude of punishments the holy Scripture signifieth vnto vs, when it saith, *Mat. 15. Psal. 10. That in hell there shall be hunger, thirst, weeping, wailing, gnashing of teeth, swords double edged, spirits created for reuengement, serpents, wormes, scorpions, hammers, wormewood, water of gall, the spirit of tempest,* and other things of like fort. Whereby are signified vnto vs (as in a figure) the multitude and dreadfull terrour of

of the most horrible torments and paines that be in that curfed place. There fhall be likewise darkneffe inward and outward, both of body and foule, farre more obfcure than the darke-*neffe* of *Aegypt*, which was to be felt euen with hands, *Exod.* 20. There fhall be fire alfo, not as this fire here, that tormenteth a little, and fhortly endeth, but fuch a fire as that place requi-*reth*, which tormenteth exceedingly, and fhall neuer make an end of that tormenting. This being true, what greater wonder can there be, than that they which beleue and confeffe this for truth, fhould liue with fuch moft ftrange negligence and carelefneffe as they doe? What

G 5

trauell

trauell and paines would not a man willingly take to escape euen one onely day, yea, one houre, the very least of these torments? and wherefore doe they not then, to escape the euerlastingnesse of so great paines and horrible torments, endure so little a trauell, as to follow the exercife of vertue. Surely, the confideration of this matter were able to make any sinfull soule to feare and tremble, in case it were deeply regarded.

And if amongst so great number of paines, there were any manner hope of end or release, it would be some kinde of comfort: but alas it is not so, for there the gates are fast shut vp from  
all

all expectation of any manner of ease or hope. In all kinde of paines and calamities that be in this world, there is alwayes some gap lying open, whereby the patient may receiue some kind of comfort: sometimes reason, sometimes the weather, sometimes his friends, sometimes the hearing that others are troubled with the very same disease, and sometimes (at the least) the hope of an end may cheare him: onely in these most horrible paines and miseries that be in hell, all the wayes are shut vp in such fort, and all the hauens of comfort so embarred, that the miserable sinner cannot hope for remedy on any side, neither of heauen, nor of earth,  
neither

neither of the time past, or present, or of the time to come, or of any other meanes. The damned foules thinke, that all men are shooting darts at them, and that all creatures haue conspired against them, & that euen they themselues are cruell against themselues. This is that distresse whereof the finners doe lament by the Prophet, saying: *The sorrowes of hell haue compassed me round about, and the suares of death haue besieged me:* For on which side foeuer they looke or turne their eyes, they doe continually behold occasions of forrow and grieffe, and none at all of any ease or comfort. The wife Virgins (saith the Euangelist) *that stood ready prepared at the*

*the gate of the Bridegrome, entred in, and the gate was forthwith locked fast. O locking cuerlasting, O enclofure immortal, O gate of all goodneffe, which shal neuer any more be opened againe. As if he had said more plainly, the gate of pardon, of mercy, of comfort, of grace, of intercession, of hope, and of all other goodneffe, is shut vp for euer and euer. Six dayes and no more was Manna to be gathered, but the feuenth day, which was the Sabbath day was there none to be found: and therefore shall he fast for euer, that hath not in due time made his prouision aforehand. The sluggard (saith the wife man) will not till his ground for feare*

feare of cold, and therefore shall he beg his bread in summer, and no man shall giue him to eat. And in another place he saith: *He that gathereth in summer, is a wise sonne, but he that giueth himselfe to sleeping at that season, is the sonne of confusion.* For what confusion can be greater then that which that miserable couetous rich man suffereth, who with a few crums of bread that fell from his table, might haue purchased to himselfe abundance of euerlasting felicitie, and glory in the kingdome of heauen? But because he would not giue so small a thing, he came to such an extreame necessity that he begged (yea, and shall for euer beg in vaine) one-ly



ly one drop of water, and shall neuer obtaine it. Who is not moued with that request of that vnfortunate damned person, who cried, *O father Abraham haue compassion on me, and send downe Lazarus vnto me, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and touch my tongue, for these horrible flames doe torment me exceedingly.* What smaller request could there be desired than this? He durst not request so much as one cup of water, neither that *Lazarus* should put his whole hand into the water, nor yet (which is more to be wondered at) did he request so much as the whole finger, but onely the tip of it, that it might but touch his tongue; and yet  
euen

euen this alone would not be granted vnto him. Whereby thou maiest perceiue, how fast the gate of all consolation is shut vp, and how vniuerfall that interdict and excommunication is, that is there laid vpon the damned, sith this rich Glutton could not obtaine so much as this small request. So that wherefoeuer the damned persons doe turne their eyes, and on which side foeuer they stretch their hands, they shall not finde any manner of comfort, be it neuer so small. And as he that is in the Sea choaked, and almost drowned vnder the water, not finding any stay whereupon to set his foot, stretcheth forth his hands oftentimes

times on euery side in vain (because all that he graspeth after, is thin and liquid water, which deceiues him) euen so shall it fare with the damned persons, when they shall be drowned in that deepe Sea of so many miseries, where they shall strue and struggle alwaies with death, without finding any succour or place of stay, whereupon they may rest themselues. Now this is one of the greatest paines wherewith they be tormented in that cursed place: for if these torments should haue their continuance limited but for a certaine time, though it were for a thousand, yea, a hundred thousand millions of yeares, yet euen this would be some little comfort

fort vnto them, for nothing is perfectly great, in case it haue an end: But alas, they haue not so much as this poore and miserable comfort: but contrariwise, their paines are equall in continuance with the eternity of almighty God, and the lasting of their misery with the eternity of Gods glory. As long as almighty God shall liue, so long shall they dye: and when almighty God shall cease to be God, then shall they also cease to be as they are. O deadly life, O immortall death! I know not whether I may truely tearme thee, either life or death: for if thou be life, why dost thou kil? And if thou be death, why dost thou endure? Wherefore  
I

I will call thee neither the one, nor the other, for so much as in both of them there is contained something that is good: as in life there is rest, and in death there is an end (which is a great comfort to the afflicted) but thou hast neither rest nor end. What art thou then? Marry, thou art the worst of life, and the worst of death; for of death thou hast the torment, without any end, and of life thou hast the continuance without any rest. O bitter composition, O vnfaultry purgation of our Lords cup! of the which, all the sinners of the earth shall drinke their part.

Now in this continuance in this eternity, I would wish that  
thou

thou (my deare Christian brother) wouldst fixe the eyes of thy consideration a little while: and that as the cleane beaft cheweth the cud, euen so thou wouldest weigh this point within thy selfe with great deliberation. And to the intent thou maiest doe it the better, consider a little the paines that a sicke man abideth in one euill night, especially if he be vexed with any vehement grieffe, or sharpe diseafe. Marke how oft he tumbleth and toffeth in his bed, what disquietnesse he hath, how long & tedious one night seemeth vnto him, how duely he counteth all the houres of the clocke, and how long he deemeth each houre of them to be,

be, how he passeth the time in wishing for the dawning of the day; which notwithstanding, is like to helpe him little towards the curing of his disease. If this then be accounted so great a torment, what torment shall that be (thinke you) in that euerlasting night in hell, which hath no morning, nor so much as any hope of any dawning of the day: O darknesse most obscure! O night euerlasting! O night accursed euen by the mouth of almighty God and all his Saints! That one shall wish for light, and shall neuer see it, neither shall the brightnesse of the morning arise any more. Consider then what a kinde of torment shall that be,  
to

to liue euerlaſtingly in ſuch a night as this is, lying not in a ſoft bed (as the ficke man doth) but in a hot burning furnace, forming out ſuch terrible raging flames. What ſhoulders ſhall be able to abide thoſe horrible heats. If it ſeeme to vs as a thing intollerable to haue onely ſome part of our feet ſtanding vpon a pan of burning coales, for the ſpace of repeating the Lords prayer, What ſhall it be (thinke you) to ſtand body and ſoule burning in the miſt of thoſe euerlaſting hot raging fires in hell, in comparifon of which, the fires of this world are but painted fires. Is there any wit or iudgement in this world? Haue men their right fences?  
doe



doe they vnderstand what these words import? or are they peradventure perswaded, that these are onely the fables of Poets? or doe they thinke, that this appertaineth not to them, or else that it was onely ment for others? None of all this can they say, for so much as our faith assureth vs most certainly herein. And our Sauour Christ himselfe, who is euerlasting truth, crieth out in his Gospell, saying, *Heauen and earth shall faile, but my word shall not faile.*

Of this misery there followeth another as great as it, which is, that the paines are alwayes continuing in one like degree, without any manner of intermission, or decreasing. All manner

ner

ner of things that are vnder the cope of heauen, doe moue and turn round about with the same heauen, and doe neuer stand still at one state or being, but are continually either ascending or descending. The sea and the riuers haue their ebbing and flowing, the times, the ages, and the mutable fortune of men, and of kingdomes, are euermore in continuall motion. There is no feauer so feruent, that doth not decline, neither grieffe so sharp, but that after it is much augmented, it doth forthwith decrease. To be short, all the tribulations and miseries are by little and little worne away with time, and as the common saying is, *Nothing is sooner dried*  
*vp*

*vp than teares.* Onely that paine in hell is alwayes greene, onely that feauer neuer decreaseth, onely that extremity of heat knoweth not what is either eue-ning or morning. In the time of *Noahs* flood, almighty God rained forty dayes and forty nights, continually without ceasing vpon the earth, and this sufficed to drowne the whole world. But in that place of torment in hell, there shall raine euerlasting vengeance, and darts of furie vpon that cursed land, without euer ceasing so much as one onely minute or moment. Now what torment can be greater and more to be abhorred, than continually to suffer after one like manner, without  
H any

any kinde of alteration or change? Though a meat be neuer so delicate, yet in case we feed continually thereupon, it will in very short time be very loathsome vnto vs: for no meat can be more precious and delicate than that Manna was, which almighty God sent down vnto the children of Ifrael in the Defart, and yet because they did eat continually thereof, it made them to loath it, yea, and prouoked them to vomit it vp againe. The way that is all plaine (they say) wearie more than any other, because alwayes the variety (yea, euen in punishment) is a kinde of comfort. Tell me then, if things that be pleafant and fauory, when they  
be

be alwayes after one manner, are an occasion of loathsomenesse and paine: what kinde of loathsomenesse will that be which shall be caused by those most horrible paines and torments in hell, which doe continue euerlastingly after one like sort? What will the damned and curfed creatures think, when they shall there see themselves so vtterly abhorred and forsaken of almighty God, that he will not so much as with the remission of any one sinne, mitigate somewhat their torments. And so great shall the fury and rage be which they shall there conceiue against him, that they shall neuer cease continually to curse and blaspheme his holy

H 2                      name.

name. Vnto all these paines, there is also added the paine of that euerlasting consumer, to wit, *the worme of conscience*, whereof the holy Scripture maketh so oftentimes mention, faying, *Their worme shall neuer dye, and their fire shall neuer be quenched.* This worme is a furious raging despight and bitter repentance, without any fruit, which the wicked shall alwayes haue in hell, by calling to their remembrance the opportunity and time they had whiles they were in this world, to escape those most grieuous and horrible torments, and how they would not vse the benefit thereof. And therefore when the miserable sinner seeth himselfe thus

thus to be tormented and vexed on euery side, and doth call to minde how many dayes and yeeres he hath spent idly in vanities, pastimes, and pleasures; and how oftentimes he was aduertised of this perill, and how little regard he tooke thereof: What shall he thinke? What anguish and sorrow shall there be in his heart? Hast thou not read in the Gospell, that there shall be *weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth?* The famine of Ægypt endurd onely seuen yeares, but that in hell shall endure euerlastingly. In Ægypt they found a remedy, though with great difficulty & charge; but for this, there shall neuer any remedy be found. Theirs

H 3

was

was redeemed with money and cattell, but this can neuer be redeemed with any manner of exchange. This punishment cannot be pardoned, this paine cannot be exchanged, this sentence cannot be reuoked. Oh, if thou knewest and wouldest consider, how euery one condemned to hell, shall there remaine tormenting and renting himselfe, weeping and wailing, and faying; O miserable and vnfortunate wretch that I am, what times and opportunities haue I suffered to passe invaine? A time there was, when with one cup of cold water I might haue purchafed to my selfe a crowne of glory, and when also with such necessary workes of  
mercy



mercy in relieuing the poore, I might haue gained life euerlasting. Wherefore did I not looke before me? How was I blinded with things present? How did I let passe the fruitfull yeares of abundance, and did not enrich my selfe? If I had beene brought vp amongst Infidels and Pagans, and had beleued that there had beene nothing else but onely to be born, and to dye, then might I haue had some kinde of excuse, and might haue said, I knew not what was commanded or prohibited me: but for so much as I haue liued amongst Christians, and was my selfe one of them professed, and held it for an article of my beleefe, that the

H 4            houre

houre should come when I should giue vp an account after what order I had spent my life: forfomuch also as it was daily cried out vnto me by the continuall preaching and teaching of Gods Embassadours (whose aduertisements many following, made preparation in time, and laboured earnestly for the prouision of good workes:) forasmuch I say as I made light of all these examples, and perswaded my selfe very fondly, that heauen was prepared for me, though I tooke no paines for it at all: what deferue I that haue thus led my life? O ye infernall furies, come and rent me in peeces, and deuoure these my bowels, for so haue I iustly deserued

ferued, I haue deserued eternall  
famishment, seeing I would not  
prouide for my selfe while I  
had time. I deserue not to reap,  
because I haue not sowne; I am  
worthy to be destitute, because  
I haue not laid vp in store; I  
deserue that my request should  
now be denied me, sith when  
the poore made request vnto  
me, I refused to releue them:  
I haue deserued to sigh and la-  
ment so long as God shall be  
God; I haue deserued, that this  
worme of conscience shal gnaw  
mine entrails for euer and euer,  
by representing vnto mee the  
little pleasure that I haue en-  
ioyed, and the great felicitie  
which I haue lost, and how far  
greater that was which I might

H 5

haue

haue gained, by forgoing that little which I would not forgoe. This is that immortall worme that shall neuer dye, but shall lye there euerlastingly gnawing at the entrailles of the wicked, which is one of the most terrible paines that can possibly be imagined.

Peradventure thou art now perswaded (good Reader) that there can be added no more vnto this, than hath bene said. But surely the mighty arme of God wanteth not force to chastice his enemies more & more: for all these paines that are hitherto rehearsed, are such as doe appertaine generally to all the damned: but besides these generall paines, there are also  
other

other particular paines, which each one of the damned shall there suffer in diuers forts, according to the quality of his sinne. And so according to this proportion, the hauty and proud shall there be abased and brought low to their great confusion. The couetous shall be driuen to great necessity: the glutton shall rage with continuall hunger and thirst. The lecherous shall burne in the very same flames which they themselues haue enkindled. And those that haue al their life time hunted after their pleasures and pastimes, shall liue there in continuall lamentation and sorrow. But because examples are of very great force to moue our hearts,

hearts, I will bring onely one for this purpose, wherby somewhat of this matter may the better be perceiued. It is written of a certaine holy man, that he saw the paines (in spirit) of a licentious and worldly man in this fort. First he saw how the diuels that were present at the houre of his death, when hee yeilded vp his ghost, snatched away his soule with great reioycing, and made a present thereof to the prince of darkeness, who was then sitting in a chaire of fire, expecting the coming of this present. Immediately after that it was presented before him, he arose vp out of his seat, and said vnto the damned soule, that he would giue him the pre-  
heminnence

heminence of that honourable feat, because he had beene a man of honour, ann was alwayes very much affected to the fame. Incontinently after that he was placed therein, crying and lamenting in that honourable torment, there appeared before him two other most ougly diuels, and offered him a cup full of most bitter and stinking liquor, and made him to drinke and caroufe it vp all, perforce; faying, It is meet, sithence thou hast beene a louer of precious wines and bankets, that thou shouldest likewise proue of this our wine, whereof all we doe vse to drinke in these parts.

Immediately after this there came other two, with two fiery  
um-

trumpets, and setting them at his eares, began to blow into them flames of fire, saying, This melody haue we referued for thee, vnderstanding that in the world thou wast very much delighted with minstrelcie and wanton songs: and sodainly he espied other diuels, loaden with vipers and serpents, the which they threw vpon the breast and bellies of that miserable sinner, saying vnto him, that forsomuch as he had beene greatly delighted with the wanton embracings and lecherous lusts of women, he should now follace himselfe with these refreshings, instead of those licentious delights and pleasures, which he had enioyed in the world. After this fort  
(as



(as the Prophet *Efay* faith in the 47. chapter) when the finner is punished, there is giuen meafure for meafure, to the end, that in fuch a great variety and proportion of punishments, the order and wifedome of Gods iuftice, might the more manifefly appeare.

This vifion hath almighty God fhewed in fpirit to this holy man for aduertifement and instruction, not that in hel thefe things are altogether fo materially done, but that by them we might vnderftand in fome manner the varietie and multitude of the paines which be there appointed for the damned. Whereof, I know not how fome of the Pagans haue had a certaine

certaine knowledge: for a *Poet* speaking of this multitude of paines, affirmed, That although he had a hundred mouthes, and as many tongues, with a voyce as strong as yron, yet were they not able onely to expresse the names of them. A *Poet* he was that spake this, but truely therin he spake more like a *Prophet* or an *Euangelist* than a *Poet*. Now then, if all this euill shall most assuredly come to passe, what man is he, that seeing all this so certainly with the eyes of his faith, will not turne ouer the leafe, and begin to prouide for himselfe against that time? Where is the iudgement of men now become? Where is their wits? yea, where is at least their  
felfe-

felfe-loue, which feeketh euer-  
more for his owne profit, and is  
much affraid of any loffe? May  
it be thought that men are be-  
come beaſts, that prouide onely  
for the time preſent? Or haue  
they peradventure ſo dimmed  
their eye-ſight, that they cannot  
looke before them? Hearken  
(ſaith *Eſay*) O yee deafe and ye  
blinde, open your eyes that you  
may ſee; Who is blinde but my  
ſeruant? And who is deafe but  
yee, vnto whom I haue ſent my  
meſſengers? And who is blind,  
but he that ſuffereth himſelfe to  
be ſold for a ſlaue? Thou that  
ſeeſt ſo many things, wilt thou  
not ſuffer thy ſelfe to ſee this?  
Thou that haſt thine ears open,  
wilt thou not giue eare hereun-  
to?

to? If thou beleue not this, how art thou then a Christian? If thou beleue it, and doest not prouide for it, how canst thou be thought a reasonable man? *Aristotle* faith, That this is the difference betweene opinion and imagination, that an imagination alone is not sufficient to cause a feare, but an opinion is: for if I doe imagine that a house may fall vpon mee, it is not enough to make me afraid, vnlesse I beleue or haue an opinion it will be so indeede: for then it is sufficient to make me afraid. And hereof commeth the feare that murderers alwayes haue, by reason of the suspition they conceiue, that their enemies doe lye in wait  
for

for them. If then the opinion and onely fuspition of danger is able to cause the greateft courage to feare, how is it that the certainty and beleefe of fo many and fo great terrible miferies (which are farre more fure than any opinion) doth not make thee to feare. If thou perceiueft that for thefe many yeares paff thou haft led a licentious and finfull life, and that at the laft, according to prefent iuftice, thou art condemned to thefe horrible torments in hell: if alfo there appeare by probable coniecture, that there is no more likelihood of thy amendment for enfuing years to come, than there was in thofe already paff, how happeneth it, that running

ning headlong into fo manifest a danger, thou art not at all afraid? Especially, considering the sinfull state wherein thou liuest, and the horrible paines and torments which doe attend for thee, and the time which thou hast lost, and the endlesse repentance which thou shalt haue therefore in the most horrible torments of hell. Affuredly, it goes beyond the compasse of all common fence & conceit of humane reason, to consider, That there should be such negligent, wilfull, grosse, & carelesse blindnesse, able to enter and take such deepe rooting in the soule of man.

The



The Conclusion of  
*all the Premises.*

**I**F now all this be so,  
I beseech thee euen  
for the bitter passi-  
on of our sweet Sa-  
uour Iesus Christ,  
to remember thy selfe, and con-  
sider that thou art a Christian,  
and that thou beleeuest affu-  
redly for a most vndoubted  
truth, whatsoever the true faith  
instructeth thee. This faith  
tellet

telleth thee, that thou hast a iudge aboue that feeth all the steps and motions of thy life: and that certainly there shall a day come, when he will require an account of thee, euen for euery idle word. This faith teacheth thee, That a man is not altogether at an end when he dieth, but that after this temporall life, there remaineth another euerlasting life; and that the foules dye not with the bodies, but that whiles the body remaineth in the graue, vntill the generall day of iudgement, the foule shall enter into another new country, and into a new world, where it shall haue such habitation and company, as the faith and workes were  
which



which it had in this life. This faith telleth thee also, that both the reward of vertue, and the punishment of vice, is a thing so wonderfull, that although the whole world were full of bookes, and all creatures were writers, yet should they all be wearied, and the world come to an end, before they should end their description, and make a perfect declaration what is comprehended in each one of these points. This faith informeth thee also, that the debts and duties which we owe to almighty God, are so great, that albeit a man had so many liues as there be sands in the Sea, yet would they not suffice, if they were al employed in his seruice.

And

And this faith likewise telleth thee, that vertue is such an excellent treafure, that all the treafures of the world, and all that mans heart can desire, are in no fort comparable vnto it.

Wherefore, if there be so many and so great respects that doe inuite vs vnto vertue, how commeth it to passe, that there be so few louers and followers of the same? If men be moued with gaine & commodity, what greater cōmodity can there be than to attain life euerlasting? If they be moued with feare of punishment, what greater punishment can be found, than the most horrible euerlasting dreadfull torments in the lake of fire and brimstone, to continue euer world

world without end? If that  
bonds of debts and benefits;  
what debts are greater than  
those which we owe vnto al-  
mighty God, as well for that he  
is which he is, as also for that  
which we haue receiued of him?  
If the feare of perils doe moue  
vs, what greater perill can there  
be than death, the houre there-  
of being so vncertaine, and the  
account so strait? If thou be  
moued with peace, liberty, qui-  
etnesse of minde, and with a  
pleasant life, (which are things  
that all the world desires) it is  
certaine, that all these are found  
much better in the life that is  
gouerned by vertue and reason,  
than in that life which is ruled  
by the affections and passions of  
I the

the minde, forfomuch as man is a reafonable creature, and no beaft. Howbeit, in cafe thou account all this as not fufficient to moue thee thereunto, yet let it fuffice thee to confider further, that euen almighty God fo abafed himfelfe for thy fake, that he defcended from heauen vnto the earth, and became man, and whereas hee created the whole world in fixe dayes, he beftowed three and thirty yeares about thy redemption; yea, and was alfo contented for the fame to loofe his life. Almighty God dyed, that finne fhould dye; and yet for all this doe we endeauour, that finne might liue in our hearts, notwithstanding that our Lord  
pur-

purposed to take away the life of sinne with his owne death. If this matter were to be discufsed with reason, surely this al ready spoken might suffice to preuaile with any reasonable creature: for not onely in beholding almighty God vpon the crosse, but whetherfoeuer we doe turne our eyes, we shall finde, that euery thing crieth out to vs, and calleth vpon vs to receiue this so excellent a benefit: for there is not a thing created in the world (if wee duely consider it) but doth inuite vs to the loue and seruice of our Sauour Iesus Christ, infomuch, that looke how many creatures there be in the world, so many preachers there are, so many

I 2 books,

bookes, fo many voices, and fo many reasons, which doe all call vs vnto almighty God.

And how is it possible then, that fo many callings as these are, fo many promises, fo many threatnings, and fo many prouocations, should not suffice to bring vs vnto him? What might almighty God haue done more than he hath done, or promised more greater blessings than hee hath promised, or threatned more grieuous and horrible torments than he hath threatned, to draw vs vnto him, and to plucke vs away from sinne? And yet all this notwithstanding, how commeth it to passe, that there is fo great (I will not say arrogancy, but) bewitch

bewitching of men, that doe beleeue these things to be certainly true, and yet be not afraid to continue all the dayes of their life in the committing of deadly finnes? yea, to goe to bed in deadly sinne, and to rise vp againe in deadly sinne, and to embrue themselues in euery kinde of loathsome, detestable, and odious sin, euen as though all their whole endeauours intended by the practise of sinne, to resist all grace and fauour in the sight of God? And this is done in such sort, so without feare, so without scruple of minde, so without breaking of one houres sleepe, and without the refraining of any one delicate morfell of meat for the

I 3 same,

fame, as if all that they beleued were dreames, and old wiues tales, and as if all that the holy Euangelists haue written, were meere fiction and fables. But tell me thou that art such a desperate wilfull rebell against thy Creator and Redeemer, which by thy detestable life and diffolute conuersation, doest euidence thy selfe to be a fire-brand prepared to burne in those euerlasting and reuenging horrible fires of hell. What wouldest thou haue done more than thou hast done, in case thou haddest bene perswaded, that all were meere lyes which thou hast beleued? For although that for feare of incurring the danger of the princes lawes,



lawes, and the execution of their force vpon thee, thou hast somewhat brided thine appetites; yet doth it not appeare, that for any feare of Almighty God, thou hast refrained thy will in any one thing, neither from carnall pleasures, not from backbiting and slandering thy neighbours, nor yet from fulfilling thine inordinate lusts and desires, in case thine ability serued thee thereunto. Oh, what doth the worme of thy conscience say vnto thee, whiles thou art in such a fond securitie and confidence, continuing in such a dissolute and wicked life as thou doest? Where is now become the vnderstanding, iudgement, and reason, which thou  
I 4                      haft

haft of a man? Why art thou not afraid of so horrible, so certaine, and so assured perils and dangers? If there were a dish of meat set before thee, & some man (albeit he were a lyer) should say vnto thee, refraine to touch and eat thereof, for it is poysoned; durst thou once adventure to stretch out thy hand, to take a taste thereof, though the meat were neuer so saourie and delicate, and he neuer so great a lyer that should beare thee thus in hand? If then the Prophets, if the Apostles, if the Euangelists, yea, if Almighty God himselfe doe cry out vnto thee, and say, Take heede thou miserable man, for death is in that kind of meat, and death doth

cloth lye lurking in that gluttonous morfell, which the diuell hath fet before thee? How darrest thou reach for euerlasting death with thine owne hands, and drinke thine owne damnation. Where is the applying of thy wits, thy iudgement, and the discourse and reason which thou hast of a spirituall man? Where is their light, where is their force? Sith that none of them doe bridle thee any whit from thy common vsuall vices. Oh thou wretched and carelesse creature, bewitched by the common enemy Satan, adiudged to euerlasting darknesse, both inward and outward, and so doest goe from one darknesse to the other. Thou art blinde

I 5 to

to see thine owne misery, insensible to vnderstand thine owne perdition, and harder than any Adamant, to feele the hammer of Gods word. Oh, a thousand times most miserable thou art, worthy to be lamented with none other teares, than with those wherewith thy damnation was lamented, when it was said, *Luke 19. Oh, that thou knewest this day the peace, quietnesse, and treasures, which Almighty God hath offered vnto thee, that doe now lye hidden from thine eyes.* Oh miserable is the day of thy natiuitie, and much more miserable the day of thy death: forfomuch, as that shall be the beginning of thine euerlasting damnation. Oh, how much

much better had it beene for thee, neuer to haue beene born, if thou shalt be damned in the horrible pit of hell for euer, where the torments are perpetually durable. How much better had it beene for thee neuer to haue beene baptised, not yet to haue receiued the Christian faith, if through the abusing thereof by thy wicked life, thy damnation shall thereby be the greater? For if the light of reason onely sufficeth to make the Heathen Phylofophers inexcuseable, because they knowing God in some degree, did not glorifie him nor serue him (as the Apostle faith in the first to the *Romans*) how much lesse shall hee be excused, that hath  
receiued

receiued the light of faith, and the water of Baptifme, yea, and the holy Sacrament of the body and bloud of our Lord and Sauiour Iefus Chrift, hearing daily the doctrine of the Goppell, if hee doe nothing more than thofe Pagan Phylofophers haue done.

Now, what other thing may we inferre of the premiffes, but briefly to conclude, That there is none other vnderftanding, none other wifedome, none other counfell in the world, but that fetting afide all the impediments and comberfome dangerous wayes of this life, wee follow that onely true and certaine way, whereby true peace and euerlafting life is obtained.

Here

Hereunto are we called by reason, by wisedome, by law, by heauen, by earth, by hell, and by the life, death, iustice, and mercy of Almighty God. Hereunto are we also very notably inuited by the holy Ghost, speaking by the mouth of *Ecclesiasticus* in the sixt chapter, in this wise: My sonne harken to instruction euen from the first yeares of thy youth, and in thy latter dayes thou shalt enioy the sweet fruit of wisedome: Approach vnto it, as one that ploweth and foweth, and with patience expect the fruitful encrease which it shall yeeld vnto thee. The paines that thou shalt take, shall be but little, and the benefits that thou shalt speedily enioy, shall

shall be great. My sonne hearken to my words, and neglect not this my counsell which I shall giue thee, put thy feet willingly into her fetters, and thy necke into her chaines: bow downe thy shoulders, and carry her vpon thee, and be not displeas'd with her bonds: approach neere vnto her with all thy heart, and follow her wayes with all thy strength, seeke for her with all thy diligence, and she will make her selfe knowne vnto thee, and after that thou hast found her, neuer forsake her: for by her shalt thou finde rest in thy latter dayes, and that which before did seeme so painfull vnto thee, will afterwards become very pleasant. Her fetters



ters shall be a defence of thy strength, and a foundation of vertue, and her chaine shall be a robe of glory: for in her is the beauty of life, and her bonds are the bonds of health. Hether-to *Ecclesiasticus*. Whereby thou maiest vnderstand in some degree, how great the beauty, the delights, the liberty, and riches of true wifdome are, which is vertue it selfe, and the knowledge of Almighty God, wherof we doe intreat. But if all this be insufficient to mollifie our stony hearts, lift vp thine eyes, and fix thy thoughts constantly to behold our omnipotent God in his mercy and loue towards finners vpon his dying croffe, where he made full satisfaction

tisfaction for thy finnes. There shalt thou behold him in this forme: his feet nailed fast, looking for thee; his armes spread abroad to receiue thee, and his head bowing downe, to giue thee, as to another prodigall sonne, new kisses of peace and attonement. From thence hee calleth thee (if thou wouldest heare) with so many callings and cries as there be wounds in his whole body. Hearken thou therefore vnto these voyces, and consider well with thy selfe, that if his prayer be not heard that hearkeneth not vnto the cries of the poore, how much lesse shall he be heard, that maketh himselfe deafe to such cries as these, being the most mercifull

full cryings of our louing fauour, and intended for our foules faluation. Who is he that hath not caufe to refolue himfelfe wholly into teares to weepe and bewaile his manifold offences? Who is he that can lament, and will not lament at this? vnleffe he be fuch a one as feeth not, nor careth not what great fhipwracke, wafte, and hauocke he maketh of all the riches and treafures of his foule.

*FINIS.*



GODLY  
PRAYERS  
NECESSARY  
AND USEFULL

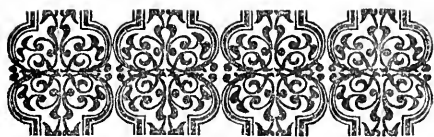
for Christian Families  
*upon severall oc-  
casions.*

*Therefore I say unto you, What  
things soever yee desire when yee  
pray, beleeve that ye receive them,  
and ye shall have them.*



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Godly Christi-  
an PRAYERS.

*A household Prayer for pri-  
uate Families in the  
Morning.*



Most mighty and glori-  
ous God, the onely  
Craator and Gouver-  
nour of heauen and  
earth, and all things therein  
contained, we miserable finners  
here

here met together by thy grace, doe in thy feare prostrate our selues before thy throne of Maieſty and glory, deſiring in ſome meaſure to ſhew our vnfained thankfulneſſe, for thy innumerable mercies multiplied vpon vs from the firſt houre of our birth, yea before our birth, and before time was. Before the foundations of the world were laid, thou out of thy free loue and meere mercy, didſt elect vs to eternall life, when thou didſt reiect others. Thou didſt create vs after thine owne image, engrauiſing vpon vs the characters of ſpiritual wifedome, righteouſneſſe, and true holineſſe; when it was in thy power to haue made vs like vnto the  
beaſts



beasts that perish; yea, to haue equalled vs to the basest of thy creatures. And when through our owne default we lost that dignity, thou didst so pittie vs as to send from thine owne bosome thine onely begotten Son to recouer it for vs, and to restore it to vs, and that with no lesse price then his owne heart-bloud. Besides, it hath pleased thee continually to spread the wings of thy gracious protection ouer vs, to ward and guard vs by thy prouidence, to open thy hand and to replenish vs with good things, to continue our life, health, strength, food, raiment, peace, and liberty, to this very houre. Thou hast euen loaded vs with thy benefits,  
if

if we had hearts rightly to consider it; thou renewest thy mercy toward vs euery morning; and the night past hast giuen vs a testimony of thy loue: For whereas, for the finnes committed the day before, thou mightest euen in the dead of sleepe haue giuen vs a fodaine call out of this world, and so presently haue brought vs to that great account which wee must make before thee, thou vouchsafest yet to spare vs, yea (which is more) to refresh vs with comfortable rest, to preferue vs from all dangers that might haue befallen our soules or bodies, and to bring vs in safety to the beginning of this day. Heauenly father, grant  
that



cepts, and that against the light of our owne knowledge, albeit we know that thou art our Creatour, who hast made vs; our Redeemer, who hast bought vs with the precious bloud of thy onely begotten Sonne; and our Comforter, who bestowest vpon vs all things needfull for our being and well-being, for this life and for a better life. Yea euen thee, thee (O Lord) haue we presumed to offend, that hast beene thus abundantly mercifull vnto vs. For this our vnthankfulnesse and wickednesse, enter not into iudgement with vs, wee most humbly beseech thee from the bottome of our hearts; but haue mercy vpon vs, haue mercy vpon vs, most

most mercifull Father, and in  
mercy wash away all our finnes  
with the bloud of Iefus Christ,  
that fo they may neuer be laid  
to our charge, nor haue power  
to rife vp in iudgement againft  
vs. Pierce our hearts with a  
feeling of our finnes, that wee  
may mourne for them, as wee  
ought to doe; make vs to loath  
and abhorre them, that we may  
leaue and auoid them, that we  
may be watchfull againft all  
occasions of sinne, and circum-  
fpect ouer our owne wayes.  
Poure thy fpirit and put thy  
grace into our hearts, that there-  
by we may be inabled for thy  
feruice, and both in body and  
foule may glorifie thee heere,  
that wee may be glorified of  
K 2                    thee

thee and with thee hereafter. And as a speciall meanes to keepe vs in subiection before thee, worke in vs, holy Father, a continuall and effectuall remembrance of this earths vanity, of our owne mortality, of that great and terrible iudgement to come; of the paines of hell, and ioyes of heauen which follow after; O let the remembrance of these things be a spur to prouoke vs vnto vertue, and a bridle to hold vs in from gallopping after vice and wickednesse. We know not how soone thou wilt set a period to our liues, and call for our soules to appeare before thee, whether this day or not before the eue-ning; O prepare vs therefore  
for

for the houre of death, that we may then neither feare nor faint, but may with ioy yeeld vp our foules into thy mercifull hands, and doe thou, O Father of mercy, receiue them. Let thy mercifull eye looke vpon vs this day, shield vs from the temptations of the diuell, and grant vs the custody of thy holy Angels, to defend vs in all our wayes: enable vs with diligence and conscience to discharge the duties of our callings, and crowne all our endeauours with thy blessing: without thy blessing all mans labour is but vaine, doe thou therefore bleffe vs in our feuerall places; oh prosper thou our handy-worke Prouide for vs all things which thou  
K 3 knowest

knowest to be needful for euery one of vs this day. Giue vs a sanctified vse of thy creatures, a godly ieaiousie ouer ourselues, a continual remembrance of thy omniscience, and omnipresence, that we may labour to approue our very thoughts vnto thee; weane vs from the loue of this world, and rauish our soules with the loue of our home and thine euerlasting Kingdome. Defend the vniuersall Church, the Churches of this Land especially, our gracious King *Charles*, our illustrious Queene *Mary*, together with Prince *Palatine* Electour, the Princeesse *Elizabeth* his wife, and their Princely issue; crowne them with thy graces here, and with thy  
thy



thy glory hereafter. Be with the Magistracie and Ministerie of the Realme, make thy Gospell to flourish amongst vs by the labors of those whom thou hast appointed to this great seruice. Comfort thine afflicted seruants, in what place or case foeuer they be; giue vs a fellow feeling of their miseries, and wisedome to prepare our selues against the euill day. Heare vs in these things, and grant what else thou knowest needfull for vs, not for our worthinesse, but for thy Sons sake, our alone Sauour, in whose name and words, we conclude our imperfect prayers, saying:  
*Our Father, &c.*

K 4

A



*A household Prayer for private Families in the Evening.*



Glorious God, in Iesus Christ our gracious Father, wee wretched creatures by nature, but by thy grace thy seruants and children, doe here make bold to appeare before thee in the humility of our foules, to performe some part of that dutie which wee owe vnto thee. And first we offer vnto thy diuine Maiestie the  
calues

calues of our lips, the sacrifice of praise and thankfgiuing for thine infinite mercies which thou hast beene pleased to conferre vpon vs out of thy boundlesse and endlesse goodnesse. What thou hast done for vs this day, is beyond all that we are able to expresse or conceiue: thou hast preferued vs from all perils and dangers, so that none of those iudgements (which our finnes haue deserued) haue bin inflicted vpon vs; thou hast enlarged our time and opportunitie to repent; thou hast provided for our soules and bodies; thou hast bin no way wanting vnto vs, if we had hearts to acknowledge it. Forgiue vs that wee cannot acknowledge thy  
K 5                      goodnesse

goodnesse as we ought to doe, and more and more quicken vs in this dutie, that we may with heart and voyce acknowledge thee to be that Father of lights, from whom we doe receiue euery good and perfect gift: ascribing vnto thee the whole glory of all that we enioy, both now and euermore. And grant we pray thee, that our thankfulnesse may not be onely verball, but reall, we labouring in deede and in truth to be dutifull vnto thee that hast bin so bountifull vnto vs. Pardon vs for the finnes of this day, wherein we haue offended thee, whether open or secret, of ignorance or of knowledge, of infirmity or presumption, of omiffion or com-

commiffion, in thought, word or deed. The finnes of this day are enough to plunge vs, foule and body, into the bottomeleffe gulfe of perdition. If thou fhouldest ftraightly mark them, what anfwer fhall we be able to make thee, how fhall we dare to appeare in thy prefence, before whom all thy creatures feare and tremble? But thy mercy is aboute all thy workes; much more aboute all our works of finne. In the confidence of thy mercy we come vnto thee, befeeching thee in thy fonne Chrift to be reconciled with vs, and to affure vs hereof by the certificate of thine owne bleffed fpirit. Breake the ftrength of finne that would fubdue vs more  
and

and more; and reare in vs cleane hearts, and renew a right spirit within vs. Increase our faith in the sweet promises of the Gospell, and our repentance from dead workes, our hope of eternall life, our feare of thy name, our zeale for thy glory, our hatred of sinne, our loue of righteousness, our contentment in all estates, our patience in aduersitie, our prudence in prosperity: that so being furnished with the endowments of grace here, we may be fitted for the enioyment of glory hereafter. And because the night is now vpon vs, and our bodies desirous of quiet rest, wee pray thee to take vs into thy blessed tuition, and to refresh our wearied bodies

dies with comfortable sleepe. Protect vs and all that doe belong vnto vs vnder the shadow of thy wings, defend vs from all euill, both of sinne and punishment: keepe vs from security and carelesnesse, from dulnesse and drowinesse of spirit, from fire and robbery, from the malice of Satan and all his adherents, from all perils into which for our finnes we might iustly fall. Let the sight of the bed mind vs of that last bed, the graue, wherein we are shortly to take vp our lodging, we know not how soone. None of vs here present can certainly tell, whether these eyes of ours once closed vp, shall euer any more open againe in this world:  
therefore

therefore receiue vs, good Lord, receiue vs into the armes of thy mercy, vnto thine almighty protection wee bequeath our selues, soules and bodies, and all that we haue: vpon thy mercy alone we cast our selues both this present night and for euer more. Be mercifull to thy whole Church, continue the flourishing state of the Kingdomes, wherein we liue. Decrease in it the number of superstitious Papists and prophane Atheists, and increase in it the number of such as vnfainedly feare thee. Preferue from all dangers and conspiracies our religious King *Charles*, our gracious Queene *Mary*, the Prince *Palatine* of *Rhene*, with that excellent Lady *Elizabeth*



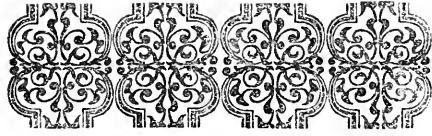
*Elizabeth* his wife, and their children. Giue them all such a meafure of thy fpirit and grace, that they may feeke to aduance thy kingdome on earth, and at laft be aduanced to thine euerlafting Kingdome in heauen. Endow the right Honorable of our Priuic Counfell with all fuch graces as may make them fit for fo high a place. Stirre vp Magiftrates and men in authority, to endeauour after the furthering of thine honour, and the benefiting of thy people. Make the Minifters able and willing to difcharge the duties of their weighty calling with diligence and confcience; water their in-deauours with the dew of heauen, that daily fuch as belong  
vnto

vnto life eternall may be added vnto the Church. Comfort, O comfort thine afflicted seruants, wherefoeuer or howfoeuer troubled: sweeten their afflictions and season their sorowes with the comforts of thy spirit. Giue them all needfull assistance, and in thy owne time a ioyfull deliuerance. And make vs ready for afflictions, that they may not come vpon vs as a snare, but that we may in good measure, like wise Virgins be prepared for the comming of Christ Iesus, the sweet Bridegroomme of our soules. Finally, we pray thee beare with the weakenesse, and coldnesse, and imperfection of our prayers, & to grant our requests, not for  
our

our merits, but for thine owne mercies, and for the sake of thy dearely beloued Sonne Iesus Christ, who died to make satisfaction for vs, & liueth to make intercession for vs, in whose words we shut vp our imperfect prayers, saying, as himselfe hath taught vs. *Our Father, &c.*

O Lord bleffe and saue vs,  
make thy face to shine vpon vs,  
thy word to instruct vs, thy  
grace to direct vs, thy Angels  
to protect vs, thy spirit to  
comfort and support vs,  
vnto the end, and in  
the end, *Amen,*  
*Amen.*

*A*



*A Prayer in time  
of Warre.*

**O**H Lord God of hoasts,  
in power inuincible, in  
wifedome vnsearcha-  
ble, in mercy incomprehenfible;  
that giueft deliuerance in the  
time of trouble, and affiftance in  
the day of battell; wee moft  
humbly and heartily befeech  
thee to faue vs from all thofe  
extremities, and in fpeciall from  
our enemies, which our finnes  
doe threaten to bring vpon vs.  
Hitherto

Hitherto thou hast pleased to make our Nation a spectacle of thy ineffable goodnesse, but we deserue to be made a spectacle of thy vnsupportable wrath. Our contempt of thy threatenings, our abuse of thy mercies, our neglect of thy iudgements, with infinite other inormities, doe menace the taking away of thy old mercies, and the bringing in of some iudgement. We haue iust cause to feare, O Lord, that our loud and crying finnes doe call in our enemies vpon vs, and arme them against vs; yea, that they are already prest and prepared to execute thy vengeance. Then open our eyes, we pray thee, that we may see thy Ensigne set vp, thy Banner

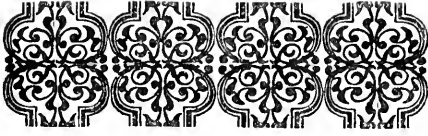
ner displayed, and the euidence of thy approaching sword: open our eares that wee may heare thee blowing of thy trumpet, and giuing the alarum to warre: open our hearts that we may not be secure in so great danger, but may quake and tremble to see thy hand of vengeance before vs. And howfoeuer by our finnes we are fet in the middest of this danger, yet let the hand of thy mercy (which is as omnipotent as that of thy iustice) rescue vs; let thy out-stretched arme deliuer vs. Put vp thy sword into the scabbard; oh bid it rest and be still. Be fauourable and gracious vnto this thy *Syon*, crowne her with plenty, prosperity, and victory. Let not  
her

her enemies reioyce in her sub-  
uersion, nor triumph in her  
destruction. Hide not thy face  
from her in the day of trouble;  
stoppe not thine cares at our  
prayers. Be vnto vs all a horne  
of saluation, a rocke of safetie,  
a wall of brasse, a strong tower  
and fortresse against the face  
and force of our enemies:  
diuert their designes, frustrate  
their enuie, abate their fury,  
affwage their pride, restraine  
their power: and in thy name  
let vs tread them vnder, that  
maliciously and mischieuouly  
rise vp against vs. Suffer not the  
light of thy Gospel to be eclip-  
fed, nor the splendor of thy  
glory to be obscured; let not  
thy name be dishonoured, nor  
thy

thy Sanctuary defiled, nor thy truth slandered: but now and euer defend and deliuer (as thou hast formerly done) this Church and State, from plague, Pestilence, and aboue all, that most terrible vengeance, *the deuouring sword*: and that for his sake who hath led captiuity captiue, and like a victorious Conqueror hath triumphed ouer all his enemies, euen Iesus Christ, to whom with the Father and holy Ghost, be all honour and glory,  
*Amen.*

*A*





*A Prayer for them that  
are about the Sicke.*

**H**Eare vs, Almighty and  
most mercifull God  
and Sauour, extend  
thine accustomed goodnesse to  
this thy seruant, which is grie-  
ued with sicknesse; visite him  
(O Lord) as thou didst *Peters*  
wiues mother, and the Captains  
seruant, restore vnto this sicke  
body his former health (if it be  
thy will) or else giue him grace  
to take this thy visitation pati-  
ently,

ently, that after this painfull life ended he may dwell with thee in euerlasting life: O Lord, behold we bend our knees, yea the knees of our hearts with vnfained prayers, & lift vp our eyes to the throne of thy mercies feat, to hearken to these our petitions, according to thy promises, therefore, O Lord grant our requests, we are gathered here together in thy name, in the behalfe of this thy seruant; deliuer him we humbly beseech thee, from these his languishing paines and miseries of sicknesse, and as it hath pleased thee to lay thine hand vpon him; so, O Lord, restore him to his former health; keepe him, O Lord, from fearefull and  
terrible

terrible assaults, and despightful temptations of the diuell, sinne, and hell: deliuer him, O Lord, as thou deliueredst *Noah* from the raging waues of the floods; *Lot* from the destruction of *Sodom*; *Abraham* from the feare of the *Caldeans*; the children of *Israel* from the tyranny of *Pharaoh*; *David* from the hands of *Goliah*; the three men from the violence of the fiery furnace in *Babylon*; *Daniel* from the mouth of the Lyons; *Jonas* from the belly of the Whale, and *Peter* from the prison of *Herod*: Euen so, O gracious Lord, deliuer the foule of this person, both now, and whensoever he shall depart hence from all perill and danger, open vnto him at the houre

L of

of death the doore of Paradiſe, the gates of heauen, and the entry of euerlaſting life, O Lord Ieſus Chriſt forgiue him all his finnes, and lead him with ioy into the kingdome of thy heauenly Father, euen vnto the boſome of *Abraham*, and appoint him his euerlaſting reſt that he may reioyce with thee, and all the elect children of God, to whom be all honour, glory, power, and domination, *Amen.*

*The*



*The sicke persons  
Prayer.*



Ord hearken to my  
prayer, and giue eare  
to my humble request,  
Lord be mercifull vnto  
me, and giue me grace patiently  
to beare the croffe, and in the  
midst of this my sicknesse al-  
wayes to say; thy will, O hea-  
uenly Father, be done, and not  
mine; forgiue and forget, most  
gracious Father, all mine iniqui-  
ties, blot them out of thy re-  
membrance and cast them from  
L 2 thy

thy fight, O Lord, as farre as the East is from the West, the North from the South: they are many and innumerable, let them not rise vp in iudgement against me: neither enter thou into thy narrow iudgement with thy seruant, O Lord, for no flesh is righteous before thee, handle me not according to my deserts, deale not with me after my wickednesse, neither reward me after mine iniquities; O Lord my God looke not into my enormous nor incestious life: I am ashamed of my finnes, and aske pardon for my faults, euen with a repenting heart and sorrowfull minde, a bleeding soule, with hidden teares of a true and vnfeined repentance for my misdeeds;

misdeeds; yea, my wounded  
breast furcharged with oppres-  
sing griefes, doth sigh, groane,  
and lament vnder the burthen  
of my heinous crimes: where-  
fore, O Lord, wash them away  
with thy blood which thou hast  
shed for my finnes, and I shall  
be clean and pure without spot;  
purge me, O Lord, with those  
precious drops that distilled  
from thy tormented heart, and  
I shall be whiter then the snow,  
burie mine offences in the se-  
pulcher of thy death, and cloath  
me with the garment of righte-  
ousnesse, O Lord, for thine in-  
finite goodnesse and mercy sake  
receiue me into thy tuition and  
fauour; pardon, O Lord, and  
remit my sins, as thou forgauest

L 3

*David*

*David* his murther and adultery with *Bersheba*; *Saul* his persecutions of thy people; *Peter* his deniall; *Mary Magdalen* her lasciuious life, and the *Publican* in the Temple with striking his breast craued thy gracious pardon: saying, *Lord haue mercy vpon me a sinner*, and although my finnes and offences are farre greater, and more grieuous then these; yet, O Lord, thy mercies exceede and are far more compassionate then our finnes manifold; I iustifie not my selfe, O my God, by the offences of these, but declare thy righteoufnesse and mercifull clemencies in forgetting and forgiuing our abhominable trespasse and transgressions of thy wil, which  
though



though wee are froward, yet thou art gentle, though we are stubborne, yet thou art meeke, and though we run headlong to the pits brinke, and to the gates of hell; yet thou of thy goodnesse callest vs backe, and remitteft all that wee haue done amiffe; O Lord, I haue acknowledged my faults that they are best knowne vnto thee: wherefore, O Lord, I aske forgiuenes for the fame, fend me the comfort of thy holy spirit, that if thou giue me my former health and strength of body, I may amend my life according to thy facred will, and walke worthily in thy Lawes and Comman- dements: if it be thy pleasure to take mee hence out of this

L 4           transitory

transitory life, O Lord, grant that I may rest and liue with thee for euer, world without end. O Lord, hearken vnto these my petitions for Iesus Chist his sake, I aske them and all other things which thou shalt thinke meet both for our soules and bodies in the same forme of prayer as hee himfelse hath taught vs, saying: *Our Father,*  
*&c.*

*A*



*A Prayer at the houre  
of death.*

**O** Lord Iefus Chrift,  
which art the onely  
health of all men liu-  
ing, and the euerla-  
fting life of them which dye in  
thy faith; I wretched finner giue  
and submit my felfe wholly to  
thy moft blessed will, being fure  
that the thing cannot perifh  
which is committed vnto thy  
mercy, I moft humbly befeech  
thee, O Lord, to giue me grace  
L 5 that

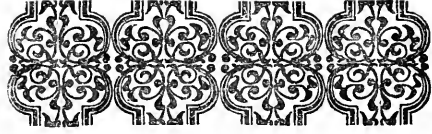
that I may now willingly leaue this fraile and wicked flesh in hope of the resurrection, which in better manner shall restore it to me againe, grant me, O Lord God that thou wilt by thy grace make strong my soule against all temptations, and that thou wilt couer and defend me with the buckler of thy mercy against the assaults of Satan; I acknowledge, that there is in my selfe no hope of saluation; but all my hope and trust is in thy most mercifull goodnesse, I haue no merits nor good workes, which I may alleadge before thee; of finnes and euill works, alas! I see a great heape, but through thy mercy I trust to be of the number of thē to whom  
thou

thou wilt not impute their sins, but take and impute mee for righteous and iust, and to be the inheritor of euerlasting glory. Thou, O most mercifull Lord, wert borne for my sake, thou didst suffer both hunger and thirst, thou didst preach, teach, pray, and fast for my sake, thou didst all good workes, and sufferedst most grieuous pangs and torments for my sake: and finally, thov gauest thy most precious body to dye, and thy blessed blood to be shed on the crosse for my sake: wherefore most mercifull Sauour, let all these things profit me, which thou hast freely giuen mee, which hast giuen thy selfe for me, let thy blood cleanse and wash

wash away the spots and foule-  
nesse of my finnes, let thy righ-  
teousnesse hide and cover my  
vnrightheousnesse, let the merits  
of thy bitter sufferings be a suf-  
ficient and propitiatory sacri-  
fice, and satisfaction for my  
finnes: giue me, O Lord, thy  
grace, that my faith and beleefe  
of thy true and grieuous death  
wauer not in me, but euer be  
firme and constant, that the  
hope of thy mercy & life euer-  
lasting neuer decay in me, that  
charitie waxe not cold in me:  
and finally, that the weaknesse  
of my flesh be not ouercome  
with the feare of death; grant  
me also, O most mercifull Sau-  
our, that when death hath shut  
vp the eyes of my body, yet the  
eyes

eyes of my foule may still behold and looke vpon thee, and that when death hath taken away the vse of my tongue and speech; yet my heart may cry, and fay vnto thee, O Lord, into thy hands I giue and commit my foule, Lord Iefus receiue my spirit, and take mee to thy mercies, *A-*  
*men.*

*A*



*A Prayer for a Woman in  
time of her trauaile.*

**R**ighteous & holy Lord  
God, I doe now finde  
by experience the fruit  
of my sinne, that I must trauaile  
in sorrow, and bring forth in  
paine: and I vnfainedly adore  
the truth of thy sacred Word,  
as certifying vnto me, that sor-  
row must be in the Euening: so  
comforting me also against the  
Morning, that a Childe shall be  
borne. Willingly I doe desire to  
submit



submit my selfe in hope into this thy chastisement; and to learne the desert of my sinne, horrible in themselves, that these temporall paines, are forerunners of eternall: and yet by thy mercy may be so sanctified vnto me, as not onely to prevent eternal vengeance, but also prepare for eternall comforts, euen to be Saued by bearing of Children.

Grant me therefore (gracious Father) true repentance and pardon for my finnes past, that they may not stand at this time in this my neede betweene mee and thy mercy. Giue mee a comfortable feeling of thy loue in Christ, which may sweeten all other pangs, though neuer  
fo

fo violent or extreame: make me still to lift vp my foule vnto thee, in my greateft agonies, knowing that thou alone must giue a blessing to the ordinary meanes for my safe deliuerance. Lay no more vpon me then I am able to endure; & strengthen my weake body to the bearing of what sorrowfoeuer, by which it shall seeme good vnto thee to make triall of me.

Grant me to confider that howfoeuer it be with me, yet I am alwaies as thine hand, whose mercies faile not, who will be found in the Mount and greateft extremitie, and to whom belong the iffues of death: fo prepare me therefore to death, that I may be fit for life, euen to  
yeeld

yeeld fruit aliue vnto the world,  
and to be renewed and enabled  
to nourish the fame. And when  
thou hast safely giuen mee the  
expected fruit of my wombe,  
make me with a thankfull heart  
to consecrate both it and my  
felfe wholly to thy seruice all  
the dayes of my life, through  
Iefus Christ mine onely Sa-  
uiour and Redee-  
mer, *Amen.*

*A*



*A Thanksgiving after  
safe deliuerance.*

**B**lessed for euer be thy  
great and glorious  
Name (most deere and  
louing Father) for thy great  
mercy to me most weake and  
finfull woman.

Wonderfull art thou in all  
thy workes (O Lord) the riches  
of thy mercies are past finding  
out: thou hast plunged me with  
great afflictions, and yet thou  
hast returned and refreshed me  
again:

again: thou hast brought me to the feare of the graue, and yet thou hast raised me vp again to life. O how hast thou shewed thy power in my weaknesse? How hath thy louing kindnesse preuailed against my vnworthinesse? Thou mightest for my sinnes haue left me to perish in mine extremities, but thou hast compassed me about with ioyfull deliuerance: thou mightest haue made my wombe a graue to burie the dead: or in affording life to another, thou mightest haue procured my death, but yet thou hast not onely made my wombe a wel-spring of life, but restored life vnto me also, for the cherishing thereof. Marueilous (O Lord)  
are

are thy workes, infinite are thy mercies, my foule by present experience knoweth it well. O my foule praife thou the Lord, and all that is within me praife his holy name. My foule praife thou the Lord, and forget not all his benefits. Thou hast heard my prayers, and looked vpon my sorrow, thou hast redeemed my life from death, and healed mine infirmities, and crowned me with thine euerlasting compassions.

O giue me, I humbly pray thee, a thankfull heart, not onely now while the memory & sence of thy fauour is fresh before me, but continually euen so long as I haue any being.

Grant that I may learne by  
this

this liuely euidence of thy power and mercy, for euer hereafter to depend onely on thee. Quicknen me also to all holy duties, that my thankfulnesse may appeare in my pure and Christian carriage.

Make me a kind and carefull mother, willing to vndergoe the paine and trouble of education. Let no nicenesse or curiositie hinder mee from those seruices, to whom both nature and religion hath appointed me: let me also be carefull when time requireth, to season the fruit thou hast giuen me, with the sauing knowledge of thee, & thy deere Son, that my desire may manifestly appeare to be set for the increafe of thy Kingdome.  
Vouchsafe

Vouchsafe so to order my affections & to bring them in obedience vnto thee, that if it shold be thy pleasure either now or hereafter to take this Infant from me, I may as willingly part with it, as thou freely gaue it me.

And now (O God) perfect in mee that strength which thou hast begun, make me to grow in care to serue thee faithfully, both in the duties of pietie, and in other businesse of my place and calling, that I may be a comfort to my husband, and example to my neighbours, a grace to my profession, and a meanes of glorie to thy Name, through Iesus Christ my Lord and Sauiour, *Amen.*

*FINIS.*



*THE*  
Common Cals,  
Cryes and Souuds  
of the *Bell-man.*

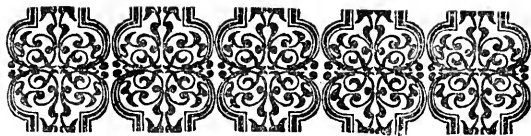
*OR*  
Diuers Verfes to put  
vs in minde of our  
*mortalitic.*

*Which may serue as warnings  
to be prepared at all times  
for the day of our  
death.*

---

Printed at *London* for  
*M.S.* 1628.





For Christmas day.

**R**emember all that on this morne,  
Our blessed Sauior Christ was borne;  
Who issued from a Virgin pure,  
Our soules from Sathan to secure,  
And patronise our feeble spirit,  
That we through him may heauen inherit.

For Saint *Stephens* night.

**T**His blessed time beare in your minde,  
How that blest Martyr Stephen dy-  
In whom was all that good confinde, (ed,  
That might with flesh and bloud abide:

*M*

*In*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*In doctrine and example he  
Taught what to doe, and what to flee:  
Full of the spirit he would preach,  
Against opinions false and naught,  
Confute them too, and boldly teach  
What Christ himselfe to him had taught;  
For which at last he lost his breath,  
Ston'd by the stony hearts to death: (end,  
Let vs then learn by this blest Martyrs  
To see our follies, and our lines amend.*

For Saint *J*ohns day.

**T***His man the word did boldly teach,  
Saw Christ transformed, and did  
The glory in that Mount he saw; (preach,  
And by that glory stroue to draw,  
The soule of man to sinne a thrall,  
To heauen, to which God send vs all.*

For

The Bel-mans Sounds.

---

For *Innocents* day.

**T***He swords of Herods seruants tooke  
Such sweet yong things, as with a look  
Might make a heart of Marble melt,  
But they nor grace, nor pittie felt;  
Some from the cradle, some awake,  
Some sweetly sleeping, some they take  
Dandled vpon their mothers lap,  
Some from their armes, some from the pap.*

---

For *New-yeares* day.

**A***LL you that doe the Bell-man heare,  
The first day of this hopefull yeare;  
I doe in loue admonish you,  
To bid your old sins all adue,*

*M 2*

*And*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*And walke as Gods iust Law requires,  
In holy deeds and good desires,  
Which if to doe youle doe your best,  
God will in Christ forgiue the rest.*

For Saint *Dauids* day.

**I** *Am no Welchman, but yet to show  
The loue I to the Countrey owe,  
I call this morning, and beseeke  
Each man prepare him for his Lecke;  
For as I heare some men say,  
The first of March is Saint Dauids day;  
That worthy Britaine, valiant, wise,  
Withstood his Countries enemies,  
And caused his Souldiers there to choose  
Leckes for to know them from his foes;  
Who brauely fought, and conquest won,  
And so the custome first begun.*

*Then*

The Bel mans Sounds.

*Then weare your Lecks, and doe not shame  
To memorize your worthies name:  
So noble Britaines all adew,  
Loue still King Charles, for he loues you.*

For the 5. of *Nouemb.*

**A** *Wake Britaines subiects  
with one accord,  
Extoll and praise,  
and magnifie the Lord,  
Humble your hearts,  
and with deuotion sing  
Praises of thanks to God  
for our most gracious King;  
This was the night  
when in a darksome Cell,  
Treason was found in carth  
it hatcht in hell;*

*M 3 And*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*And had it tooke effect,  
what would auail'd our sorrow,  
The traine being laid  
to haue blowne vs up o'th'morrow?  
Yet God our guide  
reueal'd the damned plot,  
And they themselues destroy'd.  
and we were not.  
Then let vs not forget  
him thanks to render,  
That hath preferu'd and kept  
our faiths defender.*

For Good Fryday.

*ALL you that now in bed doe lye,  
Know, Iesus Christ this night did dye,  
Our soules most sinfull for to saue,  
That we eternall life might haue;*

*His*



The Bel-mans Sounds.

*His whips, his grones, his crown of thornes,  
Would make vs weepe, lament, and mourn.*

For Sunday.

**L** *Et labour passe, let prayer be  
This day the chiefest worke for thee,  
Thy selfe and seruants more and lesse,  
This day must let all labour passe.*

*All hale to you that sleepe and rest;  
Repent, awake, your sinnes detest,  
Call to your minde the day of doome,  
For then our Sauour Christ will come,  
Accompt to haue he hath decreed,  
Of euery thought, word, worke, and decde:  
And as we haue our times here past,  
So shall our Iudgements be at last.*

A 4

As

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*A* S darkefome night  
unto thy thoughts present,  
What 'tis to want  
the dayes bright Element,  
So let thy foule descend  
through contemplation,  
Where utter darknesse keepes  
her habitation,  
Where endlesse, easelesse  
pines remedlesse  
Attend to torture finnes  
curst wilfulnesse:  
O then remember  
whilst thou yet hast time  
To call for mercy for  
each forepast crime;  
And with good Dauid  
wash thy bed with teares,

*That*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*That so repentance may  
subdue hels feares:  
Then shall thy soule  
more purer then the Sunne,  
Ioy as a Gyant  
her best race to runne,  
And in unspotted robes  
her selfe addresse  
To meet her Lord  
that Sonne of righteousnesse,  
To whom with God the Father  
and the Spirit  
Be all due praise,  
where all true ioyes inherit.*

**T***He Belman like the wakefull  
morning Cocks,  
Doth warne you to be vigilant  
and wise:*

*M 5*

*Looke*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*Looke to your fire, your candle  
and your locke,  
Preuent what may through  
negligence arise;  
So may you sleepe with peace  
and wake with ioy,  
And no mischances shall  
your state annoy.*

*Y Our beds compare vnto the graue,  
Then thinke what sepulcher you haue.  
For though you lay you downe to sleepe,  
The Belman wakes your peace to keepe,  
And nightly walkes the round about,  
To see if fire and light be out;  
But when the morne (dayes light) appears  
Be you as ready for your prayers:  
So shall your labours thriue each day,  
That you the Belman well may pay.*

*Like*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

**L**ike to the Seaman is our life,  
Tost by the waues of sinfull strife,  
Finding no ground whereon to stand,  
Vncertaine death is still at hand:  
If that our liues so vainelesse be,  
Then all the world is vanitic.

**T**Hose that liue in wrath and ire,  
And goe to rest in any sinne,  
They are worse vnto their house the fire,  
Or violent theeves that would breake in.  
Then seeke to shun with all your might,  
That Hydras head, that monstrous sin;  
That God may blesse your goods abroad,  
And eke also your selues within.

*Sleepe*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

**S**leepe on in peace, yet waking be,  
And dread his powerfull Maiestie,  
Who can translate the irkesome night,  
From darknesse to that glorious light,  
Whose radiant beames when once they rise,  
With winged speed the darknesse flies.

**T**Hou God that art our helpe at hand,  
Preferue and keepe our King & land  
From forraigne and domesticke foes,  
Such as the word and truth depose;  
And euer prosper those of pittie,  
That loue the peace of this our Citie.

**A**Wake from sleepe, awake from sin,  
With voyce and heart to call on him,  
Who

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*Who from above pleas'd to descend,  
From Sathans malice to defend  
Our forfeit soules, to that rich grace  
Where we may still behold his face.*

*L* *Et vs repara and God implore,  
That henceforth we transgres no more  
And that our ioy be at this tide,  
That we in him be satisfide;  
Then shall we all for his deare sake,  
Be blest asleepe, be blest awake.*

*S* *ith neither men nor Angels know,  
When as the dreadful trump shal blow,  
Nor when our Sauour Christ shall come  
To giue the world a wofull doome;  
Thinke then but what a case you're in,  
That sleepe in vnrepented sinne:*

O

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*O wake, O wake, O watch and pray,  
And thinke vpon this dreadfull day.*

*Sleepe not so sound, rest not secure,  
Marke well my words, of this be sure  
The waking Virgins past the gate,  
When those that slept came all to late:  
Wherefore be watchfull in your center,  
That you may with the Bridegrome enter.*

*I F wicked impes wake day and night,  
And keepe their candle alwayes light,  
And all their skill and practise bend,  
To bring their damned plots to end;  
Let vs not sleepe, but laud his skill,  
That frustrates all their proiects still.*

*The*



The Bel-mans Sounds.

**T***He night well spent,  
the day drawes nigh,  
Awake from sleepe  
and sinne desic,  
All sluggish sloath expell away,  
Haue still in minde the iudgement day,  
When dead shall rise at trumpets call,  
The graues shall open wide with all.*

**A***Rise from sinne,  
awake from sleepe,  
The earth doth mourne,  
The heaucns weepe;  
The winds and Seas distempered bin,  
And all by reason of mans sin:  
Wherefore arise, lay sleepe aside,  
And call on God to be your guide,  
From*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*From raging sword and arrowes flight,  
And from the terrours of the night;  
From fires flame, from sin and sorrow,  
God bleffe you all, and so good morrow.*

*ALL you which in your beds doe lye,  
Vnto the Lord ye ought to cry,  
That he would pardon all your finnes;  
And thus the Belmans prayer begins;  
Lord giue vs grace our sinful life to mend,  
And at the last to send a ioyfull end:  
Having put out your fire and your light,  
For to conclude, I bid you all good night*

*MAns life is like a warfare  
on the earth,  
Whose time is spent with  
troubles, toyles and cares,*

*Subiect*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*Subiect to all temptations  
from his birth:  
In woe he liues and dyes  
at vnawares,  
The surest signe true  
fortitude to show,  
Is in his life all  
vice to ouerthrow.*

*O Harke, O harke my Masters all,  
To your poore seruants cry and call:  
And know all you that lye at ease,  
That our great God may if he please,  
Deprive you of your vitall breath:  
Then sleeping, thinke your sleep is death.*

*L Et true repentance cleanse your sin,  
And then your soules cōmend to him,  
That*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*That by his death hath rais'd and cur'd  
The dead, the blinde, and them assured  
To giue to them eternall rest,  
To liue in heauen among the blest.*

*Confesse thy sinnes to God on hie,  
Who pardons sinners when they cry;  
Bewray thy faults to him in time,  
Who will in Christ forgiue thy crime.*

**H***E that on the crosse hath dyed,  
And for our sinnes was crucified,  
Be you euer blest in him,  
And cleane remitted from your sinne:  
Be it granted as I haue praid,  
And so the Belman resteth paid.*

*All*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

**A**LL you that in bed doe lye,  
Harken well to what I cry,  
Leaue of your finnes, repentance craue,  
It is the onely way your soules to saue.

**R**Epent in time while ye haue breath,  
Repentāce commeth not after death:  
He therefore that will liue for aye,  
Must leaue his finnes, and to God pray.

**O** Gracious God and blessed,  
Preserue all ye that be in bed,  
So that your quiet rest may take,  
Vntill the morning that yee wake:  
Then may ye all with praises sing,  
To thee O God our heauenly King.  
Remem-

The Bel-mans Sounds.

**R**emember man thou art but dust,  
There is none aliue but dye he must,  
To day a man, to morrow none,  
So soone our life is past and gone.  
Mans life is like a withered flower,  
Aliue and dead all in an houre,  
Leaue of thy sins therefore in time,  
And Christ will rid thee from thy crime.

**O**Mortall man that is made of dust,  
In worldly riches put not thy trust.  
Remember how thy time doth passe,  
Euen like the sand that from the Glasse,  
Hath spent the time and there remaines,  
Neuer canst thou call that time againe.

*Sicke*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*S*icke men complaine they cannot sleepe,  
The Bel-man such a noise doth keepe;  
Others that doe win at play,  
Saies he too soone proclaimes the day:  
Yet to the sicke that drawes short breath,  
It puts them in the minde of death;  
And saies the gamster makes good stake,  
If he for heauen so long would wake;  
And all this while like silly worme,  
He doth his office but performe:  
Then if his ducty breccd diseafe,  
Heele go to bed and none displeafe.

FINIS.







# The Famous History

of GVV Earle of *Warwicke*.

By SAMVEL ROWLANDS.



LONDON,

Printed for *Edward Brewster* at the Sign of the Crane in St. Pauls  
Churchyard. 1682.



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE

*Philip Earl of Mountgomery, Lord  
Herbert of Sherland, and of the most  
Noble Order of the Garter, Knight.*

**R**ight worthily Enobled and  
truly Honourable LORD!  
vouchsafe of your generous courtesie,  
(to which all men yield a general ap-  
plaud) to accept this slight and weak  
Poem, derived from a strong and  
mighty subject (to wit) Great *GVY*  
of *Warwick* (our famous Country  
man) whose valor hath bin the wor-  
lds wonder and his admirable acts of  
Chivalry, terrors and daunting fears  
of all the opposites of himself and  
this Kingdome: the neglect-  
A 2 ing

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

ing of whose worthy Memory, hath induced my more willing than able Muse, to revive the deeds of this dust-confum'd Champion; upon whose honourable Combat, King *Athelstone* ventur'd the whole Realm of *England*. Difdain not therefore (most worthful and precious spirit) in the true affability of your esteemed Virtues, to vouchsafe the view of these Artless Lines, which in the silence of greater sufficiencies, serve only to keep Valour from Oblivious destruction.

*Most humbly devoted*

*to your Honors virtues,*

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

TO

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To the Noble *English* Nation.

**R** Enowned English! whom our Lines invite,  
To view the Acts of Warwick's worthy Knight;  
Whose deeds of old, writ with an ancient Pen,  
Have now out worn the memories of men,  
Most strange in this same Poet-plenty-age:  
When Epigrams and Satyrs biting, rage:  
Where Paper is employed every day,  
To carry Verse about the Town for pay,  
That Stories should intomb'd with Worthies lie,  
And Fame, through Age extinct, obscurely die,  
Deign to accept what recreation hours  
Have spent upon this Country-man of ours:  
It seems too far unkind, that in these days,  
We toyl so much in other Nations praise,  
That we neglect the famousing of our own,  
Which over-matchful unto them were known.  
England hath bred such men of Valour try'd,  
Could match all Kingdoms in the world beside.  
Take here a view of knighthoods ancient face,  
His bruised Armour, and his bloody Case:  
His broken Lance, gapt Faulchion, batter'd Shield,  
His valiant Combates with his Foes in Field.  
The wounds and scarrs insculpt upon his flesh,  
His mortal fights renew'd each day afresh,  
His reasons that did animate to Arms,  
His freeing tender Ladies from their harms;  
His hacked Target, and his splinter'd spear  
His killing Serpents, savage Bore, and bear.

A 3

Then

## The Epistle

*Then look on some, in Ages since benighted,  
Who never were with martial deeds delighted:  
That are no kin to them which went of old  
In Iron Armour, these are Knights in Gold:  
And you shall see that one doth wear the name,  
When th' others actions merits for the same.  
The same for merit was renowned GUY,  
A Champion that his fame with blood did buy;  
And never held his life in Coward fear,  
But ventur'd it at point of Sword and Spear:  
He was a Prodigal of life and limb,  
And bad all welcome, came to fight with him:  
Were it a man, like to Gogmagog;  
Or Cerberus, that triple headed Dog,  
Or he that often did Olympus climb,  
And was the only Club man of his time,  
Great Hercules if he had breath'd on ground,  
When English Guy of Warwick liv'd renown'd,  
There would have been a Combat 'twixt them two,  
To try what proud Alcibes force could do;  
Or Hector, whose applaud the world doth know,  
Or fierce Achilles fearful to his Foe.  
Had all these liv'd together in an Age,  
They had been Combatants, the Earth their Stage.  
Kind English, yield unto your Countrey-man  
As gentle entertainment as you can,  
Though he lye quiet now transform'd to dust  
Sleeping in death as other mortals must:  
With your life-giving breath, revive his Fame,  
That hath deser'd an honourable Name.  
And having view'd his Actions, wish with me,  
That all the Knights we have, were such as he.*

S. R.

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To the Honourable Ladies of  
ENGLAND.

Ladies in elder times your sex did need  
Knight-hoods true valour to defend your  
Of admirable actions we do read, (rights,  
Have been atchiev'd in cruell bloody fights.  
Fell ugly Serpents were defstroy'd and flaine,  
Strange Monfters mangled, Giants hew'd in twaine.

But who deferv'd more in fuch enterprize,  
Then worthy Englifh, bred where we are borne?  
Such as did eafe and idleneffe defpife:  
For Armour more than filke by them was worne.  
Thefe were the Champions that for Ladies good,  
Would bleed, as long as they had drops of blood.

Such was Sir *Guy*, whose Story here we tell,  
Valours renowned honourable man:  
He lov'd your kinde in heart exceeding well,  
How can you chufe but love his Legend then?  
Bestow the reading of it, if you please,  
'Gainft melancholly, the fame dull difeafe.

SAM. ROWLANDS.

The

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## The ARGUMENT.



*GUY* of *Warwick* (Son to Earle *Rohands* Steward) in blooming youth of Natures spring, fell in love with the Earles faire Daughter *Phelice*, whose disdaining of him, in that he was but a meane Gentleman, and not by birth answerable to her honourable estate, did afflict his tormented minde with much distressed passions, till in a vision *Cupid* presents her with the picture of *Mars*, enjoying her to love *Guy*, as the admired Champion of Christendom: Vpon this she yeeldeth affection, on condition of Adventures, which to atchieve, he departs into *France*, and shortly returnes with Trophées of victory, and prizes of honour: But *Phelice* not satisfied therewith, he leaves *England* again, performing in forraigne Countries wonderfull acts: then returning, marries his Love, whom after forty dayes he leaves, departing on Pilgrimage to the holy Land, effecting in that journey many strange things: Then supposed to be dead; comes back disguised and out-worne to memory, and fights a Combate for King *Athelstone*, killed *Colbrond* the Gyant of *Denmarke*, freeing thereby the Kingdome from invasions. After that, lives obscurely in a Cave, and comes for Almes to his own Castle, not revealing himself till the houre of his death, and then he sent his Lady a ring, by which token she knew her husband, and came most wofully to close up his eyes, dying her self shortly after him, for very grief and extreme sorrow.

The]



THE  
 FAMOUS HISTORY  
 OF  
 Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

| | | | | | | | | |
*In Nature's green unmelloyed years  
 Cupid tormenteth Guy;  
 Inthrals his heart to Phælice love,  
 by object of the eye.*
| | | | | | | | | |

C A N T O I.

**W**hen dreadful *Mars* in Armor every day  
 Lov'd stately *Juno* and *Bellonia* best,  
 Before he knew the Court where *Venus* lay,  
 For then he took himself to ease and rest;  
 When all his Thoughts unto the proof were steel'd,  
 And all his Actions manag'd in the field.  
 A Knight of his (a worthy *English* man)  
 That went like him, clad in an Iron Coat,  
 In *Warwick*, with the worlds applaud began  
 To be a man of admirable note:  
 Such was the Valour he ascended by,  
 That *Pagans* trembled at the name of *Guy*.  
 This man compos'd of courage, full of sprite,  
 Of hard adventures, and of great designs.  
 To fight with Giants took a chief delight,  
 Or search some Cave that Monster undermines;

B

Meet

## *The Famous History*

Meet with a Boar to make a bloody fray,  
Or combat with a Dragon by the way.  
Yet ere he entertain'd his Love to Arms,  
He grew devoted to the Queen of Love,  
Attempting Beauties Fort with fierce Alarms,  
The victory of such a prize to prove,  
As elder times before could ne're enjoy;  
A sweeter face than lost old *Priam Troy*.  
Fair *Phœlice*, equal match to *Cupid's* Mother:  
A curious creature, and the Kingdoms pride:  
All spacious *Britain* had not such another,  
For glorious beauty, and good parts beside:  
'Twixt her and *Vulcan's* wife no odds were known,  
But *Venus* had a Mole, and she had none.  
For most directly she had *Venus* hair,  
The same high fore-head, and attractive eye:  
Her cheeks of Roses mixt with Lillies fair;  
The very lips of perfect Coral-dye:  
Ivory teeth, a dainty rising chin,  
A soft touch, pleasing, smooth, and silken skin.  
With all perfections made a peerless Creature  
From head to foot, she had them every one:  
Mirrour she was of Comeliness and feature  
An *English* Phœnix, supreme fair alone:  
Whom gazing peoples censures thus would grace,  
Beauty lives no where but in *Phœlice* face:  
In *Phœlice* face (this object of *Guy's* fight)  
Where looks of love, and glances of disdain,  
From thence sometimes his eyes attract delight,  
From thence anon his heart depriveth pain.  
One while sweet smiles do give encouragement,  
Another time stern looks work discontent.  
Thus on Love's Seas, tost by the storms of terror,  
'Twixt present calm, and sudden furious blast;  
Resolving love, yet finding love in error,  
In freedom chain'd, in liberty bound fast;  
He fights that fortune doth so strangely deal,  
To give a wound that Beauty will not heal;

That

*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

That Beauty will not heal (quoth he) fond man.  
Thou wrong'st thy self, and thy fair Goddeſs too;  
By looks to know a womans heart who can?  
And look on her is only all I do:  
I'll take another courſe more reſolute,  
To ſpeak, to write my honeſt meaning ſuit.  
But if I ſhould be ſo, what hope have I  
That ſhe will hear my words, or read my lines  
She is Earl *Roband's* heir, and born too high  
To condeſcend unto my poor deſigns:  
Though I a Gentleman by birth am known,  
Earldoms I want, and Lordſhips I have none:  
O! women are ambitious out of meaſure,  
They mount aloft upon the wings of pride;  
And often match more for this worldly Treafure,  
Than any loving cauſe on earth beſide;  
Which makes ſome wiſh rather there were no gold,  
Than love for it ſhould baſe be bought and fold.  
If ſuch ſhe be (as not be ſuch is rare)  
What will my words, or ſighs, or tears prevail?  
I enter then a Labyrinth of care,  
And ſtrive againſt both wind and tide to fail:  
A reſtleſs ſtone with *Sifyphus* I roul,  
And heap continual torments on my foul.  
Then I attempt to fly with waxen wings,  
Where *Phæbus* Chariot burns in brighteſt flame;  
And ſhall be cenſur'd, that in childiſh things,  
As Love, I have begot eternal ſhame:  
Rejeſted and deſpis'd, in baſe eſteem  
To th' envious world, I ſhall no better ſeem.  
But ceaſe, Loves coward, baniſh thoughts of fear,  
Be reſolute, and good ſucceſs attend thee;  
*Phælice* of force a loving heart muſt bear;  
If he that ſhoots love-darts of gold befriend thee,  
And by no reaſon he can be thy foe,  
Be cauſe thou lov'ſt his mothers picture ſo.  
I am reſolv'd: Go on to *Phælice* Bower,  
And from as true a heart as fleſh can yield,

B 2

Intreat

## *The Famous History*

Intreae her hear me in a blessed hour;  
And with kind pity all my forrows shield;  
To look upon me with remorse of mind,  
That holds my list as her love is inclin'd.  
This said, to *Warwick* Castle he repairs,  
Where the rich Jewel of his heart remain'd;  
Earl *Robamd* bids him welcome, and prepaers  
With hunting-fports to have him entertain'd:  
But thereunto unwilling ear he lends,  
And sudden sickness for excuse pretends.  
The Earl much grieved at this alteration,  
Sent his physician for to do him good;  
Who told *Guy*, that his only preservation,  
Consisted in the present letting blood:  
And that his body in distemperature,  
Was difficult and very hard to cure.  
Doctor (quoth *Guy*) 'tis true I know as much,  
I find my self to be exceeding ill;  
But there's a flower, which if I might but touch,  
Would heal me better than thy physicks skill:  
'Tis called by a pretty pleasing name,  
And *Phœlix* foundeth somewhat near the same.  
Quoth the Physician, Sir, I know it not,  
Nor in the Herbal read of such a flower:  
Yet in this Castle it is to be got;  
Said *Guy*, it grows not far from yonder Tower.  
I'll find it out my self, Doctor refrain,  
*Galen* ne're had the Art to cure my pain.  
Left in this passion to converse with moan,  
As in a window he did fighting lye.  
In a delightful Garden all alone,  
The Emp'refs of his thoughts he did espy;  
Which to his soul did much rejoycing bring,  
Fear was depos'd, and Hope was Crowned King.  
Now is the time (quoth he) fair Fortunes Sun  
Shines favourable on my gloomy cares:  
Now may I end the grief that love begun,  
And boldly ask good hap, how well she fares:

Now

of *Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Now will I enter into yonder shade,  
To court the worlds admired Beauteous Maid.  
*Phœlice* I come, assist me (*Cupid*) now,  
Prepare an Arrow ready for thy bow:  
I never went a wooing: Teach me how  
Good action (with good speech) I may bestow:  
But above all things, gentle *Cupid* move her,  
That she believe me, when I swear I love her.  
With speed unto the Garden then he goes,  
Where one of *Phœlice* Damfels let him in;  
And in a curious Arbour of repose,  
Finds *Cytherea* with her silver skin:  
Whom he salutes with Grace and Majesty.  
Beholding her with Love's enchanting eye.  
Fairest (quoth he) of all, the works in Nature,  
Whose Equal never breath'd this common air,  
More wonderful than Earth can yield a creature,  
For every part belonging unto fair;  
Immortal Creature of Cœlestial frame,  
Eternal honour still attend thy Name  
I come to thee about the like poor fruit,  
That once *Leander* came to *Hero* with,  
Hoping thereby to reap more lovely fruit  
Than *Mars* attain'd when he deceiv'd the smith.  
'Tis only Love that I with heart present;  
'Tis only Love must give my soul content.  
Incline (sweet Lady) to my humble motion;  
Compassionate the grief that I endure.  
Regard my life that rests at thy devotion,  
With pity take my dying heart in cure:  
O let it not in groaning torment swell!  
And break in twain, because it loves thee well.  
Great Princes love thee, this I knew before,  
And deeds of honour for thy Name have done;  
But neither King nor Prince can love thee more  
Than doth poor *Guy*, thy Fathers Stewards Son;  
His love to thee is so inestimable,  
To countervail it all, they are not able.

*Phœlice*



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

So fares it with this Love-tormented man,  
Whose raging thoughts into disorders ran.  
Society he shuns, and keeps alone,  
Accusing Destiny, and cursing *Beauty*;  
He hates himself, and is a friend to none,  
Beyond the limits of all love and duty.  
*Venus* (quoth he) how are thy Laws forgot,  
Thus to afflict him that offends thee not?  
What is the cause I am rejected thus?  
Who interrupts my love to Beauties mirror?  
I'll drag him hence to roaring *Erebus*,  
There to be plunged in eternal terror.  
I'll to *Joves* Court, and there with shouts and cries;  
Make such a clamour as shall rent the skies.  
Shall I be cozen'd as *Orpheus* was?  
Assist me *Theseus* to revenge this wrong.  
Where's *Radamant*, that Justice cannot pass;  
*Euridice* is sold even for a song:  
Fiends, Furies, Goblins, Hydra's, for a fall,  
I am prepar'd to manage with you all.  
I'll mount upon the back of *Pegasus*,  
And in bright *Phœbus* flames my self will wrap:  
Then will I tumble windy *Eolus*  
To sleep in *Thetis* watery crystal lap:  
From thence I'll post unto the Torrid *Zone*,  
To find which way fair *Phœlice* Love is gone:  
*Jason* had luck to win the golden fleece;  
I like the skin, but for the horns I care not;  
Fair *Hellen* was a waggish wench of *Greece*:  
Bold *Mars* will venture, bashful *Venus* cares not.  
Trust a fair face! Not I, let him that list;  
What *Hercules* without a Club in's fist?  
Thus for a time his Senses were deprived,  
Being left by love as blind as *Cupid's* eyes;  
Till Reason to perfections state revived,  
And extream passions cease to Tyrannize:  
For in a Vision *Phœlice* did descry  
The power of Love, and yields her heart to *Guy*:

*Fair*

*The Famous History*



*Fair Phælice in a Vision  
Entertains the love of Guy;  
Injoyning him adventures strange,  
His manly face to try*

By *Morphæus* possesst of quiet sleep,  
In dead of night, when Visions do appear,  
The heart-tormentor, he that pierceh deep,  
And maketh Lovers buy their bargain dear,

Sends



## of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

Sends from his bow a shaft with golden head,  
And wounded *Phalice* in her Maiden-bed.  
Before her he presents a Martial wight,  
Clad all in Armour for Encounters fit;  
And says, *Sweet Virgin, love this man of might,*  
*Give him the heart, for he doth merit it;*  
*For valour, courage, comely shape and limb,*  
The world hath not a Champion like to him.  
Great honour (Lady) thou shalt gain thereby,  
T' adorn thy noble and renowned birth;  
He shall aspire unto such Majesty.  
His Name shall be a terror on the Earth.  
He shall become a Champion unto Kings,  
And by the Sword perform admired things.  
Be not ambitious that thou art high-born;  
Be not disdainful of a mean Estate;  
Be not defiled with the brand of scorn;  
Be not too proud that thou art Beauties mate:  
For 'tis in vain to strive against my bow;  
If I say, *Love*, it must and shall be so.  
Fix not thy thoughts vainly on worldly wealth,  
(Coyn should not be foundation unto Love)  
Corrupted hearts it draws away by stealth;  
These Money-matches cannot happy prove:  
For as the goods of Fortune do decay,  
So love, which they beget, consumes away.  
I know how *Pluto's* golden Treasure sways,  
By devillish and accursed false illusion:  
I know how Womens humours now a-days,  
Run after Riches to their own confusion;  
I see the pleasant with most abject life,  
With Gold enough can buy a dainty Wife.  
But *Phalice*, if thou knew'st as much as I,  
How base the Gods esteem of such abuses,  
When Beauty sells, and Riches comes to buy,  
Which are not made for one another's uses;  
Thou wouldest scorn that Maidens should be sold  
As Cattel are, for Silver and for Gold.

C

Love

## *The Famous History*

Love must be simple, harmless, pure and plain,  
And take original from true affection;  
It must reciprocal return again,  
Or else it doth discover imperfection;  
Love's inward thoughts concur in outward deeds,  
Such as from loyalty and truth proceeds;  
Thy Lover comes not for advancement to thee;  
In that thy Father is a worthy Earl;  
It is not Dowry that can cause him woo thee;  
Hadst thou the *Arabian* Gold, or *Indian* Pearl.  
But as great *Jupiter* to *Leda* came  
For a sweet Face, his purpose is the same.  
Therefore sweet Virgin use him kindly well,  
Make much of *Guy*, embrace him for thine own;  
Afford him Love room in thy heart to dwell;  
Let him no longer live in pensive moan:  
But the next time thou dost behold his face,  
Give him encouragement, with kind embrace:  
And with that word (*imbrace*) he shot, and hit  
The very Center of her tender heart;  
Feeling the wound, she starts, awak'd with it,  
Being taught thereby to pity Lovers smart,  
For *Cupid* drew his Arrow to the head,  
Because he would be sure she should be sped.  
With that she fetch'd a sigh, a grievous one,  
And from her eyes a show'r of Tears did fall.  
Where is (quoth she) the gentle Love-God gone,  
Whose power I find is powerful over all?  
Oh! call him back, my fault I do confess,  
I have in Love been too too pitiless.  
Sweet Boy, sollicite for me to thy Mother,  
And at her Altars I will sacrifice,  
From this day forth I will adore no other,  
No Goddess shall be gracious in mine eyes,  
But she that hath imperious rule and might,  
To lead obdurate hearts to kind delight,  
Compassion now hath worthy Conquest made  
Of that strong Fort that did resistance make.

One

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.































One shaft had been sufficient to persuade  
A League for life, a Truce till death doth take,  
*Guy* more than Life, doth *Phallice* love prefer,  
*Phallice* affects *Guy* dear, as he doth her.  
But unto him her love is yet unknown,  
Though his be made apparent long before.  
He understands not that she is his own,  
He feels no salve appli'd unto his fore,  
Till forc'd by passions, and constrain'd laments,  
A second Suit he boldly thus presents.  
*Phallice*, I was arraigned long ago,  
And now I look for Judgement at thy hand:  
I have been Prisoner in a Jayl of wo  
So long, that speedy sentence I demand:  
Oh speak unto me either life or death!  
For I am tired with my vital breath.  
If kindness dwell in that fair shape of thine,  
Express it with (*I love*); if none there be,  
Then say, *I cannot unto love incline*;  
And so thou mak'st a quick dispatch with me:  
Censure me sudden, either smile or frown,  
I will not live thus for this Kingdom's Crown,  
*Phallice* reply'd, 'Tis not at my dispose,  
To fashion Love, without my Friends consent,  
What, would you wish me to be one of those  
That are to Parents disobedient?  
Shall fond affections over-rule the will,  
And do you good, to be accounted ill?  
You know my Father's greatness in the Land,  
And if he should (as there's no other like)  
The love of one too mean for me, withstand,  
How could we bear the stroke disgrace would strike?  
Nothing but death would make my sorrow sweet,  
And shame would wrap me in a Winding-sheet.  
Doubt not of Father in this case (quoth he)  
For *Warwick's* Earl (the Honourable man)  
Shall see such deeds of valour done by me,  
To have dislike he neither will nor can.

C 2

Injoyn

## *The Famous History*

Injoyn me what adventures thou think'ft good,  
 That wounds and scars may let my body blood.  
 Why then (quoth she) *Guy* make thy Valour shine  
 Throughout the world, as glorious as the Sun;  
 My heart, my foul, my life, my love is thine:  
 What deeds of honour by thy hands are done:  
 Make thy self famous by a Martial life,  
 And then take *Phelice* for thy lawful wife.  
 I ask no more (said he) to gain thy love,  
 I shall esteem it bought at easie rate:  
 O that I were at work, my task to prove,  
 With *Hercules*, or some such churlish Mate.  
*Phelice* farewell, this kifs thou gavest me,  
 Shall make a number kifs the ground for thee.

														
<p><i>From England Guy to France doth go,                  Where deeds of Arms are done;                  And thence returns triumphantly,                  With all his Prizes won.</i></p>														
														

### CANTO III.

**I**Nlarg'd from sorrow's thraldom by hope's bail,  
*Guy* arms his thoughts with Honours enterprize,  
 Imbarks himself, and into *France* doth sail  
 Leaving fair *England*, where his comfort lies,  
 He seeks for Enemies, he longs for Foes,  
 And now desires to be a dealing blows.  
 In *Normandy* arriv'd, he understands  
 That there was Warlike business to be done,  
 For valiant Knights of divers Christian Lands,  
 The race of Valour did intend to run:  
 A great advantage was propounded there,  
 Which news was musick to his greedy ear,

The

## of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

The prize that drew them all unto this Place,  
Was Daughter to the *Almain* Emperor,  
For *Blanch*, with such a wondrous heavenly face,  
It had attractive beauty full of power:  
In her such Graces did unite together,  
The Worthies of the world came posting thither.  
Who won the Damsel (it was thus decreed)  
By manly courage, and victorious might,  
Should have her mounted on a milk-white Steed,  
Two Greyhounds and a Faulcon, all in white:  
This was his lot that could attain the day,  
To bear the Honour, and the Maid away.  
Our *English* Knight prepares him for the Field  
Where Kings were present, Princes did repair;  
Where Dukes and Earls a great Assembly held  
About the face that was so wondrous fair:  
Though only one must speed, and hundreds miss,  
Yet each man there imagines *Blanch* is his.  
The spacious field where they assembled were,  
Hardly affordeth room for Armed Crouds:  
The golden glittering Armour that was there,  
Did dart the Sun-beams back into the Clouds:  
The pamper'd horses proudly stamp the ground,  
To hear the clamour of the Trumpets sound.  
A *German* Prince of an undaunted sprite,  
A first and very fierce Encounter gave  
Unto an Earl, whose valour did requite  
With blow for blow, as resolutely brave;  
Till by a stroke the Earl received on's head,  
He was unhors'd, falling to ground for dead.  
Then *Guy* came forth with courage to the Prince,  
And deals with him as *Hercules* would do;  
Like force he never felt before nor since,  
Such hard extreams he ne're was put unto:  
Just where himself had laid the Earl in fround,  
There down comes he, both horse and man to ground.  
Duke *Otton* seeing this, was in a rage,  
And desp'rate humour did incense him so,

He

## *The Famous History*

He vow'd by Heaven nothing should affwage  
His fury, but the death of that proud Foe.  
Prepare thee, fight, to breathe thy laſt (quoth he)  
Monſter, or Devil, or what e're thou be.  
They joyn together with a dreadful fight,  
The ſplinters fly, and clatteing Armour ſounds;  
The duſt aſcended up, and blinds their fight;  
The blood allays it, ſtreaming forth their wounds.  
Both their ſwords break, they light, and on his back  
*Guy* threw the Duke, that ev'n his bones did crack.  
Duke *Rainer* would revenge his Couſin then,  
And for Encounter he prepareth next.  
Quoth *Guy*, I find y'are wretches and no men,  
That with a blow or fall ſo ſoon be vext:  
But come, and welcome, I am for you all;  
We ſay in *England*, *The weakeſt muſt to th' wall*.  
They ruſh together, that the ground did ſhake,  
Whilſt animating Trumpets ſound alarm;  
In *Rainer's* ſhoulder *Guy* a wound did make,  
Whereby he loſt the uſe of his right arm;  
Yielding himſelf as others did before,  
Unable once to wield his weapon more.  
Then for a while all ſtood amaz'd at *Guy*,  
And not a man was forward to proceed;  
Till *Lovaine's* Duke his Fortunes went to try,  
Having good hope that he ſhould better ſpeed:  
Well mounted, and well arm'd, he fair did fit  
On a proud Steed, that ill indur'd the bit.  
I think (quoth he) thou ſome Inchanter art,  
That hath the force of Magick in thine arm,  
I'll teach thee to believe e're we depart,  
Quoth *Guy*, for thou ſhalt feel that I can charm:  
I'll conjure thee even with an Iron Spell,  
My ſword ſhall ſend thee unto Heaven or Hell.  
With that he lent him ſuch a cruel ſtroke,  
That the other did return a weak reply;  
With ſecond and with third his Helmet broke;  
Hold, hold (quoth he) I'll rather yield than die:

**Fight**

of *Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Fight for a Woman he that list for me,  
I think the Devil cannot deal with thee.  
Then not a man that would encounter more,  
They all were terrifi'd and stood in fear;  
And in a rage among themselves they swore,  
What shall a stranger all the honour bear  
Of this great day? What curst fortune's this,  
That all the glory of the field is his!  
Amongst themselves his happiness they curst,  
In envy's heat, not knowing what to do;  
They could have kill'd him, but that no man durst  
Put his own life in hazard thereunto.  
If wishes might have done it, he had dy'd,  
But fight with him not any could abide.  
The Emperor, for *Guy*, a Knight did fend,  
Asking his Name and Birthright, which he told;  
Then said His Majesty, I much commend  
Thy haughty Courage resolutely bold:  
Brave *Englisk* man, thou art thy countreys pride,  
In *Europe* lives not such a man beside.  
I do admire thy worth, thy Valour's great;  
To speak thy praise my tongue cannot suffice;  
Ascend to Honour's just deserved seat,  
That art a second *Hector* in mine eyes.  
This day thy worthy hand hath shew'd me more  
Than in my life I ever saw before.  
Come and receive thy due desert of me,  
My Daughter's love is free at thy dispose,  
The Greyhounds, Steed and Faulcon, take to thee;  
Thy worthiness doth merit more than those:  
Hold, here's a Jewel, wear it for my sake,  
Which I a witness of my love do make.  
*Guy* thank'd his Highness for his gracious favour,  
And vow'd him service whilst his life did last,  
Then to the Princess with a mild behaviour,  
A reverent, humble, modest look he cast,  
Saying, Fair Lady, Fortune is my Friend,  
That doth such beauty to my lot extend.

Madam,

## *The Famous History*

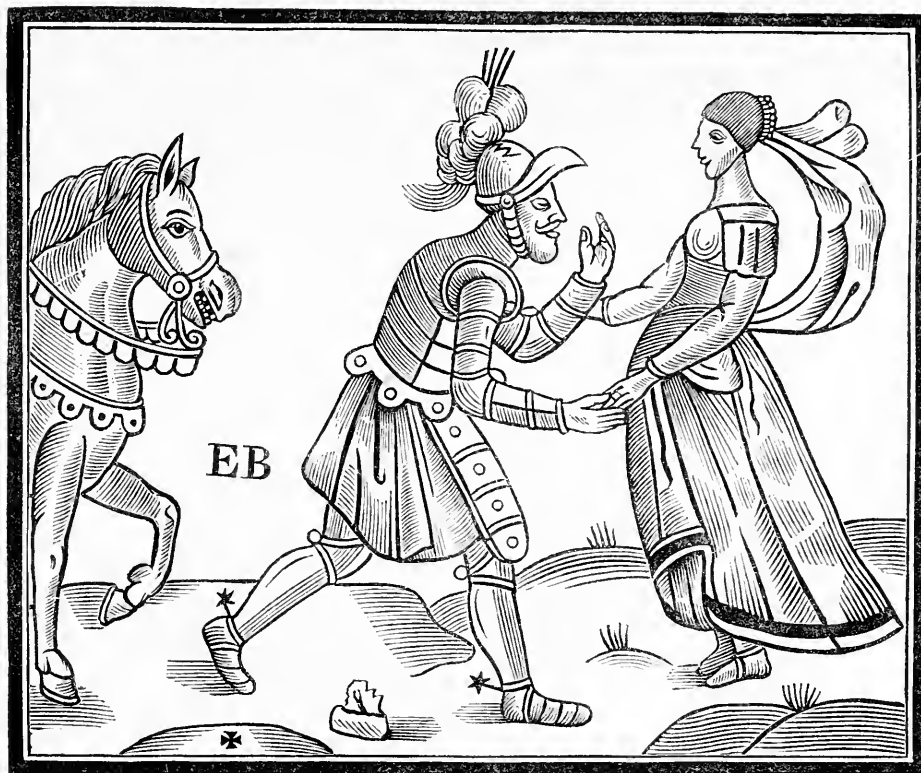
Madam, accept your loyal *English* Knight,  
To do true service when you please command it:  
Who, while he hath a drop of blood, will fight  
In your behalf, against who dare withstand it:  
To be your Husband is degree too high;  
'Tis Grace sufficient, call me Servant *Guy*:  
In *England* doth my Marriage Love remain,  
To whom I must and will be true for ever;  
About whose face Nature hath took such pain,  
I durst have sworn flesh cou'd have matcht it never;  
But now I find (that curiously have ey'd her)  
There is a *Phoenix* in the world beside her,  
And that's your self; I dare the world deny it;  
But which is fairest, eye cannot decide,  
No humane judgement in the world can try it,  
Who hath most Beauty, *Blanch*, or my fair Bride,  
I dare be bold to call your Beauties Twins,  
And *Venus* Blackamoor to both your skins.  
Oh *Phallice*! here's thy Picture in this Princefs,  
Methinks th' art present in her lovely look:  
Thou that of my fouls faculties art Mistrifs,  
Recorded in Time's brazen leaved Book;  
To thee if I prove false, or be misled,  
*Jove's* fearful vengeance light upon my head.  
Quoth *Blanch*, Thy constancy (and sigh'd deep)  
Is highly to be praised; thou dost well:  
He that Love's-promise will no faithful keep,  
In horrors and in torments let him dwell.  
But I suppose thy vows are yet to make,  
And so what thy sword won, thy heart may take.  
What I avouch is true, the Heaven knows,  
My protestations are above the skies;  
Madam, the Sun declines, day ancient grows,  
I'll take my leave of you in humble-wife,  
My Body is unto repose inclin'd,  
Although no rest be in my troubled mind.  
My troubled mind's in *Warwick*-Castle now,  
Although my body be in *Normandy*.

Here



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Here I make others bend, there I do bow,  
And lowly as the humble ground do lye,  
Even at Love's feet I cast my self to ground,  
Though Victory my Temples here have crown'd.  
I cannot stay, I must to *England* back,  
My mind misgives me, *Phelice* is not well:  
Like my sad thoughts, my Armour shall be black!  
I'll suit me in a mournful Iron-shell:  
For where the mind meets with suspicious cares,  
Distrust is ever dealing doubtful shares.  
Yet I have much good fortune on my side,







































D

That

## *The Famous History*

That know the means how to attain my blifs;  
 For *Phælice's* Love is to Conditions ty'd,  
 And I do trust she is my own for this:  
 By this she may: but if she more require,  
 There's nothing in the world I will deny'r.  
 With hasty journey he is homeward bound.  
 Leaving the vulgar to the nine days wonder:  
 Arriving safely on the *English* ground,  
 Posting to her, suppos'd too long afunder:  
 Whom with more joy his chearful looks behold,  
 Than can by pen, or lines of ink be told,

*In France all Knights of Christendom,  
 To win a Princess, meet:  
 Guy conquers all, and wins the prize,  
 Then doth his Goddess greet.*

													
	<p><i>With the rewards of Victory</i></p>												
	<p><i>Guy doth his Love present.</i></p>												
	<p><i>But Phælice is not satisf'd:</i></p>												
	<p><i>Him forth again she sent.</i></p>												
													

### CANTO IV.

**I**N the suppos'd Heaven of repose,  
 Hope casteth Anchor for his Barque to ride:  
 With kind salute unto his Love he goes;  
 Who gives embracement, and all things beside  
 Besit Affection; all such Complements  
 As Love can look for, gracious she presents.  
 Fair Foe (quoth *Guy*), I come to challenge thee,  
 For there's no man that I can meet will fight;  
 I have been where a Crew of Cowards be,  
 Not one that dares maintain a Ladies right:

Good

*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Good proper fellows of their tongues, and tall,  
That let me win a Princess from them all.  
*Phelice*, this sword hath won an *Emp'ors* Daughter,  
As sweet a Wench as lives in *Europe's* space:  
At price of blows, and bloody wounds I bought her,  
Well worth my bargain; but thy better face  
Hath made me leave her to some others Lot;  
For, I protest by Heaven, I love her not.  
This stately Steed, this Faulcon and these Hounds,  
I took, as in full payment of the rest:  
For I will keep my love within the bounds  
That do inclose the compass of my breast:  
My constancy to thee is all my care,  
Leaving all other Women as they are.  
But Sweet-heart, tell me, shall I have thee now,  
Wilt thou consent the Priest shall do his part?  
Art thou resolved still to keep thy Vow?  
Is none but I half with thee in thy heart?  
Canst thou forsake the world, change Maiden-life,  
And help thy faithful Lover to a Wife?  
Quoth *Phelice*, Worthy Knight, my joys are great,  
To understand thy honourable deeds:  
It seems some were in such a bloody sweat,  
Their Valour, Fame and Reputation bleeds:  
I give thee humble thanks, that for my sake  
Such hard Adventures didst vouchsafe to take.  
To win a Princess was a precious prize;  
But sure, methinks, if I had been Sir *Guy*,  
She should have found more favour in mine eyes,  
Than take a Horse, and turn a Lady by.  
What, is a Horse, a Faulcon, and a Hound,  
More worthy than a Lady so renown'd?  
Perhaps you'll say, 'tis done for love of me;  
I do imagine, nay, believe it so.  
And though I jest, I will do more for thee,  
Than thou, or any but my self doth know.  
I'll never marry while life's glass doth run,  
But only thee, or I will die a Nun.

D 2

But

## *The Famous History*

But give me leave to speak my mind (kind Love)  
Let me lock up my secrets in thy breast.  
I had a Vision did affection move,  
*Cupid* came to me in my quiet rest,  
And did command me, in his Mothers name,  
To love thee. Thus persuading to the same,  
An armed man (just as I see thee now)  
He set before me, speaking to me thus.  
*Phallice*, be gentle-hearted, yielding, bow,  
Do not oppose against the power of us;  
But all thy love, thy loyalty and truth,  
Bestow it freely on this matchless youth.  
Throughout the world his Fame shall be admired,  
And mighty men shall tremble at his wrath.  
To end Kings quarrels, he shall be required,  
His worthiness shall tread no common path.  
But actions to be fear'd, he shall effect  
Matters of moment, things of great respect.  
This (in effect) he did to me relate,  
And I have been obedient to his will.  
Now if I would, I know not how to hate;  
Of perfect kindness I am taught the skill.  
Believe me, *Guy*, for if it were not so,  
This secret of my heart thou shouldst not know.  
But now, my Love, before thou dost possess  
Thy constant *Phallice* in her Marriage-bed,  
Thou must do deeds of greater worthiness,  
Than winning of a Lady with her Steed.  
I'll ever love thee, though I ne'er do more,  
But will not grant thee use of love before.  
Not grant me use of love (quoth he) fair Friend!  
Why then of force I must abroad again.  
I will content thee, or I'll make an end  
One way or other, slay or else be slain.  
Ere I return again into this Realm,  
Thou shalt confess I have fulfill'd thy Dream,  
Assist me Heavens, as I mean upright;  
For I protest by all the powers Divine,

No

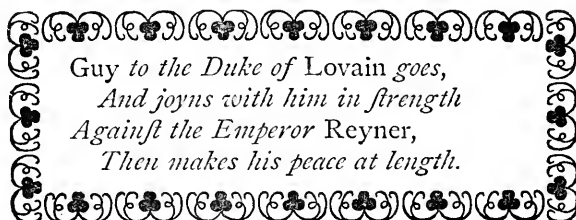
## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

No unjust quarrel shall procure me fight,  
To wrong the wronged I will ne're incline;  
But stand for those that by oppression fall,  
In Honor's venture; be it life and all.  
Come my *Bellona*, do thou gird my sword,  
Embrace my Armour in thy Ivory Arms,  
And such kind kisses as thou canst afford,  
Bestow vpon me in the stead of Charms.  
I think upon *Ulysses* loving Wife,  
How thou art now to imitate her life.  
Farewel, my *Phalice*, health and happiness  
Attend thee ever, to thy hearts desire.  
And I beseech God grant me like success,  
As I resolve my love to thee intire,  
At my return, when *Mars* his bus'ness ends,  
My comfort is, *Hymen* will make amends.  
And so unto Earl *Roband* he repairs,  
And tells him, he is come to take his leave;  
He must seek out where Honour dealeth shares,  
To purchase that which worthy men receive.  
At home (saith he) my honourable Lord,  
I find that Valour nothing can afford;  
Therefore I'll search abroad what's to be done,  
From Countrey unto Kingdom I'll resort,  
By Nature's course my Glafs hath much to run;  
I well may spare some years for fighting sport;  
Of idleness there's nothing comes but evil,  
I hate a Coward as I hate the Devil.  
*Guy* (quoth the Earl) thou mak'st me grieve at this,  
The news is more than I can well indure,  
Thy wished company so soon to miss,  
When I did make account I had been sure  
Possess of thee, at thy late travels end;  
And dost thou now Journeys anew intend?  
Remain with me, trust not to fortunes pow'r;  
Though now she hath so well and kindly dealt,  
She may allot thee an unlucky hour,  
That instantly her Favours so have felt.

Her

## *The Famous History*

Her coutesies are most unconstant things,  
Believe her not, she dealeth false with Kings.  
Triumphant on her wheel now thou dost sit,  
And with Fame's Triumph thy glory doth remain,  
Oh! do not over-rashly hazard it;  
Loft honour is not eas'ly got again.  
May not one curfed and unhappy blow  
Betray thy self to thy insulting Foe?  
May not a Monster, or a savage beast,  
At unawares deprive thee of thy breath?  
May not a Tyrant when thou thinkest least,  
Cut off thy course by an untimely death?  
May not a thousand dangers on thee light,  
Where but thy self, thy wronged self must right?  
(Quoth *Guy*) My Lord, danger he may hot fear,  
That to Adventures doth himself dispose;  
He must a mind of resolution bear,  
And think himself too good for all his foes;  
I'le never dread I shall be over man'd  
While I have hands to fight, or legs to stand.  
Therefore in humble fort I leave your honour,  
Wishing all health unto your happy state.  
If Fortune take a frowning mood upon her,  
Why, she shall see I will disdain her hate,  
What star foever sway'd when I was born,  
I have a mind will laugh mis hap to scorn,

  
*Guy to the Duke of Lovain goes,  
And joyns with him in strength  
Against the Emperor Reyner,  
Then makes his peace at length.*

### CANTO V

**N**ow *Guy* expects a favourable gail,  
Which to his hearts desire he doth attain;

And

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And with a speedy passage he doth fail,  
To seek Adventures out in in *France* again;  
Where finding none, from thence away he hies  
To *Lovain*, where in siege the Emp'ror lies.  
For *Segwin* Duke of *Lovain's* hap was such,  
At *Tournament* a Noble-man to kill,  
The Emperor's coufin, whom he loved much,  
And took the death of him exceeding ill;  
So that a quarrel thereupon arose,  
And Wars ensu'd betwixt two mighty foes.  
Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his aid,  
But in the way an accident befel;  
For by Duke *Otton* he was false betray'd,  
And's life in question, which he freed well,  
*Otton* in *France* before disgrac'd by *Guy*,  
Had vow'd where e're he met him he should die.  
And to that end, sixteen appointed were  
To lye in ambush, and surprize him so;  
All men of resolution, void of fear,  
That in a Forest did themselves bestow,  
And set on *Guy*, only with three Knights more,  
The like distrefs he ne're was in before.  
Now Gentlemen, and loving Friends (quoth he),  
Shew your selves *English* hearted, rightly bred.  
Here is some odds, sixteen unto you three;  
But I the fourth will stand you in some stead;  
You three shall combat fix, that's two for one;  
And with the other ten let me alone.  
Wherewith he drew his sword, and laid about,  
That ratling Armour eccho'd in the skye;  
Dealing so resolute amongst the rout,  
That down they drop on every side, and die.  
Here lyeth one that hath no legs to stand,  
And there another wanting head and hand,  
*Guy* quickly made dispatch of his half score,  
He was not long in ridding them away:  
But then remained half a dozen more,  
Which two of his most worthy Knights did say

When

## *The Famous History*

When he perceiv'd them fall, he stamp't the ground,  
And utter'd forth this fearful angry sound:  
Ah villains! how my soul abhors this fight:  
For these how my revenging passion strives:  
This bloody deed with blood I will requite.  
You die for it, had each a thousand lives.  
Two slain out-right, and *Heraud* wounded too,  
Is the last curst Act that you shall do.  
With force (as 'twere exceeding humane strength)  
He lays upon them blows to stagger under,  
And brought them breathless to the ground, at length  
Cut all in piece-meal for the Crows asunder:  
There lye (quoth he) and feast Fowls of the Air,  
Or feed those savage beasts that will repair.  
But these sweet Gentlemen that have resign'd  
Their dearest Lives for the defence of me,  
And came from *England*, as their Love inclin'd,  
Companions in my hardest haps to be;  
I will inter in honourable wise,  
With best solemnity I can devise,  
From thence unto a Hermit, dwelling nigh,  
He rode, and did commit that charge with care,  
Who did perform that office carefully,  
And *Heraud* home unto his Cell he bare;  
Who was not dead, though *Guy* suppos'd him slain,  
But by the Hermit was restor'd again.  
Now forth goes *Guy*, pensive, perplexed, sad,  
Grieving that Destiny so cruel dealt;  
For left alone, no company he had,  
To ease the torments that in heart he felt:  
Till travelling along, at last he found  
A place for honour very much renown'd.  
There did he meet with *Tilt* and *Turnament*,  
And entertain both glory and delight;  
There fortune yielded him her full consent  
To win the best of every valiant Knight:  
Of all the worthy men that did resort,  
Not one could match him in Duke *Reyner's* Court.

Then



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Then to the Duke of *Millain* he repairs,  
Where for his worth he is admir'd of all:  
And understanding that some great affairs  
'Twixt *Segwin* Duke of *Lovain* did befall,  
And th' Emperor; *Millain* he did forsake,  
And towards *Lovain* did his journey take,  
As he did pass upon the way, he meets  
A Pilgrim, that with travel seem'd faint:  
Whom in all human courtesies he greets,  
And with some news entreats him to acquaint  
His longing ear; he with a sigh or two  
Said, Sir, with news I little have to do.  
One thing in all this world is all my care,  
And only that, and nothing else I mind;  
I seek a man, and seek him in despair;  
Because I long have fought, and cannot find  
A man more dearly to my souls love ty'd,  
Than all the men are in the world beside.  
Why, what art thou, quoth *Guy*, or who is he?  
Of kindness be so kind, as tell in brief,  
I am an *English* man of Knights degree,  
(Quoth *Heraud*) and the subject of my grief,  
Is loss of one Sir *Guy*, my Countrey-man,  
*Guy* with joys tears lights to embrace him then.  
And art thou living, *Heraud*, my dear friend  
(Quoth he)? and kindly took him in his arms:  
Then cheerfully let sorrows all take end,  
And let me know who cur'd thee of thy harms?  
The good old Hermit by his skill did save me,  
With wholesome Medicines and Salves he gave me.  
*Guy* did reioyce; and *Heraud's* joys abound  
At this so good and happy accident;  
No angry Star in opposition frown'd.  
But each was owner of his own content:  
So posting with good fortune on their side,  
Unto the Duke of *Lovain* they do ride.  
The City in distress besieg'd they find,  
And very small resistance could be made;

E

But

## *The Famous History*

But *Segwin* was right joyful in his mind,  
That worthy *Guy* was come unto his aid.  
For now (quoth he) boldly presume I can,  
We have an honourable valiant man.  
Advise me, warlike Knight, what's to be done,  
To free the present danger we are in?  
My Lord (quoth *Guy*), there's freedom to be won;  
Ev'n by a course my self will first begin:  
Let's issue forth upon them presently;  
Our Courages will make the Cowards fly.  
I'll give consent to any thing thou wilt,  
Thy project willingly I do approve:  
Let limb be lost, let life and blood be spilt,  
All follow thee, that comes to me in love,  
Open the Gates, let's beat them from our Walls:  
*He lies no lower than the ground, that falls.*  
Then suddenly the City they forsake,  
And on the *Almains* resolutely set,  
Where such a bloody slaughter they did make,  
That many thousand lives paid Death his debt,  
Of thirty thousand that in Siege there lay,  
Scarce thirty hundred that escap'd away.  
The Emperor at this was much agrieved,  
And with new forces gave a new assault,  
Knowing the City could not be relieved,  
And then their strength would weaken by default.  
So comes upon them with a fresh supply,  
Thinking at length to famish them thereby.  
*Guy* and the Duke upon the Walls appear,  
And tell him he shall never win the Town:  
For they can spare their Soldiers much good cheer,  
Throwing them Victuals in abundance down:  
Intreating them, if they want more than that,  
To speak, they shall have store to make them fat.  
But now, quoth *Guy*, your Bodies are well fed,  
How do you feel your Stomachs to go fight?  
I am afraid you are not rightly bred,  
But Dunghills, that will sooner crow than bite;

For

## of *Guy Earl of Warwick.*

For still when Cowards do begin a fray,  
Look e're it ends, to see them run away;  
And so your selves have lately done we see,  
Your tongues we heard, but hands there's no man feels:  
Most hot to brabble and contend you be,  
But wondrous quick and nimble at your heels.  
We did suspect when you came here to forage,  
We should have been incumbred with your courage.  
But it's not so, alas you're not the men,  
Unless perhaps asleep you should us catch;  
For waking we'll encounter one for ten,  
And never wish to have a better match:  
Have at you once again, sit fast, we come,  
March on my hearts, found trumpet, strike up drum:  
Upon the sudden with the Foe they be,  
Fighting like men that laugh pale death to scorn,  
Resolved now they would their City free,  
Or never live to see the next day morn.  
Much blood was shed, great store of lives it cost,  
And on the *Almains* side the day was lost.  
The Duke, with *Guy*, pursue their foes in chase;  
Who like so many Hares away do fly;  
Wishing that they had wings to mend their pace;  
So sweet is life to them that fear to die.  
But Fortune in an angry doom decreed,  
Their glory, honour, fame and life should bleed:  
The Victors to the City then retired.  
With trophies of triumphant glory won;  
And all that heard the Action much admired  
The great exploit so resolutely done:  
But unto *Guy* the Duke all thanks did yield;  
For thou (quoth he) art *Cesar* of our field  
My Lord (quoth *Guy*), I joy not half so much,  
That we have wrought a freedom by the sword,  
As I should glory, if my hap were such,  
'Twixt you and th' Emperor to make accord:  
Give me but leave, I will endeavour it;  
And put good will to a blunt Soldiers Wit.

E 2

The

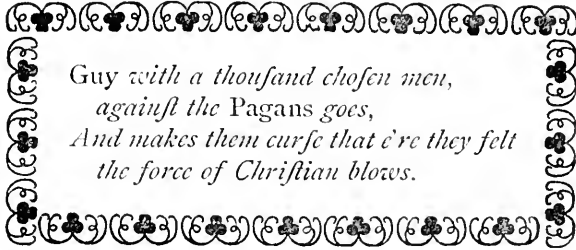
## *The Famous History*

The Duke consents with thanks, and doth intreat  
Him take a guard of Soldiers forth the Town;  
Danger that seems but little, may prove great,  
I would not have thee wrong'd for *Reyners* Crown.  
Go honourable man, what thou shalt do,  
I'll set my hand, my heart, my life thereto.  
*Guy* goes unto the Emperor, speaks thus:  
High Majesty, all health unto thy Grace,  
And peace to thee, if thou say peace to us;  
And love to thee, if thou wilt love embrace:  
As we are Christians, let us War no more,  
But fight 'gainst such as will not God adore,  
We sue to thee not in a servile manner,  
As dreading any power or force thou hast;  
For Victory doth now display his banner,  
And War yields us a sweet and pleasant taste;  
No cause doth move it, but a Conscience cause,  
To bring the Heathens to Religious Laws.  
Speak *Reyner*, and resolve, what wilt thou do?  
With Soldiers brevity my Message ends;  
Give me an Answer, ev'n as brief hereto:  
Shall we be Christians Foes, or Christian Friends?  
Shall we among our selves the Name divide?  
Or challenge them that have the same deni'd?  
Brave *English* man! hadst thou spoke thus before,  
Thousands, quoth he, had liv'd which now are slain;  
Earth should have wanted of that slaughter'd store  
Which doth in her vast bowels now remain:  
Thou hast prevail'd with me, hot War shall cease,  
And I embrace thee as a friend in piece,  
Thy motion tends to Honour, Honour's Knight,  
And thou shalt live in Fame's immortal praise,  
When thou art buried in eternal night,  
Thy name shalt last the longest length of days.  
Thou dost the Worthies of the world exceed,  
Blest be the Countrey did thy person breed.  
Come, go my Liege (quoth *Guy*) unto the Town,  
And to Duke *Segwin* there a League renew:

Our

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Our end shall be to pull the *Pagans* down,  
That unto Christ's Religion are untrue.  
My greatest joy will be to hear it said,  
This is the best days work that e're *Guy* made.



### CANTO VI.

THE power of peace hath vanquish't stubborn War,  
And mighty Princes worthily conclude,  
The sword shall rust in sheath before it jar,  
To be with blood of Innocents imbrew'd:  
Christians in Name and Actions to unite,  
'Gainst unbelieving Infidels to fight.  
*Guy* with a thousand men doth take his leave,  
To hearken further after Martial news,  
And doth a true intelligence receive,  
That barb'rous *Pagans*, *Sarazens* and *Jews*,  
*Turks*, and the like, of *Mahomet's* blind Crew,  
In most confused War each others slew.  
To them he goes, partial on neither part,  
His sword did favour every side alike,  
They all were odious to him in his heart;  
Which arm'd his hand with vigour for to strike,  
And work amazement unto their contending.  
Coming so roughly to their quarrels ending,  
Quoth they amongst themselves, What fellow's this,  
That lays about him like a mad man thus?  
Of certainty, more than a man he is;  
For human force would fear to fight with us:

But

## *The Famous History*

But if he be, as seemeth by his shape,  
Had he ten thousand lives he should not scape.  
Then did a haughty Pagan step to *Guy*,  
And said to him, if Valour in thee rest,  
Let's have a little sport 'twixt thee and I,  
Only to see which of our Swords cuts best:  
Thou hast a weapon there like to a Reed:  
Methinks it is too blunt to make one bleed.  
Too blunt (quoth *Guy*)! and in his anger groans:  
Pagan, I like thy humour passing well.  
I'll whet it, e're we part, upon thy bones,  
And then another tale thou wilt me tell;  
If it should fail me now, it were a wonder,  
Such Lubbers it hath often hew'd in funder.  
But come, art ready? Bid thy friends adieu,  
And say thy Prayers unto thy Pagan Gods;  
For I do mean to use thee like a Jew,  
Because with Christians thou dost stand at odds;  
Look that thy head be set on sure and fast,  
Or, mortal man, I'll prove thee but a blast.  
Then did they lend each other lusty knocks,  
That sparks of fire did from their Helmets fly:  
The Martial multitude about them flocks,  
Expecting all the end and death of *Guy*:  
For *Colbrond*, whom he fought withal, was strong,  
And had been Champion to the Pagans long.  
At length *Guy* lent him such a speedy blow,  
That down comes *Colbrond* and his strength to ground.  
Pagan (quoth he), is my sword sharp or no,  
With which even now such a blunt fault you found?  
Rise quick, for if thy legs thou canst not feel,  
Off goes thy head as sure as this is steel.  
Forthwith he made him shorter by the head,  
And that unto the Emperor he sent.  
The Infidels grew all astonished,  
For they in *Colbrond* were so confident,  
They durst have ventured goods, and life, and limb,  
On any Combat that was fought by him,

Then

## of *Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Then *Heraud* (to give *Guy* some breathing space)  
Challeng'd a *Pagan*, called *Elmadant*;  
And dar'd him, and def'd him to his face;  
(For valiant *Heraud* did no courage want)  
The *Pagan* somewhat hot with fury fill'd,  
Did combat, being quickly cool'd and kill'd.  
Presently *Guy* unto another comes,  
Call'd *Morgadour*, and foundly with his blade  
Lays on him, and his senses so benums,  
He tumbles head-long like a tired Jade.  
The *Pagans* seeing their Champions thus go down,  
Forfook the Field, retiring to the Town.  
Where a most bloody Tyrant bare the sway,  
Who hearing what had hapned, full of ire,  
Went armed to the Tent whereas *Guy* lay,  
And did a Combat at his hands require.  
Villain (quoth he) whom like a Dog I scorn,  
I'll make thee curse the time that thou wast born.  
Now Runnagate, I come to fetch thy head,  
For to a Lady I have promis'd it;  
My curs shall with thy *English* flesh be fed,  
They must devour thy body every bit:  
Come, I have vow'd by *Mahomet* thou di'st,  
Thou canst not scape by trusting in thy Christ.  
And hast thou giv'n away my head (quoth he)  
Unto a Lady? 'tis a brave intent;  
An honest man will his Words-Master be,  
And never promise more than he hath meant:  
Come on thy ways, and take it quickly off,  
Or else the Lady will suppose you scoff  
With proud disdain together then they rush,  
Laying it on as fast as they could drive;  
But *Eskeldart Guy's* sword did so becrush,  
That for his head no longer durst he strive;  
But on the sudden for to save his own,  
Put spurs to horse, and in all post is gone.  
*Guy* then returns to *Heraud*, and declares  
What a bold fellow came to fetch his head:

Who

## *The Famous History*


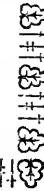
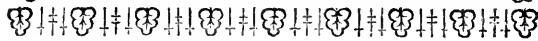

Who smiling at it, merrily prepares  
To tell of his adventures, how he sped  
With a false Coward called *Addellart*,  
That wounded him with an envenom'd Dart,  
And being hurt most dangerously so,  
Was intercepted e're he could retire  
By *Estellard*, a proud insulting Foe,  
Compos'd of cruelty, of devilish ire.  
But (quoth Sir Heraud) e're our fray was done,  
I made them with it never had begun.  
For *Addellart* I wounded in the side,  
And *Estellard* I cur-tail'd by the knees:  
Then left them lying, Death to be their guide  
Unto the Jayl where worms do claim their fees.  
So when these two were seen to fall down dead,  
All t' other *Pagans* with amazement fled.  
Why then (quoth *Guy*) all's quiet I perceive;  
The Miscreants like unto Foxes lye;  
But gentle *Heraud*, e're we take our leave,  
One Combat more I am resolv'd to try:  
The General of this accursed Rout,  
Shall be the man I mean to single out.  
They term him mighty *Soldan*; Friend, I long  
To make a proof, if he deserve the name;  
I am in doubt they do him mighty wrong,  
If might be wanting to avouch the fame:  
Titles of worth become base Cowards ill,  
I'lle try what's in him, hap whatever will.  
Nay *Heraud*, leave me, prithee do forbear.  
I will be speedy, tarry in this Wood:  
Go to your graffy bank, repose thee there,  
And with this balfom stay those drops of blood.  
Ere *Phabus* in the Occident decline,  
Death shall conclude the *Soldans* life or mine.  
Said *Heraud*; Since thou wilt not let me go,  
But durst appoint this bed of Earth to bear me;  
Till thou return, I will converse with wo,  
And will not suffer any Bird sing near me.

With



## *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

With longing eyes, and careful listning ears,  
 I'll spend thy absent time in prayers and tears,  
*Guy* posts with speed, and doth the *Souldan* find,  
 And thus he speaks, Art thou the man of Might,  
 Sirnamed so by tongues, and peoples wind?  
 Here is a Christian comes to dare thee fight:  
 Both *Mahomet* and thee I do desie,  
 And here's a sword I will maintain it by!  
 The *Souldan* with a staring look replies,  
 Thou Christian slave, I'll chastise thee with steel,  
 Thou art an odious creature in mine eyes,  
 And thy presumption shall my fury feel.  
 With that at *Guy* he ran with all his force,  
 Their Launces brake, and each forsook his Horse.  
 Then by the Sword the Victor must prevail,  
 Which manly force makes deadly wounds withal,  
 Cutting through Armour, mangling shirts of Mail,  
 That at the last down did the *Souldan* fall,  
 Sending blasphemous curses to the skye,  
 And casting handfuls of his blood at *Guy*.  
 Who presently took horse, and then retir'd  
 To *Heraud*, whom he found in slumber laid;  
 Rise Friend (quoth he), the time is now expir'd,  
 An end with mighty *Souldan* I have made.  
 With that he rose with joy and Loves embrace,  
 And forth they travel to another place.

	<p><i>Guy takes a Princely Lyon's part          and doth a Dragon kill;          Then frees fair Osile from mishaps,          that else had fared ill.</i></p>	
		

### CANTO VII.

**P**assing the Defart now, where shady trees  
 Embrac'd each other in their green-leave arms;  
F
Where

## *The Famous History*

Where Lady Eccho's dwelling best agrees,  
And little birds sing fearless of their harms,  
They chanc'd to find a silver streaming spring,  
Which water to them was a pleafant thing.



*His Lady fends him forth again,  
Whose will he doth obey,  
And manfully a Dragon kills,  
To part a cruel fray.*

There

## *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

There with the cryſtal ſtreams they cool their heat,  
And flake their thirſt they had endured long;  
There did they make the herbs and roots their meat,  
To faſtifie for Nature's hungry wrong:  
But on a ſudden at a noiſe they wonder,  
A Lyon roar'd as if great *Jove* did thunder.  
*Heraud* (quoth *Guy*), to horſe let's be prepar'd,  
And leave our dinner till another day;  
Here is a ſound, I never was ſo ſcar'd,  
I'll ſeck it out, it comes from yonder-way:  
Some Monſter, or ſome Devil makes a noiſe,  
For on my life it is no human voice,  
So forth he rides, and underneath a hill,  
He finds a Dragon with a Lyon met:  
Brave ſport (ſaid he) I pray fight on your fill,  
And then upon the ſtrongeſt I will ſet:  
Which of the twain that firſt aſide doth ſtart,  
I am a friend that will maintain his part.  
The Dragon winds his crooked knotted tail  
About the Lyon's legs, to caſt him ſo;  
The Lyon faſtens on his rugged ſcale,  
And nimbly doth avoid that overthrow:  
Then tooth and nail, they cruelly tear and bite,  
Maintaining long a fierce and bloody fight.  
At laſt the Lyon faintly turns a ſide:  
And looks about, as if he would be gone:  
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) Dragon have at your hide,  
Defend thy Devils face, I'll lay it on.  
With that couragiouſly to work he goes,  
And deals the Dragon very manly blows.  
The ugly beaſt, with flaggy wings diſplay'd,  
Comes at him manly, with moſt dreadful paws,  
Whoſe very looks might make a man afraid,  
So terrible ſeem'd his devouring jaws:  
Wide gaping, griſly, like the mouth of hell,  
More horrible than pen or tongue can tell.  
His blazing eyes did burn like living fire,  
And forth his ſmoaking gorge came ſulphur ſmoke.

F 2

A

## *The Famous History*

Aloft his speckled breast he lifted higher  
Than *Guy* could reach at length of weapons stroke;  
Thus in most ireful mood himself he bore,  
And gave a cry as Seas are wont to rore.  
With that his mortal sting he stretched out,  
Exceeding far the sharpest point of steel;  
Then turns and winds his scaly tail about  
The Horfes legs, more nimble than an Eel:  
With that *Guy* hews upon him with his blade,  
And three mens strength to every stroke he laid.  
One fatal blow he gave him in the side,  
From thence did issue streams of swarthy blood;  
The sword had made the passage broad and wide,  
That deep into the Monster's gore *Guy* stood:  
Then with a second blow he overtook him,  
Which made the Dragon turn to have forfook him.  
Nay then, quoth he, thou hast not long to live,  
I see thou faintest at the Point to fall;  
Then such a stroke of death he did him give,  
That down came Dragon, crying out withall  
So horrible, the sound did more affright  
The Conqueror, than all the dreadful fight.  
Away he rides, and lets that Hell-hound lie;  
But looking back, espies behind his Horfe  
The Lyon coming after very nigh,  
Which makes him light to follow manly force;  
But when the Beast beheld his weapon drawn,  
He came to him, and like a dog did fawn.  
Like to that grateful Lyon which did free  
*Androdus* life, for pulling out a thorn,  
When by offence he should by Laws decree,  
Within a Theater by beasts be torn;  
The Lyon came, and lick'd him very kind,  
Bearing (as seem'd) an old good turn in mind.  
Ev'n so this gentle creature deals with him,  
For that same benefit which he hath done;  
Although by Nature cruel, fierce and grim,  
Yet like a Spaniel by his horfe did run;

Con

## *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Continuing many days with great desire,  
Till extream hunger forc'd him to retire.  
Now towards the Sea *Guy* doth his journey take,  
Imbarques for *France*, but by contrary wind  
Arrives in *Almain*, where the Nobles make  
Great triumph for him, and with joyful mind;  
The Emperor rejoyces that he's come,  
And bids him welcome into Christendom.  
There is he entertain'd with Turnament,  
With Kingly banquets, Princely Revelling:  
And multitudes to give their eyes content,  
Attend him with their throng, still wondering  
At all his worthy Acts report had spread,  
Where with their ears most strangely had been fed.  
From thence he travels towards his loving friend  
The Duke of *Lovain*, whom he long'd to see;  
But e're he came unto his journeys end,  
A wronged Lady he did worth'ly free;  
Which violently was from her love bereft,  
And he at point of death fore wounded left.  
Thus it befel, *Terry* a valiant Earl  
With his dear Love, firnam'd *Ofile* the Fair,  
(His precious Jem, inestimable Pearl)  
Into a Forest went to take the air;  
Whereas a plot was laid to take his life,  
And make his beauteous Love anothers wife.  
Upon the sudder sixteen Villains came  
Unto the Earl, and did him grievous wound.  
Sirrah (quoth one) thou hast a wench we claim,  
She must with us, lye thou there on the ground,  
And the next passenger that thou dost see,  
Intreat him make a grave to bury thee.  
*Guy* finding *Terry* thus, hearing his plaint,  
Doth comfort him in kindest fort he can:  
Who with the los of blood doth weakly faint,  
With force of deadly choler pale and wan:  
Courage (quoth he) I'll fetch thy Love again,  
Or say that *Guy* is but a Coward Swain.

When

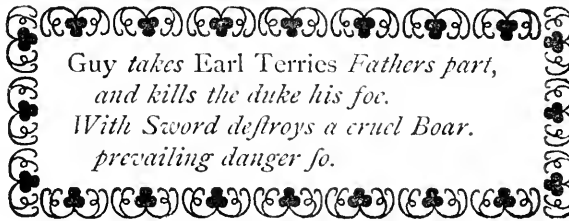
## *The Famous History*

When *Terry* heard that name, he did revive,  
For unto *Guy* his worthy deeds were known:  
And lifting up himself from ground, did strive  
For to embrace him in deep passions groan.  
Thanks gracious Heavens (quoth he) with foul and heart,  
For sending thee to take my wronged part.  
Which is the way (quoth he) those villians went?  
That path, said woful *Terry* by yon Oak:  
Have after them, this deed they shall repent,  
As I'm a Christian Knight, and as he spoke,  
He heard a shriek, Which was the Ladies cry.  
So by that found he did them soon discry:  
Coming unto them, Wretched slaves (quoth he)  
What do you purpose with this Lady here?  
Enlarge her presently, and set her free,  
You have done wrongs that will be rated dear;  
Her Husband wounded, she us'd violent  
Will cost your lives a price incontinent.  
With that they laugh'd and said, what fool's this fame,  
Or rather mad-man in his desperate mind,  
That means by wilful death to get a name,  
And have the world report he hath been kind?  
The fellow sure is in some frantick fit,  
And means to fight, without both fear and wit.  
Like so (quoth he) the fit that's on me now,  
You shall all find to be a raging one,  
With that he shews them *Mars* his angry brow,  
And bids the Lady cease her pensive moan:  
Saying, Good Madam, unto joy incline,  
For suddenly the Rascals will be mine.  
Then with a courage admirable bold,  
At every blow some one or other dies:  
Which when the gentle Lady did behold,  
Oh pity! worthy Knight, she crys;  
These mortal wounds I can no longer see;  
Be not so bloody in revenging me.  
Upon my knees I do intreat thee stay,  
This is to me a terrifying fight:

Oh!

## *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Oh! with their lives thou takest mine away;  
If one die more, I faintly yield my sp'rite.  
Thou worthily mine honour hast defended,  
Let the revenging of my wrongs be ended.  
Lady (quoth he) I cease at your request,  
Depart base Rascals, all but two, be gone:  
But Villians, you did bind her for the rest,  
And struck them with his sword (the scabbard on)  
That down to ground they fell, making this 'scufe,  
My Lord we only kept her for thy use.  
Then on his Steed he lets the Lady ride,  
To seek her Lord, whom she had left distrest:  
And *Guy* unto that place became her guide,  
Where coming, they did find him careful drest:  
For in their absence came a Hermit by,  
Which to his bleeding wounds did salve apply.  
*Terry* and *Osile*, in their joys abound,  
And gratefully to *Guy* all things do give:  
Be thou (said they) in life and death renown'd,  
Whom we will honour, while we breathing live;  
Hold, here's my hand (quoth *Terry*) worthy *Guy*,  
In fight for thee, I will be proud to die.



*Guy takes Earl Terries Fathers part,  
and kills the duke his foe.  
With Sword destroys a cruel Boar.  
prevailing danger fo.*

### CANTO VIII.

**N**OW *Titans* Horfes with his fiery Carr,  
Had brought the day to darknes in the West,  
And *Vesper*, the silver shining Starr,  
Which doth adorn the Skies at evening best

Ap-

## *The Famous History*

Appear'd as bright as *Cynthia* in her Sphere,  
To welcome fable-nights approaching near.  
When *Terry*, *Guy* and *Osile* wanting guide,  
Did stay about the unfrequenting Wood,  
Hearing the Savage noise on every side,  
Of Beasts that thirsted after human blood,  
As Boars, and Bears, and Lyons, and the like,  
Which to their hearts did some amazement strike.  
On every side they cast a heedful eye,  
Still doubting on a sudden, some surprize;  
At length two armed men they did espy,  
That also listen to those fearful cries,  
Each had his sword in hand, being ready drawn,  
Knowing that place did yield no dogs would fawn,  
Coming more near, Sir *Heraud* was the one,  
The other even as dearly *Terry's* friend,  
Who with embracements made their gladness known,  
And then the Earl demanded to what end  
His loving Cousin pass'd the desert so?  
My Lord (quoth he) to bring the news of wo.  
Thy noble Father is besieged now  
In his strong Castle, by Duke *Ottens* Power;  
Who hath Protested by a solemn vow,  
About his ears he will pull down the Tower,  
In a revenge that thou his Love hast got,  
He swears thy Father's life escapeth not.  
His Love (quoth *Terry*) prithee *Osile* speak,  
Acquaint this worthy man with thy souls thought  
Have I procur'd thee any faith to break?  
Or been the instigator unto ought  
That is unjust in righteous Heavens sight?  
Ever, (quoth *Osile*) thou hast been upright.  
That wretch would force my love from thee away,  
In claiming that I ne're intend to give;  
I will be thine until my dying day,  
Thou shalt enjoy me all the hours I live:  
*And when I alter this determination.*  
*Let God and man hold me in destation.*

Well



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Well spoke (said *Guy*) Lady be constant ever,  
And honour's blemish then thou needst not doubt;  
Keep Love's foundation firm, alter it never,  
It is for Love I range the World about:  
And do expose my life to mortal danger  
In this exiled state, an unknown stranger.  
But *Terry*, wherefore are they looks so sad?  
Thou hast thy Love in person to embrace;  
As far as *England* mine is to be had,  
And many years I have not seen her face:  
It were enough to bring my hopes to end,  
But that my patience is a trusty friend.  
My Lord (said *Terry*) know you not my grief,  
And heard this messenger relate the cause?  
Oh my distressed Father wants relief!  
I were a Rebel unto Nature's Laws,  
Not to condole with him in his extrem,  
Making his trouble my true sorrows Theam.  
If that he be all (quoth he) thou art to blame,  
There is no cause to spend a sigh thereon:  
I'll terrifie Duke *Otten* with my name,  
Let him but hear I come, and he'll be gone.  
Something between us may not be forgot,  
He felt my sword in *France*, but lik'd it not.  
Since that, against my life a plot he laid,  
By Villains that surpriz'd me in a wood,  
But treachery with vengeance was repaid;  
Who ever knew a Traitor's end prove good;  
Accursed haps attend them evermore:  
In Brazen Bull *Perillus* did first roar.  
I will go with thee to defend thy Father,  
(For the oppressed I have vow'd to right)  
And reason moveth it, so much the rather  
Mine own abuses therewith to requite:  
This opportunity we'll not omit,  
In that occasion falleth out so fit.  
Let's hasten on with speed unto the place,  
Preventing mischeif e're too far it run,

G

Take

## *The Famous History*

Take hold on Time before he turns his face,  
Good proveth best, when it is soonest done;  
Go like *Eneas* with a filial joy,  
To fetch thine old *Anchises* out of *Troy*.  
Couragious Knight (quoth *Terry*) thy bold heart  
Cannot be daunted, I perceive, with fear;  
Compos'd with *Mars* his Element thou art,  
Of powerful limbs, to manage sword and spear;  
My Melancholy thou hast banish'd hence,  
And with strong hope arm'd me in recompence.  
Now all in post they speed themselves away,  
And in short time unto the Castle come,  
Whereas Duke *Otten* and his forces lay,  
Relying on his Souldiers ample summe;  
But when the Captains of *Guy's* coming knew,  
They fled by night, and never bad adieu.  
This was discouragement to all the rest,  
To see their Leaders thus give ground and flie.  
Yet the Duke most resolute protest,  
If each man in the Castle were a *Guy*,  
He would not leave it safely and retire;  
Though life be dear, yet honours place is higher.  
*Terry* (quoth *Guy*) we must not tedious be;  
Experience often hath my Tutor been,  
And taught, that when advantage I do see,  
To fasten on occasion and begin;  
The enemy by fear himself subdues,  
Add force to that, and victory ensues.  
We will not make our prison in this place,  
As long as there is field-room to be got;  
'Tis my desire to meet the Duke's good Grace,  
And combat him, because he loves me not,  
If that you will not leave this house of stone,  
I'll leave you all, and go my self alone.  
And with these words *Heraud* and he depart,  
Which when the Castle-foldiers did perceive,  
They gave a shout, Our General thou art,  
Thy honourable steps we will not leave;

We

## *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

We are resolv'd to attend thee still,  
Let Fortune use us, e'en as fortune will.  
And thus most valiant they do march along,  
Giving the onset, fearless to their foe;  
Making those multitudes that seem so strong,  
Retire themselves with slaughtered overthrow;  
But when the Duke perceiv'd his Soldiers flye,  
Perish (quoth he) base Villians, here I'll dye.  
Where is this *English* man that haunts my Ghost,  
And thus pursueth me from place to place?  
I challenge him to come and leave the Host,  
And meet with resolution face to face:  
Let equal envy make his equal match,  
All controversies we will soon dispatch.  
Agreed (quoth *Guy*) proud Foe, I yield consent:  
Repent thy wrongs, and make thy conscience clear;  
For thou hast liv'd to see thy honour spent,  
Which worthy men of all things hold most dear:  
The noble-minded censure him with shame  
That lives to see the death of his good name.  
Then toward each other they did manly make,  
And break their Launces very violent;  
Which being done, their swords in hand they take,  
Fighting untill great store of blood was spent:  
For envy did the Duke's keen weapon whet;  
And on *Guy's* sword revenge an edge did set;  
At length through loss of blood the Duke fell down  
And said, Now fond felicity farewell;  
I am betray'd by Fortune's angry frown,  
And this experience to the world doth tell,  
There's nothing constant that the Earth contains,  
Death deals with Monarchs, as with simple Swains.  
Bewitching vanities, seducing blind us,  
Greatness hath great accounts thereon depending.  
As Death doth leave us, so shall Judgment find us,  
There is no peace unto a happy ending:  
My dying hour yields more repenting grace,  
Than in my life I ever could embrace.

G 2

Th' im-

## *The Famous History*

Th' immortal soul doth with these words depart,  
And leaves the breathless body did contain it:  
While woful passions do afflict *Guy's* heart,  
Now wishing to himself he had not slain it:  
*For true humility compassion shows,*  
*To see affliction overburden woes.*  
*Guy* sheath'd his sword, and said, remain thou there  
Until I do arrive on *Englands* shore;  
No further quarrel to the world I bear,  
For love of *Phalice* I will bleed no more;  
From her I have been too too long away,  
And will return to challenge Soldiers pay.  
So thence he rode to find Sir *Heraud* out,  
Making his journey through a desert place,  
Which was obscure, environ'd round about  
With shady trees that hid bright *Phæbus* face,  
Where suddenly he met the hugest Boar,  
That ever mortal eyes beheld before.  
The Beast came at him most exceeding fell,  
Which he perceiving, stands upon his guard,  
And doth avoid those dreadful Tusks right well,  
Laying upon his swinish head so hard,  
That dead he left him, who had many slain,  
For forth that Wood no man came back again.  
When this was done, *Heraud* he overtakes,  
And tells him what a Christmas Brawn he flew,  
Then with his purpose him acquainted makes,  
Which was to bid all foreign parts adieu,  
And see the heavenly object of his heart;  
*Heraud* consents, and they forthwith depart.

*To*

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

To England comes victorious Guy  
and doth fair Phælice wed;  
At York presenting Athelstone  
a dreadful Dragon's head.

CANTO IX.

A Sifted now by nimble winged Time,  
Guy shapes his course for *England*, and doth leave  
The bold adventures of each foreign Clime,  
Love's just reward from *Phælice* to receive:  
As *Hercules* twelve labours being past,  
Found time for *Dianer's* love at last.  
*Heraud* and *Guy* no fooner do arrive,  
But news thereof unto the King was brought.  
Who heard of all before they did atchieve;  
Which made him much desirous in his thought  
To see such subjects, matchless men alone,  
In honouring *England*, and King *Athelstone*.  
To *York* they go, for there the King was then.  
To whom they did most humble duty shew;  
Welcome (quoth he) renowned Martial men;  
My Princely love upon you I bestow;  
Your fortunate success contentment breeds,  
Fame came before and brought us home your deeds.  
*Guy*, thou hast laid a heavy hand we hear  
Upon the necks of Pagans, Infidels,  
And sent them home by fatal Sword and Spear,  
To horrors vault, where unbelievers dwell;  
Devouring Beasts thou likewise hast destroy'd,  
That human Creatures fearful have annoy'd.  
Yet worthy man, I think thou ne'r did slay,  
Of all those Monsters terrible and wild,

A crea-

## *The Famous History*

A creature more cruel, than at this day  
Destroys what e're he meets, man, woman, child,  
Cattle and all, which no man may withstand,  
A dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*.  
I speak not this to animate thee on,  
And hazard life at setting foot on shore;  
For divers to destroy this beast have gone,  
But to their Friends never returned more:  
No, I express how happy thou hast been,  
To free like fears that other men were in.  
Dread Lord (quoth he) as I am *English* Knight,  
And faithful unto God, true to my King.  
I will go see if that same beast dare bite,  
For to your Grace his head I mean to bring:  
I found his fellow with a Lyon fighting,  
And made him leave both scratching and his biting.  
And as I dealt with him, I'll deal with this:  
Only I do beseech your Royall Grace,  
Command me some direction where he is,  
And to your Court I'll bring his ugly face,  
Or your mild favour let me never see;  
Dragon or Devil whatsoever he be.  
So taking humble leave, away he rides  
Unto *Northumberland*, to find the beast,  
Having a dozen Knights which were his guides,  
And brought him where the Dragon held his feast  
Like *Canibal*, that feeds on flesh of men:  
Behold (quoth they to *Guy*) yon Cave's his Den.  
It is enough, said he, do you remain,  
And leave me to go find out *Hidra's* head,  
That never shall devour a man again,  
Who with so many bodies have been fed:  
Here Gentlemen if you will please to stay,  
Sit on your Horses, and behold our fray.  
Coming unto the Cave, the Dragon spies him,  
And forth he stalks with lofty speckled breast  
Of dreadful form: as soon as ere *Guy* eyes him,  
His Lance he speedy set unto his wrest;

Then

## of *Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Then spurs to Horfe, and then at Dragon makes,  
That bearing ground at the encounter shakes.  
Then very lightly *Guy* returns his Horfe,  
And comes up on him with redoubled might:  
The Dragon meets him with refifting force,  
And like a Reed, his Launce in two did bite:  
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) if to fuch bites you fall,  
I have a tool to pick your teeth withal.  
Then drew his Sword (a keen and maffie blade)  
And fiercely struck with furious blows fo fell,  
That many wide and bloody wounds he made,  
Which caus'd the Dragon yawn, like mouth of hell;  
Roaring aloud with a moft hideous found,  
And with his claws, all rent and tore the ground.  
Impatient of the smart he did fuftain,  
He thought with wings to raife himfelf aloft,  
But with a ftroke *Guy* brought him down again,  
And ply'd him with the edge of fteel fo oft,  
That down he fell in dirty blood bewray'd;  
And forth his wide devouring Oven bewray'd:  
A flake of fire feemed to iffue thence,  
While *Guy* was hewing off his ugly head.  
Now fiend (quoth he) thou haft thy recompence  
For all the human blood thy jaws have fhed;  
Upon a part of this fame broken fpear,  
Thy filthy face unto the King I'll bear.  
The Knights (with joy exceeding) take a view  
Of that fame fearful creature, ftrange of fhape:  
Admiring at his ugly form of hiew,  
With wonderment, that mortal could efcape  
Thofe teeth and claws, fo dreadful, fharp and long,  
Compos'd by nature in a Beast fo ftrong.  
When they had fix'd the head upon a fpear,  
And meafur'd out the bodies length direct:  
Unto the King at *Lincoln*, they it bear,  
Who *Guy's* return with longing did expect.  
God fhield (quoth he) and fave me from all evil,  
Here is a face may well out-face the Devil:

What

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

What staring Eyes of burning-glafs be thofe  
That might (alive) two flaming beacons feem?  
What scales of Harnes arm that crooked nofe  
And teeth? none fuch had *Cerberus* I deem.  
What yawning mouth, and forked tongue is there  
That being dead, may make the living fear?  
Victorious Knight, thy actions we admire,  
And place thee highly in our Kingly love;  
Throughout the fpacious Orb thy Fame afpire,  
More lofty than the Supream Sphere doth move:  
To the fucceeding ages of thy Land,  
I will remember thy victorious Hand.  
Which fhall be thus, the Monster's picture wrought  
On cloth of Arras artificial well;  
And unto *VVarwick* we will have it brought,  
There to remain, and after-ages tell,  
That worthy *Guy*, a man of matchlefs ftrength,  
Destroy'd a Dragon thirty foot in length.  
And place his head here on the Caftle wall,  
For memory, till years do ruin it:  
And Nobles make triumphant Festival,  
Afford our Knight all honour doth befit;  
*Troy's Hector's* dead, and can no more atcheive,  
But *England's Hector* ftill remains alive.  
By this report (the only Linguift living)  
Hath been with *Phallice*, for to make her glad,  
Such Fame and Glory to her Lover giving,  
As never greater any Worthy had;  
Tells all the deeds of wonder he hath done,  
From the firft action that his hand begun.  
*Phallice* impatient of his wifhed fight,  
Speeds towards *Lincoln*, like light *Salmacis*,  
Where joyfully ſhe entertains her Knight  
With *Juno's* kind embrace, and *Venus* kifs:  
*Guy* with requital makes his gladnefs known,  
And in his arms he now enjoys his own.  
Forgetful Love, and too to flow (quoth ſhe)  
I fear'd thou didft not mind thy deareft friend;

What



*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*
















What, seek a Dragon, ere thou look for me;  
And hazard life, before thou come or send  
To know if I remain in happy state?  
Some jealous woman would suppose 'twere hate.  
But sure I do not, though I speak my heart,  
And wish I had been first thou saw'st on shore:  
*Guy!* Welcome to thy *Phœlice* now thou art:  
Thou never shalt go forth a fighting more:  
No, thou hast fought too much, thy looks bewray:  
Stern countenance hath stoln thy smiles away.  
But love will learn thee (Love) to change thy face;  
And frame it as at first when I did chuse it,  
'Thou hast almost forgotten to embrace;  
I like that well, it seems thou didst not use it  
In Foreign parts abroad, where thou hast been;  
But that lost lesson thou must new begin.  
I will (quoth he) dear Love, and ply my book,  
And kifs my Lesson on thy Coral lip:  
Tell me but only when I am mistook,  
In reading rashly, if I over-skip,  
Or be too negligent in taking pain,  
Why turn me back to conn my gear again.  
But Lady, one exception I will make,  
What line soever you do put me to,  
The Horn-book of all other I'll forsake:  
For willingly I would not have to do  
With that Cross-row, cross upon many, when  
Women doth teach it unto married men.  
Kind Sir (quoth she) consent, I'll never chuse it,  
It fits two sorts, a Courtezan, a Child;  
Once as the latter simply I did use it,  
But for the other, rather be beguil'd,  
Than to deceive, the second Horn-book's naught  
Teach it not me, and it shall ne're be taught;  
*Guy* smil'd and said, then let us *Warwick* see,  
Of all the world the place that I love best,  
Because it had the bringing up of thee;  
And there first with thy beauty I was blest.

H

I love

## *The Famous History*

I love the Castle, and the Castle-Ground.  
 Where first thy *Venus*-face alone I found.  
 Let's hasten on to hear this sacred voice,  
*I Guy take Phælice to my wedded Wife;*  
 And thou repeat, *I likewise am thy choice,*  
*Till death depart us, ev'n so long as life:*  
 And then the next will be, *God give us joy,*  
*And send my Father's Heir a gallant Boy.*

         	<p><i>The Marriage is solemniz'd,</i>  <i>But after four days,</i>  <i>Guy Penance vows, and Pilgrim like</i>  <i>From England goes his ways.</i></p>	    
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### CANTO IX.

**T**He happy day (that Lovers long expect)  
 Is now obtain'd, to give desire rest:  
 And all the honours *Hymen* can effect,  
 He frank bestows to grace the Wedding feast.  
 For *Athelstane* and his renowned Queen,  
 At this great Nuptial in their pomp were seen:  
 The Nobles rich and costly attire,  
 With worthy Knights and Gentlemen beside,  
 Ladies of Honour (as their lives require)  
 Attend upon the beauteous fair-fac'd Bride.  
 There wanted nothing (wit of man could find)  
 To please the eye, or to content the mind.  
 Masques, mid-night Revels, Tilt and Turnament,  
 Acting of ancient Stories, stately Shows,  
 Banquets might give great *Jupiter* content;  
 Where Cups of *Nectar* plenty overflows,  
 Abundant all things, with a plenty hand,  
 As if a King himself should feast the Land.

Soon

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Soon after all these things were consummate,  
Earl *Roband* (*Phelice* worthy Father) dies;  
And to his Son bequeaths the whole Estate  
Of Earldom, Lordship, all his Land is *Guy's*;  
Who is created Earl of *Warwick* then,  
In Honour's rank, with *England's* Noble men,  
But in the Glory of his high applaud,  
Enjoying all that did partake delight;  
When every tongue his Fame and Fortune's laud,  
Himself converts the Sun-shine days to night;  
Bethinking what the world may judge be thought,  
And deeming all but vain that he had sought.  
Oft would he sit and meditate alone,  
In looking back what steps his youth had trod:  
Then to himself with sighs and grievous groan,  
Cry Pardon me, thou just incensed God;  
I have done nothing for to purchase Grace,  
But spent my time about a womans face.  
For Beauty bloody through the world I ran,  
In pride of heart preferring *Phelice* Feature:  
For beauty I have ended many a man,  
Hating all other for one mortal creature:  
For Beauty I have pawn'd my utmost power;  
But for my sins not spent one weeping hour.  
My *Nunquam fera* I will now begin,  
And vow to spend the remnant of my days  
In contrite penance for my former sin,  
That God may pardon all the erring ways  
Which flesh and body were deceived by;  
Unto the world I will go learn to dye.  
Let me be censur'd even as mortals please,  
I'll please my God in all things may be done:  
Ambitious pride hath been my youths disease;  
I'll teach Age meekness ere my Glass be run:  
And change my voice, wealth, beauty, world, farewell,  
To purchase Heaven I will go pass through Hell.  
*Phelice* perceives his melancholly state,  
And coming to him, doth most mildly woo;

H 2

My

## *The Famous History*

My Lord (quoth she) why are you chang'd of late?  
As I share joy, let me bear sorrow too:  
If I in ought have mov'd you to offence,  
I will with tears perform due recompence.  
No, my dear Love (quoth *Guy*) no cause in thee,  
'Tis with my self I discontented strive:  
By light of Grace my Nature's faults I see,  
That am as dead, although I seem alive:  
*Phœlice*, my sins, my countless sins appear,  
Crying *Repent, thy guilty conscience clear*.  
I must deal with thee as *Bavarus* dealt  
(A Prince of *Rome*) with *Sygunda* his wife,  
Who (from a deep impression he felt)  
Vow'd Chastity perpetual all his life.  
Intreating thee (even as thou lov'st my soul)  
To pardon me, not urging by controul.  
Hast thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did,  
A Christian woman sometimes *Englands* Queen;  
Is *Edelthrudis* act of chaste life hid,  
A Princess likewise, and matchless doth seem;  
The first with child, no more of lust would taste,  
The second caus'd two husbands both live chaste.  
And canst not thou (the Phoenix of a Realm)  
By imitation win immortal praise;  
Leaving thy Vertues and admired Theam,  
To the succeeding Age of Iron-days?  
I know thou canst, thy greater part's Divine,  
Where most is carnal, 'twill to flesh incline.  
Thou didst procure (although I do excuse it)  
My pride by Conquests to attain thy love:  
God gave me valour, I did vain abuse it;  
My heart and thoughts aspired far above  
The Crowns and Scepters of most potent Kings,  
I held their Diadems inferior things.  
But now I gather in a total sum,  
Such follies, and condemn them all to die:  
A man of other fashion I'll become;  
Some better travels for my soul to try,

Not

of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

Not as before, in armour on my Steed,  
But in a Gown of gray, a Palmers Weed.  
Obscure my journey, for I'll take no leave,  
But only leave my endless love to thee:  
Here is my ring, this memory receive,  
And swear the same, to make thee think on me,  
Let me have thine which for thy sake I'll keep,  
Till death close up these eyes with his dead sleep,  
When this was spoke, how she did wring her hands  
With sighs and tears, may be well deemed much;  
Yet wondrous meekly, nothing countermands;  
For the devotion of that age was such,  
To hold them blessed, could themselves retire  
To solitude, and leave the world's desire.  
Now is his Princely Clothing laid away,  
Wherein he glitter'd like the glorious sun;  
And his best habit, homely Country-gray,  
Such as the poor plain people term home-spun,  
A Staff, a Scrip, a Scollop-shell in's hat,  
Not to be known, nor once admired at.  
And thus with pensive heart, and doleful tears,  
He leaves the fairest Creature *England* had;  
Who in her Face a Map of sorrow wears,  
A countenance compos'd all mournful, sad;  
Like unto one had banish'd all delight,  
Wishing for slumbers of eternal night.  
*Guy* journeys, towards the sanctified Ground,  
Whereas sometimes the  *Jews*  fair City stood:  
In which our Saviour's Sacred Head was crown'd,  
And where for sinful men he shed his blood:  
To see the Sepulcher was his intent,  
The Tomb that *Joseph* unto *Jesus* lent.  
With tedious miles he tir'd his weary feet,  
And pass'd desert places full of danger;  
At last with a most woful Wight did meet,  
A man that unto sorrow was no stranger,  
For he had fifteen Sons made captive all  
To slavish bondage in extreemest Thrall.

Who

## *The Famous History*

Who in a castle, which he held and chain'd them,  
*Guy* question'd where; and understands at lengrh.  
The place not far; lend me thy sword (quoth he)  
I'll lend my man-hood all thy Sons to free.  
With that he goes, and lays upon the door,  
Like him that says, I must and will come in:  
The Giant never was so rous'd before,  
For no such knocking at his gate had been;  
So takes his Club and Keys, and cometh out,  
Staring with ireful Countenance about.  
Sirrah (quoth he) what business hast thou here?  
Art come to feast the Crows about these Walls?  
Didst never hear, no ransom could him clear,  
That in the compass of my fury falls?  
For making me to take a Porters pains,  
With this same Club I will dash out thy brains.  
Sirrah (quoth *Guy*) y'are quarrelsome I see,  
Choler and you seem very near of kin:  
Dangerous at the Club be-like you be,  
I have been better arm'd, though now go thin:  
But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spite,  
Here is a weapon that must do me right.  
So draws his sword, salutes him with the same  
About the head, the shoulders, and the side,  
While his erected Club did death proclaim,  
Standing with huge *Colossus* spacious stride:  
Putting forth vigour to his knotty beam,  
That like a furnace he did smok extream:  
But on the ground he spent his strokes in vain,  
For *Guy* was nimble to avoid them still:  
And ever ere he heav'd his Club again,  
Did brush his plated Coat against his will:  
At such advantage he would never fail  
To bang him soundly in his shirt of Mail.  
At length through thirst *Amarant* feeble grew,  
And said to *Guy*, As th'art of humane race,  
Shew it in this, Give Nature's wants their due;  
Let me but go and drink in yonder place:

Thou

## *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Thou canst not yield unto a smaller thing,  
Than to grant life that's given by the spring.  
I grant thee leave (Quoth *Guy*) go drink thy last  
To pledge the Dragon, and the Savage Boar:  
Succeed the Tragedies which they have past,  
But never think to drink cold water more,



*A Giant called Amarant,  
Guy valiantly destroyes;  
VVhereby wrong'd Ladies, captive Knights,  
Their liberty enjoys.*

Drink

## *The Famous History*

Drink deep to death, and after that Caroufe,  
Bid him receive thee in his earthen houfe.  
So to the fpring he goes, and flakes his thirst,  
Taking the water in extreably, like  
A wrecked Ship, that on some Rock is burft,  
When forced bulk againft the Stones doth ftrike;  
Scooping it in fo faft with both his hands  
That *Guy* admiring to behold it ftands.  
Come on (quoth he) let us to work again,  
Thou art about thy Liquor over long,  
The Fifh that in the River do remain,  
Will want thereby, thy drinking doth them wrong;  
But I would fee their fatisfaction made,  
With Giants blood they muft and fhall be paid.  
Villian (quoth *Amarant*) I'll cruft thee ftraight,  
Thy Life fhall pay thy daring tongues offence;  
This Club (which is about an hundred weight)  
Is Death's Commiffion to difpatch thee hence,  
Drefs thee for Ravens diet I muft needs,  
And break thy bones as they were made of reeds.  
Incensed much by thefe bold Pagans boafte,  
Which worthy *Guy* could ill indure to hear:  
He hews upon thofe big fupporting pofts,  
That like two pillars did the body bear;  
*Amarant* (for them wounds) in choler grows,  
And desperately at *Guy* his Club he throws.  
Which did directly on his body light;  
So violent, and weighty therewithall,  
That down to ground on fudden came the Knight,  
And e're he could recover from the fall,  
The Giant got a Club again in's fift,  
And ftruck a ftroke that wonderfully mift.  
Traytor (quoth *Guy*) thy falfehood I'll repay,  
This Coward-aft, to intercept my blood;  
Says *Amarant*, I'll murder any way,  
With enemies all vantages are good;  
Oh! Could I poyfon in thy noftrils blow,  
Thou fhould'ft be fure I would difpatch thee fo.

'Tis



## of *Guy Earl of Warwick.*

'Tis well (said *Guy*) thy honest thoughts appear,  
Within that beastly bulk do Devils dwell,  
Which are thy Tenants while thou livest here,  
But will be Land-lords when thou com'st in Hell:  
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their Den;  
Inhuman Monster, hateful unto men.  
But breathe thy self a time, while I go drink,  
For flaming *Phæbus* with his fiery eye  
Torments me so with burning heat, I think  
My thirst would serve to drink an Ocean dry:  
Forbear a little, as I dealt with thee.  
Quoth *Amarant*, thou hast no fool of me;  
No silly Wretch, my Father taught more wit,  
How I should use such enemies as thou:  
By all my gods I do rejoyce at it,  
To understand that thirst constrains thee now:  
For all the treasure that the world contains,  
One drop of water shall not cool thy veins.  
Relieve my Foe! it were a mad mans part,  
Refresh an adversary to my wrong!  
If thou imagine this, a child thou art:  
No fellow, I have known the world too long  
To be so simple; now I know thy want,  
A minutes space of breathing I'll not grant.  
And with these words heaving aloft his Club,  
Into the air he swings the same about;  
Then shakes his locks, and doth his temples rub,  
And like the *Cyclops* in his pride did strut.  
Sirrah (said he) I have you at a list,  
You are now come unto your latest shift.  
Perish for ever, with this stroke I send thee,  
(A medicine will do thy thirst much good)  
Take thou no care for drink before I end thee.  
And then we'll have caroufes of thy blood;  
Here's at thee with a Butcher's down-right blow,  
To please my fury with thine overthrow.  
Infernal, false, obdurate Fiend (*Guy* said)  
That seem'st an Imp of cruelty from Hell:

I

In-

## *The Famous History*

Ingrateful Monster, since thou hast deny'd,  
The things to me wherein I us'd thee well:  
With more revenge than e're my sword did make.  
On thy accursed head revenge I'll take.  
Thy Giants longitude shall shorter shrink,  
Except thy Sun scorcht skin be weapon-proof;  
Farewel my thirst, I do disdain to drink;  
Streams keep your water to your own behoof:  
Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto,  
With those pearl drops I will not have to do.  
Hold Tyrant, take a taste of my good will,  
For thus I do begin my bloody bout;  
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,  
It is not that same Club will bear you out;  
And take this payment on thy shagged crown;  
A blow that brought him with a veng'ance down.  
Then *Guy* set foot upon the Monsters brest,  
And from his shoulders did his head divide;  
Which with a yawning mouth did gape, unblest,  
No Dragons jaws were ever seen more wide  
To open and to shut, till life was spent;  
So *Guy* took's keys, and to the Castle went.  
Where many woful captives he did find,  
That had been tryed with extremities,  
Whom he in friendly manner did unbind,  
And reason with them of their miseries:  
Each told a tale with tears and sighs, and cries,  
All weeping to him with complaining eyes:  
There tender Ladies in dark Dungeon lay,  
That were surpris'd in the desert Wood;  
And had no other diet every day,  
Than flesh of humane creatures for their food:  
Some with their Lovers bodies had been fed,  
And in their Wombs, their Husbands buried.  
Now he bethinks him of his coming there,  
T' enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes;  
And as he searched, both great clamours hear,  
By which sad sounds direction, on he goes,

Util

## *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Untill he finds a darksome obscure Gate,  
Arm'd strongly over all with iron-plate:  
That he unlocks, and enters, where appears  
The strangest object that he ever saw,  
Men, that with famishment of many years,  
Were like deaths picture which the Painters draw.  
Divers of them were hanged by each thumb,  
Others head downward, by the middle some.  
With diligence he takes them from the walls,  
With Liberty their Thraldom to acquaint:  
Then the perplexed Knight, their Father calls,  
And says, Receive thy sons, though poor and faint,  
I promis'd you their lives, accept of that,  
But did not warrant you they should be fat.  
The Castle I do give thee, here's the keys,  
Where Tyranny for many years did dwell:  
Procure the gentle tender Ladies ease.  
For pity fake use wronged women well.  
Men eas'ly may revenge the deeds men do,  
But poor weak women have no strength thereto.  
The good old man, even overjoy'd with this,  
Fell on the ground, and would have kist *Guy's* feet.  
Father (quoth he) refrain so base a kifs,  
For age to honour youth I hold unmeet:  
Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,  
I go to mortifie a sinful man.



## of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

And with the same a conference would have,  
Examining each vanity at full,  
And then himself would answer for the head,  
His own objection in the dead mans stead.  
If thou hast been some Monarch, where's thy crown,  
Or who in fear of thy stern looks do stand?  
Death hast made Conquest of my great renown,  
My golden Scepter, in a fleshly hand,  
Is taken from me by another King,  
And I in dust am made a rotten thing.  
Hast thou been some great Counsellor of State,  
Whose potent wit did rule a mighty Realm?  
Where is the policy thou hadst of late?  
Consum'd and gone, even like an idle dream.  
I have not so much wit as will suffice,  
To kill the worms that in my Coffin lies:  
Perhaps thou wast some beauteous Ladies face,  
For whom right strange adventures have been wrought,  
Even such, as (when it was my loving case)  
For my dear kindest *Phæbe* I have fought.  
Perhaps about this skull there was a skin  
Fairer than *Hellen's* was inclosed in.  
And on this scalp so wormy eaten bare,  
(Where nothing now but bone we may behold)  
Where Natures ornaments, such locks of hair,  
As might induce the eye to deem them gold;  
And chrystal Eyes in those two hollow caves;  
And here such lips, as love, for kissing craves.  
But where's the substance of this beauty sent,  
So loving, precious in the sight of men?  
With powerful death unto the dust it went;  
Grew loathsome, filthy, came to nothing then.  
And what a picture of it doth remain,  
To tell the wife, *All beauty is but vain.*  
Such memories he often would prefer,  
Of mortal frailty and the force of death:  
To teach the flesh how apt it is to err,  
And post repentance off till latest breath:

Thus

## *The Famous History*

Thus would he in the worlds contempt reprove  
All that seduce the soul from heavenly love.  
Now for a while reverse your vows of wo,  
For one sad subject to behold another,  
To see new sorrow back to *England* go,  
And to long absent years commit the other:  
Leave doleful *Guy* to aged grief and cares,  
And look on *Phelice*, how his Lady fares  
Like to a widow, all in black attire,  
She doth express her inward doleful mind:  
A Chamber-prison is her chief desire,  
Where she to passion wholly is inclin'd.  
She that of late was pride of *English* Court,  
With Majesty no longer will comfort,  
But lives a life like one despis'd life's being;  
And every day unto the world did die,  
With judgment's eyes far into folly seeing,  
And noting well, how fast false pleasures flie;  
Leaving for every taste of vain delight,  
A greater heap of cares than pen can write.  
Her thoughts run after her departed Lord,  
And travel'd in conceit more fast than he:  
What place (quoth she) can rest to thee afford,  
That pilgrim like hath thus forsaken me;  
Oh sad laments! my soul your burthen bears,  
To think poor *Guy* remembers me in tears.  
Methinks he sits now by a River side,  
And swells the water with his weeping eyes:  
Methinks that, *Phelice*, *Phelice*, loud he cry'd,  
And charged Eccho bear it through the skies;  
Then rising up he runs with might and main,  
Saying, sweet Eccho bring my love again.  
Then comes he to a Cypress Tree, and says,  
*Sylvanus*, this was once the lovely Boy,  
Whom thou for feature to the Clouds didst praise,  
But here's thy senseless and transformed joy;  
'Tis nothing now but boughs and leaves, and tree,  
And made to wither, as all beauties be.

And

of *Guy Earl of Warwick.*

And then methinks he sits him sadly down,  
And on his bending knees his elbow stays,  
With head in hand, saying, Farewel renown,  
Vanish vain pleasures of my youthful days;  
My true repentance do you all displace;  
A happy end brings sinful souls to grace.  
Ah worthy man that thus canst mortifie  
The Rebel flesh, to conquer *Adams* nature,  
And for the gaining of Eternity,  
Dost live on earth, as if an earthly creature;  
Dead and alive, old and new-born again,  
True Valiant *Guy*, that hath the Devil slain.  
As thy advice was when thou didst depart,  
That I should live a Vestal Virgins life;  
Although when I was Maid, by Lovers art  
Thou didst perswade me to become a Wife:  
I vow by Heaven's, and all the Pow'rs Divine,  
To keep my thoughts as constant, chaste as thine.  
My beauty I will blemish all I may,  
With tears, and sighs, and doleful lamentation;  
By abstinence I will attain the way  
To overcome the force of sins temptation:  
This sentence have I often read and seen,  
*A womans chastity is Virtues Queen.*  
*Cerus* and *Bacchus* I will careful shun,  
Foes to *Diana*, Friends to *Venus* ever;  
Unto licentious life they teach us run,  
And with sobriety associate never,  
Spare Diet shall become my daily fare,  
The soul thrives best to keep the body bare.  
The Courtly ornament I wore of late,  
In honour of King *Athelstone's* fair Queen,  
Ev'n all those Jewels and those Robes of State,  
Wherein so often I was glorious seen,  
Shall with their price and value now supply  
Those naked poor that in the streets do lie.  
The Gold and Silver that I do possess,  
About good works shall all employed be;

The

## *The Famous History*

The purchase of eternal happiness  
Is of all wealth most precious unto me;  
All that in want to *Warwick* Castle come,  
And crave relief, I will afford them some.  
For halt, and lame, and blind, I will provide  
Some Hospital, with Land to be maintain'd;  
For widows, and poor fatherless beside,  
That their necessities may be sustain'd;  
For young Beginners their Estates to raise;  
And for repairing of decay'd High-ways.  
This I account to be the Heavenly thrift,  
Lay up your Treasure where it cannot rust.  
And give the riches we receive by gift,  
As each good Steward is enjoyn'd he must:  
That after this short stinted life's decay,  
We may have life an everlasting day.  
Rejected World, thus do I take my leave  
With thee, and all things thou do'st most esteem:  
Thy shews are snares, and all thy hopes deceive,  
Thy goodness is but only good to seem:  
Of thy false pleasures I as much have seen,  
As she that bears the Title of a Queen.  
Oh that I were in such unknown disguise,  
(Attending on my *Guy* where-ere he be)  
As once the King *Sulpitia* did devise,  
His *Lentulus* in banishment to see!  
Or *Hyppocrata* like, in mans attire  
Following her exil'd King, through Love's desire.  
'Twould something ease my sorrow wounded heart,  
So to divide the burthen of unrest;  
For where affliction take afflictions part,  
In hard extreams some comfort is exprest.  
Misery is more easie to abide,  
When friends with friends their crosses do divide.  
But all in vain I wish'd, would God I were;  
Or thus, or thus, it nought avails my woe:  
Though starving thoughts do wander here and there,  
My poor weak body knows not where to go:

Unto



*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Unto the Holy Land I heard him fay  
God fend me thither at my dying day.  
I will about my vows, and see them paid,  
To do the good that Charity requires:  
When grace to works of virtue does perfwade,  
'Tis blessedness to further such desires.  
And while on earth I do a sinner dwell,  
I'll strive to please my God with living well.  
In this resolve, that life she entertains,  
Performing all the course she had propounded,  
And such severity therein explains,  
Her sex with wonder rests amaz'd, confounded,  
To see so rare a beauty, rich, high-born,  
Hold all worlds pleasures in contempt and scorn.  
For no perfwading friend that she would hear,  
Which motion'd company or recreation;  
Unto their speech she would not lend an ear,  
That sought to alter her determination:  
But such as came, and of compassion spake,  
She did relieve for blessed Jesus sake.  
Her wandring Lord from Land to Land repairs,  
To seek out places Pilgrims do frequent:  
By careful years turn'd into silver hairs;  
Exceeding chang'd with grief and languishment.  
(For sorrow gives a man more ancient look  
Than elder time, which lesser cares have took).  
His old acquaintance in those foreign parts,  
That had before most worthy actions seen,  
Right bold adventures of his long deserts,  
Had lost Sir *Guy*, as he had never been.  
Those that in Armour knew his Martial face,  
Did not expect him in a Friars case.  
Among the rest to whom he had been known,  
He met Earl *Terry* banish'd to exile:  
Each unto other being strangers grown,  
Through sorrow, which the senses do beguile;  
They had forgot that ere they saw each other,  
Yet *Guy* was *Terry's*, *Terry Guy's* sworn brother.

K

Having

## *The Famous History*

Having related how their Travels grew,  
One's voluntary, t'other's by constraint;  
In taking leave with courtesies adieu,  
Oh English man (faith *Terry*, fighting faint)  
I had a friend, a Countrey-man of thine,  
Was Justice Champion to great wrongs of mine.  
Tyranny to the face he durst defie.  
And stamp his foot upon oppression's neck:  
Tell me, dear friend, hast thou not heard of *Guy*,  
That had a hand to help, a sword to check?  
I have (quoth he) and knew him many years;  
*Guy VVarwick's* Earl, is one of *England* Peers.  
What is thy name, *Terry* (quoth he) I hight,  
Greater by birth than fortune makes me seem.  
*Terry* (said he) I vow to do thee right  
To what I may, my poor good will esteem:  
To human thought my nature doth agree,  
Thou lov'st my friend, I must of force love thee.  
Direc't me to the man exil'd thee thus,  
I'll take thy part as far as strength extends:  
If *Guy* himself were here to joyn with us,  
He could but say, *I'll venture life and friends*.  
And be assured, though I simple be,  
I oft have had as good success as he.  
*Terry* with loving thanks his love requites,  
And brings him to his Foe, whom he defies,  
And valiant with his adverse Champion fights,  
Till mortal wounded at his feet he dies;  
Yet 'twas a man suppos'd of matchless worth,  
That for that Combat they had singled forth.  
When this was done, the Earl demands his name:  
Pardon, (quoth he) that were against a vow;  
To no man living I'll reveal the fame,  
For I have changed name and nature now:  
Nature's corruption I do strive to leave,  
A new regeneration to receive.  
Farewel my friend, ev'n as my soul would fare,  
If we ne're meet on earth, Heav'n be the place;

For

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

For idle hours I have none to spare,  
My hairs look gray, they turn to white apace;  
I have great losfs in short time to redeem;  
A minute's sorrow is of much esteem  
So he departs towards *Judea's* ground,  
*Samaria* and *Galilee* to see,  
Those parts where Christian Pilgrims so renown'd  
Because their Saviour's choice was there to be,  
Where he did suffer to redeem our losfs;  
Ev'n from the Cratch unto the bloody Crofs.  
Much time he spends and many years bestows,  
From place to place about this holy-Land,  
That all his friends in *England* do suppose,  
Now death of him hath got the upper-hand:  
For no report came that could ere relate  
His life, his being, or his present state.  
This put the world to silence, men were mute,  
Concerning *Guy* they knew not what to say.  
The dreadful Champion in the armed suit,  
Was never known nor fear'd in simple gray,  
But did endeavour all that ere he might,  
Never to be reveal'd to any Wight.  
For unto none he would his name disclose,  
Nor tell direct what Countrey-man he was;  
Nor of his noble mind make any shows,  
But strive in all things most obscure to pass,  
Until by native love his mind was led,  
To come and lay his bones where he was bred.



## of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

For through the Kingdom armed troops great store,  
Against the Foe was all in readines,  
The King of *Denmark*, whose destroying hand,  
A mighty Army did securely land;  
And marched from the Coast with devastation,  
Destroying Towns, Villages set on fire;  
Working such terror unto all the Nation,  
King *Athelstone* was forced to retire  
To *VVinchester*. Which when the *Danes* once knew,  
Towards the City all their strength they drew,  
Which was too strong for Spear and Shield to win,  
(Invincible their walls of stone were then)  
They wanted Cannon-keys to let them in.  
Hell's picklock powder was unknown to men:  
The Devil had not taught such murdering smoak;  
A Soldier's honour was in manly stroke:  
Beholding now how they repulsed were,  
That *VVinchester* by no means could be won:  
They do conclude to summon parly there,  
And with a Challenge have all quarrels done;  
An *English* man to combat with a *Dane*,  
And that King lose, that had his Champion slain.  
Wherewith a huge great Giant doth appear,  
Demanding where the Foxes all were crept;  
Saying, if one dare come and meet me here,  
That hath true valour for his Countrey kept,  
Let him come forth, his manhood to disclose,  
Or else the *English* are but cowards foes.  
Why, very Cravens on their Dunghils dare  
Both crow and strike, before they run and cry;  
Is *English* Courage now become so rare,  
That none will fight, because they fear to dye?  
That I pronounce you all faint-hearted fools,  
Afraid to look on manly martial tools?  
What slanders I have heard in foreign lands,  
Of those poor men for deeds which they have done?  
Most false they are belied of their hands;  
But he says true, who says their feet can run;

They

## The Famous History

They have a Proverb to instruct them in,  
*That 'tis good sleeping in a sound whole skin.*  
Thus did he vaunt in terms of proud disdain,  
And threw his Gauntlet down, say'ng, There's my glove:  
At length great *Guy* no longer could refrain,  
Seeing all strain court'fies to exprefs their love:



*Guy fights to free all England's fear,  
With Colbrond Giant Dane:  
And in Hide-Mead at Winchester,  
Was that Goliath slain.*

But

## *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

But comes unto the King, and says, Dread Lord!  
This combate to thy unknown Knight afford.  
Although in simple habit I am hid,  
Ycilding no shew of that I undertake,  
I ne're attempted ought but what I did;  
An end of *Colbrond*, on my soul, I'll make.  
Palmer (quoth *Athelstone*) I like thy sprite,  
God fend thee thither, and He aid thee right.  
His Powerful Hand lend vigour to thy blows,  
And grant thy foot upon thy Foe may tread;  
*Amen*, quoth *Guy*, and with great courage goes  
Forth *VVinchester's* North gate unto *Hide-Mead*  
Where that fame Monster of a man he found,  
Treading at every step two yards of ground.  
Art thou the man (quoth *Colbrond*) art thou he  
On whom the King will venture *England's* Crown?  
Can he not find a fitter match for me,  
Than this poor Rascal in a thred-bare Gown?  
Where's all his Knights and worthy Champions now?  
I do disdain so base a Slave as thou.  
Giant, said *Guy*, Manhood should never rail,  
To breathe the air with blast of idle wind;  
A Soldier's weapon best can tell his tale,  
Thy destiny upon my Sword I find;  
'Twill let thee bleed, while thou hast drops to bleed,  
And spell thy death for all the *Danes* to read.  
Thus I begin; and on his armour laid,  
That *Colbrond's* Coat was never cudgel'd so,  
Who with his Club did watch to meet his blade,  
Intending to have brok'n it with a blow;  
But *Guy* was sure his sword would hold out play,  
It had been trusted many a cruel fray.  
And therefore boldly he presumes thereon,  
Laying about as fast as he could strive,  
Until the Lubbers breath was almost gone,  
(For with a weighty Club did *Colbrond* strive)  
Which lighting on the ground, made earth give way,  
As if some Devil did about him lay.

So

## *The Famous History*

So long they held this stern and ireful fight,  
That the beholders knew not what to deem,  
Yet still some wounds to *Colbrond's* share did light,  
Which to the English did great comfort seem.  
Besides, their Champion gave encouragement,  
By active carriage, danger to prevent.  
Quoth *Colbrond*, *English* man, wilt thou forbear,  
And sue for mercy, let the fight alone?  
Villain, (quoth *Guy*) I scorn thy Coward fear,  
I'll have thy life, or it shall cost mine own:  
We'll never part till one be soundly sped,  
The King hath ventur'd *England* on my head.  
For twenty *Denmarks* (if they might be found)  
And all the wealth that on the Ocean swims,  
I will not yield an inch of *English* ground;  
Thou shalt find metal in these aged limbs:  
Although thy bodie's height be more than mine,  
I have a heart bigger by odds than thine.  
Think on thy ancient Grandfire, *Gogmagog*,  
Whom *Corineus* dealt withall at *Dover*;  
How that same Lubber, like a Timber log,  
Was by the worthy *Britain* tumbled over;  
For his bold challenge, he had such a check,  
There was no Surgeon could amend his neck.  
Thou art deceiv'd in me, poor silly Sot,  
I am untaught to bend submission's knees:  
Hold me no Christian, if I fail a jot,  
(And for the world that title I'll not leese)  
Betake thee to thy Tools, honour thy king,  
Upon thy manhood lies a mighty thing.  
And thus I do encounter thee afresh:  
With that he lent him such a powerful stroke  
It made wide ruptures in the Giant's flesh,  
And did his furious choler much provoke;  
Laying about him in most cruel rage,  
Till the next wound did all his heat assuage,  
It was so mortal that it brought him down,  
To lie and groan upon the bloody ground:

Forth



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Forthwith a shout was heard from out the Town,  
That all the skie did eccho to the found;  
Great joy was made by ev'ry *English* heart,  
And all the *Danes* with extream grief depart.  
King *Athelstone* sent for his Champion then,  
To do him honour for his famous deed:  
Who was received by the Clergy-men  
With all folemny, for such high meed:  
Embraced by the Nobles, and renown'd,  
With Martial Mufick, Drum, and Trumpets found:  
But little pleasure *Guy* conceives herein,  
Refusing Jewels, costly ornaments,  
Saying, with these he out of love had been  
For many years by true experiments:  
Only thanks God, that blest him with an hour,  
To free his Countrey from invading pow'r.  
And so intreats that he may pass unknown,  
To live where poverty regards not wealth,  
And be beholding to the help of none,  
Seeing the world but now and then by stealth.  
*For true content doth such a Treasure bring,  
It makes the begger richer than a King.*  
With true content (said he) I will abide,  
In homely Cottage, free from all resort;  
But I have found, content cannot be spy'd,  
To make abode within a Monarchs Court:  
No there's ambition, pride, and envy seen,  
And fawning flatt'ring stepping still between.  
Yet gentle Palmer (said the King) agree,  
Where-ever thou resolvest to remain:  
Acquaint thy name in private unto me,  
And this is all thy Sovereign will obtain:  
Tell me but who thou art, I will conceal it,  
As I am *England's* King, I'll not reveal it.  
Why then (quoth he) your Grace shall understand  
I am your Subject, *Guy* of *Warwick* named;  
That have these many years not seen your Land,  
But been where youth by ancient age is tamed:  
Yet there experience taught me wit, dread Prince,  
The world of many follies to convince.

L

And

## *The Famous History*

And now am come to bring my bones to grave,  
Within the Kingdom where I first took life;  
Yet shall no creature else the notice have  
Of my arrival, not my dearest Wife,  
Till sickness come, and doth my death foretell.  
Then I'll acquaint her with my last farewell.  
The King with joy imbrac'd him in his arms,  
And with great admiration answers thus;  
Most worthy Earl, freer of *England's* harms,  
It grieves my soul thou wilt not live with us:  
Oh were thy resolutions thoughts, but now,  
That my persuasions might prevent thy vow.  
But, 'tis too late, they are grown ripe, I see  
Thou art too settled in determination;  
Well, Honoured man, yet this joys me,  
Thou bring'st thy bones unto thy dearest Nation;  
Where Monuments of thy great deeds shall last,  
Till after-ages of the world be past.  
In *Warwick* Castle shall thy Sword be kept,  
To witness to the world what thou hast been,  
And lest forgetful time should intercept,  
A President, I present will begin;  
The Castle-keeper shall receive a Fee,  
To keep thy sword in memory of thee.  
Thy Armour likewise, and thy Martial Spear,  
That did thee service in thy high designs,  
Shall be preserved very careful there,  
That all such men as have distrustful minds,  
May think (if from a truth it did not grow)  
A King would scorn to cozen people so.  
And in thy Chappel (distant thence a mile)  
A bone shall hang of that same cruel beast,  
Which near to *Coventry* remain'd long while,  
Whose rib by measure is six foot at least;  
Destroying many that did pass that way,  
Until thy manhood did the Savage slay.  
That by tradition, men may speak and tell,  
This was *Guy's* Armour, this his Massie blade;  
These bones of murdering beasts which men did quell,  
And this the Tomb wherein his Corps were laid.

This

## *of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

This the true Picture of his shape at length.  
And this the Spear did oft exprefs his strength.  
For fure I hold it an ungrateful thing,  
(When thou by Natures courfe in duft fhall lie)  
No memory fhall caufe fome Mufe to fing  
The worthinefs of matchlefs Englifh *Guy*:  
Thy Country-men would prove too far unkind,  
When out of fight, they leave thee out of mind.  
This faid, in humble duty (wondrous meek)  
*Guy* reverenceth the King, and fo departs,  
Some folitary Den, or Cave to feek,  
Which he unto his Manfion-houfe converts:  
And fo lives poorly in the hollow ground,  
Making his meat of herbs and roots he found.  
Sometimes he would to *VVarwick* Caftle go,  
And crave an alms at his dear Ladies hand,  
Who unto Pilgrims did more bounty fhew,  
Than any Noble-woman in the Land;  
And fhould ask all Palmers that came there,  
If at the Holy Land they never were?  
Or in their travels, if they had not feen  
An Englifh man was Lord of that fame Tower?  
Who many years away from hence had been,  
A Knight ne're conquer'd yet by human Power.  
But there's a Tyrant whom I only fear,  
They call him Death, that murders every where;  
If he have met him (O my deareft Lord)  
I never fhall behold thy face again,  
Till that fame Monster do as much afford  
Unto my heart, and fo releafe all pain.  
Which gracious Heaven grant, if *Guy* be dead,  
Upon the earth let me no longer tread.  
Thus did he often hear his Wife enquire,  
With deep complaints from extream paffions flowing;  
Yet by no means would grant her kind defire  
The comfort of a hopeful word beftowing;  
But look upon her as his heart would break,  
Then turn away for fear his tongue fhould fpeak;  
And fo departs with weeping to his Cell,  
Setting a dead man's head before his eyes;

L 2

## *The Famous History*

Saying, with thee I shortly come to dwell,  
This sinful flesh I constantly despise,  
My soul is weary of so bad a guest,  
And doth desire to be at home in rest.  
My feeble limbs weakness doth fore possess,  
And sickness gripes do touch about my heart;  
I feel I am not far from happiness,  
But am in hope my foe and I shall part;  
This adversary which I long have fed,  
By whom my soul hath been so much misled.  
To my dear *Phalice* I will send my Ring,  
Which I did promise for her sake to keep:  
I may no longer time defer the thing,  
For fear that death prevent me with his sleep;  
I feel his messenger approach apace,  
And poor weak nature must of force give place:  
So call'd a Herds-man as he pass'd by,  
And said, Good friend, do me a special favour,  
Even in a matter that concerns me high,  
(My hope relies upon thy kind behaviour)  
To *Warwick* Castle speedily repair,  
And for the Countess ask, with trusty care  
Deliver thou this Ring to her own hand,  
And say, the ancient Pilgrim sent the same  
That lately at her Gate with Scrip did stand,  
To beg an alms in blessed Jesus Name.  
And if she ask thee where I do remain,  
Direct her hither, she'll requite thy pain.  
Sir (quoth the Herds-man) I shall be ashamed,  
That ne'er durst speak to Lady in my life:  
Nay more, and't please you, I may much be blamed,  
To carry Rings to such a great man's Wife.  
Besides, if I should lose it by the way,  
Why what would you and Madam *Phalice* say?  
Prethee (said *Guy*) frame not such idle doubt,  
No prejudice can light on thee at all;  
The act is honest which thou go'st about,  
And for it none can thee in question call:  
A courteous ear the Lady will thee lend,  
Upon my warrant, fear you nothing friend.

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

With that he goes, and mannerly betakes  
The token, to the Countess; which she seeing,  
Most admirable wonder at it makes,  
Ah friend (quoth she) where is my Husband's being?  
Husband (said he) that news I do not bring,  
From an old Begger I receiv'd the Ring.  
His house was made of neither wood nor stone,  
But under ground into a hole he went:  
And in my conscience there he dwells alone,  
And never pays his Landlord quarters rent.  
Ah 'tis my *Guy*, she said, shew me his Cell,  
And for thy pains I will reward thee well.  
So he directs *Warwick's* fair Countess thither,  
Who entering in that melancholy place,  
Her Lord and she embracing, weep together,  
Unable to pronounce a word long space,  
Long time them two had not a word to speak,  
Till *Guy's* discretion Sorrows door did break:  
*Phœlice*, quoth he, now take thy leave of *Guy*,  
That sent to see thee e're his sight decay:  
Within thy arms I do intreat to die,  
And breathe my spirit from thy sweat foul away.  
Thou gav'st me alms at *Warwick* Castle late:  
'Tis blessedness to pity poor mens state.  
Look not so strange, bewail not so my Dear;  
Ah! weep not Love, I do not want thy tears:  
I have shed plenty since my coming here;  
Of true Remorse, my conscience witness bears,  
Thou weep'st not now, because I wept no more,  
But to behold me friendless, hapless, poor.  
Wife, I have sought the place that I desire,  
Though few endeavour for eternal rest;  
The soul which to that Heaven doth aspire,  
Must leave the world, and worldly things detest;  
'Tis full of Devils that on Souls do wait,  
And full of mates, in every place some bait.  
Ah *Phœlice*, I have spent (and then he wept)  
Youth (natures day) upon the love of thee;  
And for my God, old rotten age have kept,  
The night of nature, *Christ forgive it me*;

Sorrow

## *The Famous History*

Sorrow lies heavy on my foul for this,  
Sweet Saviour Christ, pardon thou my amifs.  
In that I had destroy'd so many men,  
Even for one Woman to enjoy thy love;  
Therefore in this folitary Den,  
I fought my peace with that great God above,  
'Gainst whom by fin I have been more mif-led  
Than there be hairs upon my hoary-head.



*Guy in repentance poorly lives,  
Obscurely in a Cave;  
Reveal'd to Phælice by a Ring,  
When death had digg'd his Grave.*

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

The other day, seeing my Body ill,  
And all the parts thereof opprest with pain,  
I did compose a Testament and Will,  
To be the last that ever I ordain.  
Lo here it is, I'll read it if I can,  
Before I cease to be a living man.

### HIS WILL.

**E**ven in the name of him whose mighty Power  
Created all in Heaven and Earth contained,  
As one to dye this very instant hour,  
I leave the world, and all therein, unfeigned  
My Soul I give to him that gave it me;  
Receive it Jesus, as I trust in thee.  
I owe a debt of Life is due to Death,  
And when it's paid him, he can ask no more;  
A very vapour of a little breath;  
Would he had had it many years before;  
But here's my comfort, if he come or stay,  
'Tis ready for him (if he will) to day.  
I owe the world a stock of wealth is lent,  
When I did enter traffique with the same:  
Lefs would have given Nature more content,  
'Tis happiness to want a rich man's name,  
World, leave me naked, as I did begin;  
I ask but one poor sheet to wrap me in  
I do bequeath more sins than I can number,  
My deadly evils in a countless sum;  
Even from my cradle unto deaths dead slumber,  
These past, these present, all that are to come,  
To him that made them loads to burthen me,  
Satan, Receive them, for they came from thee,  
I give good thoughts, and every vertuous deed;  
That every grace hath guided me unto,  
To him from whom all goodness doth proceed,  
For only evil, Nature taught me do:  
I was conceived, bred and born in sin,  
And all my life most vile and vain hath been.  
I give to sorrow all my sighs and cries,

## *The Famous History*

*Fetcht from the bottom of a bleeding heart,  
I give repentance, tears, and watry eyes,  
The sign unfeigned of a true Convert,  
Earth yield a grave, or Sea become a tomb,  
Jesus unto my Soul grant Heaven room.  
Phælice, I faint, farewell true loyal wife,  
Assist me with thy Prayers, thy Husband dies,  
I trust to meet thee in a better life,  
Where tears shall wiped be from weeping eyes.  
Come blessed spirit, come in Jesus Name,  
Receive my Soul, to him convey the same.*

And with these words his quiet Spirit departs,  
While mournful *Phælice* well nigh dead with woe,  
Her Senses all to sorrows use converts,  
And too abundant doth her tears bestow,  
Beating her breast, till breast and heart be fore,  
Wringing her hands till she could strive no more.  
Then sighing, said, Ah Death! my sorrows cause,  
Thou hast depriv'd me of my dearest Lord!  
Since loathsome air my vital spirits draws,  
This favour for thy Tyranny afford,  
Do me a good to recompence thy ill,  
And strike the stroke that all my cares can kill,  
Let me not live to see to morrows light,  
But make me cold, bloodless, pale and wan,  
As this dead Carcass doth appear in sight,  
This true description of a mortal man:  
Whose deeds of wonder past and gone before,  
Hath left him now at Deaths dark prison-door  
Kissing his face, with a farewell of tears.  
She leaves the body for the grave to claim;  
And from that place as sad a Soul she bears,  
As ever woman that the world can name;  
Living but fifteen days after his death,  
And then through extreme sorrow yieldeth breath.

F I N I S .







MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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[As access could not be had to the second edition of Rowlands' "Betraying of Christ," which contains the two following poems, they are consequently reprinted from "Select Poetry Chiefly Devotional of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Collected and Edited for the Parker Society, by Edward Farr, Esq.," 2 vols., 12mo, Cambridge, 1845.]

### THE HIGH WAY TO MOUNT CALUARIE.

**R**EPAIRE to Pilat's hall,  
Which place when thou hast found,  
There shalt thou see a pillar stand,  
To which thy Lord was bound.

'Tis easie to be knowne  
To anie Christian eye;  
The bloudie whips doe point it out  
From all that stand thereby.

By it there lies a robe  
Of purple, and a reed,  
Which Pilat's seruants vs'd t' abuse,  
In sinne's deriding deed:

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

When they pronounced "All haile!  
God faue thee!" with a breath,  
And by the fame cride prefently,  
"Let Chrif be done to death."

His perfon had in fcorne,  
His doctrine made a ielt,  
Their mockeries were a martirdome;  
No wrongs but him oppreff.

What courage leffe then his  
Would haue indur'd like fhame,  
But would with greefs of fuch contempt  
Haue dide t' indure the fame?

A little from that place,  
Vpon the left-hand fide,  
There is a curious portlie dore,  
Right beautifull and wide.

Leaue that in anie wife,  
Forbid thy foot goe thether;  
For out thereat did Iudas goe,  
Defpaire and he together.

But to the right hande turne,  
Where is a narrow gate,  
Forth which St Peter went to weepe  
His poore diftreft eftate.

Doe immitate the like,  
Goe out at Sorrowe's dore;  
Weepe bitterly as he did weepe,  
That wept to finne no more.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Keepe wide of Cayphas' houfe,  
Though couetous thoughts infence:  
There bribery haunts, defpair was hatcht;  
Falfc Iudas came from thence.

But goe on forward ftill,  
Where Pilat's pallace ftands;  
There where he firft did falfe condemne,  
Then wafh his guiltie hands:

Confeff'd he found no caufe,  
And yet condemn'd to die,  
Fearing an earthly Cæfar more  
Then God that rules on hie.

By this direktion then  
The way is vnderftood;  
No porch, no dore, nor hal to paffe,  
Vnfpriukled with Chrift's blood.

So fhall no errour put  
Mifguiding fteppe betweene;  
For euery drop fweet Iefus fhed  
Is frefhly to be feene.

A crowne of piercing thornes  
There lies imbru'd in gore;  
The garland that thy Sauour's head  
For thy offences wore.

Which when thou fhalt behold,  
Thinke what his loue hath binne,  
Whofe head was loaden with thofe briers  
T' vnlade thee of thy finne:

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Whofe facred flefh was torne;  
Whofe holie fkinne was rent;  
Whofe tortures and extreameft paines  
Thy paines in hell preuent.

As God from Babilon  
Did turne, when they pafte cure  
Refused helpe; whom he would heale,  
Denying health t' indure:

So from Hierufalem  
The foule's phifition goes,  
When they forfook his fauing health,  
And vow'd themfelues his foes.

Goe with him, happie foule,  
From that forfaken towne;  
Vpon whofe wals lies not a ftone,  
But ruine muft throw downe.

Follow his feet that goes  
For to redeeme thy loffe,  
And carries all our finnes with him  
To canfel on his croffe.

Behold what multitudes  
Doe guard thy God about,  
Who bleeding beares his dying tree  
Amidft the Iewifh rout.

Looke on with liquid eies,  
And figh from forrowing mind,  
To fee the death's-man goe before,  
The murdering troupes behind:



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Centurion hard at hand,  
The theecus vpon the fide,  
The exclamations, shouts, and cries,  
The flame he doth abide.

Then preffe amongst the throng,  
Thyselfe with forrowes weed;  
Get very neere to Christ, and see  
What teares the women shed:

Teares that did turne him backe,—  
They were of such a force—  
Teares that did purchase daughters' names  
Of father's kind remorse.

To whom hee said, Weepe not:  
For me drop not a teare;  
Bewaile your offspring and yourselues,  
Greefe's cause vnseene is neare.

Follow their steps in teares,  
And with those women mourne,  
But not for Christ; weepe for thyselfe,  
And Christ will grace returne.

To Pilat's bold demands  
He yeilded no replie;  
Although the iudge importun'd much,  
Yet filence did denie.

Vnto his manie words  
No anfwere Christ would make;  
Yet to those women did he speake,  
For teares' and weeping' sake.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Thinke on their force by teares—  
Teares that obtained loue—  
Where words too weak could not persuade,  
How teares had power to moue.

Then looke toward Iefus' load,  
More then he could indure,  
And how for helpe to beare the fame  
A hireling they procure.

Ioine thou vnto the croffe;  
Beare it of loue's desire;  
Doe not as Cyranæus did,  
That took it vp for hire.

It is a gratefull deed,  
If willing vndersta'ne;  
But if compulsion fet aworke,  
The labour's done in vaine.

The voluntarie death,  
That Christ did die for thee,  
Giues life to none but such as ioy  
Croffe-bearing friends to be.

Vp to Mount Caluerie  
If thou desire to goe,  
Then take thy croffe, and follow Christ;  
Thou canst not misse it so.

When there thou art arriu'd  
His glorious wounds to see,  
Say, but as faithfull as the theefe,  
*O Lord, remember me.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Affure thyfelfe to haue  
A gift, all gifts excelleng,  
Once fold by finne, once bought by Chrift,  
For faints' eternall dwelling.

By Adam Paradife  
Was finne's polluted fhade:  
By Chrift the dunghill Golgotha  
A Paradife was made.

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CHRIST TO THE WOMEN OF  
HIERUSALEM.

**W**EEPE not, but weepe; ftint tears, fhower eies;  
Ceafe forrowes, yet begin lament:  
Weepe for your children and alies;  
Weepe not for me, 'tis tears mifpent:  
Bewaile the offspring of your wombe,  
Sentenc'd fucceeding vengeance doome.

No caufe you fhould my cafe bemone;  
My death's the death of Death and Hell:  
Great caufe you haue to weepe your owne,  
And rue the cittie where they dwell:  
Know how to weepe when greefes complaine,  
Or teares and fighs are meerly vaine.

If this be done vnto the tree,  
Green in perfection's perfect prime,  
In what ftate fhall the barren bee  
That's iuiceleffe, drie, and fpent by time?  
When thus they fell downe fruitfull greene,  
Where fhall the fruitleffe ftock bee feene?

B

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

This was reply without demand  
To tongues, eies, hearts, mute, wet, and weake,  
Vnlesse by teares we vnderstand  
That waterie eies haue power to speake:  
Their weeping spake to Iesus' eares;  
He turn'd about, and answerd teares.

Where sinne-stain'd Adam first was plapt,  
Three kind of trees were growing there:  
The first was for delicious tast,  
Fruitful, ordained food to beare:  
Life's arbour next, which grace did fill;  
And knowledge-tree of good and ill.

Where, sinne's hie ranfome, Iesus di'de,  
Three trees vpon that dunghill stood:  
One greene with grace; the other dri'de  
Bearing two theeues, the bad and good:  
In midst, the tree of life, the crosse,  
Bare Adam's guilt, restored his losse.

Great negligence, great loue and paines,  
First gardner had, last did supplie:  
His tree was watred from his veines;  
In Paradiſe they carelesse die:  
His blood for his hath moisture bin;  
His thornes a hedge to guard it in.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[From "The Letting of Hvmors Blood in the Head-Vaine, with a new Moriffco, daunced by feauen *Satyres*, vpon the bottome of Diogines Tubbe. At London: Printed by *W. White* for *W. F.* 1600," in Cryne's Collection in the Bodleian Library.]

TO HIS VERY GOOD  
FRIEND M. HVGH  
*LEE* ESQUIRE.

**M**Y right hand, with affection doth present  
These Humours to thee, of a kinde intent:  
That in a paper Merroure you may see,  
What madd fantastiques in the worlde there bee:  
Whose giddie heads, and apish idle braynes,  
Are euery hower in new printed vaines:  
The swagg'ring Gull, an empty Drume is found,  
Nothing within, yet makes the greatest sound.  
The Foppe, the Puncke, the Pander, and the Knaue  
Signieur Shift-maker, that most odious slaue,  
Are all presented to Iuditiall view,  
With other Rascals of the Damned crew:  
Behold them all, how each doth ac̄te his parte;  
Deteft their Humours, with thine honest hart.

Yours euer in true affection,  
SAMVELL ROWLANDS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[From "The Vnmasking of a feminine Machiauell. By Thomas Andrewe, Gent. London: Printed by *Simon Stafford*, and are to be sold by *George Loftes*, at the golden Ball in Popes-head Alley. 1604."]

To his respected and kind affected  
Friend, Mr. Thomas An-  
drewe, Gent.

**N**o hungry vaine of profit or of praise  
Inuities thy Muse salute the Printers Presse:  
Thou doest disdain those Hackneyes of our daies,  
That pawne their Poetrie of meece distresse:  
Thy pen is but a quill of recreation,  
Which serues not thee in stead of occupation.

But with deare bought experience tutor'st time,  
By true vnmasking an incarnate Deuill,  
No fiction is the subiect of thy Rime,  
But a damn'd monster of deformed euill;  
Whose portreict so to life thy pen doth touch:  
I know no Penfull can performe so much.

Samuel Rowlands.

*Veritas non querit latebras.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[From "The Curtaine-Drawer of the World: or, The Chamberlaine of that great *Inne of Iniquity*. By *W. Parkes* Gentleman, and sometimes Student in *Barnards Inne*. London, Printed for *Leonard Becket*, and are to be sold at the Temple, neere to the Church. 1612."]

*In Vulponem.*

THE Fox is earthed now in ground,  
Who liuing, fear'd not horne nor hound,  
That kept the Huntsmen at a bay,  
Before their faces ceaz'd his prey.  
Of whose succeffe-full thriuing wit,  
Bookes haue beene made, and playes beene writ,  
That prey'd on Mallard, Plover, Ducke,  
And euer scap'd by craft or lucke:  
Yet now hee's gone: what though? behinde,  
Are Cubbes too many of his kinde.  
Who whilst by death hee's kept away,  
Will make a purchase of his prey.  
And when the old he left is gone,  
Will finde out more to worke vpon.  
In Skinners shops, though some appeare,  
Tis long before the last comes there.

S. R.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[From the Collection of Broadfides in the Library of Society of Antiquaries, London, No. 142.]

Sir Thomas Overbvry,

OR

The Poyfoned Knights Complaint.

[A large woodcut, across the sheet, of a skeleton on a tomb, a tree bearing a shield grows out of the skeleton; standing one at either end of the tomb are figures of *Time*, with a scroll round his scythe, "Time revealeth Trvth," and *Justice*, with a scroll round her sword, "Ivstice wil right al wrongs." Over the skeleton's head is the word "Poyfoned;" and over Justice's outstretched arm the word "Revenge."

Within the entablature of the tomb are the following lines:—]

Within this house of Death, A dead man lies,  
Whose blood like Abels vp for vengeance cries:  
Time hath revealed what to truth belongs,  
And Justice sword is drawne to right my wrongs:  
You poyfoned mindes did me with poyfon Kill,  
Let true Repentance purge you from that ill.

[The whole cut is about 15 inches wide by 10 deep. The following poem is in two parallel columns immediately under the cut, surrounded by printer's borders.]



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

**G**reat powerfull God, whom all are bound to loue,  
 How gracelesse bad, doth Man (thy Creature) proue?  
 Thy Supream Creature ouer all the rest,  
 (In number numberlesse to bee exprest,)

To whom thou gaucst grace to bee his guide,  
 Reason with Vnderstanding, and beside,  
 Thy Law to be direction for his wayes,  
 Which vnto Sinners view, thy Iudgements layes,  
 Those fearefull plagues pronounc'd for vgly Sinne,  
 Which with the first created, did beginne,  
 Who by the Law of Nature vnderstood,  
 To make a difference of bad deedes and good.

By which enlightening, that is given vs,  
 No Nation Heathenish, and Barbarous,  
 (Farthest remote from true religions light)  
 But can distinguish betwixt wrong and right,  
 Those that to *Christ* did neuer yet belong,  
 Can tell they do amisse, when they do wrong,  
 And that there is a Iustice to be done,  
 And shamefull actions, which they are to shun,  
 Yet neuer age, since Nature first began,  
 Wherein man was not Deuill vnto man,  
 In practising most opposite to kinde,  
 Inhumane actions out of bloody minde.

Behold the first that in the World was borne,  
 With his reiected Sacrifice of Corne,  
 Because his Brothers gifts more grace did yeeld,  
 Lift vp his hand against him in the field,  
 And with a cruell hart obdurate ill,  
 Did innocent pure-thoughted *Abell* kill.

When *Ioab* sent for *Abner* (as a friend)  
 Hee came to *Hebron*, for a peacefull end,  
 Where, as in armes hee lent a cheerefull smile,  
 He gaue his heart a mortall stab the while.  
 Gods holy History hath many more  
 Humane records, Innumerable store,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

What intercepting hath there bin of liues,  
 By Pistolls, Stabbing, Powder, Daggers, Kniues:  
 Drowning and Hanging, and strange murdering?  
 As second *Edward*, fometimes Englands King,  
 Whom an incarnate Diuell did torment,  
 With red hot Spit into his fundament.  
 Some in their beds haue acted tragick Scenes,  
 As those two Princes, which by *Glosters* meanes,  
 (Their cruell Vncle, Fathers vnkind Brother)  
 Villaines betweene the sheetes to death did fmother.  
 Some in vnwonted manner done to death,  
 As *George* the Duke of Clarence lost his breath,  
 When with heeles vpwads he was strangely put,  
 To suffer drowning in a Malmesey But.  
 Yet besides all these damned plots to kill,  
 And thousands more from Hell transported fill,  
 The Diuell hath a poyson working Art,  
 In which of late I shar'd a mortall part.  
 A Rapier drawne, and at thy heart aim'd iust,  
 May be put by and made a broken thrust:  
 A Dagger offer'd for anothers paine,  
 Hath bin return'd into the stabbers braine:  
 A Pistoll shot with an intent to kill,  
 Hath mist the marke, and party liuing fill:  
 But this life-killing poyson, cureles foe,  
 The bodies hopeles, helples ouerthrowe:  
 Brings with it nothing but pale deaths command,  
 Depriuing life with a remorseles hand.  
 Oh sacred *Iustice!* euermore renound  
 In thy vprightness of reuenge late found:  
 Proceede with vengeance as thou didst begin,  
 To punish *Caines* most bloody crying sinne:  
 Let not a murtherer remaine conceal'd,  
 Nor breath aliue when being once reueal'd:  
 This is the suite wrong'd Innocents doe craue,  
 This is the Iustice that the Heauens will haue.

*Samuel Rowlands.*

*Imprinted at London for Iohn White.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[From "The Teares of Love: or, Cupids Progreffe. Composed by Thomas Collins. London, Printed by *George Purflowe* for *Henry Bell*, and are to be sold at his shoppe without Bishopsgate. 1615."]

To his affected friend Master  
THOMAS COLLINS.

*Thy well writ Poem, Sweet composd lines,  
Delightfull subiect, and right modest pen,  
With iust applause, euen desertfull shines  
In cleere-cy'd censure of best iudging men,  
Like to thy Shepheards flockes, as white as cleane,  
Partaking nothing, fordid or obseane.*

*Thy Louers-Teares, shew Louers dolefull fashion,  
(As sable habit sutes a mournfull heart,)  
A sprightly line hath power to moue compassion,  
And such a lymmer to the life thou art,  
Let Momus breath, vanish like pipe of smoke,  
All wisemen know, Detractions credit's broke.*

Samuell Rowlands.

# Well met Gofsip:

OR,

## Tis merrie when

Gofsips meete

NEWLY ENLARGED WITH

diuers merrie Songs.



LONDON,

Printed by *I. W.* for *John Deane* and are to be sold at his  
Shop iust vnder *Temple-barre* 1619.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[The Songs which follow were first printed in the edition of "Tis Merrie when Gossips Meete," 1619 (Sig. C i.). As the title to this edition contains a very curious woodcut, it is given in facsimile on the opposite page.]

*Musicians comes in.*

Couffen, heer's Fidlers, lets heare a Song:	<i>Widdow.</i>
But looke my friends, it be a pleasing thing.	
I am afraid then we shall stay too long.	<i>Mayde.</i>
No, no, I warrant: come on, quickly sing.	<i>Widdow.</i>
Let it touch men I pray in any case:	<i>Wife.</i>
This Youth (mee thinkes) will doe it with a grace.	

*The Songe.*

W Hat's a womans chiefe delight?  
To giue man his hearts content:  
How doth hee the same requite?  
Loue her till the sport be spent:  
You that doubt it, doe but try,  
Men will flatter, cogge, and lye.

With bewitching words they fue,  
Vowing constant faith and loue;  
Women thinke their oathes be true,  
Till (poore foules) they trie and prooue,  
Then they finde, when helpe is past,  
For a night their loue doth last.

Their owne Stories tell their liues,  
How vnconstant they haue dealt;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Honest *Widdowes, Maydes, and Wiues,*  
Haue their double dealing felt:  
All will fay that are not blinde,  
Men are false, and Women kinde.

When they vow, trust not their swearing,  
When they smile, thinke they will frow[n]e,  
Giue their flattering but the hearing,  
If they can, thei'le put you downe:  
Since they seeke your ouerthrow,  
Keepe them from the thing you know.

For to be in great request,  
Make your loue exceeding strange,  
Trie good earnest out in iest:  
Deale with flatterers by change:  
As they come, so let them passe;  
Turne dissemblers out to grasse.

*FINIS.*

**N**Ow God-amercy Boy, this Song is true, *Widdow.*  
**I** prethee drinke, tis good to mend thy voice. *Wife.*  
Haft thou not such another that is new?  
Yes, I haue one is call'd, *The Maydes bad choyce: Boy.*  
Pen'd by a Mayde her selfe, whose constant truth  
Was lately wronged by a Merchants Youth.

*Widdow. Sing it prethec.*

*The Song.*

**Y**Ou *London* Maides, giue eare to me,  
That am in Loue your owne,  
And borne within the Citie walles,  
Well friended, and well knowne.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

My selfe I will not seeme to praise,  
It were a note of pride:  
What beautie there is in my face,  
Or comely limbes beside.

My ready witte, and quicke conceit  
To breake a nimble left;  
And all good parts and qualities,  
I meane to let them rest.

The Art I haue in Needle-worke,  
Imbrod'ry rich in Gold:  
With Lace and Stich, and euery thing,  
That may or can be told.

For Dauncing, and my skill in Song,  
I must, and will be mute:  
My playing on the Virginals,  
And tickling of the Lute.

Ile burie all mine owne good parts,  
And of a Youth will speake;  
Whose most vnkinde bad qualities,  
Doth make my heart to breake.

How hee is calde, I will conceale,  
And not reueale the fame;  
Because Ile leaue him like a Jew,  
Without a Christian name.

Hee plide mee long, as Suters doe,  
(I meane these subtill men)  
And wee had often meeting too,  
It skills not where, and when.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Hee vow'd hee lou'd mee constantly.  
 Farre dearer then his life:  
 And would himself, destroy himselfe,  
 Except I were his wife.

I being (as poore wenches bee)  
 Most kinde, where loue doth sting:  
 Confented too, (I fham to tell:)  
 And let him doe the thing.

This done, which cannot be vndone,  
 (Tis now fixe months too late:)  
 I am turn'd off, my Youth hath got  
 Another louing mate.

One that hath neither witte nor wealth,  
 Beautie, nor comely grace:  
 One that is Kitchin-stuffe to mee,  
 Her stocke is knowen so bafe.

Fie, who would trust this wicked world?  
 Maidens take heed, be wife:  
 I am not *Widdow*, *Wife*, nor *Mayde*,  
 But of another fize.

*FINIS.*

<p><b>I</b> Like this Song exceeding wel indeed:          Heer's fixe pence toward the Musick with my heart.  <i>Beffe</i>, tis good warning wench for you; take heed,          Ile see him hang'd, would play me such a part:          Hee that should come and offer but to feele,          I would en'e scorne that fellow with my heele.</p>	<p><i>Mayde.</i>  <i>Wife.</i>  <i>Mayde.</i></p>
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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[The following additional verses are given in the edition of 1619, and should be read between the last and second last verses in the edition of 1602.]

Now Gentlewomen, I intreate you speake, *Vintner.*  
 And name the wine, a pinte I will goe fill.  
 No *William*, no; there's many Vintners breake, *Wife.*  
 Let it alone, prethec, kinde hearted *Will*,  
     It is enough, if you one rule doe keepe,  
     And that is this; Nicke not your Pots too deepe.

There is much knauery in your trade for that,  
 Which will not thriue, who euer vse the fame:  
 Draw briske to *Londoners*, let Clownes drinke flat,  
 That take in wine but onely for the name;  
     Out-face the Fooles, but with a cogging tale,  
     For all their iudgement's in a pot of Ale.

You can perfwade them that their taste is bad,  
 And boast your wine, that there's no better drawne,  
 The like in *London* is not to be had;  
 When all is false, and but an outward fawne.  
     Couffen, wee know Vintners can doe amisse, *Widdow.*  
     Butwemighthauedrunke *William*spinte bythis.

Troth you shall haue it instantly, I runne. *Vintner.*  
 Why this is your fault Couffen, you'le not leaue. *Wife.*  
 Tut, hang him knaue: this pinte, and we haue done, *Widdow.*  
 So much in measure, hee did vs deceiue:  
     Did you not marke how e'ry Pot lackt filling,  
     Wee'le take it kindly, cause hee giues it willing.

Heere Gentlewomen, and I thanke you all. *Vintner.*  
 This is a cuppe of Clarret doth excell. *Wife.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

At any time, when you doe please to call, *Vintner.*  
Vpon my honeftie Ile vse you well,  
While with my Master I remaine a dweller,  
You fhall command the beft that's in the Seller.

---

[From the folio edition of John Taylor the Water-Poet's Works, 1630, Sig. Bbb 3.]

*To my louing Friend Iohn Taylor.*

**F***Erris* gaue cause of vulgar wonderment,  
When vnto *Bristol* in a boat he went;  
Another with his Sculler ventured more,  
That row'd to *Flushing* from our English shoare.  
Another did deuife a woodden Whale,  
Which vnto *Callice* did from *Douer* faile,  
Another with his Oares and slender Wherry,  
From *London* vnto *Antwerpe* o're did Ferry.  
Another maugre fickle fortunes teeth,  
Rowed hence to *Scotland* and arriu'd at *Leeth*.  
But thou hast made all these but triuiall things,  
That from the Tower thy watry Sculler brings  
To *Hellicon*: most sacred in account,  
And so arriued at *Pernassus* Mount:  
And backe return'd Laden with Poets wit,  
With all the Muses hands to witnesse it;  
Who on their Sculler doth this praise bestow,  
Not such another on the *Thames* doth row.

*Thy louing Friend, Sam: Rowlands.*

NOTES TO THE WORKS  
OF  
SAMUEL ROWLANDS



## NOTES.

### I.—THE BETRAYING OF CHRIST, 1598.

PAGE	LINE	
3	last.	“ wherof . . . floates with,” &c., <i>i.e.</i> , wherof partaking, <i>it</i> floats.
5	8	“ <i>Cynthia</i> ,” Diana, the moon, so called from her birth-place, <i>Cynthus</i> , in the Island of Delos.—Cf. Spenser, <i>Faery Queene</i> , I. i. 39.
	10	“ were come to latestt fine,” <i>i.e.</i> , had finally ceased to exist.
13, 14		These lines mean, all winged creatures having cleared up their account with day, <i>i.e.</i> , having duly fung their daily song, had gone to rest.
6	3	“ Dispensing,” <i>i.e.</i> , excepting, making an exception in favour of.
7	22	See Numbers xvi. 32, 33.
	23	“ Seandale ” read “ scandale,” <i>i.e.</i> , insult, offence.
8	1	1 Kings xiii. 4.
	8	Acts ix. 1-9.
9	11	“ He must needs go whom the devil drives.”—Hazlitt’s <i>Proverbs</i> , &c.
10	6	“ This greene had serpents,” &c. This is apparently the proverbial saying, “ <i>latet anguis in herba</i> ,” there is a snake in the grass.—Cf. Spenser, <i>Faery Queene</i> . I. ix. 28— “ As snake in hidden weedes.”
	7	2 Samuel iii. 27.
11	11	2 Samuel xii. 13.
12	8	Matthew xxvi. 53.
	17	“ false,” <i>i.e.</i> , falsely. The use of the adjective for the adverb is common.

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14	1	The meaning is: "Thou, Gehazi, canst no longer lay exclusive claim to the sin of covetousness, for my share in that sin exceeds thine."
	7	Luke x. 42.
15	23	"Sound conscience well," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , a sound conscience <i>when</i> well or clear is said <i>to be</i> like, &c., . . . and <i>when</i> corrupted, <i>is fitly</i> compared, &c.
16	15	Matthew xxv. 32, 41.
17	4	Matthew xxii. 11-14.
	18	"correct it," <i>i.e.</i> , correct <i>him</i> for it.
18	19	John xii. 3-4. "turn'd thy sweet," <i>i.e.</i> , turned to thy advantage.
19	1, 2	"guiltless wast, controld," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , with what falseness did I wish thy innocent waste stopped, and the ointment saved.
	7	"Like Sampson till," &c.
	15	The word "purchase" had at this time not only the modern meaning of anything obtained in exchange for money or other valuable consideration, but was also applied to anything dishonestly or disgracefully come by.—See Glossary. Shakspeare, <i>Henry V.</i> , iii. 2, shows the transition when he writes—
		"They will steal anything, and call it— <i>purchase</i> ."
		In Spenser, <i>Faery Queene</i> , I. iii. 16, we find—
		"On his backe a heavy load he bare Of nightly felths, and pillage severall, Which he had got abroad by <i>purchas</i> criminal."
		It is from the Fr. <i>pourchasser</i> , to hunt after; thence, to catch, seize, rob; thence, to buy.
	18	"that I lou'd," <i>i.e.</i> , that <i>which</i> I loved. The omission of the relative is very common in Shakspeare and writers of that period.
	20	"their intrest," <i>i.e.</i> , my share in, or claim to, them.
20	15	Matthew xxvi. 22, 25.

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21	3	“putchas’d,” read “purchas’d.”
	8	“I should ben mangled,” <i>i.e.</i> , I ought to have been mangled.
23	23	“They would retire,” &c., <i>i.e.</i> , they would draw back (Fr. <i>retirer</i> , Lat. <i>retrahere</i> ) themselves from the fearful course of the world to perdition, so as to avoid, &c.—Compare p. 36, l. 19.
24	11	The accent is on the second syllable in “enuying,” as in Shakspeare, <i>Richard II.</i> , i.— “Until the heavens, envying earth’s good hap;” And <i>Taming of the Shrew</i> , ii. 1, 18:— “Is it for him you do envy me so?” The same use is followed by Spenser.
	13	Greedy of gain on earth, even though obtained by or involving the loss of heaven.
	24	“The wages of sin is death.” “Pale death,” the <i>pallida mors</i> of the classics.
25	4	“Xpian,” <i>i.e.</i> , “Christian,” from the sacred monogram <b>X</b> , the <i>Chi</i> , <i>Rho</i> , the two first letters of the word Christ. The meaning is: A follower of Christ outwardly, but not at all in heart.
	21	“Conuerse remaine of Time,” &c., <i>i.e.</i> , for the rest of Time be associated with all impiety. The word converse is used in its original Latin sense, <i>conversari</i> , to dwell, pass one’s time away.
	24	“Wrap me,” &c., <i>i.e.</i> , “Hide me from the eyes of all, oh dark night!” Insert a comma after <i>eius</i> .
26	1	“Sauls frightfull guest,” <i>i.e.</i> , madness.—See 1 Samuel xxvi. 14-23.
	13	“Not to dismount,” &c., <i>i.e.</i> , not to throw myself from some lofty precipice, nor inflict on myself a hideous stab with a dagger, nor to drown myself.
	17	See 2 Samuel xviii. 9, and Esther vii. 10.
	18	2 Samuel xvii. 23.
27	6	Acts i. 18.

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28	1	"The watchfull bird," <i>i.e.</i> , the cock.
	11	"a rocke," in allusion to his name Peter, which, in the Greek, is a stone or rock.—Cf. Matthew xvi. 18.
30	12	"he swaied most," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , he carried most fway, or had most influence, who could deride most.
31	1	1 Samuel xxxi. 4.
	17	In proportion as his offence was least, his griefs and pains were greater.
32	3	2 Kings ii. 23.
	7	Such wrongs, as compared with those suffered by our Lord, are not worthy to be called wrongs.
33	8	"Farre extending humane fence," <i>i.e.</i> , far exceeding man's understanding. The spelling <i>humane</i> is constantly used by Shakspere.
35	12	"Preuenting him," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , anticipating and disappointing the Devil who had long hoped for it.
36	3	Samuel, the son of Hannah.—See 1 Samuel ii. 21.
	4	Judges xi. 34-40.
37	1	Rowlands seems to understand the word <i>Son</i> in "Woman behold thy son," as meaning our Lord, but the passage, John xix. 25-27, points to St. John as the person meant, our Lord's words signifying apparently that the Virgin and St. John were to be as Mother and Son, as is evidenced by the last verse—"from that hour that disciple took her to his own home."
39	2	"My God, who am," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , the God of me, who myself am true God, &c. A classical usage.
40	6	"to those denide," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , to those <i>who</i> denied, &c.
41	7	John iv. 5-26.
	11	Compare note to <i>Hell's Broke Loofe</i> , p. 38, l. 18.
	13	"publicke," <i>i.e.</i> , publicly.—See note on p. 12, l. 17.
42	15	Judges iv. 19.
43	13	"Esfay," <i>i.e.</i> , Isaiah.
	16	Genesis iii. 15.
45	7	1 Kings ii. 5.



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45	11	To cut short the natural duration of his life.—Cf. <i>Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine</i> , &c., p. 81, l. 3.
47	16	“No fuite of clay,” <i>i.e.</i> , no prayers of men.
48	5	John xv. 13.
	20	“What moment,” &c., <i>i.e.</i> , at what moment was he free from, or without, pain and grief?
	21	“addes,” used intransitively = is added.
	24	What people is there whom his death did not affect in the highest degree?
50	16	In the <i>Aurea Legenda</i> , cap. xlvii., we are told that: “Longinus fuit quidam centurio, qui cum aliis militibus cruci domini adstant iuffu Pylati latus domini lancea perforavit, et uidensigna quæ fiebant, solem fcilicet obscuratum, et terræ motum, in Christum credidit. Maxime ut eo, ut quidam dicunt, quod cum ex infirmitate uel senectute oculi eius caligassent, de sanguine Christi per lanceam decurrente fortuito oculos suos tetigit, et protinus clare uidit.” The day of S. Longinus is March 15.—See Chambers’s <i>Book of Days</i> . Allusions to the legend are common in early English writers.—See, for instance, <i>Legends of the Holy Rood</i> , ed. Morris (Early English Text Society), pp. xix. 100; <i>Old English Homilies</i> , ed. Morris, i. 282; <i>The Towneley Mysteries</i> , p. 231; <i>Piers Plowman</i> , ed. Skeat, xxi. 82; &c.
59	22	Allow this last service to be ended.

II.—THE LETTING OF HUMOURS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE, 1600.

3	5	“Richard the usurper.” Is this a reference to Shakspere’s <i>Richard III.</i> , published 1597?
4	10	“a Lordship on his backe,” <i>i.e.</i> , the value of a Lordship spent in drefs.

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- 7 1 "Monfieur Domingo is a skilfull man." This word is the chorus of a drinking song quoted by Maſter Silence in his exuberant fit of revelry at Juſtice Shallow's manſion.

"Do me right, and dub me knight,  
Samingo."

In the Variorum edition, the firſt verſe of the ſong is given with the burthen corrected to *Domingo*.  
—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

- 6 "ſingle penny lyn'd," *i.e.*, filled with the cheapeſt beer. Penny ale is common thin ale, and is mentioned in *P. Plowman*, ed. Skeat, B. Text, xv. 310, as fit only for ſtriſt-living friars. It was ſold at a *penny a gallon*, while the beſt ale was 4d.—See *Liber Albus*, pp. 274, 311; Strutt, *Manners and Customs*, ii. 81; *Babies Book*, ed. Furnivall, p. 208. Compare *Tis Merrie when Goffips meete*, p. 3, l. 17.

- 8 3 "He paunch the villian with my Rapiers poynt." This is a phraſe uſed by Caliban in his propoſal for murdering Proſpero [*Tempeſt*, iii. 2, 88]:

"————— with a log  
Batter his ſcull, or paunch him with a ſtake."

—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

- 7 "patch," a word of frequent occurrence in Shakſpere.  
—See *Midſummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2, 9; *Macbeth*, v. 3, 15, &c. Florio gives "*Pazzo*, a foole, a patch, a madman," and this is probably the correct derivation of the word, though ſome refer it to the motley or patched coat of a jeſter. Tuffer, ed. Herrtage, p. 115, fl. 32, uſes it in the ſenſe of a country clown, farm labourer—

"From Maie to mid Auguſt, an hower or two,  
Let patch ſleepe a ſnatch, how ſouer ye do."

- 15 "Then for to drinke a pipe of Trinedado." To *drink* tobacco was one of the affected phraſes of the

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gallants of that age. In the *Roaring Girl* of Middleton and Dekkar, Saxton, one of the humorists of the piece, after commending "a pipe of rich smoke," has a parcel of the same tobacco made up for him, observing, "this will serve to drink at my chamber." And in an interlude entitled, *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco contending for superiority*, Tobacco is made to say,

"——What, do ye stand at gaze?

Tobacco is a drink too.

*Beer.* A drink?

*Tobacco.* Wine, you and I come both out of a pipe."

Many other authorities for this conceited expression might be quoted.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

11 11 "His Hofe to Brokers Iayle committed are,  
His finguler, and onely, Veluct payre."

A calamity similar to that which occasioned this gallant's indisposition, imposed silence upon one of the bravest warriors of the 15th century. After the field of Shrewsbury, in which

"The Percy and the Douglas both together  
Were confident against the world in arms,"

the latter champion, it is well known, was wounded and made prisoner. Having received his hurt in a part of the body too ignoble to be mentioned, Godcroft assures us that when, "after the battell every man was reckoning his wounds, and complaining, the earl said at last, when he had heard them all, 'They sit full still that have a riven breike.' The speech continueth still in Scotland, and is past into a proverb, which is used to design such as have some hidden and secret cause to complain and say but little."—*History of the House of Douglas and Angus*, ed. 1644, p. 120.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

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| 21   | 6    | “many graines too light,” &c. There is a play here on the word “angel,” which was also a coin, varying in value from 6s. 8d. to 10s. In the next line the play is kept up on the word “flone,” one of the meanings of which is the testing stone for gold.   |
| 25   | 13   | “dischargeth,” pays for.   |
| 28   | 1    | “———Signeur Sacke and Suger,<br>When calling for a quart of Charnico.”<br>This phrase brings us home to Falstaff, from whose dramatic history it was probably borrowed. “What says Sir John Sack and Sugar?” Charnico is a wine mentioned in the 2d part of <i>Henry VI.</i> , Act ii. sc. 3. “And, neighbour, here’s a cup of Charnico.” The critics conceive it derived its name from having the flavour of turpentine, Charneco in Spanish signifying a turpentine-tree. If this interpretation be correct, we need not regret the disuse of Charneco in our modern times.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.    |
| 29   | 10   | “To drinke amongst you.”—See note to p. 8, l. 15, above, and compare p. 77, l. 22-3.   |
| 32   | 7    | For the “Lord of Mifrule,” see Brand’s <i>Popular Antiquities</i> , i. 272; Strutt, <i>Manners and Customs</i> , ii. 200, &c.  |
| 33   | 1    | “Aske Humors why a Feather he doth weare?<br>It is his humor (by the Lord) heele sweare.”<br>The whole of this epigram describes one of those dissolute coxcombs mentioned by Jonson in a passage quoted in the preface, who termed each conceited peculiarity of dress and manner, <i>his humour</i> , and vindicated his singularity as a quality befitting a fine gentleman. The worthy Corporal Nym hath this apology usually at his finger-ends, and Shylock himself condescends to excuse his extravagant cruelty as a humour, or irresistible propensity of the mind. I do not observe that |

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the commentators have noticed that, in the Jew's celebrated answer to the duke, the expression,

“ But say it is my *humour*—Is it answered?”

the word *humour* is not used in its modern signification, but in that which it bears through these satires, a peculiar quality, namely, which sways and masters the individual through all his actions. Accordingly Shylock proceeds to illustrate his innate antipathy to Anthonio by similar natural loathings.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

- 33 14 Why he is so persecuted by bailiffs.  
 17 “ Obiect,” *i.e.*, if you ask.  
 34 1 “ cross-lesse curffe,” *i.e.*, the misfortune or curfe of being penniless.—See Glossary, *crossfe*.  
 35 9 “ ———to worke he went :  
 Making the Dog she held, a grim Cattes face.”  
 This lady's dislike to being represented in such company, was not universal in the seventeenth century. The celebrated Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, among the numerous portraits preserved of her, at Appleby Castle, is in one represented with a very large black cat fitting beside her foot.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.  
 36 7 “ In every streete where any Gallant goes,  
 The swagg'ring Sloppe is Tarltons clownish hofe.”  
 The breeches in James I.'s time swelled to a most uncouth and preposterous size, and were stuffed out with bags and other bombast, and sometimes with bran. These were called trunk-hofe. Bulwer, in the *Artificial Changeling* tells of a gallant in whose immense gally-gaskins a small hole was torn by a nail of the chair he sat upon, so that, as he turned and wriggled to pay his court to the ladies, the bran poured forth as from a mill that was grinding, without his perceiving it, till half the cargo was unladed on the floor. It would seem

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- in Queen Elizabeth's time such large breeches were part of the clown's dress, in which character Tarleton was very famous.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 38 5 On the character of the Dutch for drinking, see Andrew Boorde's *Introduction to Knowledge*, ed. Furnivall, pp. 147, 149, 337, &c.; the "Libel of English Polecie," printed in Wright's *Political Songs*, ii. 169-171; and Shakspeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2, 76, and *Othello*, ii. 3, 80.
- 38 10 "How rare his spurres doth ring the moris-daunce." It was the fashion of the time to wear gilded spurs, with rowels of a prodigious size and fantastic shape, which clanked and rung as the gallants walked, like the bells which morrice dancers fastened to their ancles. Spurs of their fashion are still preserved by the curious, and may also be seen in old paintings. "I had spurs of mine own before," says Fungoso, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, "but they were not gingers."—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 39 12 In Sloane MS., 1585, leaf 152, will be found a recipe for the "lafke," the components of which are the yolk of a new-laid egg, honey, and fine salt.
- 24 "——fome pippin Squier." A pippin, or apple squire, whatever be its original derivation, is, in old plays and poems, used as synonymous to a pandar. Cavalero Shift, his trade being allied to that of Sir Pandarus of Troy, was, among other appellations "as a poor esquire about the town," called occasionally Mr. Apple-John. It is in this capacity that his bills set him forth as one "who can serve in the nature of a gentleman usher, and hath little legs of purpose, and a black fatten sute of his own to go before her in . . . and can hide her face with her fan if need require, or sit in the cold at the stair foot for her, as well as another gentleman." Such a property was the subject of the

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- thirty-fourth [thirty-third] epigram become to his imperious confort.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 41 1 “Seuerus is extreame in eloquence.” The whole of this thirty-sixth [thirty-fifth] epigram is in the vein of Don Armado, in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, who addressess his page Moth very much in the bombastic style of Severus’s conversation with his boy.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 44 3 Compare Shakspere, *Macbeth*, iii. 4, 119—  
 “Stand not *upon* the order of your going,  
 But go at once.”
- 46 1 “Bot wote you now, whither the buzard walkes?  
 I, into Paules forfooth.”  
 St. Paul’s was the rendezvous of all the idle and dissipated persons of the period, as well as of those whom serious business, or a desire to learn the news of the day, led to frequent a place of public resort. Being a place privileged from arrests, it afforded considerable convenience to the first of these descriptions. One whole scene of *Every Man out of his Humour* is laid among the loiterers who frequented the western and middle aisle of Paul’s, which Sir Fastidious Brisk affectedly terms Mediterraneo. It cannot be forgotten that there Falstaff picked up his trusty follower Bardolph. Osbourne also informs us, that it was the fashion, from the time of James I., down to that of the Commonwealth, “for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanics, to meet in St. Paul’s church by eleven, and walk in middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six,” and that by attending to the news which were there daily current, he himself picked up a reasonable modicum of political information.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

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| 47   | 18   | “runs byas on affaires,” runs headlong, unceasingly.<br>“ <i>Biace</i> , a flope, a bias.”—Hollyband.  |
| 48   | 13   | “Men without heades,” &c.—See Sir John Maundevile’s <i>Travels</i> , ed. Halliwell, p. 203: “And in another Yle, towarde the Southe, duellen folk of foule Stature and of curfed kynde, that han no Hedes: and here Eyne ben in here Scholdres.” Again, in Holland’s <i>Pliny</i> , v. 8: “The Blommyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eies both in their breast.”—See also <i>ibid.</i> , vii. 2; and <i>Gesta Romanorum</i> , Early English Tract Society, 1879, ed. Hertridge, Tale 175, p. 529. |
|      | 16   | “penthoufe.”—Compare Decker, <i>Gull’s Horn-Book</i> , p. 79: “The two eyes are the glaffe windowes at which light disperfes itself into every roome, having goodly <i>penthoufes</i> of haire to overshaddow them.”   |
| 52   | 6    | “Long-lane” was “A Place also of Note for the sale of Apparel, Linnen, and Upholsters’ goods, both Second-hand and New, but chiefly for Old, for which it is of Note.”—Stow’s <i>Survey of London</i> , ed. Strype, I., Bk. iii. p. 112, col. 2.<br>“As many Fox-fkins as wille furre his <i>Long-Lane</i> gowne.”<br><i>Tom of all Trades</i> , ed. Furnivall, p. 165, l. 12.   |
| 53   | 21   | “His Iacket faced with motheaten Budge.” Budge was probably some paltry imitation of velvet. The word in Queen Elizabeth’s time was used to signify the allowance of liquor issued to those who attended upon her progresses.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.—[See Strutt, ii. 102, and Fairholt’s <i>Pageants</i> , i. 66.]   |
| 54   | 7    | “chardges,” expense.—So Tuffer, p. 173, ch. 84, 2—<br>“Som drieth with strawe, & some drieth with wood<br>Wood asketh more <i>charge</i> , and nothing fo good.”   |
| 55   | 1    | “—— Kinde-heart, in drawing out a tooth.” Kind-heart is sometimes mentioned by authors of the  |



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- period as a fort of quack-doctor. Henry Chettle, an obscure dramatic author, wrote a pamphlet called *Kind-heart's Dream*.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 58 10 “giue him fixe at feuen;” as we should say, give him a start of six in feuen.
- 14 “juggling Kings,” &c., cheating tricks at cards.
- 59 2 “But come to Dice; why that’s his onely trade, Michell Mum-chaunce, his owne Inuention made.”
- Alluding probably to a pamphlet entitled, *Mihil Mum-chaunce his Discovery of the Art of cheating in Falso Dyce Play*, without a date. It is ascribed by Mr. Reid to Robert Greene, but, as appears to Mr. Haslewood, on doubtful authority. See *Censura Literaria*, vol. viii. p. 390. The Fullams, Bardquater-tray, High and Low men, &c., mentioned in the subsequent lines, were various kinds of loaded or false dice. Some of the terms are yet used among sharpers. Hence the consolation of Pistol when dismissed by Falstaff, that
- “——Gourd and *fullam* holds,  
And high and low beguile the rich and poor.”  
*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. sc. 3.  
—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- [Cotgrave has “*Chance*: The game at dice called Mumchance, or such another.” Silence appears to have been essential to its proper playing, whence the name.]
- 5 “Fullams,” &c.—See Glossary.
- 14 “Well seene in Magicke and Astrologie.” The character of the gamester, swindler, and bully, of the reign of James I. had features unknown to those of our age. He was often a conjuror, an astrologer, and an alchemist. The practice of legerdemain probably fitted him for all the branches of his profession, and, besides dealing in the sophisticated wares of prediction, philtres, and alchemy, these impostors

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often mingled darker practices with their mystical frauds. The name of Dr. Forman, a celebrated astrologer and magician, is deeply implicated in the amours of Somerset and Lady Effex, and Villiers Duke of Buckingham was much censured for his attachment to impostors of this description. Dr. Lamb, one of his dependent necromancers, had his brains beat out by the mob in the streets of London in 1628; and Butler, another of the same description, is said to have been miserably murdered by the jesuits abroad, in one of their religious houses. See Wilson's *History of James VI.* in Kennet's Collection, vol. ii. p. 490.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.—[Compare Shakspere, *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2—

“It's a schoolmaster well seen in music.”

And Tuffer, ch. 95, fl. 1—

“To haue your childe in Musick something seene.”

Compare the use of the Latin *speculatus*.]

- 59 19 “His Booke of Characters,” *i.e.*, His Book of Magic Figures and Charms.—See the chapter on “Characters” in Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (ed. Ellis, iii. 319), showing that Gower uses *Careel* in the sense of a charm: “With his *Careel* would him enchaunt,” *Confessio Amantis*, Bk. i. In old French *Caracte* meant a mark, sign, also a written charm, rendering the wearer of it invulnerable; also a magic rite.—See *Vie de Saint Auban*, ed. Atkinson, l. 1006, and note at p. 104. The following passage from Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum*, p. 463, well illustrates that writer's belief in charms, in the year 1652: “What I have further to say, shall onely be to shew what Naturall powers Sigills, &c., graved or imprest with proper *Characters* and figures, and made under certaine peculiar constellations, may have. Albumazar, Zahel, Haly,

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- Albategnus, and divers other Arabians, give us severall examples of such as have been cured of the biting of serpents, scorpions, mad dogs, &c., by 'Talismanicall Figures,' &c.—See also Halliwell's Dictionary, f.v. *Caractes*.
- 60 12 "by chalke, and poast," *i.e.*, by the score chalked up on the door-post.
- 63 9 "———What meanes Singer then?  
And Pope the Clowne, to speake fo Boorish, when  
They counterfaite the Clownes vpon the Stage?"  
Gabriel Singer is mentioned at the end of Epigram 2d [10th], and is quoted in the *Gull's Horn-Book*, with Tarleton and Kempe, as a performer of the clown's part. The pamphlet was published in 1609, and it would seem that Singer was then dead.—See *Prolegomena* to Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 243, Variorum edit. 1803. Thomas Pope also acted the clown's part. He died in February, 1603-4, and the industry of Shakespeare's editors has recovered his will, which is curious. Pope acted along with Shakespeare.—*Ibid.* pp. 244 and 521. [See Mr. Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. 120, Shakespeare Society, 1846.]—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 63 9 "That Cloth will now compare with Veluet breech  
Let him discourse, euen where, and when he dare,  
'Talke nere fo ynk hornre learnedly and rare,  
Swear Cloth breech is a peffant (by the Lord)  
Threaten to draw his wrath-venger, his sworde:  
Tush, Cloth-breech doth deride him with a laugh,  
And lets him see Bone-bafter; thats his staffe."  
This is an epitome of Robert Green[e]'s pamphlet, entitled *A Quip for an upstart Courtier, or a Dispute between Velvet and Cloth Breeches*, which may be found in Mr. Parke's new edition of the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. v. p. 393. The original

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tract was published in 1592. See Mr. Hallewood's curious list of Green[e]'s productions in the *Censura Literaria*, vol. viii. 380.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

64 12 “fooleballe.” This game is mentioned in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, v. 2, 73.—See Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 97. Strutt, p. 98, quotes from D'Urfey's *Don Quixote*—

“Down in a vale on a summer's day,  
All the lads and lasses met to be merry;  
A match for kisses at *fool-ball* to play,  
And for cakes, and ale, and sider, and perry.

*Chorus.* Come all, great and small,  
Short, tall, away to *fool-ball*.”

20 “barly-breake.” This game is thus described by Gifford, chiefly from a passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*:—“It was played by 6 people (3 of each sex), who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called *hell*. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and *hell* was filled by the couple who were excluded by preoccupation from the other places; in this ‘catching,’ however, there was some difficulty, as by the rules of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard-pressed, when all had been taken in turn, the last couple were said to be *in hell*, and the game ended.” On the Scottish way of playing it, see Jamieson, l.v. *Barla-Breikis*. Allusions to it are common.—See Massinger, *Virgin Martyr*, v. 1, and *Parliament of Love*, iv. 5; Ben

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- Jonfon, *Sad Shepherd*, i. 11, &c. See also a good note on the word in Nares.
- 66 3 "diminish," for administer.
- 69 6 "in esteeming," in the estimation of others.
- 70 13 "eates," read eares.
- 71 14 "deales crosse blowes," &c., acts improperly behind her husband's back.
- 22 "iccting."—Compare *Knave of Hearts*, p. 26, l. 5,  
 "Along the streetes, as he doth *iccting* passe."  
 See Glossary.
- 72 10 "tall trencher man." This use of the word *tall* in the sense of great, notable, is common in early plays, and is even not yet quite obsolete, especially in America.
- 13 He walks with his coat unbuttoned to show off his shirt, when he has one.
- 14 "He takes a common course to goe vntruff,  
 Except his Shirt's a-washing; then he must  
 Goe woollward for the time———"  
 Our ancestors' drefs consisted of three principal parts, cloak, doublet, and hose. The former was often laid aside, when the gallant was said to be in *cuervo*. The hose, like the present pantaloons, comprehended breeches and stockings in one piece. They were fixed to the doublet by a vast number of strings called points, by tying or unloosing of which the person was *truffed* or *untruffed*. A slovenly careles ruffian, like him described in the satire, went about without being truffed, unless when his only shirt was a-washing, when the hiatus between the hose and doublet would have exposed the deficiency of linen. Then, like Don Armado, he went wool-ward for penance.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 15 "woollward." This word is thus explained by Palsgrave,  
 "*Wolward*, without any lynnene nexte one's body,

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- Sans Chemyse.*" It is discussed and explained by Nares, who says: "Dressed in wool only, without linen, often enjoined in times of superstition, by way of penance."—See *Loves Labour's Lost*, v. 2, 717; and five other examples which Nares cites. To these we may add Hampole, *Pricke of Conscience*, ed. Morris, l. 3512, and *Pierce the Ploughmans Crede*, ed. Skeat, l. 788. The word was also discussed in *Notes and Queries*, 4th Ser., i. 65, 181, 254, 351, and 425.
- 72 15 "hee scornes it hee," compare the use of the repeated I in such sentences as, "I know it, I."  
—See Glossary s.v. I.
- 75 11 "Heele looke vnto your water well enough,  
And hath an eye that no man leaues a snuffe.  
A pox of peecemeale drinking (William fayne)  
Play it away, weele haue no stoppes and flayes."  
A snuff is, in the language of modern commentators, called a heel-top. The passage affords an interpretation to one in Shakespeare more clearly than the commentators have assigned to it. Among the cant phrases acquired by Hal in the cellar of the Boar's Head tavern at East Cheap, he tells us, "When you breathe in your watering they cry hem! and bid you play it off"—which is precisely the encouragement given by the hero of the satire to the faint-hearted pot companion who stops for breath in the midst of his draught.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 78 21 "The first of them in many a Tauerne tride,  
At last subdued by Aquauitæ dide.  
His second Worthies date was brought to fine,  
Feasting with Oysters and braue Rennish wine.  
The third, whom diuers Dutchmen held full deere,  
Was stabb'd by pickeld Hearinges & strong Beere."  
The author had probably in his recollection the miserable fate of Robert Green[e], who died of a

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- furfeit in 1592, after a debauch upon pickled herrings and Rhenish wine.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 81 2 “Troynouant,” *i.e.*, London, the city of the *Trinobantes*.—See Spenser, *Faery Queene*, II., x. 46. There is of course no ground for the old derivation from *Troia nova*, which is due to Alexander Neckham, who in his book *De Laudibus Divince Sapientie* (Rolls’ Series, ed. Wright), p. 458, speaks of London as *Trinovantum* and *Troja Nova*, adding in a note, “Troja nova Londinum feu Londonia dicitur.” The legend was that it was named New Troy by its founder, Brutus, who called it thus after the city of his ancestors.
- 83 2 “The days are past when ‘Brother’ was the usual form of address; now ‘Cousin’ is the word.” There is, of course, here a play on the word “cofen,” in its secondary meaning of “to cheat, swindle.”

III.—TIS MERRIE VVHEN GOSSIPS MEETE, 1602.

- 3 17 See note to *Letting of Humours Blood*, &c., p. 7, l. 6.
- 5 15 “Conny-catching.” Published in three parts, 1591-2. Greene also wrote “A Disputation betweene a Hee Connycatcher and a Shee Connycatcher, whether a Theafe or a Whore is most hurtfull in Coufenge to the Common-wealth,” 1592.—See Hazlitt’s *Handbook*, p. 241.
- 17 “Pafquill.” “The First parte of Pafquill’s Apologie,” printed in 1590: Hazlitt, *Collections and Notes*, p. 302.—See *Bibliographical Index*, p. 14. Pafquill was originally the name of a pillar at Rome, on which libels and defamatory verses used to be posted.
- 8 7 “i’ft,” read if’t.

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9	14	"Tis," read 'Tis; fo, again, p. 17, l. 7, and p. 21, l. 14.
10	12	"croffe-confumers," <i>i.e.</i> , wafters or confumers of money.—See Gloffary, f.v. Croffe.
11	5	"much good de'e," much good may it do you.
15	1	"Good dea'ne."— Cf. "God-gi god-den," <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , i. 2, 59.
	2	"Dagger Pye," probably a pie at the celebrated ordinary in Holborn, known as the Dagger. <i>Dagger-ale</i> is frequently ufed in this fenfe in the early plays.
	11	Some unforefeen caufe of delay may have arifen.
18	1	"skinker."—See Gloffary, and 1st <i>Henry IV.</i> , Act ii, fc. 4.
23	16	See Mr. Furnivall's remarks on this line in <i>Notes and Queries</i> , 5th Ser., v. 178.
24	3	" <i>Taurus</i> fo rules," &c. A cuckold was commonly faid to have horns growing from his forehead (allufions to this are very frequent in our Author, and writers of the period), and are thus faid to be under the influence of <i>Taurus</i> , the Bull.
	18	"t'is," read 'tis.
25	4	"h'as," read has.
	12	"Connie," fo. Tuffer, <i>Five Hundred Points</i> , ch. 15, fl. 20—
		"Drive hive, good Conie."
	13	"fa'y," read fay.
26	8	"hunerred," read hundred.
	13	Compare the following from the Ballad of "The West-Country Counfellow," printed in the <i>Bagford Ballads</i> (Ballad Society, ed. Ebfworth), iii. 495—
		"Nay I further declare, you may know by their Hair, If it be Red or Yellow, then then you may fwear They will never prove true, but will love more than you; And the fandy Complexions are Flattersers too: Have a care of fuch men, for there's fcarce One in Ten But are Falfe and Deceitful; Be careful, O then.



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Of a two-colour'd Beard, you had need be afraid; [Pascard]  
 Now if by such a one you by chance are enfnar'd,  
 You'll have Sorrow and Woe, they'll be Jealous I know,  
 And will watch, peep, and haunt you where-ever you go:  
 Have a care of such men, &c.

But the Black and the Brown, both in City and Town,  
 Are delightful and pleasant, they seldom can frown;  
 By the Powers above, they are all over Love,  
 And as Loyal they are as the dear tender Dove:  
 Lasses these are the men that will honour you then,  
 There's not one of them false in full Fourcore and Ten."

[Date probably about 1684-5.]

27 7 "Abourne."—See Glossary. Compare *Two Noble Kinsmen*, iv. 2, 125—

"He's white-haired,  
 Not wanton white, but such a manly colour  
 Next to an *aborne*."

29 4 This proverb occurs in Gascoigne's *Poyses*, 1575, and in Tuffer, ch. 85, ft. 16, we have: "Enough is a plentie," on which see my note.

31 15 "that did the Angell bow," &c., *i.e.*, who bent an Angel (a gold coin of the value of 6s. 8d.) and sent it as a love-token. The belief in good-luck arising from the possession of a crooked coin still survives in some parts.

36 5 "ake." Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, points out the proper distinction in the spelling of this word, according as it is used as a verb or noun. "Ake is the verb of this substantive *Ache*, ch being turned into k."

37 10 "Marry and gip." This curious expression is derived from *St. Mary Egyptiaca*. Skelton uses her name to swear by in his *Garlande of Laurell*, 1455—

"By Mary Gipey  
 Quod scripsi, scripsi."

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- On which Dyce remarks that this was shortened in later writers to *marry gip*, *marry gep*, *marry guep*, or *marry gup*. Nares, f.v. *Marry* quotes *Marry gip* in Ben Jonson, (*Bartholomew Fair*, Act i.) and *Marry Guep* in *Hudibras*, i. 3, 202. Hence came *Marry go up*, and *Marry come up*. Cotgrave has "*Magna gna*: *Marry gip*, fir; true Roger."—See *P. Plowman*, ed. Skeat, c. xviii. 23.
- 39 14 A syllable is wanting in this line: read, "to drinke *more* Sacke withall;" or, "to drinke *the* Sacke withall."
- 15 "remaine my detter," by not returning the pledge.
- 40 15 "mend your draft," *i.e.*, drink more.
- 43 12 "which falles out more," *i.e.*, which turns out to be more.
- 16 "and you were," *i.e.*, though you were.
- 44 1 "heer's neither *Ciffe* nor *Kate*," *i.e.*, we are not to be addressed or treated as common women.

IV.—GREENES GHOST, &c., 1602.

- 7 3 See note to *Tis Merric*, &c., p. 5, l. 15.
- 8 26 The usual punishment of perjurers and false witnesses.  
—See also *Looke to it, for Ile stabbe ye*, p. 22, l. 6.
- 9 19 Compare the following from Wyclif: "Alfo Somenors, bailies and Seriauntes, and othere men of lawe, kitten (*cut*) perelously mennus purfes; for thei fomenen and aresten men wrongfully to gete the money out of his purfe and funtyme fuffren hem to meynteyne hem in wrongis for money, to robbe othere men bi false mefures and weightis."—*Works*, ed. Arnold, iii. 320.
- 32 "hamme and hauke," hem and haw.
- 12 2 "betake yourfelfe to prouant," &c., *i.e.*, to enlist. A provant-master was a person who provided apparel

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|      |      | for foldiers. In Webster's <i>Works</i> , ii. 152, we have also <i>provant-apparel</i> , foldiers' uniforms.  |
| 12   | 33   | "swallow the Gudgin," <i>i.e.</i> , swallow the bait, be deceived.  |
| 13   | 16   | Old St. Paul's was in former times a favourite resort for purposes of business, amusement, lounging or assignations, bills were fixed up there, servants hired, and a variety of matters performed wholly inconsistent with the sacred nature of the edifice. The <i>parvis</i> or portico of St. Paul's was the place where London Lawyers met for consultation with their clients. Thus Chaucer describes his Sergeant-at-Law as one "that often hadde ben atte parvys."— <i>Canterbury Tales</i> , Prologue, l. 310. See further in Sir Walter Scott's Note to <i>The Letting of Humours Blood</i> , &c., p. 46, l. 1. |
| 14   | 6    | "statute Merchant."—See Glossary.   |
|      | 12   | "at one clap," fo Tuffer—<br>"Twentie lode bushes cut downe <i>at a clap</i> ,<br>Such heede may be taken, shall stop but a gap."<br><i>Five Hundred Points</i> , ed. Herbage, p. 21, fl. 22.   |
| 15   | 17   | See a similar tale in <i>A paire of Spy-knaves</i> , p. 20.   |
| 17   | 1    | "shadowed him," &c., followed him like a shadow, and spoilt his game. Compare the use of the Latin <i>umbra</i> , for a constant follower, one always at your heels.  |
|      | 28   | "Stourbridge or Sturbich, the name of a common field extending between Chesterton and Cambridge, near the little brook Sture, for about half a mile square, is noted for its fair, which is kept annually on September 19th, and continues a fortnight. It is surpassed by few fairs in Great Britain, or even in Europe, for traffic, though of late it is much lessened. The booths are placed in rows like streets, by the name[s] of which they are called, as Cheapside, etc., and are filled with all sorts of  |

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trades. The Duddery, an area of 80 or 100 yards square, resembles Blackwell Hall. Large commissions are negotiated here for all parts of England in cheese, woollen goods, wool, leather, hops, upholsterers' and ironmongers' ware, etc., etc. Sometimes 50 hackney coaches from London, ply morning and night, to and from Cambridge, as well as all the towns around, and the very barns and stables are turned into inns for the accommodation of the poorer people. After the wholesale business is over, the country gentry flock in, laying out their money in stage-plays, taverns, music-houses, toys, puppet-shows, etc., and the whole concludes with a day for the sale of horses. This fair is under the jurisdiction of the University of Cambridge."—Walker's *Gazetteer*, ed. 1801. See also index to Brand's *Antiquities*. "Sturbridge fair was formerly proclaimed by both the Corporation and the University authorities. Originally lasting six weeks, in 1785 it lasted only three weeks, and now it lasts but one week. A very amusing account of its proclamation by the Vice-Chancellor will be found in Gunning's *Reminiscences of Cambridge*."—S. N. in *Notes and Queries*, Aug. 25, 1877.

"When th' fair is done, I to the Colledg come,  
Or else I drinke with them at Trompington,  
Craving their more acquaintance with my heart,  
Till our next *Sturbridg Fair*; and so wee part."  
Brathwaite's *Honest Ghost*, 1658. p. 189.

See Mr. Furnivall's edition of Harman, p. 100.

- 20 29 This form of swindle is still commonly practised in London, a ring or pin being usually substituted for the gilt spoon.
- 23 last. "London Lyckpenny" is the title of one of Lydgate's poems, in which he inveighs against the greed for money and swindling in London. It has been

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- reprinted in *Specimens of English Literature*, ed. Skcat, p. 33.
- 24 4 "Italian bone-ache."—Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 13.
- 25 17 Harrifon, in his *Description of England*, ed. Furnivall, i. 160, uses the term "Aleknights" for tipplers, constant frequenters of taverns; and Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, gives: "A common haunter of alehoufes, or vittayling houfes; an aleknight, a tipler, a totpot, a quaffer, a noifepicker, a blowbottell. *Ebriosus, bibulus, bibax,*" &c.
- 26 last. "That should be lodged," *i.e.*, that was supposed or expected to lodge there.
- 28 For a full description of these "Hookers" or Anglers, see Harman, ed. Furnivall, pp. 35-6.
- 14 "crome," *i.e.*, stick with bent handle. This word is still in common use in Suffolk.
- 32 22 "wylie beguily." This is a proverbial saying of great antiquity. We first find it under the form "fallite fallentes," in Ovid, *De Arte Amatoria*, i. 645. Dionysius Cato in his *Distiches*, i. 26, has—

"Qui simulat uerbis, nec corde est fidus amicus,  
Tu quoque fac simile; sic ars deluditur arte."

Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*, comes more closely to the present form. He says—

"Often he that wol begile,  
Is guiled with the fame guile,  
And thus the guiler is beguiled."

Bk. vi., ed. Chalmers, p. 194, col. 2. Chaucer says: "Begiled is the giler thanne," *Romaunt of the Rose*, 5762; and "A gilour shal himself begiled be," *Reeve's Tale*, 4321. "To play wily beguile" occurs in Bradley's *Works*, i. 375, and ii. 49, 340 (Parker Society). There is an old play entitled "Wily Beguiled."—Compare Pſalms vii. 16, and ix. 15.

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| 33    | 5    | “faue the odde three pence,” prefumably the waiter’s fee.   |
| 34    | 8    | “ <i>De profundis</i> ,” the beginning of Pfalm 130, ufed in the Roman Catholic burial service.   |
| 39    | 17   | “the Sheppards Calender.”—See the Globe edition of Spenfer, p. 474. Hazlitt gives feveral proverbs fimilar to this, fuch as, “Like prieft, like people: Like mafter, like man,” &c. Tuffer, p. 103, has—<br><div style="text-align: center; margin-left: 100px;"> <p>“Such Miftris, fuch Nan,<br/>Such Maifter, fuch man.”</p> </div> <p>The French form is, “Tel maitre, tel valet.”</p>   |
| laft. |      | This proverb of the Pitcher going long to the water, but being broken at laft, is in Dan Michel’s <i>Ayenbite of Inweyt</i> , A.D. 1340: “Zuo longe geth thet pot to the wetere, thet hit comth to-broke hom,” p. 165, l. 7 from foot, ed. Stevenfon, for Roxburghe Club.   |
| 40    | 20   | Spenfer’s <i>Shepheards Calender</i> for Maye, l. 39.   |
|       | 29   | <i>Ibid.</i> for September, l. 36.  |
| 41    | 2    | <i>Ibid.</i> , l. 82.   |
| 43    | 2    | “Pitch-barrels,” alluding to the proverb, “You can’t touch pitch without being defiled.”  |
|       | 6    | Read “ <i>Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum</i> ,” <i>i.e.</i> , happy he who learns caution from the experience of others. A fimilar proverb occurs in Dionyfius Cato, <i>Distiches</i> , iii. 14—<br><div style="text-align: center; margin-left: 100px;"> <p>“Multorum difce exemplo, quæ facta fequaris,<br/>Quæ fugias: uita eft nobis aliena magiftra.”</p> </div> <p>Compare</p> <div style="text-align: center; margin-left: 100px;"> <p>“For Caton feith, thes gode techere,<br/>Other monis lif is owre fchewere.”</p> <p><i>King Alexandre</i>, ed. Weber, l. 17.</p> <p>See alfo Barbour’s <i>Bruce</i>, ed. Skeat, p. 612; and Tuffer, ed. Herrtage, p. 23, ft. 36.</p> </div> |
| 10    |      | <i>The Shepheards Calender</i> , September, l. 131.   |

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43	21	<i>The Shepheards Calender</i> for Februarie, l. 11.
	27	<i>Ibid.</i> , Maye, l. 165.
44	17	“dudgeon haft.” Gerarde, in his <i>Herball</i> , ed. 1597, p. 1225, speaking of the root of the box tree, says: “Turners and cutlers, if I mistake not the matter, do call this woode <i>dudgeon</i> , whence they make <i>dudgeon-hafted daggers</i> .” In Arnold’s <i>Chronicle</i> , p. 245, ed. 1811, is quoted the Will of John Amell, dated 1473, in which he bequeaths “al my stuf beyng in my shoppe, that is to saye, yuery, <i>dogeon</i> , horn, mapyll, and the toel y <sup>t</sup> belongeth to my craftc, as faues, anfeldis, hameres, ra[s]pis, filis, and other to werke wythal.” Cotgrave gives, “ <i>Dague à roelles</i> : a Scottifh dagger, or dudgeon haft dagger.”—Compare <i>Macbeth</i> , ii. 1, 46.

V.—LOOKE TO IT, &c., 1604.

3	4	Next to the wall was the place of respect in walking.—See <i>Romco and Juliet</i> , i. 1.
9	7	“Curious,” <i>i.e.</i> , bufy bodies, particular. ‘The <i>Catholicon Anglicum</i> gives “ <i>Curius, operofus</i> .”
10	4	“Pierce Penileffe his supplication to the Divell, describing the overspreading of Vice, and the suppression of Vertue. Pleasantly interlaced with variable delights, and pathetically intermixt with conceipted reproofs,” London, 1592. This was the title of a book written by Thomas Nash, in which he laments over his broken fortunes.
15	7	Cotgrave gives “ <i>Charlatan</i> , a mountebanke, a coufening drug-feller, a pratling quackfalver.”
10		According to the Astrologers, everything had its proper and best feason according to the figns of the Zodiac. Rowlands here, of courfe, pushes the theory to extremes.—See <i>Knave of Clubbes</i> , p. 18.

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| 17   | 3    | So in Lodge's <i>Wits Miseric</i> , p. 4, "He telleth them of wonders done in Spaine by his ancestors: where if the matter were well examined, his father was but <i>Swabber</i> in the ship where Ciuill oranges was the best merchandize;" and in <i>Tom of all Trades</i> (New Shakspeare Society, ed. Furnivall), p. 166, "He may rife from a <i>Squabler</i> to a Mafter."—See also <i>Tempest</i> , ii. 2, 44. |
|      | 12   | "Ancients," the flags or ensigns of regiments or ships.—See Percy's <i>Reliques</i> , pp. 73, 144.   |
| 19   | 3    | "obdurate," the accent being on the penultimate, as in Shakspeare. So, again, in <i>Guy of Warwick</i> , p. 16, l. 2 from bottom.  |
| 21   | 9    | See note to <i>Letting of Humours Blood</i> , p. 38, l. 5.   |
| 22   | 6    | See note to <i>Greenes Ghost</i> , p. 8, l. 26.  |
|      | 12   | "Knight of the Post."—See Glossary.  |
| 24   | 6    | Read "deere pen-worths."   |
|      | 11   | "carefull nights," anxious, sleeplefs nights. Compare <i>Sir Ferumbra</i> s (Early English Text Society), ed. Herrtage, l. 1115: "God kepe the prifouners [prisoners] out of forwe, for <i>carful</i> they were that day."—See also <i>P. Plowman</i> , ed. Skeat, c. xiii. 103.   |
| 26   | 12   | "To Gentleman your fonnes," <i>i.e.</i> , to make gentlemen of your fons.  |
| 27   | 2    | "befhagg'd," fo <i>Macbeth</i> , iv. 2, 82—<br><div style="text-align: center; margin: 5px 0;">"Thou lieft, thou <i>flag-haired</i> villain."</div> See also 2 <i>Henry VI.</i> , iii. 1, 367.   |
| 12   |      | A hangman's fee was thirteen pence halfpenny and the clothes of the convict. "There was a curst page that his mafter whipt naked, and when he had been whipt, would not put on his cloaths, and when his mafter bad him, 'take them you, for they are the hangman's fees.'"—Bacon's <i>Apophthegms</i> , No. 69. See also <i>Tom Tull-Troth</i> , ed. Furnivall, p. 36, l. 11.                                       |



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28	2	There is a play here on the word "Fashions," which, besides the usual meaning, also signifies the <i>farçy</i> in horfes.
29	9	See note to p. 3, l. 4.
30	5	Sinon was a Greek, and nephew of Ulysses, who, having pretended to desert to the Trojans, induced them to admit the wooden horse within the city, by means of which Troy was taken and destroyed.
31	5	"Table," <i>i.e.</i> , Table-book or memorandum tablets.—Compare <i>Hamlet</i> , i. 5, 107, and 2 <i>Henry IV.</i> , iv. 1, 201.
32	6	See 1 Samuel xxv. 3.
34	6	Compare the description given by the fourth gossip of his wife.— <i>A whole Crew</i> , &c., p. 29.
35	3	"blood and woundes," <i>i.e.</i> , with curses and oaths, such as zounds (by God's wounds), 'sblood (by God's blood), &c.—See note to <i>A Paire of Spy Knaves</i> , p. 15, l. 22.
	4	Read "And, come in, whores," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , and with invitations to whores, &c., to enter the alehouse.
12		There were two Compters or Prifons for debtors in London, each being under the superintendence of one of the Sheriffs. The <i>Poultry Compter</i> stood a few doors from St. Mildred's Church until 1817, when it was taken down. Stow wrote of it, "This hath been there kept and continued time out of mind, for I have not read of the original thereof." <i>Wood Street Compter</i> stood on the east side of the street of that name in Cheap-side, and was first established there in 1555, when the prisoners were removed there from the old Compter in Bread Street. It was burnt in the great fire, but rebuilt. T. Middleton introduces a reference to the two Compters in his <i>Phenix</i> : "As in that notable city called London stand two most famous Univerfities, <i>Poultry</i> and <i>Wood Street</i> ,

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where some are of twenty years' standing, and have took all their degrees."—*Works*, ed. Dyce, i. 392. Thomas Nash praises in a similar strain the Compters in his *Strange News*, 1592, and in *Tom Tel-Troth* (p. 129) we read—

“If with their debtors they doe chauce to meete,  
They pen them vp within the *Poultres* coope;  
And if for gold lent, men would counters pay,  
In *Woodeftraits* Counter there them fast they lay.”

36 2 “Fac’d like the North-windes-piçture in a Map,” that is, with fat, distended cheeks, such as Boreas was represented with on maps, to signify his blowing, blustering blasts of wind.

5 “Wolner,” see *More Knaves Yet*, p. 35.

10 “ceaze,” *i.e.*, feize.

38 1 “w’on turne more,” read won(= one.)

39 12 Have the bill chalked up against you on the post.

40 9 That is, spend all your wealth in drink and excess.

43 17 “Oppressins,” read Oppression’s.

44 5 “for stirring handes or feete,” *i.e.*, so as to prevent your moving hand or foot.—See note to *A Terrible Battell*, &c., p. 24, l. 10.

7 Luke xii. 19.

12 So. Horace, *Epijl.* i. 1, 65—

“Rem facias, rem,  
Si possis, recte; si non quocunque modo, rem.”

45 5 Compare 1 Peter ii. 16.

46 8 “myserable,” *i.e.*, niggardly, miserly.

17 “dblind,” read blind.

47 6 Pfalm xxxix. 5.

VI.—HELL’S BROKE LOOSE, 1605.

3 17 See Acts v. 36, 37.

4 10 Acts xiii. 7-12.

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4	21	Manes was a Persian, who tried to combine the Oriental philosophy with Christianity, and maintained that there are two supreme principles; the one, <i>Light</i> , the source of all good; the other, <i>Darkness</i> , the source of all evil.
5	8	Montanus, a Phrygian Bishop of the second century, claimed to be inspired by the Holy Spirit.
7	6	See note to <i>A Fool's Bolt</i> , &c., p. 16, l. 11.
9	3	According to Stowe, <i>Survey</i> , ed. Thoms, p. 81, Jack Straw was not killed by Walworth, but duly tried and executed. The weapon which was, according to the tradition, used by Walworth on the occasion is still preserved by the Fishmongers' Company, of which he was a member, and to which he presented it.
	5	"Prulogue," read Prologue.
	8	Hollinshed's <i>Chronicles</i> , published in 1587.
11	1	Compare the opening of Euripides' <i>Hecuba</i> .
	2	"forth the lake of Hell," <i>i.e.</i> , proceeding from.—See Glossary.
13	2	"Cinthia."—See note to <i>Betraying of Christ</i> , p. 5, l. 8.
10		"Dice of poore mens bones to make." The same expression occurs in Stubbes' <i>Anatomic of Abuses</i> , New Shakspeare Society, ed. Furnivall, p. 127: "I will make dice of his bones."
	12	"I am not <i>Cæsar</i> , him," this use of the personal pronoun is not uncommon, and is equivalent to "that <i>Cæsar</i> " ( <i>ille Cæsar</i> ). Compare the similar use of the first personal pronoun.—See Glossary, s.v. I.
14	15	So in the <i>Romance of Sir Perceval</i> (Camden Society, ed. Halliwell), l. 1640, "the childe was of <i>pith</i> ."
15	2	That is, the text used by Parson Ball, that traitor in England. The arrangement is peculiar, but not uncommon.—Compare Chaucer, <i>Squire's Tale</i> , 209, "the Grekes horse Sinon," <i>i.e.</i> , the horse of Sinon the Greek; again, <i>Boke of the Duchesse</i> , 282,

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- “the Kinges metinge Pharao,” *i.e.*, the dream of King Pharaoh; *Sir Ferumbra*s, ed. Herrtage, l. 1270, “we both Charlis men the Emperere,” *i.e.*, the men of Charles the Emperour; and *P. Plowman*, c. xvi. 131, “Piers loue the plouhman,” *i.e.*, the love of Piers the Plowman. See Mr. Skeat’s note on this last line.
- 15 5 The original of this proverbial expreffion feems to be the following Latin couplet of the fourteenth century—
- “Cum vanga quadam tellurem foderit Adam,  
Et Eva nens fuerat, quis generofus erat?”
- MS. Harl., 3362, leaf 7.
- In MS. Sloane, 2593, printed in Wright’s *Songs and Carols* (Percy Society, 1856), we find a flightly altered form—
- “Now bething (bethink) the, gentilman,  
How Adam dalf and Eye fpan.”
- See alfo Hazlitt’s *Proverbs*, &c., p. 455.
- 16 11 “frankly,” *i.e.*, freely, gratis.
- 19 3 “out of fubieft yeeres,” *i.e.*, out of years of fubmiffion, paff the time of fubmiffion.
- 20 14 That is, lives on truft or credit, owing always his fhare of the coft.—See Gloffary, *Beholding* and *Scot*, and note to *Knave of Clubbes*, p. 24, l. 17.
- 23 5 “vnflayed mindes,” unfteady, unfettled minds.—Compare Ifaiah xxvi. 3.
- 26 5 “Harmon,” read Harman, as in line 2.
- 27 7 “defper’at,” read defp’rate.
- 34 2 “Put downe with State,” *i.e.*, fupafs in ftate and magnificence.
- 38 18 “ftand on tearmes,” argue, bandy words, wafte time in quibbles.—See *The Betraying of Chrift*, p. 41, l. 11.
- 44 8 And ruft upon thofe rafcals [who] keep us in.—See note to *The Betraying of Chrift*, p. 19, l. 18.
- 46 17 “Anotamies,” read Anatomies.
- 47 5 Read “Are e’en reftored,” &c.

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VII.—A THEATRE OF DELIGHTFUL RECREATION,  
1605.

Not now known to exist.—See *Bibliographical Index*, p. 19.

VIII.—A TERRIBLE BATTELL, &c. [1606?]

PAGE	LINE	
2	8	“to scratch acquaintance,” we now say, to <i>scrape</i> an acquaintance.
6	11	In the Apocryphal <i>Gospel of Nicodemus</i> , the name of the penitent thief is given as <i>Difmas</i> or <i>Dimas</i> , and that of the other thief <i>Geftas</i> .—See Cowper’s <i>Apocryphal Gospels</i> , pp. 246, 346, 426. Other names for them are <i>Titus</i> and <i>Dumachus</i> . The meaning of these two lines is, “God gave grace to one sinner to repent when on the verge of death, so that none should despair of obtaining mercy even at the last; but to only <i>one</i> , left any should, by over-confidence, and presuming on the mercy of God, leave repentance till too late.”
7	5	“good-cheap,” <i>i.e.</i> , in plenty, extremely cheap. “In Douce’s Collection is a fragment of an early book printed by Caxton, who promises to sell it ‘good chepe.’”—Halliwell. “ <i>Bon marche</i> , good cheap, dog cheap, a low rate, a reasonable price.”—Cotgrave. See also <i>More Knaves yet</i> , &c., p. 12, l. 20.
8	1	“tother,” for the other. It occurs several times in Tuffer, who uses “ton . . . tother,” for “the one . . . the other.”
	18	“your day is broke.”—See Glossary. Compare p. 13, l. 6.
13	15	Compare <i>Letting of Humours Blood</i> , &c., p. 19, l. 1.
19	14	Compare Milton’s <i>Paradise Lost</i> , x. 235-6.

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21	13	Physicians were accustomed to make their diagnosis of a disease by an inspection of the patient's urine.— See <i>Gesta Romanorum</i> , pp. 67, 191, &c.
22	13	This is an apparent reference to the plague which raged in London, 1602-3.
23	4	Psalms cii. 11, ciii. 15; Isaiah xl. 6; James i. 10.
24	9	Wormwood was commonly used as a preventative against the plague. For a full account of its virtues, see Lyte's <i>Dodoens</i> , pp. 6-7.
10		“for comming,” for fear of, or to prevent its coming. This is a very common use of the word in Tuffer; thus he tells us, ch. 9, ft. 18— <div style="text-align: center;"> <p>“To hate reuengement hostilie  For loosing loue and aimitie,”</p> </div> <i>i.e.</i> , for fear of losing love, &c. So in <i>P. Plowman</i> , bk. vi. 62, we have “for colde,” <i>i.e.</i> , as a protection against cold, and in Chaucer, <i>Rime of Sir Thopas</i> , “for percinge of his herte,” <i>Canterbury Tales</i> , B. 2052. Compare <i>Looke to It</i> , &c., p. 44, l. 5.
11		Lyte, in his edition of <i>Dodoens</i> , p. 297, says, “The late writers say, that the rootes of <i>Angelica</i> are contrarie to all poyson, the Pestilence, and all naughtie corruption of euill or infected ayre. If any body be infected with the Pestilence or Plague, or els is poysoned, they giue him straightwayes a Dram of the powder of this roote with wine in the winter, and in fommer with the distilled water of <i>Scabiosa</i> , <i>Carduus</i> , <i>Benedictus</i> or Rosewater, then they bring him to bedde, and couer him well untill he haue swet well. The same roote being taken fasting in the morning, or but only kept or holden in the mouth, dothe keepe and preferue the body from the infection of the Pestilence, and from all euill ayre and poyson.”
12		“Hearbe-grace,” <i>i.e.</i> Rue. Shakspere, <i>Hamlet</i> , iv. 5, 181: “There's rue for you; and here's some for

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me: we may call it *herb-grace* o' Sundays." And *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4, 74—

“For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep  
Seeming and favour all the winter long;  
Grace and remembrance be to you both.”

Some suppose it to have been called “herb of grace” on account of the many excellent properties it was held to possess, being a specific against poison, the bites of venomous creatures, etc.; but probably it was so called because “rue” means “repent.” Cf. also *Richard II.*, iii. 4, 105—

“Here in this place  
I'll fet a bank of *rue*, four herb of grace.”

See also Lyte's *Dodoens*, p. 261.

24 15 The Bezoar stone was a calculous concretion found in the stomach of certain ruminant animals, formerly regarded as an unfailing antidote to poison, and a certain remedy for eruptive, pestilential, or putrid diseases. Cotgrave gives; “*Bezoard*, m. a beazar-stone (breeds in the maw of the goat called a Beazar).”

25 13 Samfon. Afah is *Gaza*.—See Judges xvi. 3.

26 1 Abfolom. Compare with these lines the verses of St. Bernard, translated by Tuffer, and printed in the English Dialect Society's edition, p. 203—

“Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis?  
Vel ubi Samfon est, dux invincibilis?  
Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?  
Vel pulcher Abfolon, vultu mirabilis?”

thus rendered by Tuffer—

“Tell where is *Salomon*, that once so noble was?  
Or where now *Samfon* is, in strength whome none could pass?  
Or worthie *Jonathas*, that prince so lovely bold?  
Or fairer *Abfolon*, so goodlie to behold?”

St. Bernard's verses appear to have been very popular, as we have several translations of them made at the end of the sixteenth century.

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27	16	Compare <i>Venus and Adonis</i> , 149: "Love is a spirit all compact of fire."
28	13	Compare <i>A Fooles Bolt</i> , &c., p. 12, l. 17.
29	5	"Thou haft an ore," &c., a proverb mentioned by Heywood, and occurring in Harvey's <i>Trimming of Thomas Nashe, Gentleman</i> , 1597, "It is not good to have an oar in every man's boat."
30	7	"Wounds, hart, and blood," <i>i.e.</i> , him who swears by God's wounds (zounds), blood ('fblood), &c.
31	16	Compare Shakspere, <i>Merchant of Venice</i> , i. 1, and <i>As You Like It</i> , ii. 7.
34	18	"Als one, to hew," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , it is all the fame as trying to hew a pillar made of brasse.
37	14	Hence the proverb, "Take time by the forelock," Time being always represented with a long lock of hair in front, and bald behind. Dionysius Cato, in his <i>Distiches</i> , No. 17, gives "Fronte capillata est post occasio calva," and Cooper, in his <i>Thefaurus</i> , 1584, has "Post hec occasio calva; take occasion when it commeth, for he that will not when he may, when he wyll he shall have nay." Phædrus also describes this deity as follows—

"Curfu ille volucris pendens in novacula,  
 Calvus, comosa fronte, nudo corpore,  
 Quem si occuparis, teneas; elapsum femel  
 Nec ipse possit Jupiter reprehendere:  
 Occasionem rerum significat brevem."

So Spenser, *Faery Queene*, ii. 4, 4, speaks of Occasion (Opportunity) as—

"In ragged robes and filthy difaray,  
 Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,  
 But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;  
 Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,  
 Grew all afore, and loosly hong unrold,  
 But all behinde was bald, and worne away,  
 That none thereof could ever taken hold,  
 And she her face ill favour'd, full of wrinkles old."



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| 39   | 12   | "the passing-bel," the bell tolled to announce a death.<br>The phrafe is still in ufe. |

IX.—SIX LONDON GOSSIPS, 1607.

Not now known to exist.—See *Bibliographical Index*, p. 20.

X.—DIOGINES LANTHORNE, 1607.

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|----|----|---|
| 6  | 20 | On Iceland and its Stockfish, see the <i>Libel of English Politie</i> , 1483, printed in Wright's <i>Political Songs</i> , Rolls Series, ii. 191, and Andrew Boorde's <i>Breviary</i> , &c., Early English Text Society, ed. Furnivall, p. 141.       |
| 7  | 23 | "his steppes take the longitude and the latitude," &c., that is, he reels from one side of the road to the other. There is a cant phrafe still in ufe simlar to this: a drunken man is said to measure the breadth as well as the length of the road. |
|    | 28 | If you tell him anything he will fay: "tut don't tell me, I know more," &c.   |
|    | 35 | "gutter," Lat. <i>guttur</i> , the throat, "Lattice."—See <i>More Knaves Yet</i> , p. 29, l. 10.  |
| 9  | 15 | An Ostrich was popularly supposed able to digest <i>anything</i> .  |
|    | 24 | "a stares," <i>i.e.</i> , he stares.  |
| 16 | 2  | "Lazie," <i>i.e.</i> , lazinefs.  |
|    | 17 | See also <i>Knave of Harts</i> , p. 43, l. 13.  |
| 18 | 19 | "Padners," read Panders.  |
| 19 | 11 | "Butheer's," read But heer's.   |
| 21 | 1  | This is the well-known fable of the Mice and the Cat.<br>See the version in <i>P. Plowman, Prologue</i> , 167, and Prof. Skeat's Note.  |
| 26 | 26 | "doubt the worst," <i>i.e.</i> , fear, prepare for the worst.<br>See "Doubt" in Glossary.   |

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27	3	"censure wrong," either, give wrong judgments, or judge a thing to be wrong.
	12	"peopled welt," read people dwelt.
28	27	Perhaps, "of honest men who act justly."
33	5	"At daggers drawing." This form of the past participle is not infrequent in Rowlands: thus he uses, "I am <i>beholding</i> ."—See <i>A whole Crew of kind Gossips</i> , p. 13, l. 15.
35	28	"Wee ought complaine," &c. Query read, we <i>oft</i> complain.
	29	"At our dislike estate," <i>i.e.</i> , at our condition or fortune, which is unequal or unlike to that of others. Cf. "all <i>estates</i> of men."
	30	"ourselues not pleas'd," <i>i.e.</i> , if our own wishes are not satisfied.
36	12	"Contented," read contented.
	13	"Th' Astronomer," <i>i.e.</i> , Thales.
	26	"Saturne and all the Seauen," <i>i.e.</i> , all the seven planets. —Compare Milton, <i>Paradise Lost</i> , iii. 481; and <i>P. Plowman</i> , B. text, xv. 354.
41	11	Compare Shakspere— "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." and <i>Richard II.</i> , Act iii. sc. 2.

XI.—HUMORS LOOKING GLASS, 1608.

6	2	"Duke Humphries tombe." A part of the public walks in old St. Paul's was called Duke Humphrey's Walk, and here those who had not the means of defraying the expense of a dinner at a tavern, were accustomed to walk in the hope of being invited by some friend. Hence, to walk about Duke Humphrey's tomb is equivalent to the old saying, "to dine with Duke Humphrey," <i>i.e.</i> , go without a dinner. Although Duke Humphrey was popu-
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		larly supposed to be buried in old St. Paul's, he was in reality buried at St. Albans.—See Hazlitt's <i>English Proverbs</i> , &c., p. 415; and Stow's <i>Survey of London</i> , ed. Thoms, p. 125.
6	7	“Frier Bacon's Head.”—See the <i>Melancholie Knight</i> , p. 44, l. 1.
7	13	“Wenf-worth,” Wandsworth.
9	8	In the Metrical Romance of <i>Robert the Devil</i> we find this proverb as, “Nede hath no cure;” and in Skelton's <i>Colyn Clout</i> , 1520, “Nede hath no lawe.”
11	10	On the extravagance of the ladies' drefs at this time, see Stubbes' <i>Anatomic of Abufes</i> , ed. Furnivall, pp. 78-9, and note at p. 270.
12	1	The Greeks had a proverb, <i>περὶ ὄνον σκίας ἀγωνίζεσθαι</i> “to fight for the shadow of an afs;” which occurs in Aristophanes, <i>Wasps</i> , 191, the origin of which is said to have been a speech by Demosthenes, who, when he found on one occasion the jury indisposed to pay much attention to his pleading, told them the tale as here given, and thus attracted their attention; having done which he proceeded with his speech. The proverb means, of course, to fight for trifles.
13	6	“the wandring Prince of Troy”—Æneas. The meaning is: to become a greater traveller than Æneas.
18		A proverbial expression. Effex was celebrated for its calves, in reference to which we have a proverb: “As wife as Waltham's calf, that ran nine miles to fuck a bull.” An Effex calf is equivalent to a filly country clown.—Compare “ <i>Veau</i> , a calfe or veale: also, a lofell, noyden, dunce, jobbernoll, dodipole,” Cotgrave.
16	12	“stillified,” as though distilled from the pipe through the mouthpiece into the receiver (the mouth).
19	2	“Alcides,” Hercules. He threw down the pillars set up by Hercules at the Straits of Gibraltar.

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19	7	“Plutoes Regiment,” Pluto’s kingdom, hell.
21	12	“intot’h,” read into th’.
25	1	Hazlitt quotes a proverb: “As queer as Dick’s hat-band, made of peastraw, that went nine times round, and would not meet at laft.”
29	13	The Bear-garden, on the banks of the Thames at Southwark, was a favorite place of amufement in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and is frequently alluded to by writers of the period.—See Stow’s <i>Survey</i> , ed. Thoms, pp. 36 and 151; and note to <i>The Night Raven</i> , p. 131.
31	5	“Vliffes treafure,” that is, a faithful wife fuch as Penelope, the wife of Ulyffes, who was celebrated for her chafity and affection for her husband.

### XII.—DOCTOR MERRIE-MAN, 1609.

5	2	Twenty low fellows did I call gentleman.
6	12	“fold at, Who giues more?” <i>i.e.</i> , if fold at an auction.
7	10	“had excufed thine,” <i>i.e.</i> , by taking his place.
11	11	“getleman,” read gentleman.
13	16	“In few,” <i>i.e.</i> , in a few words, in fhort.—Compare Shakspeare, <i>Tempeft</i> , i. 2, 144; and <i>Hamlet</i> , i. 3, 126.
14	8	“Phificke of almes vpon you Ile beftow,” I will give you phyfic gratis, as in charity.
	27	“Moouing a fecret match,” &c., <i>i.e.</i> , trying to induce her to agree to a fecret agreement. This is the “Shipman’s Tale” of Chaucer’s <i>Canterbury Tales</i> .
16	4	“friens,” read friends. The rhythm of the line is imperfect.
	26	“Give a dog an ill name, you may as well hang him.”
	29	Hazlitt gives the proverb, “One man may better steal a horfe, than another look over the hedge.” It occurs in Lyly’s <i>Endimion</i> , 1591.
18	3	“we lacke,” <i>i.e.</i> , are wanted, are miffed.

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18	29	“Expecting,” <i>i.e.</i> , looking or hoping for.
21	13	Compare Stubbes’ <i>Anatomie of Abuses</i> , pp. 89-90, and the following:—“What, do you figh? this it is to <i>kifs the hand of a countefs</i> , to <i>have her coach fent for you</i> , to <i>hang poniards in ladies’ garters</i> , to <i>wear bracelets of their hair</i> , and for every one of these great favours, to <i>give some slight jewel of five hundred crowns or so</i> : why, ’tis nothing! Now, monsieur, you see the plague that treads on the heels o’ your foppery: well, go your ways in, remove yourself to the two-penny ward quickly to save charges.” 1599.—Ben Jonson, <i>Every Man out of his Humour</i> , V. vii.; <i>Works</i> , i., p. 138, col. 2.
23	2	For an account of the Compter in Wood Street, see Stow’s <i>Survey</i> , ed. Thoms, p. 111, and note to <i>Looke to it</i> , &c., p. 35, l. 12.
	4	Houndsditch was then, as now, the noted resort for Jews and second-hand clothes dealers.
24	13	A friend who comes to me every day must pay as much as any stranger who only comes up to town while the Courts are fitting.

XIII.—A WHOLE CREW, &c., 1609.

2	10	“much discretion lackes,” <i>i.e.</i> , is sadly wanting.—Compare note to <i>Doctor Merrieman</i> , p. 18, l. 3, above.
	15	“refraine,” <i>i.e.</i> , refrain from.—Cf. p. 16, l. 7.
4	3	“Propper,” read proper.
	9	“to be intreated for her drinke,” <i>i.e.</i> , to need pressing to drink.
	12	So Tuffer: “Play thou the good fellow,” ch. 30, ft. 3.
	13	“with any she,” with any woman.
	16	“Too too free.” Ray, in <i>Collection of North Country Words</i> , 1691 (English Dialect Society, ed. Skeat,

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- p. 70) says: "Too-too, *adv.*, used absolutely for very well or [very] good," and in Thoresby's Letter to Ray (*Ibid.*, p. 108) we find: "Toota well, *adv.*, very well, too too well; Tuta, *adv.* too too, 'thou'rt tuta earnest,' clamorous, covetous, importunate, unsatisfiable." Too too is constantly used by Harrison in his *Description of England* (New Shakspere Society, ed. Furnivall).—Compare *Hamlet*, i. 2, "Oh! that this too too solid flesh would melt."
- 4 24 Hazlitt gives the proverb, "I know best where the shoe wringeth me." Chaucer, in the "Merchant's Tale," says  
 "Bot I wot best wher wryngeth me my scho."
- 7 1 "It is better to be a shrew than a sheep." "It is better to marry a shrew than a sheep."—Hazlitt's *Proverbs*, &c. "A shrew is better than a sheep" occurs in Taylor's *Pastoral*, 1624, and Tuffer, p. 157, ft. 23, has  
 "As good a shrew is as a sheepe  
 For you to take to wive."
- 13 15 "beholding."—See *Hell's Broke Loose*, p. 20, l. 14, and *Diogenes Lanthorne*, p. 33, l. 5.
- 14 23 I suppose this to mean: leaves his wife to get on as best she may.—See Halliwell, f.v. Set.
- 16 7 Compare p. 2, l. 15.
- 18 29 "A Vintners bush," or sign.—See *Knave of Harts*, p. 20, l. 12.
- 19 7 For the following note I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. F. J. Furnivall. Mr. Ebfworth kindly identifies these songs:—  
 (2) "My man Thomas  
 Bid me promise  
 He would visit me this night.  
*Thomas.*] 'I am here, love;  
 Tell me, dear love;  
 How I may obtain thy sight.'

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*Maid.*] Come up to my window, love;  
 Come, come, come!  
 Come to my window, my dear;  
 The wind nor the rain  
 Shall trouble thee again,  
 But thou shalt be lodged here."

Two other verses are elsewhere sung by Old Merrythought—

" Go from my window, love, go;  
 Go from my window, my dear;  
 The wind and the rain  
 Will drive you back again,  
 You cannot be lodged here.  
 Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,  
 Begone, my love, my dear!  
 The weather is warm  
 'Twill do thee no harm;  
 Thou can't not be lodged here."

(3) " A pinnace rigg'd with filken faile " is extant in an early MS. (time noted, before 1609), belonging to a friend of mine. I will print it soon in *The Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*, for the Ballad Society.

" A pinnace rigg'd with filken faile,  
 What is more lovely then to see?  
 But fill to see is small availe:  
 I must aboard, as thinketh mee.  
 To see is well,  
 But more to tell  
 Lackes more then sight, you will agree."  
 (etc. four other verses.)

(6) I have the Catch " Ple tye my Mare in thy ground." There is also another, " Tye the Mare, Tom, boy!" of early date. (1) I have (certainly of 1601) " Miftrefs, since you so much desire;" probably resembling " Miftrefs will you do?" (7) I believe that " Befis for abufes!" I also have a clue to; and I know of one, " Pretty Nightingale," of date 1575,

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“ Litle pretty nightingale,  
Among the braunches greene,  
Geue us of your Christmaffe ale,  
In the honour of Saint Steven.”

But *this* is a “Mock” to the original, which I possess from an early MS., beginning thus—

“ The lytyll prety nyghtyngale,  
Among the levys grene,  
I wolde I were with hur all nyght,  
But yet ye wot not whome I mene,”  
etc., etc.

(4) I have also one fong beginning “Ye *pretty birds* that chirp and sing;” but its date is much later in the seventeenth century; the author was not scrupulous in availing himself of elder suggestions, and occasionally would “convey, the wife it call!”—J. W. Ebsworth. On 2, 3, 6 of these Mr. Wm. Chappell says: “See my *Popular Music*, p. 738, for ‘My Man Thomas,’ ‘A Pinnacle riggd,’ and ‘I’ll tie my Mare:’

‘ A pinnacle rigg’d with filken fail,  
What is more lovely than to see?  
But still to see is small avail;  
I muft aboard, as thinketh me.’

It is full of double meanings.” In *Popular Music*, 738, are six lines and the music of *My man Thomas*, of which twelve lines were sung in Fletcher’s *Monfieur Thomas*, Act III. sc. iii. (B. & F.’s *Works*, 1839, i. 481, col. 1). See too the note for p. 185. Compare the following cancelled entry in the “Stationers’ Registers,” Arber’s *Transcript*, ii. 576:

“ 7. marcij [1590-1]

<p>Thomas Gosson</p> <p>Cancelled out of the book, for the vndecentnes of it in Diuerse verses.</p>	<p>Entred for his copie a ballad of a yonge man that went a wooing, &amp;c. Abell Jeffes to be his printer hereof Provyded alwayes, that before the publishinge hereof the vndecentnes be reformed</p> <p style="text-align: right;">vj<sup>d</sup>”</p>
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| 19    | 23   | “spare to spend it vpon me,” <i>i.e.</i> , may avoid or save spending it on me.  |
| 22    | 19   | Compare Tuffer, “of wiuing and thriuing,” ft. 16—<br><div style="margin-left: 40px;">“It is not idle going about,<br/> Nor all day pricking on a clout,<br/> Can make a man to thrive.”</div>  |
| 23    | 26   | “’tis an argument,” <i>i.e.</i> , ’tis a clear proof.  |
| 25    | 8    | In a MS. of the fifteenth century, printed for the Percy Society by Mr. T. Wright, is a fong, the heading of which is—<br><div style="margin-left: 40px;">“<i>Nova, Nova</i>, fawe you ever such,<br/> The moſte mayſter of the Hows veryth no brych.”</div> and the burden is—<br><div style="margin-left: 40px;">“Left the moſt mayſter wer no brych.”</div> |
| 26    | 8    | Equivalent to ſaying he would give £500 if his wife ſhould die the next day.   |
| 32    | 3    | “In a doore,” <i>i.e.</i> , indoors, at home.  |
|       | 8    | This appears to be a ſort of proverbial phraſe, meaning “intoxicated.”   |
|       | 10   | “turne vp the Keele,” a metaphor taken from a veſſel capſing, here equivalent to rolling about, falling down from drink.   |
| 33    | 18   | Shakſpere’s <i>Taming of the Shrew</i> was written, according to Mr. Furnivall, in 1596-7.—See <i>Bibliographical Index</i> , p. 25.   |
| 35    | 9    | Compare <i>Taming of the Shrew</i> , iv. 3, 35; “Marry if I ever ſaid looſe-bodied gowne, ſow me in the ſkirts of it,” and Tom Tell-Troth’s <i>New Ycares Gift</i> , ed. Furnivall, p. 144, l. 6.  |

### XIV.—THE KNAVE OF CLUBBES, 1609.

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|---|---|--|
| 3 | 1 | “Fvftis” is Latin for a club.  |
| 4 | 6 | “Bedlem-bowling alley,” read Bedlem bowling-alley.<br>—See <i>Kind-Hart’s Dreame</i> , reprinted for the Percy Society, p. 35. |

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5	8	The Egyptians considered some animals as sacred to their various deities, and decked them out and honoured them accordingly.
7	5	“More-feldes.” The pleafant walkes of Moore-fields formed a general promenade during summer. The ground was left to the city by Mary and Catherine, daughters of Sir W. Feries, a Knight of Rhodes, <i>temp.</i> : Edward the Confessor. R. Johnson, a poetaster of the sixteenth century, published in 1607, “The Pleafant Walkes of Moore fieldes, Being the guift of two Sisters, now beautified to the continuing fame of this worthy City.” Printed at London for Henry Goffon, and are to be fold at the Signe of the Sun in Pater noster Row. 4to, black letter, 12 leaves. In the Bodleian Library.
11	14	“do and twoot,” <i>i.e.</i> , do and thou wilt; if you please.
13	9	I will clear the debt off the post.
15	4	“Sour fauce,” made of forrel or verjuice, was eaten with goose.—See Wynkyn de Worde’s <i>Boke of Keruynges</i> , printed in the Babees Book, ed. Furnivall, p. 184, l. 2. Harman, ed. Furnivall, p. 72, gives a proverb, “Swete meate wille have fowre fauce.”
15		Burftow-Cawfee, Bristol.—See <i>Tom Tell Troth</i> , ed. Furnivall, p. 173, l. 5. Gads-hill in Kent.—See <i>Knave of Clubbes</i> , p. 42, l. 17. Coome Parke, Combe Wood in Surrey; all noted localities for highwaymen.—See also p. 42, l. 16. In 1558 a ballad was published with the title, “The Robbery at Gadshill.”—See Dekker and Webster’s <i>Westward Hoe</i> , 1606, ed. 1873, p. 308: “the way lies ouer <i>Gadshill</i> , very dangerous.”
16	19	“ro be spent,” read to be spent.
19	6	“Character and vocables.”—See note to <i>Letting of Humour’s Blood</i> , &c., p. 59, l. 19.

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| 19   | 22   | “Ball.” In the <i>Prompt. Parv.</i> this name is applied to a sheep; in Tuffer, ch. 92, ft. 2, to a horse; and in <i>The Privy Expenses of Henry VIII.</i> , p. 43, to a dog, as here.   |
| 21   | 11   | See a similar tale in <i>The Pleasant Conceits of old Hobson, the merry Londoner</i> , 1607. Reprinted for the Percy Society by Mr. Halliwell, 1843.   |
| 23   |      | A similar tale is told in <i>The Groundworke of Conny-catching</i> , 1592, leaf 7, which is reprinted by Mr. Furnivall, in his edition of Harman, p. 102.  |
| 24   | 6    | See <i>Looke to it</i> , &c., p. 36, l. 5, and <i>Knave of Spades</i> , p. 35. Taylor, in “The Great Eater of Kent, or Part of the Admirable Teeth and Stomachs Exploits of Nicholas Wood of Harrifom (Harrietham) in the County of Kent, &c.,” 1630, says, p. 145: “Milo the Crotian could hardly be his equall; and Woolner of Windfor was not worthy to be his footman.” Woolner’s History is told by Dr. Moffet in his Treatise <i>Health’s Improver</i> , &c.—See also the <i>Owles Almanack</i> , 1618, p. 53; and the <i>Life of Long Meg of Westminster</i> , 1582, ch. 7. |
|      | 17   | “To make the shot,” <i>i.e.</i> , to make up the bill, to pay the balance. “Shot,” more properly “scot,” is a common mode of expression to denote a reckoning, &c., from <i>scottum</i> , a tax or contribution. Cotgrave gives “ <i>escotter</i> , eevery one to pay his shot, or to contribute somewhat towards it.”   |
| 26   | 12   | “we stand vppon the score,” <i>i.e.</i> , we are not yet free from it.   |
| 29   | 10   | This was Edward Alleyn the Actor. The play is Marlowe’s <i>Magicall History of Dr. Faustus</i> , published in 1604.  |
| 31   | 2    | “ <i>Rago, Crago</i> ,” unmeaning words, used in incantations, &c., by the astrologers and fortune tellers.  |
| 32   | 16   | Acteon was turned into a stag for presuming to look at Diana while bathing; his brow thus swelled with   |

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- the horns growing there. Of course, there is here the secondary and coarse meaning of "make him a cuckold."
- 32 16 A similar tale to this is given in Mr. Wright's Introduction to the *Seven Sages* (Percy Society, 1846), p. xi. The lady in this version hides the first lover, a slave, while the second rushes out with sword drawn. The husband in alarm enquires the meaning of the disturbance, and the wife declares the second lover to have been an officer in pursuit of his slave, whom she, to save his life, had hidden in the inner room. The story also is found in the *Decameron*, and frequently in the collections of the middle ages.
- 42 17 See Note to p. 15, l. 15.
- 47 3 "though long before," *i.e.*, though it was a long time before the wound was cured, and seemed likely to have cost her her life.

### XV.—MARTIN MARK-ALL, 1610.

- 5 13 So in *Canting Songs*, 1725—
- "This doxy dell can cut ben whids,  
And *wap* well for a *win*,  
And prig and cloy so benhiply;  
Each deuseavile within."
- Sharp's *MS. Warwickshire Glossary* gives, "Brum-magen-machs, Birmingham-makes, a term for base and counterfeit copper money in circulation before the great recoinage."
- 6 17 See *Bibliographical Index*, p. 29.
- 7 17 "Lacke of the Clocke-houfe," an expression used by Dekker for a sharper.—See Halliwell, *f.v.* Jack. This meeting and the calling of the Jury, &c., is a skit on Dekker's account of the feast of the vagabonds. Dekker was led by "an old nimble-tong'd bel-

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dam," to a loft " where, vnseene, I might, through a wooden Lattice that had prospect of the dining roome, both see and heare all that was to be done or spoken. . . . The whole assembly being thus gathered together, one, amongst the rest, who tooke vpon him a seniority ouer the rest, charged euery man to answer to his name, to see if the Jury were full:—the Bell by which hee meant to call them being a double Jug of ale (that had the spirit of *Aquavita* in it, it smelt so strong), and that hee held in his hand. Another, standing by, with a toast, nutmeg, and ginger, ready to cry *Vous avez* as they were cald, and all that were in the roome hauing single pots by the eares, which, like Pistols, were charged to goe off so soone as euer they heard their names. This ceremony beeing set abroad, an Oyes was made. But he that was Rectory Chory [leader of the Choir or Company] (the Captain of the Tatterdemallions) spying one to march vnder his colours, that had never before serued in these lowlie warres, paused awhile (after hee had taken his first draught, to tast the dexterity of the liquor), and then began, Justice-like, to examine the yonger brother vpon interrogatories." After this young brother has been " stalled to the wyne," the feast follows, and one of the company then makes a speech " in praise of Beggery and of those that professe the trade."—*Belman of London*, 1608. See Mr. Furnivall's Introduction to *Harman*, p. xv.

7 31 " An Vpright man is one that goeth wyth the truncheon of a staffe, which staffe they cal a Filchman. This man is of so much authority, that meeting with any of his profession, he may call them to accompt & commaund a share or snap vnto himselfe of al that they haue gained by their trade in

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- one moneth. And if he doo them wrong, they haue no remedy agaynst hym, no though he beate them, as he vleth commonly to do. He may also commaund any of their women, which they cal Doxies, to serue his turne. He hath ye chiefest place at any market walke, & other affemblyes, & is not of any to be controled."—Awdeley, *Fraternity of Vagabonds*, ed. Furnivall, p. 4.
- 7 31 "A Tinkard leaueth his bag a sweating at the Alehouse, which they terme their Bowfing In, and in the meane seafon goeth abrode a begging."—*Ibid.*, p. 5. See also *Harman*, ed. Furnivall, pp. 31-59, and *A List of Vpwright Men*, pp. 78-82.
- 34 "Autem." *Harman*, p. 67, says: "These Autem Mortes be married women, as there be but a fewe. For Autem in their Language is a Church; so she is a wyfe married at the Church, and they be as chaste as a Cowe I haue, that goeth to Bull every moone, with what Bull she careth not. These walke most times from their husbands' companie a moneth and more to gether, being affociate with another as honest as her selfe. These wyll pylfar clothes of hedges: some of them go with children of ten or xii. yeares of age: yf tyme and place serue for their purpose they wyll fend them into some house at the window, to steale and robbe, which they call in their language, Milling of the Ken: and wil go with wallets on their shoulders, and flates at their backes."
- 8 4 See *Greene's Ghost*, p. 28.
- 9 4 "Bristow." "A Scotch taylour to make her shoulders of the breadth of *Bristow* cowfway."—*Tom of all Trades*, ed. Furnivall, 173, 5.
- 8 "Dorfer-maker:" a maker of hangings, tapestry, v.o. Fr. *dorfal*.

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| 9    | 16   | A "cockle" in Kent is "a stove for drying hops;" but here it probably means the weed gatherer, the cockle, properly the cornflower, being used for any weed.   |
| 13   | 34   | Nash in his <i>Pierce Penniless</i> , 1592, has this word: "And with a trice truffe up thy life in the string of thy <i>fancebell</i> ."   |
| 15   | 8    | I know of no other instance of this variation from the common phrase: "to fay boh to a <i>goofe</i> ."   |
|      | 29   | "faidis," read faid is.  |
|      | 33   | The same expression is used by Harrison, <i>Description of England</i> , 1587, folio 115: "we will stand to our tackling."   |
|      |      | last line. "vilde." This form of the word is not uncommon in our early writers.—See Nares, <i>s.v.</i>   |
| 16   | 5    | Compare <i>Harman</i> , ed. Furnivall, p. 82, "lowtering lufhes, and lazy loffels."  |
|      | 9    | The basilisk was supposed to have the power of killing people by a mere glance of its eye, so full was it of venom. In my edition of <i>Gesta Romanorum</i> (Early English Text Society), ch. 57, is an account how, when Alexander was besieging a town, numbers of his men perished through the influence of a basilisk on the wall. |
| 17   | 14   | "Filchman."—See note to p. 7, l. 31.   |
|      | 22   | The same form is used by <i>Tuffer</i> (English Dialect Society), ed. Herrtage, ch. 87, ft. 5—<br><br>"Where pullen vse nightly to perch in the yard."   |
| 20   | 23   | "as the beggar knowes his difhe:" this proverb occurs in <i>Harman</i> , p. 32.  |
|      | 25   | "you will vngratioufly confider," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , you will confider our hardships as improper and undeserved.   |
| 21   | 10   | "Knaues-borough plaine, . . . neuer heard of vntill of late daies." Harman (the M[after] <i>J. H.</i> of the margin) mentions in his <i>Treatise on Vagabonds</i> ,  |

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- p. 77, *Knapsberry Inn*, near London, as one of the chief resorts of thieves, &c.
- 26 7 "Ireland." Probably Rowlands' knowledge of Ireland was derived from Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland*, 1598.
- 29 12 "When the blacke Oxe," &c. A proverbial phrase signifying, to meet with adversity or trouble.—See Hazlitt's *Proverbs*, &c., p. 359. In Bernard's translation of *Terence*, we find: "Prosperitie hangs on his fleewe; the black oxe cannot tread on his foot."—See also my edition of Tuffer (*Five Hundred Points*), ch. 67, ft. 6, and the note.
- 15 "weeping crosse," several of these so-called crosses existed in England. Thus, in *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, ix., 246, one is mentioned; and again 5th series, ix., 459, it is stated that there was one between Banbury and Adderbury, removed in 1803; another near Stafford, and a third near Shrewsbury. Their origin is discussed in *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1841. "To go, or come, home by weeping cros," is equivalent to "to return home in grief." In Wallington's *Historic Notices* we read: "At Stone, is said that the Cavaliers have taken their cattle, and drave them to their quarters, but do sell cheap pennyworths of other men's goods. A butcher went to make a purchase amongst them, took a sum of money, and bought cattle at an easy rate, making account of a very great gain; but as he returned, another troop met him, and took his bargain out of his hand, and *sent him home by weeping crosse*," vol. ii., p. 112. See also Nares, f.v.
- 30 9 Saturn was brother (*not son*) to Celus, and son of *Uranus* and *Terra*.
- 31 7 "Lycæon, a King of Arcadie, and sonne of Pelafgus, of whom Ovide writeth thus: Jupiter, after he had



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heard great complainte of the wickednes of mankinde, came downe into the worlde to vnderstande whether it were true or no. When he came to Arcadie to King Lycaon's palayce, and there had geuen by myracle some token of his godhead, the people came in to worship him, and to do sacrifice vnto him. But Lycaon derided their curiositee and said, that the same night he would vnderstand, whether he enterteyned a god or a man. Wherefore priuily in the night he came into the chamber, and woulde haue murdered him. But when he sawe his wicked attempte took no place, he assaid an other way. The nexte day he kylled yonge gentlemen of the Mollossians, that there were with him as pledges, and ferued the flesh of one of them to Jupiter fyttyng at the table, to trye whether he weare a god or no. He therefore detestinge that horrible and wicked acte, with lightnyng fyred the tyrannes palaise and tourned himselfe into a woulfe." Cooper's *Thefaurus*, 1584.

32 27 "Hearbe Rue."—See note to *A Terrible Battell*, &c., p. 24, l. 12.

36 vide note. "goode cheape."—See note to *A Terrible Battell*, p. 7, l. 5.

21 Dekker, in an addrefs "To my owne Nation," in his *Lanthorne and Candle-light*, published in 1609, refers to Rowlands, and calls him "a Ufurper."

41 10 "Foxe Hall," now Vauxhall.

46 28 This is a fanciful derivation of the name *Robertsmen*. The term was in use long before Henry VI.'s reign. Thus in *P. Plowman*, B. Prol., 45, we read, "rifen with ribaudye, tho *roberdes knaues*:" and again,

"And ryght as *Robertes-men* raken (*wander*) aboute,  
At feires & at full ales & fylfen the cuppe."

*Pierce the Ploughman's Creed*, l. 72.

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- Warton, *History of English Poetry*, 1840, ii., 95, says—" *Robartes-men* or *Robertfmen* were a set of lawless vagabonds, notorious for their outrages when *Piers Plowman* was written." The statute of Edward III. (ann: reg: 5, cap. xiv.) specifies "divers manlaughters, felonies, and robberies done by people that be called *Roberdfmen*, wastours and drawlacches." And the statute of Richard II. (ann: reg: 7, cap. v.) ordains "that the statute of Edward concerning *Roberdfmen* and drawlacches should be rigorously observed." Sir Edward Coke (*Institutes*, iii. 197) supposes them "to have been originally the followers of *Robin Hood*, in the reign of Richard I."—See Blackstone's *Commentaries*, iv., ch. 17. William of Nassington says they tried the latches of people's doors, contrived to get into houses, and then extorted money either by telling some lying tale, or by playing the bully.—See also the Confession of "*Roberd the robber*" in *P. Plowman*, B. v. 469.
- 54 3<sup>1</sup> A *raile* was a garment of fine linen formerly worn by women round the neck. Palsgrave gives: "Rayle for a woman's necke, *crevechief en quarttre doubles*;" and Florio, p. 216, has "anything worne about the throate or necke, as a neck-kercher, a partlet, a *raile*." "A raile or kercher, *mammillarc*," Withals. *Railed*, in the present instance, thus means: with ropes for rails (or neckties) round their necks.
- 57 9 See "The xxv orders of Knaues, otherwise called a quarterne of Knaues, confirmed for euer by Cocke Lorell."—Introduction to Mr. Furnivall's volume of *Awdeley and Harman on Vagabonds*, p. 12.
- 17 "Egiptians."—See *Harman*, p. 23.

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XVI.—THE KNAVE OF HARTS, 1612.

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3	9	"damn'd:" the metre requires damnéd.
4	14	"Tyburne-tiffany," the halter. More usually "Tyburn-tippet." Latimer in his <i>Sermons</i> says—"The bishop of Rome sent him a cardinalles hatte. He should have had a <i>Tiburne tippet</i> , a halfpenny halter, and all such proud prelates."
5	1	Alluding to <i>The Knave of Clubbes</i> having passed through two editions; but see <i>Bibliographical Index</i> , pp. 30-1.
	last line.	"strickest," probably we should read strictest.
8	5	"Ralcals," read "rafals."
10	1	"Confort." The accent, as usual in Rowlands, is on the last syllable.
	14	"Ideot-like," <i>i.e.</i> , parti-coloured, like the dresses of jesters.
9	12	We should now say—"Who <i>are</i> the worst," &c.
11	4	"flat-Caps," the usual sign of a city 'prentice.—See Glossary.
	14	"fide-guarded," <i>i.e.</i> , trimmed at the fides, fringed.
	20	"A-non, A-non," <i>i.e.</i> , to waiters at a tavern.—Cf. <i>'Tis Merrie when Gossips Meete</i> , p. 28, l. 17.
12	3	On the extravagance in hats, ruffs, &c., see Stubbes' <i>Anatomie of Abuses</i> , p. 50.
	6	And those they declare are all indented, and filled only with froth.
	14	"The Knaues he'll fingle out," &c., a common practice in introducing a card trick.
14	17	"we that had gone naked," <i>i.e.</i> , that should have gone naked.
15	19	"fingring monie," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , taking a bribe to recommend or assist another in obtaining an appointment.

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| 16   | 14     | So Tuffer, <i>Five Hundred Points</i> , ch. 10, fl. 24—<br><div style="margin-left: 40px;">“ With some vpon Sundaies, their tables doe reeke,<br/> And halfe the weeke after, their dinners <i>to seeke</i>,”<br/> <i>i.e.</i>, have to be fought for, are lacking.</div>  |
| 17   | 18     | ’Twill put him to the expense of a wig.  |
| 19   | 14, 15 | He is more afraid of meeting a clergyman than of<br>being taken in adultery.   |
| 20   | 2      | “ plaid the Iacke,” <i>i.e.</i> , played the knave, been artful,<br>cheated; compare Shakspere, <i>Tempest</i> , iv., 1, 197 :<br>“ Monster, your fairy . . . has done<br>little better than <i>played the Jack</i> with us.”—See<br>also <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i> , i., 1, 186.  |
| 20   | 4      | “ <i>Pee and Kew</i> ,” good and perfect in every respect.<br>Compare our expression: “mind your <i>p</i> ’s and <i>q</i> ’s.”   |
|      | 12     | The sign of a tavern in former times was generally an<br><i>ivy-bush</i> , whence our proverb: “good wine needs<br>no bush.”— <i>As You Like It</i> , Epilogue. Cotgrave<br>gives, f. v. <i>Bon</i> : “good wine draws customers<br>without any help of an ivy-bush.” In many places<br>to this day a bush is the sign of an inn.—Compare<br>Chaucer’s description of the Sompnour ( <i>Canter-<br/> bury Tales</i> , Prologue, 667)—<br><div style="margin-left: 40px;">“ A gerlond hadde he fette vpon his hede,<br/> As gret as it were for an alestake.”</div> |
| 22   | 9      | “ Castle dolorets,” Castle (dolorous or) of forrows.   |
| 26   | 5      | “ As he doth jetting passe.” So Tuffer, ch. 113, fl. 38—<br><div style="margin-left: 40px;">“ To ride with pompe and pride,<br/> Or for to <i>iet</i> in other’s det.”</div>   |
|      | 29     | Compare the description of <i>Invidia</i> (Envy) in <i>P. Plow-<br/> man</i> , B. text, v. 76, and Tuffer’s <i>Account of an<br/> Envious Neighbour</i> , ch. 64, p. 146.  |
| 31   | 21     | Peter Lambert was executed at Tyburn, for the murder<br>of T. Hamden, in 1610. In the same year a small<br>quarto tract was published, with the title: “The<br>succefs of fwaggering, fwearing, dicing, drunkenefs,  |

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- and whoring; described in the Life and Downfall of Peter Lambert, who for the killing of Maiter T. Hamden, was executed at Tiburne."
- 33 5 "Phlegeton," a burning river in the infernal regions.  
6 "Acheron," also a river of hell. Spenser's *Faery Queene*, I. v. 33, speaks of "Acheron . . . wailing woefully," and "the fiery flood of Phlegeton."
- 35 19 "race," *i.e.*, erafe.
- 42 1 Sharker = sharper: Ger. *schurke*, O. Fr. *escroc*, a rogue; originally to *scrape*.
- 43 9 That is: I must feel in my hand the amount of a French Crown.
- 19 For this tale see also *Diogenes Lanthorne*, p. 16, l. 17.
- 46 1 This and the following Epigram refer to an event then fresh in the minds of all. A tract, "The Arraignment of John Selman, who was executed neere Charing Croffe, the seventh of January, 1612; for a Felloney by him committed, in the King's Chappell at White Hall, upon Christmas Day last, in presence of the King and divers of the Nobility: London, printed by W. H., for T. Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Pope's-head Pallace," was published in 1612. On the title-page is a portrait of Selman.
- 19 "Bladud," the founder of the City of Bath.—See Robert de Brunne's *Chronicle* (Rolls Series, ed. Furnivall), p. 81, and Spenser, *Faery Queene*, ii., 10, 25.
- 47 18 *Hunckes* and *Stone* were the names of two celebrated bears, kept at the bear-gardens.

XVII.—MORE KNAVES YET? [1613?]

- 3 6 "affourdt," read affourd; and in the next line for "knigh," read knight, the *t* having been transposed.

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	11	“ I will not fawne,” &c., I will not flatter any perfon by dedicating this book to him, and calling him matchlefs, &c.
4	2	One who would put to fhame Juno, &c.
5	12	Compare <i>Knave of Hearts</i> , pp. 12-13, and Stubbes’ <i>Anatomic of Abufes</i> , p. 50.
5	16	This refers to the woodcut on the title-page, where the Knave of Spades has large rofes at his knees and fhoes, and the Knave of Diamonds has boots with fpurs with large rowels, and embroidered feams to his galligafkins.
7	7	“ Cæneus,” a Theffalian woman, originally named <i>Cænis</i> , who obtained from Neptune the power of changing her fex, and becoming invulnerable. She obtained great celebrity in the wars of the Lapithæ and Centaurs; but, having offended Jupiter, was overwhelmed with a huge pile of wood, and changed into a bird. Virgil fpeaks of her as in the lower world.
8	1	This refers to the two notorious pirates, Ward and Danfkar.
	10	Pfalms xiv. 1: “ The fool hath faid in his heart, There is no God.”
	17	Alluding to the popular fuperftition that a fwan fang on the approach of death.
9	12	“ be’ing,” read being.
12	20	See note to <i>A Terrible Battell</i> , &c., p. 7, l. 5; and Hazlitt’s <i>Proverbs</i> , &c., under “ Light cheap, lither yield.”
13	laft line.	“ theis,” read their; “ theenes,” read theeues.
14	1	This proverb occurs in Gascoigne’s <i>Steele Glaffe</i> , 1576 (Arber’s reprint), p. 57; and in Tuffur, ch. 36, ft. 32, <div style="text-align: center;">“ All’s fifh they get That commeth to net.”</div>
	22	“ In watch,” <i>i.e.</i> , when on duty makes no diftinction between friend and ftranger.

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15	18	See note to <i>The Betraying of Christ</i> , &c., p. 19, l. 15.
16	10	We'll have a legal agreement written out next time.
20	3	"heave'ns [read heauen's] 12 houfes." A technical term in astrology. We find it also under the form "mansions" in Chaucer and Lydgate. The whole celestial sphere was divided into twelve equal portions, called <i>houfes</i> , by six great circles passing through the north and south points of the horizon, two of these circles being the meridian and the horizon.—See Prof. Skeat's edition of Chaucer's <i>Astrolabe</i> , Introduction, p. liii., and his note to <i>Man of Lawe's Tale</i> (Clarendon Prefs Series), l. 302.
22	17	This word occurs in <i>As You Like It</i> , i. 2, 270, "from the smoke into the <i>smother</i> ," equivalent to our "out of the frying-pan into the fire."
25	10	"Achan."—See Joshua vii. 16-26.
	13	"Corah's crew."—See Numbers xvi.
26	6	"humaine," most probably a misprint for <i>humane</i> .— See note to <i>The Betraying of Christ</i> , p. 33, l. 8.
	17	"A friend in Hell," <i>i.e.</i> , Dives.—See Luke xvi. 23.
27	9	"hisc romes," read his cromes, <i>i.e.</i> , his crumbs.
29	9	"liket," read liked.
10		"In old times the ale-house windows were generally open, so that the company within might enjoy the fresh air, and see all that was going on in the street; but as the scenes within were not always fit to be seen by the 'profanum vulgus' that passed by, a trellis was put up in the open windows. This trellis, or lattice, was generally painted red."— <i>History of Signboards</i> , 1866, p. 375. The term became equivalent to <i>ale-house</i> or <i>inn</i> . Thus, Marston: "As well known by my wit as an <i>ale-house</i> by a <i>red lattice</i> ."— <i>Antonio and Mellida</i> , 1633. "A whole street is in some places but a continuous alehouse, not a shop to be seen between <i>red-lattice</i> and <i>red-lattice</i> ."—Dekker, <i>English Villanies</i> , &c.,

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1638. There was a Green-Lattice in Brownlow Street, Holborn, corrupted into "Green-Lettuce."
- 32 16 See note to *Looke to It*, &c., p. 27, l. 12.
- 33 16 "with-thefe," read "with these." For a long account of this swindle, see Dekker's *English Villanies*, 1632, fig. H.
- 36 2 See note to *Knave of Harts*, p. 20, l. 12.
- 38 11 Note the accent on the second syllable of "Lucifer's." last line. "Morbus Gallicus," the venereal disease.
- 40 9 "Robin."—See Halliwell, f. v. There was a ballad entitled, "The merrie pranks of Robin Good-fellow," printed in Percy's *Reliques*.
- 41 6 "Rohin," read "Robin."
- 42 1 In the *Ancren Riwle* (Camden Society, ed. Morton), pp. 198, 204, each of the deadly sins is represented by an animal: thus we have (1) the lion of Pride, (2) the hedder (adder) of Envy, (3) the unicorn of Wrath, (4) the scorpion of Lechery, (5) the fox of Avarice, (6) the fow of Gluttony, and (7) the bear of Sloth.—See also Prof. Skeat's note to *P. Plowman*, C. text, vii. 1.

### XVIII.—SIR THOMAS OVERBURY [1614].

The only copy known is in the Collection of the Society of Antiquaries, London, and will be found printed with the Miscellaneous Poems.

### XIX.—A FOOL'S BOLT IS SOONE SHOTT, 1614.\*

- 3 4 In the *Proverbs* of Hendyng, we find—  
 "Sottes bolt is fone shote, quoth Hendyng."  
 See Hazlitt's *Proverbs*, &c., p. 11, and Shakspeare,

\* These Notes are from the pen of Professor Skeat, of Cambridge, who kindly superintended the Club's reprint of "A Fool's Bolt" as it passed through the press. A few have been supplied by Mr. Herrtage, but these are distinguished by having the letter H. attached to them.



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- As you Like It*, Act v., sc. 4, l. 60; and *Henry V.*, Act iii., sc. 7, 132.—H.
- 4 2 "Whose liues according to their Doctrine shines." The false concord here is common in all Elizabethan authors, Shakspere included. The simple, yet true, explanation of it has been completely overlooked by almost every writer, excepting only Mr. Aldis Wright, whose comments upon it, in his edition of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, p. 293, should be consulted. The "concord" is, in fact, one which appeals to the *ear*, not to the *reason*; the verb agrees with the *nearest* substantive, which in this case is the word *Doctrine*.
- 5 "lip-labour." This word occurs also in Gascoigne's *Steel Glas*, l. 857—  
 "My priests haue learnt to pray vnto the Lord,  
 And yet they trust not in their *lyplabour*."
- 5 9 See Book of Esther.—H.
- 11 "The word "a" has evidently been dropped at press; we should read—  
 "Or cittie *Dives*, in a Purple Roabe."
- 15 The pause after "base" seems to supply the place of a syllable. The line is somewhat too short.
- 6 18 The rime requires "mich" rather than "much."
- 7 9 Hebrews xiii. 14.—H.
- 8 6 The old copy has "gald," as printed. It clearly is a misprint for "glad."
- 12 "In a lusty case," *i.e.*, in a state of perfect health and strength.—H.
- 9 3 Original, "instrnct;" it should be "instruct."  
 5 "Raymond," *i.e.*, Raymond Lully, the "Doctor Illuminatus," born 1234, died 1315.
- 11 See "The History of Friar Bacon," in Thoms's *Old English Romances*.  
 See also *The Melancholie Knight*, p. 44.—H.

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9	13	Edward Kelly, an apothecary of Worcester, the affociate of the celebrated Dr. John Dee.—See “The Life of Dee” in the <i>English Encyclo-pædia</i> .
	20	“All is mist,” <i>i.e.</i> , all is lost; a fort of pun upon Alchemist.
10	3	“Vayth,” <i>i.e.</i> , “in faith, I’ll go up to London, and feek some honest man; I will find her out,” &c. “Chill,” for “Ich will (I will), is a Southern English form.—See Shakspere’s use of it in <i>King Lear</i> , Act iv., sc. 6.
	5	“A figure,” <i>i.e.</i> , a horoscope. The conjunction of Saturn and Mars, both malign planets, would betoken great misfortune, according to the astrologers. The countryman takes them to be names of human beings and thieves.
	8	“Taurus,” in the double sense; either as the name of a zodiacal sign, or as simply a bull.
	9	“Staryde,” fo in original. Clearly a misprint for stryde.
11	8	“Morroow,” fo in original.
	19	“All his care,” <i>i.e.</i> , the thing he most cared for.
12	3	“Christide Spring,” <i>i.e.</i> , spring at Christ-tide or Easter-tide, as at p. 38.
	4	Original, “wandrous,” read wondrous.
13		Original, “rian’d,” probably a mere misprint for rain’d rather than an attempt at representing a peculiar pronunciation.
	14	“By,” <i>i.e.</i> , with respect to, as regards.
	17	No stop is wanted after “wretches;” “quoyle,” is for coil; To “keep a coil,” is to keep making complaints, to make trouble.
13	9	The line is awkwardly expressed, but the meaning seems clear: “grown artful in giving thee gifts, because,” &c.—H.
14	14	“more then needes,” more than is necessary.

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| 15   | 4    | “ beholding,” <i>i.e.</i> , beholden. It is intentional, not a misprint. The two forms were confused in our old speech.  |
|      | 11   | “ Engine,” a machine, an instrument. It alludes to the old form of the gallows or “triple tree,” shaped like a horizontal equilateral triangle supported upon posts at each angle. The “Arrow” is a pleasant name for the <i>rope</i> , the engine or gallows being the bow; observe also the allusion to hanging “in suspense.” The allusion to Taurus is only to be explained by remembering that, in the old astrology, the presence of the sun in any specified sign affected a corresponding part of the body. Thus the sun in Aries affected the head, but in Taurus it affected the <i>neck</i> . “Aries hath thin heued, and Taurus thy nekke and thy throte,” says Chaucer.—See his <i>Treatise on the Astrolabe</i> , ed. Skeat (Early English Text Society), p. 13. Shakspeare intentionally makes Sir Toby and Sir Andrew blunder about it when he writes— |
|      |      | “Taurus? that’s sides and heart. No, sir, it’s legs<br>and thighs.”— <i>Twelfth Night</i> , Act i., sc. 3.   |
| 16   | 1    | “sprit,” pronounced sprite, and meaning spirit.  |
|      | 7    | “defert,” pronounced defart.   |
|      | 8    | Original, “Wert but it;” a misprint for Were it but. The line means: Were it but in Cheapside market, and he preached from a pease-cart.   |
|      | 10   | “Hacket,” <i>i.e.</i> , not John Hacket, bishop of Lichfield, who was not born till 1592, but William Hacket, a fanatic, who died in that same year.   |
|      | 15   | “Organs.” The old word for organ is invariably either organs or a pair of organs.  |
|      | 16   | 1 Samuel xvi. 23.—H.   |
|      | 20   | “Bitle-browed,” beetle-browed, having beetling or far projecting eyebrows. The word occurs in <i>Piers the Plowman</i> , B. v. 190.  |

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17	5	“Chauē,” for “ich haue,” a Southern-Engliſh form of “I haue.”—See note above, to p. 10, l. 4. So alſo, three lines lower, we haue “cham” for “ich am.”
	11	A ſyllable is miſſing. Read: “And <i>I</i> durſt ene,” &c.
	12	“Planakle.” It is not clear that this is meant for a real word. The worthy man probably means that his dog was “planet-ſtruck.”
18	13	Read: “as ſharp as needle witted,” followed by a mark of parentheſis, which, however, is not in the original.
	21	Read: “We ſhall, <i>be</i> ſure, <i>by</i> little,” <i>i.e.</i> , we ſhall be ſure to take enough, as regards little men, or big men, or tall men.
	26	<i>i.e.</i> , “I haue learnt my trade already, pray free me from my apprenticeſhip.”
19	1	The Spaniſh Armada.—H.
	13	Original, “where,” an obvious error for “were.”
	14	Read: “out-ragious, forming deep.” The original has the hyphen miſplaced, as printed.
	19	“From Mendoza,” <i>i.e.</i> , inſtead of Mendoza.
20	3	Will Somers, jeſter to King Henry VIII.—See the account of him, with portrait, in Chambers’s <i>Book of Days</i> .
	6	“Yea, even though it were King Henry, he cared juſt as little.”
	17	“Nitty,” is a ſynonym for “loufy.” “Nitigram” ſeems an invented word, inſtead of anagram or epigram.
	22	<i>i.e.</i> , “till the nibs of the pen ſtride apart, like a pair of compaſſes.”
21	laſt line.	“clyming,” <i>i.e.</i> , climbing up the ladder to the gallows.
24	11	“Plunged” is a diſſyllable; “through” is, I ſuſpect, a miſprint for thorough.
25	11	“thurſt,” ſo in original; read thruſt.
28	20	<i>i.e.</i> , And taught them to know faints’ pictures in the church-windows.

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- 29 headline. "T'aws;" fo in original; read "Twas.  
 1 Original, "aflary;" read aflray.  
 7 Original, "ouerthow;" read ouerthrow.  
 30 16 Original, "compotent;" read competent.  
 17 Original, "konwne;" read knowne.  
 31 1 A fimilar tale is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, ch. 53,  
 of an old woman, who, when all the people of Syracuse  
 prayed for the death of Dionysius, the tyrant,  
 every morning entreated the gods to continue his  
 life beyond hers; her reason for fo doing being the  
 fame as in the present text. The tale is narrated  
 in *Valerius Maximus*, the Historian, lib. vi., cap. 2.  
 It also occurs amongst some translated Dutch  
 fables, by De Witt, under the title of *A Woman*  
*praying for the long life of Dionysius the Tyrant*.  
 The sentiment is the same as Shakspeare's—  
 "And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of."  
*Hamlet*, Act iii., sc. 1.  
 Mr. Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, ii. 541,  
 quotes a version of this tale from an MS. of the  
 reign of Henry III.—H.  
 2 Original, "Lndlords;" read Landlords.  
 11 Original, "cra'ud;" read crau'd, *i.e.*, craved.  
 17 Original, "t's;" read 'tis.  
 33 17 Original, "heats with ioye receiue." Doubly wrong;  
 read hearts with ioye reuiue.  
 35 last line. It means: There was no more grace (or pardon) for  
 him than there was for those who are in the  
 situation of devils.  
 36 17 Original, "abrod;" read abroad.  
 37 last line. A word (perhaps wench) seems wanted after common.  
 The dash stands for pox.  
 38 24 "loue deafe," *i.e.*, deaf to love.  
 39 7 "Mony," *i.e.*, fill with money.

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- 39 16 "Preuent her with the fame," *i.e.*, anticipate her by giving it to her, before she asks for it.—H.  
 10 The word "if" ought to come in before "she."  
 21 Original, "wife;" but read wife, *i.e.*, wise.

XX.—THE MELANCHOLIE KNIGHT, 1615.

- 7 1 Timon of Athens.  
 8 6 "iudious," read iuditious.—Compare p. 35, l. 3.  
 12 The titles of Early English Romances. *Sir Lancelot of the Laik*, has been edited for the Early English Text Society, by Prof. Skeat; *Sir Triamour*, edited by Sir W. Scott, and also Mr. Halliwell for the Percy Society; *Sir Beuis of Southampton*, now being edited for the Early English Text Society; *Sir Guy of Warwick*, edited for the Early English Text Society by Prof. Zupitza.—For the last see also Rowlands' version. These Romances used to be recited by Minstrels at feasts and festivals. Thus, William of Naffington, in the prologue to his *Mirroure of Life*, says:—

"I wille make na vaine karpinge  
 Of dedes of armys ne of amours,  
 As dus *mynstrelles* and *jestours*,  
 That makys carpinge in many a place  
 Of *Octaviane* and *Ifembrase*,  
 And of many other jeftes,  
 And namely [especially] whan they come to festes;  
 Ne of the life of *Beuys of Hamtoun*,  
 That was a knight of gret renoun,  
 Ne of *Sir Gye of Warwyke* &c."

From Mr. Cofens' MS.

- 9 10 See note to *Humour's Looking-glasse*, p. 6, l. 2.  
 18 "*Prestler John*," the name of a fabulous king of India.  
 See *Maundeville's Travels*, ed. Halliwell.

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10	16	Compare <i>Loves Labour's Lost</i> , Act i., sc. 2, 114; "Is their not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?" and <i>Richard II.</i> , Act v., sc. 3, 80— " Our scene is altered from a ferious thing, And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.' "
		The ballad alluded to is that of King Cophetua, printed in Percy's <i>Reliques</i> , from Richard Johnson's <i>Crown Garland of Goulden Roses</i> , 1612, where it is entitled "A Song of a Beggar and a King."
11	10	"Before I crosse his booke," <i>i.e.</i> , before I pay money for any debt.
	15	" <i>Hungarians</i> ," a cant term, originally a hungry person, generally a rascal, villain.
12	18	"Angellical," of Angels, <i>i.e.</i> , coins, money.
13	1	" <i>Littleton</i> ," the editor of "Coke."
14	12	Compare <i>More Knaves Yet</i> , p. 3, l. 11.
15	14	"a charge of poore," <i>i.e.</i> , the expence of keeping the poore.
16	3	"a table," a tablet with inscribed verses.—See also Tuffer, who gives, p. 190, "Husbandly Posies, [poetical inscriptions] for the hall."
19	5	So Tuffer: " <i>To buy at the stub</i> , is the best for the buier," ch. 35, ft. 9. The meaning appears to be: "that pays ready money on the spot or at the time."
23	12	"Knights," read Knights.
24	11	"to finde at large," <i>i.e.</i> , to receive back with interest.
25	16	"for being ouer proud," for fear of their becoming, or to prevent their becoming, over proud.—See note to <i>A Terrible Battell</i> , p. 24, l. 10. The legend, as narrated by Robert de Brunne in his <i>Chronicle</i> , is, that, by the advice of Merlin, the stones which are now at Stonehenge were fetched from Ireland by King Arthur, and set up in their present position.—See his <i>Chronicle</i> , ed. Furnivall, (Rolls series), p. 312. On <i>Merlin's Birth</i> , &c., see <i>ibid.</i> , p. 283.

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29	3	He kept me supplied with new.
33	9	<i>Sir Eglamour</i> has been edited for the Camden Society, by Mr. Halliwell, from the Thornton MS. The account of his fight with the boar, is given at stanza xxxiv.
36	5	"pearle," a pet name for a dog.—See <i>Letting of Humour's Blood</i> , p. 39.
41	17	"being yet vnbegotten," <i>i.e.</i> , being a thing which is not yet in existence.
43	5	"lyes by," <i>i.e.</i> , which is laid by.
	17	" <i>Bias Brieneus</i> , one of the feuen wife men of Greece, beholding his countrey taken by enemies, fled; other men caryng with them fuche gooddes as they mought beare, he was demaunded why he tooke nothyng with him; whereto he answered, 'Truely I carie all my gooddes with me.' meanyng vertue and doctryne, reputing the gooddes of fortune none of his."—Cooper's <i>Thefaurus</i> , 1584.
44	1	"The Fryer," &c., Friar Bacon.—See <i>A Fooles Bolt</i> , &c., p. 9, l. 11, and <i>Humours Looking Glasse</i> , p. 6, l. 7.

XXI.—THE BRIDE [1617?].

Not now known to exist.—See *Bibliographical Index*, p. 36.

XXII.—A SACRED MEMORIE, &c., 1618.

9	25	"Contracts." Notice the accent on the last syllable.
10	18	Galatians i. 9.
15	6	"Cloud checking," so high as to reach into the clouds, and so stop their course.
16	12	The accent is always in this poem on the third syllable of Capernaum.
	21	"thy onely breath," <i>i.e.</i> , a simple breath, or word of thine.



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19	3	"fuing for his absence," <i>i.e.</i> , requesting him to depart.
24	28	This is a curious use of the word "to containe;" perhaps the line means, "Of broken meat so great as to require twelve baskets to contain it."
28	25	"denominate." It is evident from the history of English verbs in- <i>ate</i> that the <i>participle</i> preceded the <i>verb</i> in adoption into the language. The introduction of the final <i>d</i> into the English participles of these verbs came after the formation of the English verb. Thus in Shakspeare we find "frustrate," <i>Tempest</i> , Act iii., sc. 3; "exasperate," <i>Macbeth</i> , Act iii., sc. 6, 38; "consecrate," "dedicate," &c. See also <i>Good News and Bad News</i> , p. 7, l. 9.
37	4	"their latest taken paine," <i>i.e.</i> , whose taking from them was their latest grief.
42	15	"yesterday at feuen." The original is, "Yesterday at the <i>seventh hour</i> ," which is one o'clock p.m.
44	6	"he wanteth fight," is deprived of, or is without fight.
49	2	"those glorious Lampes [which] adorne the skie." The omission of the relative has already been pointed out as common in Shakspeare and the other Elizabethan writers.

XXIII.—THE NIGHT RAVEN, 1620.

4	4	Compare Tuffer, ch. 49, fl. 9— "If gentils be scrawling call <i>Magget the py</i> ." And Shakspeare, <i>Macbeth</i> Act iii., sc. 4, 125— "By <i>Maggot pies</i> and choughs and rooks."
8	13	In 1588 Elizabeth held a review of her troops, prepared to resist the invasion of the Spaniards in the Armada, at Tilbury Fort in Essex.
9	20	Thus described by Blount: "The round hem or the several divisions set together about the skirt of a

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- garment or other thing; also, a kind of stiff collar made in fashion of a band. That famous ordinary near St. James' called *Pickadilly* took denomination from this that one Higgins, a taylor, who built it, got most of his estate by *picadilles*, which in the last age were much in fashion."—*Glossographia*, 1681, p. 495. Minshew describes it as "a peece fastened about the top of the collar of a doublet;" and Cotgrave as "the severall divisions or peeces fastened together about the brimme of the collar of a doublet." The "piccadell" or "pickadilly" was made so as to be taken off at the will of the wearer.
- 9 18 "When I should had," &c., *i.e.*, when I should have been able to have shown it at Court *in* May.
- 22 "with, *nothing for the making*;" *i.e.*, by paying nothing, &c.
- 10 1 A "roaring-boy" was a prostitute's bully.
- 13 1 "Paris Garden is the place on the Thames bank-side at London where the bears are kept and baited; and was anciently so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in Richard the Second's time: who by proclamation ordained that the butchers of London should buy that garden for receipt of their garbage and entrails of beasts; to the end the city might not be annoyed thereby."—Blount's *Glossographia*, 1681, p. 473; see Halliwell, *f.v.*
- 16 "Arion, a famous harper, whom y<sup>e</sup> mariners would have cast into the sea to have his money: but he desiring them to lette hym playe a songe on his harpe er he died, after warde leapte into the water, and a Dolphyne receiving him on his back, brought hym to lande alyve."—Cooper's *Thesaurus*, 1584.
- 14 1 Compare Tuffer's *After Supper Matters*, p. 179.

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- | PAGE | LINE |  |
|------|------|--|
| 16   | 4    | A syllable is wanting; read "feeme to heare."  |
| 26   | 13   | "Weaners;" read weauers.   |
| 27   | 1    | This proverb occurs in the <i>Gesta Romanorum</i> , 1440, ed. Herrtage, Tale No. 4, as "of two evelis the leffe evill is to be chofyn;" and again, "if too ivelis wer comaundid, the leffe were to be chofyne." In the original Latin it is, " <i>De duobis malis majus malum est vitandum.</i> "  |
| 18   |      | " <i>Hamlet Reuenge.</i> " In Henslowe's <i>Diary</i> , under the date 9 June, 1594, is mentioned the performance of a play "Hamlet" at the Newington Theatre. Lodge, in his <i>Wits Miserie and the World's Madneffe</i> , printed in 1596, thus describes the fiend Hate-Virtue: "He walks for the most part in black vnder colour of grauity, and looks as pale as the Vifard of y <sup>e</sup> ghoft which cried so miserably at y <sup>e</sup> Theator like an oifter wife 'Hamlet, reuenge.'" In the Registers of the Stationers' Company is an entry, under the date of 26 July, 1602, made by James Roberts, the printer, of "A booke. The Revenge of Hamlett, prince of Denmarke, as y <sup>t</sup> latelie was acted by the Lord Chamberlayn his fervantes." Shakspeare's play appeared in the following year. |
| 28   | 17   | " <i>Piramus and Thisby.</i> "—See Chaucer's <i>Legend of Good Women</i> . The story is told in Ovid's <i>Metamorphosis</i> , iv. 55-166. See Shakspeare's <i>Merchant of Venice</i> , v. 1, 7.  |
| 32   | 1    | This is the <i>Miller's Tale</i> of Chaucer.   |
| 33   | 16   | "From ( <i>Day's Broke</i> ) him who claims them because the day has been broken," <i>i.e.</i> , money has not been paid on the appointed day.   |

XXIV.—A PAIRE OF SPY-KNAVES [1620?]

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|---|----|---|
| 2 | 10 | "put vp," <i>i.e.</i> , put up with, submit to. |
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PAGE	LINE	
5	12	"Beuis," Sir Bevis of Hampton.—See <i>The Melancholic Knight</i> , p. 8, l. 12.
	17	See as above.
6	2	"Samen," probably examine.
7	20	Compare Chaucer's <i>Merchant's Tale</i> , in which an old man called <i>January</i> marries a young wife named <i>May</i> .
	26	See <i>Reliquiæ Antiquæ</i> , i. 207. The French say: "le cœur ne veut douloir ce que l'œil ne peut veoir."
8		On how the young men of the time passed their days, compare <i>Letting of Humour's Blood</i> , p. 13; and Stubbes' <i>Anatomic of Abuses</i> , p. 62; and Mr. Furnivall's note at p. 252.
9	1	Another form of the Proverb is: "As wife as a man of Gotham."—See Hazlitt's <i>Proverbs</i> , &c., p. 75, and compare the nurfery rhyme, "Three wife men of Gotham," &c.
12	9	Compare Shakspere, <i>Pericles</i> , i. 3, 42— "None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights, Did <i>vail</i> their crowns to his supremacy."
15	4	Cotgrave has f.v. <i>Bon</i> , " <i>Bon guet chaffe malaventure</i> ." Proverbs: "good watch preuents miſfortune; faſt bind, faſt find, fay we." The ſame proverb is given in Florio's <i>Second Fruits</i> , 1591, p. 15.—Compare <i>Merchant of Venice</i> , ii. 5, 53— "Faſt bind, faſt find, A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind."
15	22	Compare with this, Chaucer, <i>Perſones Tale, De Ira</i> : "For Criſtes ſake ſwere not ſo ſinnefully, in <i>diſmembring</i> of Criſt, by ſoule, herte, bones, and body; for certes it ſemeth, that ye thinke that the curſed Jewes diſmembred him not ynough, but ye <i>diſmembre</i> him more." And again in the <i>Pardoner's Tale</i> , l. 472, he ſays— "Her othes ben ſo grete and ſo dampnable, That it is griſly for to here hem ſwere, <i>Our bliſſed lordes body they to tere</i> ; Hem thoughte Jewes rente him nought ynough."

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See also *Ibid.*, ll. 650-654. Professor Skeat in his note adds:—"In the Vision of William Staunton, 1409, printed in Wright's *St. Patrick's Purgatory*, p. 146, we read: 'And than Saint Johan feid—Thefe [who are thus tormented in hell] ben thei that fweren bi Goddes membris, as bi his nayles and other his membris, and thei thus *dismembrid God* in horrible fwerynge bi his limmes.' In the *Plowman's Tale*, we have—

'And Cristes membres al to tere  
On roode as he were newe of rente.'

Barclay, in his *Ship of Fools*, ed. Jamieson, i. 96, fays—

'Some fwereth armys nayles herte and body.  
*Terynge our lord* worfe, than the Jowes hym arayed.'

See also *Ibid.*, ii. 130. Todd, in his *Illustrations of Chaucer*, p. 264, quotes (from an old MS.) the second Commandment as follows—

II. 'Thi goddes name and beaute  
Thou fhalt not take for wel nor wo :  
*Dismembre hym not* that on rode-tre  
For the was boyth blak and blo.'

See also the *Gesta Romanorum*, Tale No. lxxxviii., p. 410, l. 23, and my note.

- 16 5 "If the to life," read if to the life.  
19 27 I will give no longer credit.

XXV.—GOOD NEWES AND BAD NEWES, 1622.

- 4 1 Will. Somers, the celebrated Court Jester of Henry VIII.  
6 16 "*Father of lies*," John viii. 44.  
7 9 "confummate."—See note on *A Sacred Memorie*, &c.,  
p. 28, l. 25.  
9 12 "ten i' th' Hundred," a cant term for ufury, fuch  
being formerly the ufual rate of intereft.  
10 2 And thou fhalt have wine, and intereft to boot.

NOTES.

PAGE	LINE	
11	6	The meaning is: "Oh! that I had a number such farms to dispose of in the same manner."
12	20	"Edmund Plowden was an eminent common lawyer in Elizabeth's reign, born at Plowden, in Shropshire, of whom Camden (in his Elizabeth, ann: 1584) gives this character: <i>Vitæ integritate inter homines suæ professionis nulli secundus.</i> And Sir Ed. Coke calls him the Oracle of the Common Law. . . . Plowden being a Roman Catholic, some neighbours of his who bore him no good will, intending to entrap him, and bring him under the lash of the law, had taken care to dress up an altar in a certain place, and provided a layman in a priest's habit, who should say mass at such a time. And withal, notice thereof was given privately to Mr. Plowden, who thereupon went and was present at the mass. For this he was presently accused and indicted. He at first stands upon his defence, and would not acknowledge the thing. Witnesses are produced, and, among the rest, one who deposed that he himself performed the mass, and saw Mr. Plowden there. Saith Plowden to him, Art thou a priest, then? The fellow replied, No. Why then, gentlemen (quoth he), the case is altered; no priest, no mass; which came to be a proverb, and continues still in Shropshire, with this addition: The case is altered (quoth Plowden), no priest, no mass."—From Ray's <i>Proverbs</i> .
13	20	" <i>God bleffe you Master,</i> " &c., <i>i.e.</i> , begging and addressing persons with <i>God blefs you, master</i> , will bring in more to-morrow.
15	15	"Buys pen-worths," &c., buys small quantities, better than any that had been seen for the last seven years.
18	12	"But [after] two weekes [had] past, &c.
26	10, 11	Alluding to the "Counters" or debtors' prisons in Wood Street and the Poultry.—See also p. 40, ll. 17, 18.

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| 28   | 16   | <p>“Whan theeues fall out, true men come to their goode.<br/>Whiche is not alwaie true. For in all that brette,<br/>I care no ferthing of my good the more fetchc.”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Heywood.</p> <p>The mediæval Latin line seems to be equivalent—<br/>“Fures in lite pandunt abscondita vitæ.”</p> <p>A tract of Robert Greene’s, published, according<br/>to Mr. Hazlitt, before 1592, had as its title—<br/>“Thieves falling out, true men come to their goods.”</p> |
| 40   | 18   | See p. 26, l. 13, and Glossary.  |
| 43   | 20   | <p>“the foxe under your arme;” to <i>fox</i>, was to make tipsy,<br/>and to <i>be foxed</i>, meant to be drunk; hence, the<br/>meaning seems to be: “I only shoot at the drink<br/>or drunkard under your arm.”</p>  |
| 44   | 10   | <p>“Paris Garden.”—See note to the <i>Night Raven</i>, p. 13,<br/>l. 1.</p>  |

XXVI.—HEAVEN’S GLORY, &c., 1628.

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|----|----|--|
| 2  | 17 | <p>“The pale memory of death,” <i>i.e.</i>, the memory of pale<br/>death.—See note to <i>The Betraying of Christ</i>, &amp;c.,<br/>p. 24, l. 23.</p> |
| 8  | 20 | “thnke,” read “thinke.”  |
| 9  | 10 | “be thought of due difcretion,” <i>i.e.</i> , have in his mind<br>due care.  |
| 10 | 6  | “being so dangerous affaulted,” &c., <i>it</i> being so dan-<br>gerously, &c.  |
| 13 | 15 | “Renounce his league, intends thy vtter losse,” <i>i.e.</i> ,<br>friendship with him who plots thy utter los.  |
| 14 | 4  | Against a Christian Knight armed with Faith, which is<br>proof against all affaults.   |
|    | 12 | “difanimate,” discouraged, disheartened.—See note<br>to <i>A Sacred Memorie</i> , &c., p. 28, l. 25.   |
| 15 | 14 | The heart-torn wretch, who is despair itself.  |

## NOTES.

PAGE	LINE	
16	14	Notice the accent on the second syllable of "perfeuer," as in <i>King Lear</i> , iii. 5, 18; <i>As You Like It</i> , v. 2, 3; and <i>King John</i> ii. 1, 421.
19	15	Revelation vii. 17 and xxi. 4.
20	1	Matthew vi. 20.
	13	Revelation xxi.
23	6	"that knoweth on death," read no death.
26	12	Revelation xxii. 5.
27	13	Compare the verses in the <i>Te Deum</i> .
38	7	Isaiah xxxv. 7, 9.
41	17	"sumptuous," read sumptuous.
42	10	The proper form of this word ( <i>burial</i> ) is <i>burials</i> , from the Anglo-Saxon <i>byrgels</i> , a tomb. Wyclif supposed this to be a plural form, and invented the incorrect <i>buriel</i> , which he uses in Mark vi. 29, and <i>biriell</i> in Matthew xxvii. 60.—See examples in Stratmann's <i>Old English Dictionary</i> . In <i>P. Plowman</i> , B. xix. 142, the Jews are said to have watched the tomb of our Lord, because it had been foretold that—
		"That blessed body of <i>burieles</i> shulde rise."
		In the <i>Man of Lawes Tale</i> , 186, we find, "Seintes <i>burieles</i> ," <i>i.e.</i> , burial places of the faints.
68	7	"Nicolas of Antioch."—See Acts vi. 5, and Revelation ii. 6, 15.
79	6	For every thought, though not expressed in words.
80	11	Pfalm cxxxvii. 6.
81	17	"Inmate wife," as an inmate.
84	3	"Who dies before he dies," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , he who dies to the world, &c., before he departs this life shall never die.
	18	"to more than nature can," <i>i.e.</i> , to an extent beyond the powers of nature.
86	14	"Eridan," Eridanus, the Po.
87	9	Pfalm xlii. 1.



## NOTES.

PAGE	LINE	
97	19	“Whitfun Ale,” a festival held at Whitfuntide, still kept up in some parts of the country.—See the list of “Ales” in Harrison’s <i>Description of England</i> , ed. Furnivall, i. 32.
266	7	And they were themselves destroyed, &c.

### XXVII.—GUY, EARL OF WARWICK, 1682.

13		The wandering excited state of Guy’s mind is here well expressed by the strange manner in which the names of so many mythological persons are mixed up.
	15	As this line is printed, we should have to accent Orpheus on the penultimate, making it a trisyllable.
14	4	“foce,” read foes.
	5	“Morphæus,” Morpheus, god of sleep.
	7	“pierceh,” read pierceth.
17	21	“Cenfure me fudden,” give speedy judgment in my case.
19	2	“Almain,” German.
20	35	“Lent him fuch a stroke.” The usual term in the old Romances, from Anglo-Saxon <i>lœnan</i> , to lend, give. See also p. 36, l. 21.
24	7	“the nine days wonder.” A tract was published by Kemp in 1600, with this title.—See Hazlitt’s <i>Handbook of English Literature</i> . It has been reprinted for the Camden Society.
27	5	“Bellona,” the Goddess of War.
28	15	“hot fear,” read <i>not</i> fear.
29	14	“And’s life in question,” <i>i.e.</i> , and his life was in danger.
30	12	The adverbial termination “meal” is from the Anglo-Saxon <i>mælum</i> , the dative of <i>mæl</i> , a part, used adverbially, both alone and in composition. Thus, we find “limb-meal” in Shakspeare, <i>Cymbeline</i> , ii. 4, 147— “O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!”

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- and in the *Tempest*, ii. 2, 3, we have: "by inch-meal." In the Wycliffite version of *Wisdom*, xviii. 25, occurs "ripyll-melum," *i.e.*, in heaps.
- 31 1 "Millain," Milan.
- 39 19 The accent is on the second syllable of blasphemous, in accordance with its derivation.
- 42 26 "makes him light," &c., causes him to dismount in order to protect himself.
- 30 "Androdus," read "Androclus." The story of Androclus is told by Aulus Gelleus, *Noctes Atticæ*, lib. 5, cap. xiv., on the authority of a Greek writer, one Appion, called Plistonices, who pretends to have been an eye-witness of the extraordinary occurrence. Compare also the version in my edition of the *Gesta Romanorum*, Early English Text Society, 1879, p. 327.
- 46 last line. "defatation," read detestation, as required by the metre.
- 47 30 Perillus was a celebrated manufacturer of brazen images, and constructed for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, a brazen bull, in which those sentenced to death should be roasted alive, the idea being that their cries should represent the roaring of a bull. Phalaris highly applauded the invention, and immediately proceeded to try its effects on its inventor—
- " Neque enim lex æquior ulla  
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."
- Ovid, *De Arte Amandi*, i. ll. 655-6.
- 36 "In that occasion," &c., since the opportunity, &c.
- 51 10 "Dianert," Deianira.
- 52 19 "Command me some direction," *i.e.*, order that I receive some information as to where he is to be found; or, order some guides to direct me to where he is.
- 54 25 "the only Linguist living," the only means of spreading information at that time.

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PAGE	LINE	
57	25	“Nunquam fera,” read fero.
59	2	Sir W. Scott, in his note to <i>Marmion</i> , i. 23, 27, thus distinguishes between a <i>Pilgrim</i> and a <i>Palmer</i> : “A <i>Palmer</i> , as opposed to a <i>Pilgrim</i> , was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines: travelling incessantly, and subsisting wholly by charity: whereas the <i>Pilgrim</i> retired to his usual home and occupations when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage.” Mr. Cutts, in his <i>Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages</i> , p. 167, says: “When the <i>Pilgrim</i> reached the Holy Land, and had visited the usual round of the holy places, he became entitled to wear the palm in token of his accomplishment of that great pilgrimage; and from that badge he derived the name of <i>palmer</i> .” Camden ( <i>Remains</i> ) says: “As <i>Palmer</i> , that is, <i>Pilgrime</i> , for that they carried palme when they came from Jerusalem.” The “ <i>Palmer’s weed</i> ” is a common expression in the old romances. <i>King Horn</i> , when disguised in “ <i>palmer’s weeds</i> ,” carried a <i>burdon</i> (staff) and a <i>scrippe</i> .—See <i>King Horn</i> , ed. Lumby, l. 1061. On the Signs of Pilgrims and Palmers, see Chambers’s <i>Book of Days</i> , i. 338, and Cutts’ <i>Scenes and Characters</i> , p. 167. The scallop shell was the sign of having performed a pilgrimage to Compostella, the shrine of St. James, and was worn in the hat. Thus, in the Prologue to <i>The Tale of Beryn</i> , ed. Furnivall, we are told of the Canterbury Pilgrims, that “they set their signys upon their hedes, and some oppon their cappe.”—See <i>P. Plowman</i> , C. viii. 165, and Prof. Skeat’s exhaustive note on it.
60	32	We still use the phrase “a dusted coat” for a thrashing.
62	6	“forced bulk,” perhaps, laden ( <i>farced</i> , stuffed) bulk.
	36	All’s fair in war.

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| 64   | 15         | See note to <i>Looke to it for Ile stabbe ye</i> , p. 27, l. 2.  |
|      | 26         | "reason with them," <i>i.e.</i> , converse, talk with them.  |
|      | last line. | "By which fad founds direction," <i>i.e.</i> , directed or guided by which fad founds.   |
| 66   | last line. | This certainly appears to be an allusion to <i>Hamlet</i> , v. 1.  |
| 67   | 20         | "Phælce," read Phælice.  |
| 68   | 30         | "charged eccho," the echo loaded or freighted with the name.   |
| 69   | 25         | " <i>Ceres and Bacchus</i> ," <i>i.e.</i> , food and drink.  |
|      | 26         | " <i>Diana</i> ," sports, amusements, of the country.  |
| 70   | 27         | " <i>Hypsicrata</i> ," the wife of Mithridates, who followed him about in all his wars, being dressed as a knight.                                   |
| 71   | 32         | "A Friars cafe," in a friars drefs.  |
| 78   | 19         | "Gogmagog," for an account of this duel see Robert de Brunne's <i>Chronicle</i> , Rolls series, ed. Furnivall, pp. 65, 66.                           |
| 80   | 22         | "A Prefident," <i>i.e.</i> , a precedent. The same spelling occurs in Shakspeare, <i>Tempest</i> , ii. 1, and frequently in the writers of the time. |
- This Romance of *Sir Guy of Warwick*, is found in Latin in the *Gesta Romanorum*, ch. 172, differing but little from the above. Ellis, in his *Metrical Romances*, ii. 5, has analysed the Old English Romance.—See also Warton, *History of English Poetry*, and Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, iii. 101.

XXVIII.—MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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|---|----|---|
| 3 | 21 | "abufe," misuse, put to an improper use: the original meaning of the word.  |
| 4 | 3  | "presently." The change in meaning of this word is most remarkable. Originally equivalent to "at present, at the time," as in Sir P. Sidney, "the towns you <i>presently</i> haue," it now conveys an idea of <i>futurity</i> , and is equivalent to "directly, shortly." |

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4	15	“portlie,” <i>i.e.</i> , of a noble appearance or fashion, as in Udal, St. Luke xix. 41, “viewing and beholding the fame citee [Jerusalem] <i>portely</i> , and gorgious of buildinges,” &c.
	23	“Forth which,” &c., <i>i.e.</i> , forth from, out of which.—Compare Shakspere, <i>King John</i> , iv. 2, “from <i>forth</i> the streets of Pomfret.”
5	2	“infence,” probably we should read infence, <i>i.e.</i> impel, urge you.
8	1	“force,” power, effect.
8,	12	“hireling, . . . that took it vp for hire.” I do not know why Rowlands should make this statement, which is directly opposed to the words of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, where we are told that the Jews <i>compelled</i> Simon of Cyrene to bear the cross.
9	16	“Sentenc’d succeding vengeance doome,” sentenced to the doom of future vengeance.
	24	Luke xxiii. 31.
10	8	Genesis ii. 9.
15	22	Withal’s <i>Dictionary for Children</i> gives the proverb, “Homo homini vel Deus, vel Lupus: Man to man is either a Saint or a Diuell.” See also Hazlitt, <i>Proverbs</i> , &c.
	29	“obdurate.”—See note to <i>Look to It</i> , &c., p. 19, l. 3.
16	9	“vnkind,” probably used in its original meaning of “unnatural.”
21	15	“Virginals,” a spinnet.
23	9	“Nicke not your Pots to deepe,” <i>i.e.</i> , do not make too deep indentations in them, so as to defraud your customers.—See Halliwell, <i>f.v. Nick</i> .
24	8	Richard Ferris in 1590, with two friends, Andrew Hill and William Thomas, undertook and successfully accomplished a voyage in a small open boat from London to Bristol. He published an account of this voyage in a small tract, entitled: “The most

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dangerous and memorable aduerture of Richard Ferris," and dedicated to Sir J. Heneage, one of Elizabeth's Privy Council and Vice-Chamberlain. Ferris himself was "one of the fine ordinarie Messengers of her Maiesties Chamber." The adventurers started on their voyage on June 24, but did not reach Bristol till August 3rd. The tract has been reprinted by Mr. Collier in his *Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature*. In Arber's *Transcript of the Stationers' Registers*, ii., pp. 557-8, are the following entries:—

"7 Augusti [1590]

"Edward white / Entred for his copie vnder master Hartwell and Master Cawoodes handes a ballad of Richard Fferrys cominge to Bristowe on the Third of Auguste 1590. vj<sup>d</sup>"

"10 Augusti [1590]

"Henry Carre. / Entred for his copie vnder Handes of master Judson and bothe the wardens a ballad of the ioyfull entertainment of the wherry and iij wherryemen, viz. Richard Fferrys, Andrew Hilles, and William Thomas, by the maiour aldermen and Citizens of Bristoll, 4<sup>to</sup> Augusti 1590. vj<sup>d</sup>"

Taylor, the Water Poet, himself with a companion, Roger Bird, undertook a voyage from London to Queenborough, in a boat made of brown paper supported by air bladders. He gives a full and graphic description of their adventures in his "Praife of Hempfeed, with the Voyage of Mr. Roger Bird and the Writer hereof, in a Boat of browne-paper, from London to Quinborough in Kent, 1620."

GLOSSARY.





## G L O S S A R Y.

The references in the Glossary to the various separate Works are indicated by Roman numerals and figures. The Works are numbered in the order of their dates, as follows:—

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>I. BETRAYING OF CHRIST.<br/>           II. LETTING OF HVMOVRS BLOOD<br/>           IN THE HEAD-VAINE.<br/>           III. TIS MERRIE VVHEN GOSSIPS<br/>           MEETE.<br/>           IV. GREENES GHOST HAVNTING<br/>           CONIE-CATCHERS.<br/>           V. LOOKE TO IT: FOR ILE<br/>           STABBE YE.<br/>           VI. HELL'S BROKE LOOSE.<br/>           VII. A THEATRE OF DELIGHTFUL<br/>           RECREATION.<br/>           VIII. A TERRIBLE BATELL BE-<br/>           TWEENE TIME AND DEATH.<br/>           IX. SIX LONDON GOSSIPS.<br/>           X. DIOGINES LANTHORNE.<br/>           XI. HVMORS LOOKING GLASSE.<br/>           XII. DOCTOR MERRIE-MAN: OR<br/>           NOTHING BUT MIRTH.<br/>           XIII. A WHOLE CREW OF KIND<br/>           GOSSIPS.<br/>           XIV. THE KNAVE OF CLUBBES.</p> | <p>XV. MARTIN MARK-ALL.<br/>           XVI. THE KNAVE OF HARTS.<br/>           XVII. MORE KNAUES YET?<br/>           XVIII. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.<br/>           XIX. A FOOLES BOLT IS SOONE<br/>           SHOTT.<br/>           XX. THE MELANCHOLIE<br/>           KNIGHT.<br/>           XXI. THE BRIDE.<br/>           XXII. A SACRED MEMORIE OF<br/>           THE MIRACLES OF<br/>           CHRIST.<br/>           XXIII. THE NIGHT-RAVEN.<br/>           XXIV. A PAYRE OF SPY-KNAVES.<br/>           XXV. GOOD NEWES AND BAD<br/>           NEWES.<br/>           XXVI. HEAVENS GLORY: SEEKE<br/>           IT, &amp;c.<br/>           XXVII. THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF<br/>           GUY EARL OF WAR-<br/>           WICK.<br/>           XXVIII. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.</p> |
|---|---|

A, x, 8, *pr.*, he.

Abourne, III, 27, *adj.*, “*quasi*  
 alburn, a colour approaching  
 to whitenefs.”—Nares; fair,  
 light-haired.

Abroch, IV, 4, to fet abroach is  
 to tap. “Brochyn, or fettyn a  
 vesselle broche (a-broche).  
*Attamino, clifsidro.*”—*Prompt.*  
*Parc.*

GLOSSARY.

- Abfolute, v, 14, *adv.*, certainly, affuredly, pofitively.
- Abufe, xxiv, 7, *v.b.*, deceive.
- Account, xvii, 13, *sb.*, made account to dye, reckoned, counted on death.
- Acquaints, i, 38, *v.b. pr.t.*, becomes acquainted with.
- Admire, xiv, 46, *v.b. pr.t.*, wonder, are aftonifhed; Lat., *admirari*.
- Advertisment, xxvi, 179, *sb.*, warning.
- Affected, i, 36, *p.p.*, loved, regarded with affection, pleafing to.
- Affecting, vi, 6, *pr.p.*, being inclined to, being pleafed with.
- Affection, v, 10, *sb.*, fancy, liking.
- Agreeuances, xx, 8, *sb. pl.*, grievances, wrongs.
- Aidfull, i, 53, *adj.*, affifling.
- Allow'd, iii, 27, *p.p.*, praifed, recommended; alowd, i, 7, *p.p.*, approved of; Fr. *alouer*, from Lat. *laudare*.
- Almains, xxvii, 32, *sb. pl.*, Germans.
- Alow, xix, 13, *v.b.*, pafs over, forgive.
- Als one, viii, 34, all is one, it is all one.
- A'my, iii, 30, on my, by my.
- Ankers, xxvi, 8, *sb. pl.*, anchors.
- Anan, iii, 28, an ejaculation ufed for the purpofe either of calling attention, or to fhew that the fpeaker has not underftood, or wifhes to have repeated, any fentence.
- Angellica, viii, 24, *sb.*, a fpecies of *mafter-wort*.—See Gerarde, p. 999.
- Apparitors, iv, 9, *sb. pl.*, fummoners or officers of the Court of Arches.
- Appeacher, xxvi, 5, *sb.*, impeacher, accufer.
- Apple-fquire, xv, 53, *sb.*, a kept gallant, or one who waited upon and protected women of bad character, a bully.
- Apprehend, viii, 8, *v.b. pr.t.*, underftand, take in.
- Approou'd, xiv, 43, *p.p.*, proved. Cf.—
- “What damned error, but fome fober brow  
Will blefs it and approve with a text.”  
*Merchant of Venice*, III. ii., 79.  
See alfo *Richard II.*, I. iii., 112.
- Apt, v, 23, *adj.*, fit, ready; Lat., *aptum*.
- Arant, ii, 23, *adj.*, a word expreffive of excefs, as an *arrant* rogue.
- Arches, ii, 84, *sb.*, the Court of Arches, for the trial of ecclefiastical and divorce fuits.
- Argofie, xvi, 48, *sb.*, an argofy, a fhip of great burden either for the merchant fervice or for war.—See *Merchant of Venice*,

GLOSSARY.

- I. i. Perhaps from the mythical *Argos*.
- Arriages, xvi, 32, *sb. pl.*, arrears, debts. "*Arriage*, an arriage: the rest or the remainder of a payment: that which was unpaid or behind."—Cotgrave.
- Arriue, xxvi, 77, *vb.*, bring, place.
- Arriuarie, xix, 12, *adv.*, contrary. "Arriuarie, backward, overthwartly, contrary to all good order; *præpostere*, *perverse*."—Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.
- Affure, xiii, 16, *vb. imper.*, be sure, believe.
- Aflary, xix, 29, *read* aflary.
- Astonied, xxii, 5, *p.p.*, amazed, stupified.
- Athift, v, 23, *sb.*, atheist.
- Auouch, ii, 47, *vb.*, declare—  
"I'll *avouch* it to his head."  
Shakspeare, *Mid. Night's Dream*, I. i.
- Autem, xv, 7, *sb.*, mistress.
- Ayer, ii, 23, *sb.*, air.
- BABLE, xi, 11, *sb.*, bauble, glass or metal ornaments.
- Back'd, x, 40, *p.p.*, Back't, xvii, 35, baked.
- Baile, i, 16, *sb.*, release.
- Baitlesse, ii, 47, *adj.*, without food; O. Icel., *beitla*.
- Balletted, viii, 36, *p.p.*, sung in ballads.
- Ballace, xi, 18, *vb.*, ballast, freight.
- Bankrout, xv, 55, *sb.*, bankrupt.
- Band, iv, 13, *sb.*, bond.
- Bard quarter-trayes, ii, 59, *sb.*, a kind of dice so made that the 3 or 4 should very seldom turn up, loaded dice.
- Barly-breake, ii, 64, *sb.*, a game. See note, and Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, Ellis, II., 236.
- Bases, xii, 3, *sb. pl.* According to Nares, "A kind of embroidered mantle, which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or longer, worn by knights on horseback." It seems to be also used for an apron, as in *Hudibras*, I. ii., 769.—See Nares' exhaustive note on the word.
- Bead-rowle, xvi, 28, *sb.*, catalogue, list.
- Beazer stone, viii, 24, *sb.*, the Bezoar stone.—See note.
- Bee't, xix, 5, be it, though it be.
- Beetle-head, xx, 28, *sb.*, stupid, thick-headed fellow—  
"A whoreson, *beetle-headed*, flap-ear'd knave."  
*Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i.
- Begarded, x, 6, *p.p.*, adorned. So Shakspeare, *Merchant of Venice*, II. ii., 143, has *guarded* in the sense of trimmed, braided; see also *Henry VIII.*, Prologue, 16, and *Much Ado About Nothing*, I. i., 187; cf. *garded*, below.

GLOSSARY.

- Beholding, xxvii, 79, *p.p.*, under obligations. This form is frequently used by Shakspere for *beholden*.—See *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii., 93, &c.
- Belike, xiii, 31, *adv.*, perhaps, forfooth.
- Ben, I, 21, *p.p.*, have been.
- Benums, xxvii, 37, *vb. pr.t.*, benumbs, stupifies.
- Bepinke, xx, 11, *vb.*, stab, cut through.
- Befeeming, vi, 2, *pr.p.*, appearing, showing himself.
- Befhagg'd, v, 27, *p.p.*, rough, shaggy. We have "shag-haired" in *Macbeth*, IV. ii., 82, and 2nd *Henry VI.*, III. i., 367.
- Befhake, xvii, 28, *vb.*, shake heartily.
- Befraughted, xxvi, 139, *p.p.*, mad, distracted.
- Betoyl'd, xxv, 36, *p.p.*, labouring hard.
- Bewray, xxvi, 278, *vb. impr.*, confers, disclofe.
- Bewray'd, xxvii, 53, *p.p.*, defiled, polluted.
- Billes, iv, 26, *sb.*, pikes or halberts, the usual weapons of watchmen, hence used for the watchmen themselves.
- Birding peece, xxv, 43, *sb.*, a fowling piece, sporting gun.
- Birlady, iv, 21, by our Lady.
- Blabbe, xxv, 30, *sb.*, tell-tale, "Backbiting talk that flattering *blabs* know wily how to blenge."
- Tuffer, ch. 100, ft. 3, ed. Herrtage, 1878.
- Black-amores, xiii, 15, *sb. pl.*, blackamoors, negroes.
- Blocke, xv, 27, *sb.*, shape, fashion. We still speak of having a hat *blocked*.
- Blownc, ii, 75, *p.p.*, blown, stale; perhaps blown upon, *i.e.*, fometime drawn, or the leavings of other drinkers.
- Bob, xxv, 21, *vb.*, cheat, get rid of.
- Bone-ache, iv, 24, *sb.*, *lues venerea*, sometimes called bone-ague.
- Bone-baster, ii, 64, *sb.*, a name for a cudgel. To baste is a provincial term for to beat: a basting is a thrashing.
- Boone-fier, vi, 35, *vb. imper.*, light bonfires in.
- Bootlesse, I, 59, *adj.*, uselefs, un-availing; A.S. *bote*, advantage.
- Boulder, xvi, 19, *adj.*, bolder.
- Boulster, ii, 83, *sb.*, a lady's buffle.
- Boulting hutch, iv, 32, *sb.*, a wooden receptacle into which meal is bouted or fited; A.S., *Hwacca* (?) O. Fr., *kouche*.
- Bowed, iv, 15, *adj.*, crooked, bent.
- Bowfing, xv, 49, *sb.*, bowzing, iv, 17, *pr.p.*, drinking.
- Bowfie, xv, 9, *adj.*, drunken.

GLOSSARY.

- Boyle, IV, 18, *vb.*, to betray; a cant term.
- Brabbles, XV, 30, *sb. pl.*, quarrels, diffensions.
- Braces, VIII, 10, *sb. pl.*, pairs, doubles.
- Braue, IV, 24, *adj.*, grand, fine.
- Brauery, VIII, 28, *sb.*, shew, finery.
- Brauing, I, 23, *adj.*, showy.
- Brawn, XXVII, 50, *sb.*, boar; O. Fr., *braon*,  
 "Brok-brested as a *brauone*."  
*Morte Arthure*, 1095.
- Brewes, IV, 23, *sb.*, broth. *Brouwys* is mentioned in *Richard Cœur de Lion*, l. 3077. See Halliwell, f.v. Brewet.
- Briefes, XXV, 10, *sb. pl.*, letters, petitions.
- Britain, XXVII, 78, *sb.*, Briton.
- Brownists, XV, 31, *sb. pl.*, a sect founded by Robert Brown of Rutland, in the reign of Elizabeth, violently opposed to the Church of England; Independents.
- Budge, II, 53, *sb.*, lambskin, with the wool dressed outwards.
- Budge, XVII, 29, *vb. pr.t.*, stir, move, leave.
- Bugs, XVII, 40, *sb. pl.*, bugbears, goblins. "*Lemuri*: The ghosts or spirits of fuche as dye before their time, or hobgoblins, black bugs, or night-walking spirits."—*Florio*.
- Bugell, VIII, 24, *sb.*, buglofs.
- Bulkes, XV, 20, *sb. pl.*, the stalls of shops, benches.
- Bum card, II, 58, *sb.*, a card used by dishonest gamblers.
- Buriall, XXVI, 42, *sb.*, burial-place, tomb; A.S., *birgels*.
- Bush, XVII, 36, *sb.*, the sign of an inn.—See *Tauerne Bush*, and note to *Knave of Harts*, p. 20, l. 12.
- Bush-breeders, XX, 4, *sb. pl.*, (?)
- Bush-creeping, I, 26, *adj.*, hiding under bushes.
- Buske, II, 83, *sb.*, a piece of whalebone, or wood, worn down the front of the stays to keep them straight.
- Busk-poynt, XII, 22, *sb.*, the lace, with its tag, which secured the end of the busk.—Nares. The meaning here seems rather to be the point or lower end of the busk.
- Buffard, V, 15, *sb.*, stupid fool.
- Buffard, V, 28, *sb.*, some kind of ornament or head-dress.
- Buzard, II, 45, *sb.*, coward, fool.
- CAES, XXII, 28, *read* case.
- Callis, XXV, 41, *sb.*, Calais.
- Cannapie, I, 5, *sb.*, canopy.
- Canfeld, I, 44, *p.p.*, cancelled, burft.
- Cant, XV, 17, *vb. pr.t.*, beg.

GLOSSARY.

- Carefull, I, 38, *adj.*, full of care.  
 Cf. Shakspere, *Richard III.*,  
 I. iii., 83—  
 “By Him that raifed me to this  
*careful* height.”  
 And *Richard II.*, II. ii., 75.  
 Carr’age, III, 25, *s.*, behaviour,  
 manners.  
 Carrowle, II, 78, *vb.*, carol, fing  
 merrily.  
 Casheer’d, III, 10, *p.p.*, dismissed.  
 Caffiere, xxv, 11, *sb.*, cashier,  
 banker.  
 Cast, I, 17, *p.p.*, cast-off.  
 Catchpoles, xxv, 26, *sb. pl.*,  
 officers, bailiffs.  
 Cauate, iv, 22, caution; Lat.,  
*caveat*, let him beware.  
 Ceaze, xvi, 31, *vb. pr.t.*, seize, catch.  
 Cenfure, II, 16, *vb.*, judge, de-  
 cide; Lat., *cenfere*.  
 Cent, III, 22, *s.*, fmell, fcent.  
 Centinels, I, 28, *vb. pr.t.*, watches.  
 Cefe, xxiii, 20, *vb.*, make to  
 ceafe, ftop.  
 Cefternes, I, 42, *sb. pl.*, fountains,  
 pools.  
 Chalk-ccredite, x, 8, *sb.*, credit  
 given by chalking up the fcore.  
 Challenging, xiii, 27, *pr.p.*,  
 claiming, demanding. “Chal-  
 lengyn, or cleymym, *vendico*.”  
*Prompt. Parv.*  
 Cham, xix, 17, *vb. pr.t.*, Weft  
 Country dialectal form of  
*ich am*, I am. | Changling, xix, 5, *sb.*, a child  
 left by the fairies in exchange  
 for the parents’ own child.  
 Charnico, II, 28, *sb.*, a kind of  
 fweet wine, made near Lifbon.  
 Chafes, vi, 31, *sb. pl.*, woods,  
 forefts.  
 Chat, II, 48, *sb.*, chatter, goffip.  
 Chaue, xix, 17, *vb. pr.t.*, for  
*ich haue*, I have, as *cham* for  
*ich am*.  
 Chaw-bone, I, 42, *sb.*, jawbone.  
 Chearely, vi, 33, *adv.*, cheerily,  
 merrily.  
 Check-cloud, I, 26, *adj.*, fo high  
 as to reach into the clouds,  
 and thus check or impede  
 their courfe.  
 Chill, xix, 10, Weft Country  
 dialectal form for I will.  
 Chirurgion, iv, 25, *sb.*, furgeon.  
 Chops, iv, 20, *vb. pr.t.*, places in  
 exchange; A.S., *ccapian*.  
 Chriftide, xix, 12, *adj.*, Chrift-  
 maftide.  
 Chuffes, II, 47, *sb. pl.*, old  
 mifers.  
 Churched, v, 35, *p.p.*, prefent in  
 church.  
 Cyuit, v, 16, *sb.*, civet fur.  
 Clapperdungeons, xv, 16, *sb. pl.*,  
 common beggars or rogues.  
 Clarks, xii, 18, *sb. pl.*, learned  
 men, fcholars (unordained).  
 Clatteing, xxvii, 20, *read*  
 clattering.

GLOSSARY.

- Cloid, iv, 25, *p.p.*, burdened, encumbered.
- Clout, v, 43, *sb.*, rag.
- Clouts, xii, 4, *sb. pl.*, rags, patches. "Clowte of a fehoo, *Pictasium*."—*Prompt. Parv.*
- Cloy, ii, 9, *vb.*, stuff, clog.
- Cloyers, iv, 16, *sb. pl.*, a cant term for persons who claimed a share of the profits of sharpers.
- Clutter, x, 11, *sb.*, disturbance, tumult.
- Clyd, xv, 8, *p.p.*, stolen.
- Cobweb Lawne, xii, 22, thin, transparent lawn.
- Cockletaker, xv, 9, *sb.*, weed-gatherer.—See note.
- Codpiece, ii, 53, *sb.*, an artificial protuberance in the breeches, explained by its name.
- Cog, xxv, 24, *vb.*, cheat, swindle; cog a die, to load, or play with loaded, dice.
- Coile, viii, 28, *sb.*, bustle, disturbance.—See also Quoyle; and cf. *Timon*, I. ii., and *Much Ado*, III. iii.
- Collop, iv, 9, *sb.*, literally, a slice or rather of bacon; hence, generally, a portion, part.
- Combustious, xvii, 29, *adj.*, boisterous, rough.
- Compact, iv, 28, *p.p.*, in agreement with, in league with.
- Compacted, viii, 27, *p.p.*, composed, framed; Lat., *compactum*.
- Compaffing, iv, 7, *vb.*, catching, obtaining.
- Complexion, xiv, 23, *sb.*, condition.
- Complexion, xxvi, 98, *sb.*, preparation for the face.
- Complotted, i, 19, *vb. pt.t.*, conspired, plotted. "*Comploter*, to complot, conspire, combine or packe together."—*Cotgrave*.
- Compotent, xix, 30, *adj.*, quietly, contentedly.
- Conceit, ii, 46, *sb.*, thought, fancy. A common use.
- Congees, xvii, 29, *sb. pl.*, bows of salutation; Fr., *congé*.
- Connie, iii, 25, *sb.*, cony, here a term of endearment.
- Connycatch, ii, 13, *vb.*, cheat; literally, to catch a cony or rabbit.
- Confen, iii, 15, *read* coufen.
- Conforts, vi, 17, *sb. pl.*, confederates, companions; Lat., *confortes*.
- Conster, viii, 37, *vb.*, understand.
- Containe, xxii, 24, *vb.*, fill.—See note.
- Contentation, xv, 23, *sb.*, contentment.
- Controule, i, 14, *vb.*, furpafs, overcome.
- Conuerse, x, 44, *vb. imper.*, be familiar, mix; i, 25, abide, dwell; Lat., *conversari*.

B

GLOSSARY.

- Coofen, II, 83, *sb.*, a coufin, also a cheat.
- Coofnage, II, 83, *sb.*, coufinship, cheating.
- Copefmates, IV, 9, *sb. pl.*, companions, mates. The word occurs in *Tom Tell-Trothes New-Yeaes Gift*, ed. Furnivall, p. 17, l. 21—  
 “Their husbandes with other of their *copefmates*.”
- Corporall, I, 42, *adj.*, bodily, corporeal. Shakspere always uses the form corporal, as in *Macbeth*, I. iii., 81, and I. vii., 80; Milton has both forms, as in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 585, and *Samson Agonistes*, 616.
- Corpes, I, 55, *sb.*, body.
- Corfe, VI, 13, *sb.*, corpse.
- Cofonage, IV, 20, *sb.*, cheating.
- Cofoning, IV, 4, *adj.*, fwindling, cheating.
- Counter, XII, 6, *sb.*, place of imprisonment for debt.
- Coufen, Couffe, III, 15, Cuffe, III, 18, *sb.*, coufin.
- Coxcombe, XXIV, 5, *sb.*, fool's head.
- Cracker, XIX, 24, *sb.*, *crepitus ventris*.
- Crake, XI, 27, *vb. pt.t.*, creaked, groaned.
- Cratch, I, 48, *sb.*, cradle.—Cf. Nares.
- Crest-fall, XIV, 44, *sb.*, a disorder of the crest or rising part of a horse's neck.
- Croanes, II, 20, *sb. pl.*, literally, old sheep, thence applied in an opprobrious sense to *old women*.
- Crome, IV, 28, *sb.*, a staff with a hook at the end.—Cf. Tuffer, ed. Herrtage, ch. 17, ft. 19.
- Crosbit, IV, 26, *vb. pt.t.*, Croff-bitten, IV, 28, *p.p.*, fwindled, cheated.
- Crof-leffe, II, 34, *adj.*, penniless, moneyless. From the early English coins having on the one side a *cross*: the other side was termed the *pile*, hence the game of *cross-and-pile*, equivalent to our *heads-and-tails*.
- Crosse, III, 10, *adj.*, unlucky, bad.
- Crosse-and-pile, II, 64, a game.—See Crof-leffe.
- Crosse-bard, X, 6, *adj.*, with cross stripes.
- Crosse-biting, IV, 3, *vb.*, cheating, fwindling.
- Crosse-consumers, III, 10, *vb. pl.*, money spenders.—See Crosse.
- Cross-row, XXVII, 55, *sb.*, the alphabet. “A is the name of the first letter in the *Cross-rowe*.”—Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.
- Crowches, XV, 35, *sb. pl.*, crutches.
- Crowne-scab, XIV, 44, *sb.*, scab on the head of a horse.



GLOSSARY.

- Crue, III, 3, *sb.*, crew, company.
- Cunning-man, XVII, 20, *sb.*, a fortune-teller. The term is not yet quite obsolete.
- Curbar, IV, 28, *sb.*, a thief who hooked and stole things out of a window.
- Curde, XII, 13, *p.p.*, cured.
- Currant, XXIII, 32, *adj.*, current coin, the real article, genuine.
- Curfary, XV, 24, *adj.*, moveable.
- Curtailles, XV, 51, *sb. pl.*, Curtall-iade, XVI, 44, dock-tailed horses.—Cf. Nares.
- Customed, IV, 23, *p.p.*, filled with customers.
- DAILY, XXVI, 6, *read* dally.
- Daining, I, 4, *vb.*, deigning, condescending.
- Dainty, III, 34, *adj.*, valued, pleasant.
- Day is broke, VIII, 8, to break day is to fail to make payment on the appointed day.
- Deane, II, 19, good deane, good evening, or good night, a salutation used at any hour after noon.
- Deaths-man, I, 31, *sb.*, slayer, one who inflicts a death-stroke.
- Debate, XXVI, 134, *sb.*, quarrel, dispute.
- De'e, III, 11, may it do you, III, 15, do you.
- Deferre, X, 43, *vb. imper.*, put off.
- Defie, II, 54, *vb.*, reject, refuse. "To defye: *despicere*."—*Cathol. Anglicum*.
- Denai'd, I, 27, *p.p.*, denied.
- Defcent, XI, 26, *adj.*, becoming; Lat., *decentem*.
- Defcry, XV, 13, *vb.*, describe; O. Fr., *descrire*; Fr., *décrire*.
- Deflation, XXVII, 46, *sb.*, *read* detestation, as required by the metre.
- Detter, III, 39, *sb.*, debtor (by not returning the pledge in wine).
- Dide, I, 46, *vb. p.t.t.*, died.
- Dietie, I, 52, *sb.*, Deity.
- Ding, XXVI, 79, *vb.*, strike. knock, A.S.
- Direction, XXVII, 52, *sb.*, one to point out the road, to show the direction, a guide.
- Discouered, XV, 53, *p.p.*, informed on, disclosed.—Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. ii., 190—  
"I shall *discover* a thing to you."
- Discry, XXVII, 44, *vb.*, discover, descry.
- Digest, XIV, 25, Difest, II, 75, *vb.*, digest.
- Disgrast, I, 18, *p.p.*, brought into disgrace, or made of little value.
- Dispend, XIV, 15, *vb.*, spend. "To dispende *ubi* to expende."—*Cathol. Anglicum*.

GLOSSARY.

- Dispose, XIV, 15, *sb.*, fort, class, nature, disposition.
- Dispossed, XXII, 18, *read* dispossed, as required by the metre.
- Dispute, II, 82, *vb.*, argue, prove.
- Distaste, XXIV, 24, *sb.*, offence.
- Dolours, I, 27, *sb.*, griefs.
- Donne, I, 38, *p.p.*, done, put.
- Doot, XVII, 38, *vb.*, do it, suffice for it.
- Doubt, X, 26, *vb.*, fear; the usual meaning of the word in Old English.
- Doxie, XV, 7, *sb.*, a mistress, a prostitute.
- Drabbe, V, 31, *sb.*, woman of loose character.
- Dranke, II, 9, *vb. pt.t.*, tasted. This verb is always used by Rowlands and Ben Jonson in connection with tobacco, with the meaning of *smoke*.
- Drawer, III, 12, *sb.*, waiter, attendant.
- Drome, VI, 19, *sb.*, drum.
- Dry-fat, II, 66, *sb.*, receptacle, store. "*Enfonser de la marchandise en de tonneaux.* To packe vp wares into Dryfats, or Tunnes."—Cotgrave.
- Dry-weepe, II, 81, *vb.*, dry, wipe dry.
- Dub, XX, 19, (?)
- Dublets, XIII, 13, *sb.*, a game resembling back-gammon, but simpler. "*Renette:* A game at Tables of some resemblance with our Doublets, or Queenes Game."—Cotgrave.
- Dudgeon, IV, 44, *sb.*, the root of the box, from which the handles of daggers were frequently made.—Cf. *Macbeth*, II. i.
- Ducats, X, 6, *sb. pl.*, ducats.
- Dyett, XVI, 17, *sb.*, take the dyett, be put under *regimen*.
- EARNEST, IV, 14, *sb.*, money given to bind a bargain, a deposit.
- Earst, VI, 34, *adv.*, first, formerly.
- E'faith, III, 15, efaith, III, 39, in faith, faith.
- Eke, I, 5, *adv.*, also; A.S., *ac*.
- Embrued, VIII, 13, *p.p.*, fet, embossed.
- Encounter, XII, 4, *vb.*, meet; Fr., *encontre*.
- Enditement, XXVI, 4, *sb.*, indictment, accusation.
- Enlarge, VI, 4, *vb.*, free, fet at liberty.
- Enfew'd, VI, 11, *vb. pt.t.*, followed, ensued.
- Enstalement, XV, 49, *sb.*, installation, admision.
- Entermedle, XVI, 24, *vb.*, meddle, interfere.
- Erie, II, 33, Ery, VIII, 21, *adj.*, every.

GLOSSARY.

- Efpoufeth, xv, 55, *vb. pr.t.*, gives in marriage.
- Eftredge, xi, 11, Eftrige, x, 9, *sb.*, oſtrich.
- Evidence, I, 52, *vb.*, give witnefs of, prove.
- Exigents, xxvi, 5, *sb. pl.*, exigencies, cafes.
- Expected, xxvi, 67, *p.p.*, waited for, looked for.
- Extafies, xv, 22, *sb. pl.*, agitation of mind. The word is uſed by Shakſpere to expreſs any mental emotion or diſturbance.—Cf. *Macbeth*, III. ii., 22; and *Tempeſt*, III. iii., 108.
- Extirpe, xv, 10, *vb.*, extirpate, root out.
- Eyde, xxvi, 18, *p.p.*, eyed, ſeen.
- FACT, I, 46, *sb.*, deed; Latin, *factum*.
- Facultie, vi, 14, *sb.*, profeſſion, trade. We ſtill ſpeak of the *faculty* of medicine, &c.
- Fained, xxv, 6, *p.p.*, feigned.
- Faitors, iv., 40, *sb. pl.*, lazy vagabonds.
- Falchon, II, 8, *sb.*, a dagger, rapier. "*Fauchon*: A fauchion, curtlex, or hangar."—Cotgrave.
- Falling-band, v, 28, *sb.*, neckbands, worn ſo as to fall on the ſhoulder; very common in the ſeventeenth century.
- Falne, xxvi, 71, *p.p.*, fallen.
- Famouſing, xxvii, 5, *vb.*, the making famous, celebrating.
- Fantafie, iv, 31, *sb.*, mind, fancy.
- Fardeſt, II, 83, *adj.*, furtheſt, lateſt.
- Fart, II, 39, *sb.*, *crepitus ventris*.
- Farthingal, xv, 25, Farthing-gale, III, 10, *sb.*, a hoop petticoat.
- Faſhions, v, 28, *sb. pl.*, (1) the faſhions in dreſs; (2) the farcy in horſes.—See note.
- Fatchon, II, 8, *read* Falchon, q.v.
- Fawne, xx, 14, *sb.*, fawning, flattery.
- Fayre, III, 13, *sb.*, fare, food.
- Feare, viii, 35, *vb. imper.*, frighten, terrify. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, II. i., 9—  
"This aſpect of mine  
Hath *feared* the valiant."
- Feately, xi, 20, *adv.*, ſkilfully, cunningly, neatly. "Featly, *ſcite, concinne*."—Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.
- Feather, xxiii, 3, *sb.*, feathered creatures, birds.
- Fell, I, 13, *adj.*, fierce, cruel.
- Fellow, III, 41, *sb.*, equal.
- Felly, xxii, 33, *adv.*, cruelly, fearfully.
- Fift, I, 16, *num. adj.*, the fifth; A.S., *fiſta*.
- Filchman, xv, 17, *sb.*, a beggar's ſtaff or truncheon, formerly

GLOSSARY.

- carried by the *upright* man.—  
Cf. Harman, ed. Furnivall,  
p. 4.
- Fine, I, 5, *sb.*, end; Fr., *fin*, from  
Lat., *finem*.
- Flaggy, XXVII, 41, *adj.*, flapping,  
waving.
- Flat-caps, XVI, 11, *sb. pl.*, a par-  
ticular form of cap worn by  
the citizens of London, and  
hence a nickname, which be-  
came a general term of deri-  
sion.
- Fleering, XVII, 28, *adj.*, grinning,  
sneering.
- Flout, III, 42, *vb.*, insult, mock—  
“Why will you suffer her to *flout* me  
thus.”  
*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii.,  
327.
- Fob'd, XXVI, 78, *p.p.*, cheated,  
deceived.
- Foe-harted, I, 6, *adj.*, with enmity  
in his heart.
- Foists, IV, 16, *sb. pl.*, sharpers.
- Foole-case, II, 37, *adj.*, enclosing  
or casing in a fool.
- Foredone, I, 45, *p.p.*, undone,  
exhausted, ruined.
- Foreflow, XXVI, 11, *vb.*, to delay,  
be slow—  
“*Foreflow* no longer, make we hence  
amain.”  
*3rd Henry VI.*, II. iii., 56.
- Forfaits, I, 19, *sb.*, penalty.
- Forraine, II, 46, *adj.*, foreign.
- Forth, VI, 11, *prep.*, forth from,  
proceeding from.
- Fough, XIII, 16, *inter.*, an ejacu-  
lation of disgust; here, a smell.
- Fox-furd, XV, 14, *adj.*, in robes  
lined with fur.
- Foyling, II, 15, *vb.*, fencing, or  
perhaps defiling himself with.
- Fraught, XVI, 36, *p.p.*, loaded,  
furnished.
- Fraughts, XXV, 15, *vb. pr.t.*,  
freights, loads.
- Freife-gowne, II, 8, *adj.*, coarsely  
clad.
- Fretted, II, 5, *p.p.*, a term applied  
to stringed instruments.
- Fround, X, 3, *vb. p.t.t.*, frowned.
- Frumps, IV, 37, *sb. pl.*, lies,  
stories.
- Fubbing, IV, 8, *vb.*, deceiving,  
putting off.—See Fob'd.
- Fullams, II, 59, *sb. pl.*, loaded  
dice; there were *fullams* high  
and low, meaning those in-  
tended to show the high or  
low numbers—  
“Gourd and *fullam* holds.”  
*Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. iii., 94.
- Fyle, V, 30, *vb.*, foil, defile.
- GAGE, II, 76, *vb. pr.t.*, measure,  
gauge.
- Gagging, XXV, 30, *adj.* Halli-  
well says—“Cackling, laughing  
immoderately;” but rather  
meaning gossipping, talkative.

GLOSSARY.

- Gaile, I, 44, *sb.*, gaol, prison.
- Gainecope, IV, 26, *vb.*, meet with, join.
- Galliardes, III, 19, *s. pl.*, a quick and lively dance, introduced about 1541.
- Galligafoigne, XV, 27, *sb.*, wide loofe breeches.—Cf. Nares.
- Garded, XXIV, 12, *p.p.*, faced, trimmed.—See Begarded.
- “I garde a garmente, I fette one garde upon hym, *je vende.*”  
Palsgrave.
- “A fellow in a long motley coat guarded with yellow.”  
*Henry VIII.*, Prologue, l. 16.
- Garnisht, I, 5, *p.p.*, adorned, deckt with stars.
- Gaule, I, 49, *sb.*, gall.
- Gesse, III, 16, Gheffe, XX, 32, *vb. imper.*, guefs, fuffest.
- Gest, XIX, 18, *p.p.*, gueffed.
- Gests, I, 27, *sb. pl.*, guefts.
- Gill, XI, 21, *sb.*, a lazy vagabond. Cf. *Tom Tell-Troth*, ed. Furnivall, p. 127, l. 494—  
“It brings into my fight a lazie *gill.*”
- Ginglers, V, 27, *sb. pl.*, ornaments worn on furs to increafe the rattle or gingle.
- Gird, IV, 38, *sb.*, farcafms, fneer.
- Gleeke, IV, 17, *sb.*, had the gleeke, had been fwindled; *gleek* was a game of cards, and *to gleeke* was a term expreffive of gaining an advantage; *to be gleecked* was the reverfe.
- Gloze, XI, 15, *vb.*, pretend, make up.—Cf. Shakfpere, *Richard II.*, II. i., 10.
- Gor-belled (*read* Gorbellied), II, 84, *adj.*, fat-bellied. “*Aqualiculus*, a paunch, a gorbellie guts.”—Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580.  
“*Gorbellied* knaves.”  
Shakfpere, *1st Henry IV.*, ii. 2.
- Gorge, XXVII, 41, *sb.*, throat.
- Greene, I, 10, *sb.*, grafs.
- Greeues, XXIII, 27, *sb. pl.*, griefs, troubles.
- Grew, XXIII, 6, *vb. pt.t.*, arofe, were occafioned.
- Gripple, XIV, 38, *adj.*, greedy, rapacious, grafping; one who *gripes* or grafps at things.
- Groutnols, XXV, 22, *sb.*, thick-head.
- Gudgin, IV, 12, *sb.*, gudgeon, hence bait.
- Guerdon, I, 17, *sb.*, reward, return; Fr., *guerdon*.
- Gugaw, IV, 21, *sb.*, gew-gaw, plaything.
- Guift, II, 23, *sb.*, gift.
- Gufling, XXVI, 95, *adj.*, guzzling, drinking, drunken.
- HACKNING, XIII, 18, *vb.*, letting out for hire, as hackney horfes.
- Had, VIII, 12, have had.
- Haggard, IV, 7, *sb.*, a wild hawk; Fr., *hagard*.
- Haires, XXVI, 81, *sb. pl.*, heirs.

GLOSSARY.

- Hammes, xx, 20, *sb. pl.*, legs.
- Hand-smooth, xi, 19, *adv.*, without difficulty or trouble.
- Hants, xvi, 22, *vb. pr.t.*, haunts, dogs.
- Hart-launcing, i, 50, *adj.*, heart-piercing.
- Hatches, xxvi, 80, *sb. pl.*, openings, gates.
- Haw, xiv, 44, *sb.*, an excrescence in the eye. Halliwell quotes from the Thornton MS., l. 285: "The *haw* in the eghe."
- Haynous, xiii, 3, *adj.*, dreadful, heinous. "*Haineux*: Hatful, detestable, most odious."—Cotgrave.
- Hearbe-grace, viii, 24, *sb.*, rue.
- Heard, xxii, 18, *sb.*, herd.
- Hearc, v, 28, *sb.*, hair.
- Hearinges, ii, 79, *sb. pl.*, herrings.
- Heartiest, i, 37, *adj.*, severest, most heartrending.
- Heate, vi, 14, *sb.*, to *strike a heat* is a technical phrase, and equivalent to doing any smith's work.
- Heather, xiv, 36, *adv.*, hither, here.
- Hight, xxii, 25, *vb. pt.t.*, was called, named; A.S., *hatan*, to call.
- Hob-nailes, xx, 25, *sb. pl.*, clowns, country folk.
- Holfome, vi, 25, *adj.*, healthy, sound.
- Home, xiii, 14, *adv.*, to the point, freight. We still use the phrase "to strike *home*."
- Hooker, iv, 28, *sb.*, a shoplifter. Called in Harrifon's *Description of England*, ed. Furnivall, i. 283, "hookers, or anglers."—See Curbar.
- Horn-book, xxvii, 55, *sb.*, a single sheet, protected with horn, from which children learnt their alphabet.—See note.
- Horfe-courfers, xv, 3, *sb. pl.*, horfe-dealers—  
"He can horfe you as well as all the *corfers* in the towne."—Palsgrave.
- Horfecourfing, iv, 14, *vb.*, horfe-dealing.
- Hospitall, iv, 26, *sb.*, house; Lat., *hospitium*.
- Hostes, xxiii, 16, *sb.*, hostes.
- Hot-cockles, ii, 64, *sb.*, a game in which one person is blindfolded, and lies down on his face; and being struck by the other players, must guess who is the striker. Cotgrave gives "*A bouchon*: Groueling, lying with his teeth downe-ward; or, couched vpon his face; as hee is that lyes downe at the play called Hot-cocke."
- Hower, i, 7, *sb.*, hour, moment.
- Howerly, ii, 5, *adv.*, hourly.
- Hoyes, xv, 34, *sb. pl.*, small vessels or barks, floop-rigged.

GLOSSARY.

- Hoyse, x, 7, bobbing up and down.
- Huffes, II, 47, *sb. pl.*, swaggers.
- Hugh and crie, xv, 46, hue and cry.
- Humane, I, 12, *adj.*, human, earthly. This is the usual spelling in Shakspeare and writers of that time.
- Husbands, VIII, 7, *sb. pl.*, husbandmen.
- I, *passim, interj.*, ay.
- I, IV, 4, *pers. pr.* This pronoun is frequently repeated, as here, "I know not I;" and again, p. 6, "I tell not I."
- Iacobus, XXIII, 19, *sb.*, a gold coin of the value of twenty-five shillings, issued in the reign of James I.
- Iakes-farmer, IV, 28, *sb.*, a privy-cleaner.
- Iampasse, XIV, 44, *sb.*, a disease of horses.
- Iar, XXIII, 20, *sb.*, quarrel, contention.
- Iarre, XII, 12, *vb. pr.t.*, chatter, jangle.
- Iarring, XXV, 28, *vb.*, quarrelling.
- Ieate, II, 78, *sb.*, jet.
- Ietting, II, 71, *adj.*, stalking, strutting.
- "To jet in others det."
- Tuffer, *Five Hundred Points*, ed. Herrtage, II, 38.
- Impart with, IV, 41, *vb.*, tell, communicate.
- Impes, XXVI, 79, *sb. pl.*, literally a shoot, or branch of a tree; hence young children, not necessarily in the modern sense.
- Imploiment, I, 3, *sb.*, employment, use.
- Impof'd, XVII, 25, *p.p.*, composed.
- In a doore, XIII, 32, indoors.
- Inable, II, 78, *vb.*, enable.
- Incontinent, XXII, 42, *adv.*, at once, immediately.
- In-countring, XXV, 26, *adj.*, a pun on the word, a counter being a debtor's prison.
- Indifferent, XIII, 21, *adj.*, impartial. Thus in the prayer for Magistrates, &c., in the Litany, we find, "that they may truly and *indifferently* administer justice," &c.
- Ingrate, XVI, 27, *adj.*, ungrateful; Lat., *ingratum*. So Shakspeare uses "infortunate, incertain, indigested," &c.
- Inlarging, I, 44, *pr.p.*, freely setting at liberty.
- Inlarg'd, XXVII, 18, *p.p.*, freed, released.
- Ins, II, 53, in his.
- Infconfe, II, 41, *vb.*, shelter.
- Infence, I, 10, XXII, 49, *vb.*, give the meaning, inspire, incite, urge.

C

GLOSSARY.

- Infant, XXII, 39, *adv.*, instantly, at once.
- Intaulement, xv, 49.—Cf. Entaulement.
- Interprete, x, 20, *vb.*, interfere.
- Intrateth, XII, 18, *vb. pr.t.*, begs, intreats.
- Intrest, I, 19, *sb.*, use, share in.
- Jordan, IV, 28, *sb.*, a chamber pot. It occurs in the *Prompt. Parv.*, p. 267.
- Journey, XXV, 12, *sb.*, a day or whole day, a day's work or labour, a day's travel or journey.
- Journey-man, XXIII, 9, *sb.*, workman, journeyman, one who works by the day; Fr., *journalé*; Lat., *diurnus*.
- Jowle, XVII, 19, *sb.*, cheek bone. "Chaule-bone: *mandibula*."—*Prompt. Parv.*
- Jowlt, XVI, 30, *vb.*, jolt, shake.
- Joyes, XVI, 26, *vb. pr.t.*, delights, finds pleasure.
- Irish, II, 64, *sb.*, an old game resembling backgammon, but more complicated.
- Island, X, 6, *sb.*, Iceland.
- Ifles, II, 46, *sb. pl.*, aisles.
- Ittire, X, 15, *read* attire, drefs.
- Iudious, XX, 8, (?) judicious.
- Iustell, X, 14, *vb.*, jostle.
- Iybe, XI, 20, *vb.*, jest, joke.
- KEEPE, XXIII, 3, XVI, 6, *vb. pr.t.*, keep up, follow, observe, use.
- Kembing, II, 72, *vb.*, combing.
- Kidnes, XXIII, 25, *sb. pl.*, kidneys.
- Kin, XXIII, 15, *sb.*, relationship.
- Kerfie, XII, 6, *adj.*, a woollen cloth, originally made at Kersey, in Surrey.
- Kindly, I, 3, *adj.*, natural, native. Cf. "the *kindly* fruits of the earth," *i.e.*, the natural fruits; A.S., *cynn*.
- Kind-ment, I, 14, *adj.*, offered or meant in kindness or love.
- Kirtle, VI, 14, *sb.*, a term applied at different periods to different garments, male or female, petticoat, jacket, gown.
- Knight of the Post, V, 22, *sb.*, properly, a man who gained his living by giving false evidence on trials, or false bail; in a secondary sense, a sharper in general.
- LACKE, II, 76, *vb. imper.*, be poor, be in need.
- Lackes, XIII, 2, *vb. pr.t.*, is lacking, wanting.
- Langrets, II, 59, *sb. pl.*, dice-loaded, so as to come up 4 or 3 more often than any other number; the opposite to *Bard-quarter trays*.



GLOSSARY.

- Lant-horne, II, 12, *sb.*, a lanthorn.
- Laps, XXVI, 74, *vb. pr.t.*, involves, rolls up. "To lap: *involvere*."  
—*Cathol. Anglicum*.
- Laske, II, 39, *sb.*, a flux, diarrhœa.
- Laze, xv, 17, *vb. pr.t.*, loiter, are lazy. "*Endormir*: To laze it when he hath most need to looke about him."—*Cotgrave*.
- Leawd, VI, 23, *adj.*, lewd, foolish, ignorant; A.S., *læwel*.
- Leefe, III, 17, *vb.*, lose, be without.
- Legge, XIX, 28, *sb.*, bow—  
"Make a curtesie instead of a *legge*."  
Lilly, ed. 1632, sign. P. xi.
- Leman, IV, 29, *sb.*, mistress.  
"Lemman: *concupina, amasia*."  
—*Prompt. Parc.* See Mr. Way's note, p. 295.
- Let, xv, 3, *vb.*, prevent, hinder.
- Leuell, XIX, 3, *sb.*, aim.
- Lickpenie, IV, 23, *sb.*, money-follower, one that licks up the pence, an epithet of London.
- Lift, IV, 16, *sb.*, thief; the term still survives in the expression "shop-lifter."
- Light, XXVII, 42, *vb.*, alight, dismount.
- Liker, XIII, 8, *adj.*, more like, more resembling.
- Liket, XVII, 29, *p.p.*, liked, agreeable.
- Lim, IV, 14, *sb.*, limb.
- Lime-bush, XXVI, 128, *sb.*, a branch smeared with bird lime.
- Linckt, I, 8, *p.p.*, linked, joined.
- Lift, XXVII, 63, *sb.*, inclination, will; at a lift, at my will.
- Lob, XIII, 24, *sb.*, lubber, clown.
- Loggets, II, 64, *sb.*, a game in which, a stake being fixed in the ground, the players throw *loggats* (or small pieces of wood) at it, and he that throws nearest is the winner. The game was prohibited in Henry VIII.'s time.
- Lofed, I, 23, *p.p.*, loosed, set free.
- Loure, XIII, 5, *vb. pt.t.*, looked discontented, scowled.
- Lute-pins, XVI, 10, *sb. pl.*, wooden pins for tightening the strings of lutes.
- Lyn'd, II, 7, *p.p.*, lined; here, having only a penny in his purse.
- MACH'T, XIII, 27, *p.p.*, matched, mated.
- Maggot-pye, XXIII, 4, *sb.*, the magpie. "*Pic*, meggatapye."  
—*Cotgrave*. Prov. English. from *mag*, *maggot*, *Meg*, *Maggie*, *Margery*, *Margaret*, and *pie*:  
Lat., *pica*.
- Make, xv, 5, *sb.*, halfpenny.
- Make-bate, XIX, 34, *sb.*, a quarrelsome person. "A *make-bate*."

GLOSSARY.

- a bufie-bodie, a pick-thanke, 2  
seeke-trouble."—Florío, *New  
Worlde of Wordes*, 89.
- Malapert, xxvi, 66, *adj.*, infolent.
- Male-contented, xiii, 31, *adj.*,  
difcontented, malcontent.
- Malignant, xxiii, 9, *adv.*, badly,  
ill.
- Malice, v, 43, *vb.*, *imper.*, feel  
or act maliciously towards,  
spite.
- Maltmans, xvii, 34, *sb.*, maltster's.
- Mand, xxiii, 16, *p.p.*, attended,  
supported.
- Mandilions, xvi, 13, *sb. pl.*, loose  
garments generally without, but  
sometimes with, sleeves hanging  
at the back. They are men-  
tioned by Harrifon in his  
*Description of England*, ed.  
Furnivall, i. 168.
- Mar'd, iii, 20, *p.p.*, spoilt, ruined.
- Marry and gip, iii, 37.—See note.
- Mafties, xv, 52, *sb. pl.*, maftiffs.
- Mates, xxvii, 83, *sb. pl.*, checks,  
difappointments.
- Maugre, xxvi, 5, *adv.*, in spite of.
- Mauil, xi, 22, *sb.*, hammer, mallet.
- Mault-mans Hall, ii, 77, liquor.
- Mauanders, xv, 7, *sb. pl.*, beggars.
- Maw, ii, 64, *sb.*, an old game,  
played with a piquet pack of  
36 cards, and any number of  
players from two to fix.
- Mayne, xi, 18, *sb.*, mainland,  
land.
- Meane, xxii, 15, *sb.*, means,  
fource.
- Meature, iii, 13, *sb.*, meteor.
- Memorize, xi, 20, *vb.*, render  
memorable, record, hand down  
to memory.
- Merite, i, 49, *vb.*, merit reward.
- Meffe, xiii, 17, *sb.*, party. A  
party of four dining together  
were called a *meffs*, a term still  
retained in the army.
- Middest, iv, 15, *sb.*, midft,  
middle.
- Moiling, viii, 44, *pr.p.*, toiling,  
labouring; Lat., *moliri*.
- Mome, xiii, 28, *sb.*, idiot, fool;  
Lat., *momus*.
- Moncky-waft, v, 28, *sb.*, (?)
- Monefull, i, 49, *adj.*, mournful,  
grievous.
- Moneth, iv, 25, *sb.*, month;  
A.S., *monath*, *month*.
- Mony-bag, viii, 30, *sb.*, mifer.
- Moft an end, xv, 41, generally,  
ufually.
- Moyling, xvi, 23, *sb.*, hard work.
- Mumbling, xv, 11, *pr.p.*, chewing.
- Mumming, iv, 13, *vb.*, cheating,  
fwindling.
- Mur, xvii, 19, *sb.*, a fevere cold,  
with hoarfenefs.
- Mufe, iii, 15, *vb. pr.t.*, wonder.
- Mufkie-gentle, viii, 13, *sb.*,  
scented dandy.
- Myery, xxiv, 5, *adj.*, covered  
with mud or mire; A.S., *mir*.

GLOSSARY.

- Myferable, v, 46, *adj.*, miserly, niggardly.
- NAUGHT, II, 30, *adj.*, bad, naughty.
- Nauill-gall, XIV, 44, *sb.*, a difeafe of the navel in horfes.
- Neather, VIII, 35, *conj.*, neither.
- Neerenceffe, XXIII, 30, *sb.*, near relationship, intimacy.
- Neefee, XX, 13, *vb. pr.t.*, fneeze—  
 “As a horfe doth hartie neefes.”  
 Tom Tell Troth’s *New Yeares Gift*, ed. Furnivall, p. 77, l. 2.
- Nere, VI, 30, *adv.*, never, not.
- Nere-like, XXII, 51, *adj.*, fuch as had never been before, unprecedented.
- New-cut, XIV, 48, *sb.*, a game at cards—  
 “*New-cut* at cards brings fome to beggarie.”  
 Tom Tell Troth’s *Message*, ed. Furnivall, p. 119, l. 249.
- Newlie, III, 24, *adv.*, juft now, lately.
- Nice, III, 22, *adv.*, daintily, with affectation.
- Niceneffe, XXVI, 257, *sb.*, daintinefs, faftidioufnefs.
- Nick, XVI, 12, *sb.*, an indented bottom in an ale-can, by which the confumer was cheated out of a certain amount of the liquor.
- Nickpots, IV, 22, *sb. pl.*, stealers of pots from ale-houfes.
- Nic’kt, XXV, 40, *p.p.*, with dents in the fides, fo as to give unjuft meafure.
- Nie, I, 20, *adj.*, nigh, near at hand.
- Night Rauens, XXIII, 7, *sb. pl.*, night birds; a cant term for prostitutes.
- Nip, II, 13, *vb.*, fleal, fnatch, a cant term; “to nyp a boung,” to fleal a purfe.—Harman, ed. Furnivall, p. 84.
- Nips, IV, 16, *sb. pl.*, pickpockets.
- Nitmongers, IV, 44, *sb. pl.*, (?)
- Nittie, II, 18, Nitty, II, 72, *adj.*, full of nits or eggs of lice, nafty.
- Noddie, II, 64, *sb.*, Noddy, XIII, 13, *sb.*, a game at cards, by fome fuppofed to be the fame as cribbage.—See *The Complete Gamefter*, 1682, p. 76, and a defcription of it in Halliwell.
- Noddy, XIII, 10, *sb.*, fimpleton.
- Nominicates, II, 63, *vb. pr.t.*, calls, denominates.
- Notes, XXIV, 1, *sb. pl.*, marks, figns.
- Nought, XIV, 8, *adj.*, wicked, naughty (? read *naught*).
- Novum, XIII, 13, *sb.*, a game at dice, played by five or fix perfons.
- OAST, XXIV, 21, *sb.*, hoft.
- Obiect, XIV, 5, *adj.*, mean, miferable (? read *abject*).

GLOSSARY.

- Obiected, I, 16, *p.p.*, urged as a plea, pleaded.
- Obuiated, XIV, 37, *vb. pt.t.*, met.
- O'rehatcht, XXVI, 79, *p.p.*, covered, marked all over.
- On's, XVII, 19, ones, people.
- Ore, XX, 7, *prep.*, over.
- Ore-face, XXVI, 76, *sb.*, opening, gash, orifice.
- Ore-macht, XIII, 22, *p.p.*, over-matched.
- Ore-slipt, XXVI, 78, *sb. pt.t.*, let slip, passed over.
- Orethronc, XVII, 29, *p.p.*, over-thrown.
- Otherwhiles, XXII, 34, *adv.*, at other times, sometimes.
- Ought, I, 35, *vb. pt.t.*, aught, owned, had the right to.
- Ought, XIII, 35, *vb. pt.t.*, owed.
- Ougly, XXVI, 177, *adj.*, ugly.
- Out-face, XXVII, 53, *vb.*, surpafs.
- Out worn, XXVII, 5, *p.p.*, outlived, outlasted.
- Ouergraft, IV, 43, *adj.*, over-grown with grafs.
- Ouer-hard, XV, 19, *p.p.*, overheard.
- Ouer-looke, XXIII, 23, *vb.*, examine into, investigate.
- Ouer-match, XVII, 4, *sb.*, fuperior.
- Ouer-nice, XII, 15, *adj.*, too particular, too dainty.
- Ouerweepe, I, 29, *vb. imp.*, weep ouer and ouer.
- Over-matchful, XXVII, 5, *adj.*, more than a match, fuperior.
- PADDER, XV, 7, *sb.*, a foot-pad.
- Padners, X, 18, *sb. pl.*, read Panders.
- Pain'd, XXII, 16, *p.p.*, troubled, afflicted.
- Paines, XXII, 16, *sb.*, trouble.
- Paintments, XXV, 15, *sb. pl.*, colours.
- Pantofles, IV, 35, *sb. pl.*, flippers, pattens. "*Se tenir fur le haut bout*, to stand vpon his pantofles, or on high tearmes."—Cotgrave, *f.v.*, *Bout*.
- Paringshouell, XXIV, 5, *sb.*, a breast-plough.
- Paris-garden, XXIII, 13.—See note.
- Parled, XV, 11, *p.p.*, parleyed, talked; Fr., *parler*.
- Parrafit, XI, 24, *sb.*, a parasite.
- Part, XXII, 18, *vb. pr.t.*, depart from, leave.—So Shakspere, *Richard II.*, Act iii., sc. 3—  
"Presently your fouls must *part* your bodies."
- Passage, VIII, 39, *sb.*, an old game played with three dice.—See Halliwell, *f.v.*
- Paffe, XX, 21, *vb.*, support, endorse, discount.
- Passé, XXIV, 7, *vb. pr.t.*, care. So Shakspere, 2 *Henry VI.*, Act iv., sc. 2—  
"As for these filken-coated slaves I *passé* not."
- Pass, VIII, 6, *p.p.*, passed.

GLOSSARY.

- Patch, II, 8, *sb.*, fool. "Ital., *passo*; foolish, fond, mad, rash, doting, raving or simple; also, a foole, a gull, an idiot, a mad man, a naturall."—Florio, *New Worlde of Words*.
- Patner, IV, 44, *sb.*, read Partner.
- Paunch, II, 8, *vb.*, literally, to wound in the paunch or stomach; hence generally, to wound, stab.
- Pawne, XIII, 20, *sb.*, security, deposit.
- Payre, XVII, 6, *sb.*, pack of cards.
- Peaze, IV, 33, *sb.*, pea, the proper form of the singular noun; Lat., *pisum*.
- Peecemeale, II, 75, Peece-meale, VI, 13, *adv.*, by little pieces, by small quantities, piece by piece.
- Penthouse, II, 48, *sb.*, literally, that part of a roof which projects sufficiently to afford shelter to any walking under; hence, generally, shelter. A corruption of the French *appentis*, an appendage to a house, an out-house.
- Perfeuer, XXVI, 16, *vb.*, continue. The usual spelling of the time. The only instance in which it is spelt *persevere* in Shakspeare is in *Leaer*, iii. 5, 23, where the quartos have it thus spelt.
- Pesterd, II, 47, *p.p.*, crowded, overloaded. "*Empfehrer*, to pester, intricate, intangle, trouble, incoiber."—Cotgrave. So Tuffer, ch. 48, ft. 14—
- "Some *pester* the common with Jades and with sheep."
- Petit larceny, XV, 14, petty larceny, a small theft.
- Pickadilly, XXIII, 9, *sb.*—See note.
- Pickt-hatch, XVII, 32, *sb.*, a notorious haunt of prostitutes in Clerkenwell.
- Pilled, XV, 22, *p.p.*, pillaged, plundered.
- Pilling, XV, 44, *pr.p.*, pillaging, plundering.
- Pinchcraft, IV, 9, *sb.*, a miserly fellow.
- Pinching, I, 50, *adj.*, niggardly, mean.
- Pingling, III, 17, *sb.*, drinking by drops or with reluctance.
- Pippin squier, II, 39, equivalent to an Apple-squire, q.v.
- Pitch-fac'd, I, 28, *adj.*, dark as pitch, black.
- Picht, XI, 19, *vb. pt.t.*, set up, fixed. We still speak of *pitching* a tent; A.S., *pihtan*.
- Pith, VI, 14, *sb.*, strength, might. "Pyththy, of great substance, *substantialis*; pyththy, stronge, *puissant*."—Palsgrave.

GLOSSARY.

- Places, xxiv, 13, *sb. pl.*, passages, texts.
- Planakle, xix, 17, *sb.*, planet.
- Poaring, iv, 19, *pr.p.*, searching, hunting, peering, poring over.
- Poast, viii, 4, *sb.*, messenger, courier. So Shakspeare, *Coriolanus*, v. 6, 50—  
 “Your native town you enter’d like a *post.*”
- Poast, xiv, 13, *sb.*, reckoning: originally the door-post on which the score was written.
- Point, xiii, 20, *vb.*, appoint, fix.
- Poking yron, viii, 12, *sb.*, an instrument for putting the plaits of a ruff in the proper form: originally made of wood or bone, afterwards of steel, so as to be used hot.
- Pollecic, ii, 43, *sb.*, craft, artifice, stratagem.
- Poll-euill, xiv, 44, *sb.*, a disease of the head in horses.
- Polony shoe with a bel, xv, 23, (?)
- Pompion, xiv, 27, *sb.*, pumpkin.
- Port-cullice, ii, 25, *sb.*, a coin (halfpenny) issued in Elizabeth’s reign, having a port-cullis stamped on the reverse, as a mint-mark. Bacon refers to them in the Dedication to his *Essays*, 1st ed., 1597.
- Pofe, xi, 19, *vb. pr.t.*, puzzle, a shortened form of *appose*; we still use the term a *poser* for an unanswerable problem, and the examiners at the Universities used to be called *posers*. See Harrison’s *Description of England*, ed. Furnivall, I., 35. “Examyn or appofyn, or a-fayyn (pofyn, pofen) examine.” —*Prompt. Parv.*
- Post ouer, xxvi, 11, *vb.*, postpone, defer.
- Pottle, xiii, 6, *vb.*, a measure of two quarts, half-a-gallon.
- Poulder, ii, 60, *sb.*, powder.
- Poynado, xi, 17, *sb.*, dagger, poniard.
- Poynt, xvi, 38, *sb.*, at poynt to, on the point of.
- Prancke, xiii, 27, *sb.*, prank, trick.
- Preident, xi, 16, *sb.*, precedent, example. The same spelling occurs in the folio editions of Shakspeare, *Tempest*, ii. 1, 284.
- Preuent, xxii, 43, *vb.*, anticipate, come before; Lat., *preuenir*.
- Pricke, xiii, 22, *vb.*, do fancy needlework on, decorate.
- Pricklowfe, xxiii, 9, *sb.*, prick-loufe, a nickname for a tailor.
- Print, ii, 52, *adj.*, new print, literally, newly stamped, newly issued; hence generally, new.
- Prifed, i, 21, *vb. pt.t.*, valued, priced.
- Procured, i, 9, *vb. pt.t.*, managed, secured.

GLOSSARY.

- Proper, III, 32, Propper, XIII, 17, *adj.*, handsome. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 288—  
 "Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a *proper* man, as one shall see in a summer's day."  
 Cf. also Hebrews xi. 23.
- Prouant, IV, 12, *sb.*—See note.
- Prouoked, XV, 54, *p.p.*, incited, instigated.
- Pudding-house, XVI, 41, *sb.*, stomach.
- Pullen, XV, 17, *sb.*, poultry.
- Puncke, II, 16, *sb.*, a prostitute.
- Punie, IV, 26, *sb.*, a small creature, student. Freshmen at Oxford were called *punies of the first year*; Fr., *puifné*.
- Purchase, I, 19, *vb.* and *sb.*, to purchase, or a purchase, was applied not only to anything acquired in exchange for some valuable consideration, but also to things obtained in any way, whether honestly or dishonestly.
- Put by, XXII, 43, *p.p.*, pushed aside.
- Puts off, XII, 12, *vb. p.p.t.*, takes off his hat, uncovers.
- QUACKSALUER, V, 15, *sb.*, quack.
- Qualified, I, 44, *p.p.*, softened, mitigated, tempered.
- Queane, II, 19, *sb.*, properly a woman, but generally applied to one of loose character; A.S., *cwæn*.
- Queasie, XIX, 38, *adj.*, delicate, dainty.
- Queller, XV, 16, *sb.*, destroyer; A.S., *cwellan*.
- Querrifler, I, 25, *sb.*, chorister.
- Quite, XVI, 43, *vb.*, requite, repay.
- Quitter-bone, XIV, 44, *sb.*, a rotten, diseased bone in a horse, from which matter runs.
- Quires, I, 25, *sb.*, choirs.
- Quoile, X, 14, quoyle, III, 25, *sb.*, disturbance, tumult. The same as *Coile*. Cf. Fr. *cuellée*, a tumult.
- Quoine, XIV, 4, quoyne, XX, 20, *sb.*, coin, money.
- RAILED, XV, 54, *p.p.*, having a neck-tie or cravat.—See note.
- Raine, IV, 40, *vb. imper.*, rein in, curb.
- Rakehels, XV, 45, *sb. pl.*, rakes, revellers.
- Ramd vp, XXVI, 15, *p.p.*, tightly fastened.
- Rampalion, IV, 29, *sb.*, a term of reproach, like our *rapsallion*, a violent fellow.
- Rancke, XXV, 35, *adj.*, great, noble.
- Randauow, XV, 48, *sb.*, rendezvous, meeting place.
- Rarely, XIX, 9, *adv.*, extraordinarily.

D

GLOSSARY. 7

- Rayf'd-veluet, XII, 3, *adj.*, striped velvet. "Cloth of rayes," striped cloth, is mentioned in *P. Plowman*, vii. 217.
- Re-edifie, xv, 26, *vb.*, rebuild; Lat., *re-ædificare*.
- Reflecting, I, 51, *pr.p.*, turning back.
- Refrained, I, 39, *p.p.*, disregarded, kept away from.
- Relie, xxvi, 7, *vb.*, trust, allow to depend.
- Religious, xxvii, 66, *adj.*, one vowed to religion, a member of one of the religious orders, a monk.
- Resolue, III, 31, *vb. imper.*, fettle, decide, satisfy.
- Retchlesly, IV, 46, *adv.*, carelessly; A.S., *rêceles*.
- Retyr'd, I, 36, *p.p.*, drawn back; Fr., *retirer*, from Lat., *retrahere*.—Cf. *Tempest*, v. I, 310.
- Reuell-rout, xv, 50, riot.
- Reuoake, XI, 17, *sb.*, recall, recover; Lat., *revocare*.
- Reynaldo, v, 21, *sb.*, fome species of wine.
- Rifle, xxiii, 19, *vb.*, to raffle.
- Rifeling, xxiii, 19, *sb.*, raffle.
- Ritch, XIX, 6, *adj.*, rich.
- Roaring-boy, xxiii, 10, *sb.*, a bully.—See Nares.
- Rooke, x, 18, *vb. pr.t.*, cheat, swindle.
- Rowle, XIX, 11, XX, 19, *sb.*, roll of tobacco (still in use).
- Rowt, VIII, 5, *sb.*, crew, company. "*Route, f.*, a rutt, rowt, troope, companie, multitude."—Cotgrave.
- Roysting, II, 4, *adj.*, riotous, blustering—  
"They ruffle and roist it out."  
Harrison's *Description of England*, New Shakspeare Society, ed. Furnivall, i. 77.
- Ruffe, II, 64, *sb.*, a game at cards.
- Ruffe, II, 83, *sb.*, a ruff, frill.
- Ruffler, xv, 7, *sb.*, a robber of wayfaring men and market women.—Awdelay on Vagabonds, p. 3. See also Harman, ed. Furnivall, p. 30.
- Runnagate, xxvii, 37, *sb.*, runaway, coward.
- Ruffet, v, 11, *adj.*, made of coarse cloth of a dingy brown colour. Hence, "one clothed in ruffet" was equivalent to a countryman, rustic.
- Ruth, I, 28, *sb.*, grief.
- Ryfell, VI, 33, *vb. imper.*, rifle, plunder.
- SACK-POSSET, xxiii, 17, *sb.*, a drink of wine or treacle boiled with milk. A *posset* was usually taken before retiring to rest.—See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5.



GLOSSARY.

- Sadneffe, III, 29, *sb.*, feriousnefs. "Sad or fobyry wythe owte lawhyng: *Agelafter*."—*Prompt. Parv.*
- Sallets, XX, 17, *sb. pl.*, falads. In the present inflance it appears to be equivalent to food not animal.
- Salt, XXVII, 17, *adj.*, witty. "Salt, a pleafant and merrie word that maketh folks to laugh, and fometime pricketh."—Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. It is a literal tranflation of the Latin *falfus*, which was used in exactly the fame fenfe.
- Salt, IV, 36, *sb.*, a falt-cellar.
- Saluing, I, 16, *adj.*, faving.
- Samen, XXIV, 6, *vb. pr. t.*, examine, queftion.
- Saunfbell, XV, 13, *sb.*, the Sanctus-bell, faint's-bell, or fmall bell of a church, which called to prayer and other offices.—See Halliwell, f.v., *faint's-bell*.
- Saugard, IV, 19, *sb.*, a riding-fkirt, a large outer petticoat worn by females when riding to proteét them from the dirt.—Halliwell.
- Say, XXVII, 29, *vb.*, attack, try, effay; but here moft probably a mifprint for flay.
- Scabbe, XXV, 30, *sb.*, breed a fcabbe, caufe a quarrel or diffenfion.
- Scalde pates, XV, 36, *adj.*, fcabby heads, fcald-heads.
- Scand, I, 16, *p. p.*, fcanned, clofely examined into.
- Scant, VI, 39, *adv.*, fcarcely. So Bacon, *Table of Coulers*, 1— "The Epicure that will *fcant* indure the Stoic to be in fight of him." Cf. alfo *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2.
- Scarffing, I, 28, *pr. p.*, concealing, covering.
- Scath, III, 42, *vb.*, injure, damage, hurt; A.S., *ſceatha*.
- Sconce, X, 15, *sb.*, overall, covering. The original meaning of fconce was a fort or fortification, a meaning which, taken figuratively, applies here.
- Scrappage, XV, 58, *sb.*—See fnappage.
- Scufe, VI, 27, *vb.*, excufe.
- Seame-rent, VI, 39, *adj.*, with clothes torn or ragged at the feams.
- Seandale, I, 7, *sb.*, read fcandale, offence.
- Secure, I, 48, *adj.*, free from care; Lat., *ſecurus*, from *ſe* = *ſine*, without, and *cura*, care.
- Seedes-men, V, 9, *sb. pl.*, fowers.
- Seeke, XVI, 16, *vb.*, may be to feeke, may be wanting. Compare Tuffer's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, ed. Herrtage, x. 24— "Their dinners *be to ſeeke*."

GLOSSARY.

- Seeley, xvii, 17, *adj.*, filly, foolish; A.S., *felig*.
- Sence, I, 23, *vb.*, perceive; Lat., *fentio*.
- Sent, xv, 13, *vb. pr.t.*, suppose, perceive.—See the preceding word.
- Sering, iv, 8, *sb.*, a fyringe.
- Seruing-mand, xiv, 8, *p.p.*, turned into a ferving-man.
- Set, viii, 12, *sb.*, fashon, condition, form.
- Shadowed, iv, 17, *vb. pt.t.*, followed like a shadow. Compare the use of the Latin *umbra* for a constant follower, one who never left you, who haunted you like your shadow.
- Shag, xvii, 32, *adj.*, shaggy, rough, “*Vclū, hairie, shag, nappie.*”—Cotgrave.
- “I will not write of sweatie, long, *shag* hair.”  
*Tom Tell Trothe*, ed. Furnivall, p. 120.
- Sharde, xxii, 37, *vb. pt.t.*, shared, enjoyed.
- Sharke, xvi, 3, *vb.*, fwindle, defraud.
- Sheep-coat, xxvi, 40, *sb.*, sheepfold. “*Schepecote, Caula.*”—*Prompt. Parv.*; A.S., *cot*.
- Shine, I, 20, *sb.*, brightness, glory.
- Shiuers, xxvi, 122, *vb. pl.*, splinters, pieces.
- Shot, xvi, 42, *sb.*, score, bill.
- Shoue-groate, II, 64, *sb.*, now called flove-halfpenny. It consists in driving with a stroke of the palm of the hand a coin along a table, so as to stop between certain lines.
- Shriking, I, 6, *adj.*, shrieking.
- Shroe, xiii, 7, shrow, xi, 28, *sb.*, shrew.
- Sieth, xii, 12, fith, viii, 34, *sb.*, scythe.
- Sike, iv, 39, *adj.*, such. The northern form of the word.
- Sin-frought, xxvi, 77, *p.p.*, sin-freighted, sin-laden.
- Singular, II, 11, *adj.*, single, only; Lat., *ingularis*.
- Sin-foylifide, xxvi, 86, *p.p.*, polluted with sin.
- Sir-reuerence, xiii, 16, human ordure.—See Halliwell, f.v.
- Sife, III, 12, *sb.*, kind, description.
- Sith, xxvi, 156, *conj.*, since.
- Sixe and feauen, xiii, 14, the cast of a die, chance. So in Tuffer, ch. x., fl. 60, we have “*Setteth his foule upon six or on feauen.*”
- Sixt, xvi, 39, *num. adj.*, sixth.
- Skil, viii, 43, Skills, xiii, 35, *vb.*, to matter, be of consequence; it skills not = it matters not.
- Skinker, III, 18, *sb.*, tapster, drawer. *Aquarius* is called a *skinker* in *Du Bartas*, p. 33.

GLOSSARY.

- Skriehing, xv, 32, *sb.*, screeching, hooting.
- Slaues, xxiv, 3, *vb. prt.*, makes himself a flauē.
- Slopp, ii, 18, *sb.*, at different times a jacket or caffock, a shoe, a pair of breeches. Still retained in the vulgar "*flop-flop*," a shop for the sale of old clothes and *flops*, or cheap clothes.
- Smoothen, xxv, 14, smother, xvii, 22, *sb.*, thick, stifling smoke, properly of a smouldering fire. Bacon uses "to pafs in smother" for "to be stifled," in *Essay* xxvii; and "to keep in smother" for "to stifle," in *Essay* xxxi. W. Mapes speaks of "smoke and smother," ed. Wright, p. 339.
- Smug the Smith, xiv, 44.—Compare *1st Henry IV.*, iii. 1, 102.
- Snap-haunce, xii, 6, *sb.*, a spring-lock or clasp.
- Snappage, snapping, iv, 16, *sb.*, a share in the profits of snarping.
- Snarled, iv, 36, *pp.*, snared, entangled. Cf. Spenser, *Faery Queene*, III., xii. 17—  
"And from her head ofte rente her  
*snarled* heare."
- Snuffe, iii, 13, *vb.*, sneer, turn up its nose.
- Snye, xiv, 39, *vb.*, cut.
- Sod, ii, 9, *pp.*, boiled; A.S., *feodan*.
- Some, xix, 11, *sb.*, fum, amount.
- Sound, xxiii, 34, *vb.*, swoon, faint.
- Sowce, xx, 13, *sb.*, the head, feet, and ears of swine boiled and pickled.
- Sowing, xiv, 35, *pp.*, sewing, at needlework.
- Spawle, xx, 13, *vb. imper.*, to spit out with force.
- Speed, xxv, 5, *vb.*, succeed.
- Spent, vi, 23, *pp.*, worn out, exhausted.
- Spight, xiii, 35, *sb.*, a spite, a grudge.
- Spittle, xx, 37, *sb.*, an hospital, lazaret-house. "*Spytyle howse, leproforium.*"—*Prompt. Parv.*
- Sprite, i, 24, *sb.*, spirit.
- Spurned, iv, 21, *vb. prt.*, kicked, stumbled against.
- Square, iv, 8, *sb.*, agreeing, "breakes no square," makes no difference. Cf. "out of square."—*Two Noble Kinsmen*, iv. 3, 83.
- Squirils, v, 31, *sb. pl.*, prostitutes.
- Staid, xxiii, 16, *vb. prt.*, staidied, propped up, supported.
- Stale, xv, 53, *sb.*, decoy, confederate.
- Stander, xv, 53, *sb.*, one who stands sentinel for the Padder while he robs.

GLOSSARY.

- Starueling, XIV, 23, *sb.*, a poor, starved creature.
- Stancht, XVII, 29, *vb. p.t.*, staunched, flopped.
- Stare, XXIII, 4, *sb.*, starling. Still in common use.
- Staruing, IV, 27, *pr. p.*, perishing with cold. The proper meaning of the A.S. *ſteorfan*.
- Statute merchant, IV, 14. Defined in the old law dictionaries, "A bond acknowledged before one of the Clerks of the statutes merchant, and mayor of the staple, or chief warden of the City of London, or two merchants of the said city for that purpose assigned, or before the chief warden or mayor of other cities or good towns, or other sufficient men for that purpose appointed."
- Stauled, XV, 49, *p.p.*, installed, admitted.
- Stayleffe, I, 20, *adj.*, vanishing, passing.
- Stayes, II, 59, *vb. p.t.*, is stayed, is supported, depends.
- Steake, XIV, 39, *vb.*, stick, stab.
- Steere, XI, 15, *sb.*, an ox in its third year.
- Stewes, XI, 24, *sb. pl.*, brothels.
- Stew-pottes, VI, 7, *sb. pl.*, stews.
- Stillified, XI, 16, *adj.*, distilled.— See note.
- Stint, XXII, 37, *vb. imper.*, cease, stop; A.S., *ſyntan*.
- Stinted, I, 14, *adj.*, to which a limit has been appointed, fixed.
- Stintleffe, I, 48, *adj.*, ceaseless, unending; I, 53, *adv.*, unceasingly.
- S. Martin oberuants, XV, 25, *sb. pl.*, makers of rings, who used to have their stalls within the Collegiate Church of St. Martin's-le-Grand.
- Stock-fish, VI, 8, *sb.*, dried fish.
- Stoee, X, 18, *vb.*, to flow.
- Stooleballe, II, 64, *sb.*, a game at ball, in which, according to Dr. Johnson, the ball was driven from stool to stool.— See Strutt's *Games*, p. 97.
- Stopt, II, 59, *p.p.*, loaded; a hole being drilled into dice, and afterwards stopped with quicksilver or lead.
- Stoter, XII, 14, *sb.*, stater, a Greek coin.
- Stox, XXIII, 3, *sb. pl.*, the stocks.
- Strangulion, XIV, 44, *sb.*, a disease in horses, strangury.
- Strap, IV, 7, *sb.*, a cant term for wine.
- Strap, XXIII, 10, *sb.* (?)—See *Greene's Ghost*, p. 7, l. 23.
- Strickest, XVI, 5, *adj.*, strictest, severest.
- Strout, X, 8, *vb. imper.*, strut.
- Stub, XX, 19, *sb.*, slump.

GLOSSARY.

- Suddes, xxv, 12, *sb.*, to be in the fuddes = to be fullen, or in a fulky temper.
- Sumners, iv, 9, *sb. pl.*—See Apparitors.
- Supply, viii, 25, *vb. pr.t.*, fill the places of.
- Suppose, xv, 23, *vb. pr.t.*, believe, vnderstand.
- Surceaſed, i, 28, *vb. pt.t.*, ceaſed. Not etymologically connected with *ceaſe*, which is from *ceffer*, but from *furfis*, and that from *furfcoir*. *Surceaſe* is a legal term, meaning the arreſt or ſtoppage of a ſuit.—See Shakſpere, *Macbeth*, i. 7.
- Suſpect, x, 26, *sb.*, cauſe of ſuſpicion.
- Sutable, ii, 54, *adj.*, in ſuit, correſponding.
- Suted, i, 51, *p.p.*, dreſſed, arrayed.
- Swabber, v. 17, *sb.*, one who *ſwabbs* or cleans the decks of a ſhip.
- Swaied, i, 30, *vb. pt.t.*, had power or influence.
- Swarne, i, 9, *sb.*, crowd.
- Swarteſt, i, 5, *adj.*, darkeſt; A.S., *ſweart*.
- Swaruing, i, 21, *pr.p.*, turning aſide, ſwerving; A.S., *ſweorfan*.
- Sweet, i, 18, *sb.*, here, gain, advantage.
- Swones, ii, 8, *sb.*, an oath; corrupted from *God's wounds*; after ſtill further corrupted into *sounds*.
- Swound, xxvii, 19, *sb.*, swoon, faint.—Compare Sound.
- TABLE, iii, 14, *vb.*, dine.
- Table-bookes, iii, 41, *sb. pl.*, memorandum books, books with leaves of wood, ſlate, or vellum, uſed for keeping notes or memoranda.
- Tables, ii, 43, *sb. pl.*, backgammon.
- Tackling, xv, 15, *sb.*, tackle; ſtand to my tackling, ſtand to my guns, hold my place.
- Taffaty, xii, 6, *sb.*, taffeta, a kind of thin filk, but here, Mutton-taffaty, meaning ſheepskin.
- Talkt, xxv, 21, *p.p.*, talked to, ſettled with.
- Target, xxvii, 5, *sb.*, ſhield.
- Tafke, i, 27, *vb. imper.*, impoſe as a talk upon.
- Tauerne-buſh, xvi, 20, *sb.*, ſign. Cotgrave has "*Bouchon, m.*, a ſtopple; alſo, a wiſpe of ſtrawe, &c.; alſo, the buſh of a tauerne, or alehouſe."
- Tearmer, iv. 28, *sb.*, a perſon who viſited London during term, which was the faſhionable ſeaſon.
- Tearmes, i, 41, *sb. pl.*, words, arguments.
- Tendring, i, 33, *pr.p.*, offering, tendering.

GLOSSARY.

- Teffers, iv, 33, *sb. pl.*, fixpences.  
See Harrifon, *Description of England*, ed. Furnivall, i. 362.
- Theame, iv, 8, *sb.*, theme, subject.
- Theare, xiv, 4, *adv.*, there.
- Theather, xvii, 39, *adv.*, thither.
- Theeues allie, iv, 36, turned down  
Theeues allie, he ran away.
- Thilke, iv, 40, *pr.*, these, those.  
From *that ilke*, that same.
- Thirst-staunch, i, 42, *adj.*, thirst-  
quenching.
- Thother, xxii, 23, a contraction  
for The other.
- Thrall, xxvi, 262, *sb.*, slave.
- Thwack't, iii, 13, *p.p.*, filled to  
overflowing, forfeited.
- Ticktack, ii, 64, *sb.*, a kind of  
backgammon, played with both  
men and pegs, but more com-  
plicated than the modern game.
- Tire, xvi, 43, *sb.*, drefs, attire.
- To beate, xix, 23, *vb. pt.t.*, all  
to beate = hit, thrashed. This  
ufe of the prefix *to* is very  
common in early Englifh  
writers.
- Tofore, xvi, 41, *adv.*, before,  
heretofore.
- Too too, xiii, 4, *adv.*, the repe-  
tition is emphatic. It was  
common enough to be regarded  
as a compound, and the accent  
is on the firft *too*.—See *Mer-  
chant of Venice*, ii. 6, 42.
- Toffe-pots, xxvi, 95, *sb. pl.*,  
drunkards. “An aleknight,  
a tipler, a tospot, a quaffer, a  
rinfepicker; *ebriofus, bibulus,  
bibax*.”—Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.
- Tothor, x, 14, the other.—See  
Thother.
- Totterd, vi, 13, *p.p.*, torn,  
*tattered*. From the old En-  
glifh *to-teared*, *i.e.*, torn to  
pieces, in rags, the prefix *to* be-  
ing intensitive.—See To beate.
- Toyle-some, x, 30, *adj.*, toilfome,  
weary.
- Tranie, xv, 5, *vb.*, trane, a cant  
word to hang.
- Trapt, x, 6, *p.p.*, deckt out; we  
fill fpeak of horfes' *trappings*.
- Tray, xii, 12, *sb.*, a mafon's hod  
for mortar.
- Trayning Cheates, xv, 5, *sb. pl.*,  
the gallows.
- Tritifolie, xxvi, 87, *sb.*, clover,  
trefoil.
- Trod, i, 56, *sb.*, path, way, walk.
- Trudging houfe, xv, 53, *sb.*, a  
bawdy-houfe. “The whore-  
houfe, which is called a  
*trugging-place*.”—Dekker's *Bel-  
man of London*, 1608.
- Trugge, xv, 14, *sb.*, a prostitute.
- Trulles, iv, 17, *sb. pl.*, loofe  
women.
- Trunk flop, iv, 32, *sb.*, wide or  
puffed out breeches.—See  
Slopp.

GLOSSARY.

- Trust, II, 85, *p.p.*, involved, rolled up in, *truffed* in.
- Tuition, XXVI, 224, *sb.*, keeping, protection; Lat., *tueri*, to protect.
- Turned the cocke, xv, 5, opened his heart, confessed all.
- Turtles, XXIII, 7, *sb. pl.*, turtle-doves.
- Tut, and Tush, II, 48, ejaculations of contempt.
- Tutch, II, 61, *sb.*, touch. "To keep touch" is a proverbial expression for "to keep faith, fulfil a promise"—
- "*Touch kept* is commended, yet credit to keepe,  
Is paie and dispatch him, er euer ye sleepe."  
Tuffer, *Five Hundred Points*, ed. Herbage, 57. 43.
- Twoot, XIV, 11, *vb.*, thou wilt, thou wishest.
- Tyburne-tiffany, XVI, 4, *sb.*, a halter.
- Tyrd, VIII, 14, *vb. p.t.*, wearied, wore out.
- Tyrewomen, xv, 25, *sb. pl.*, tirewomen, milliners, those who arranged ladies' head-dresses.
- VMPIRE, I, 32, *vb.*, mediate, arbitrate.
- Vnfrequent, XXII, 24, *adj.*, unfrequented, deserted.
- Vnh'ear'd, II, 22, *adj.*, void of hair, beardless.
- Vnrespectleffe, XIX, 38, *adj.*, careles, thoughtles.
- Vnstayed, VI, 23, *p.p.*, unsettled, unsteady.
- Vnthoughted, I, 9, *p.p.*, unintended, unthought of, unexpected.
- Vntruffe, XII, 12, *vb.*, untie the tagged laces which fastened the breeches to the doublet, hence to ease oneself.
- Vntrust, II, 72, *p.p.*, with coat or cloak unfastened or open.
- Vp-right man, xv, 7, *sb.*—See note.
- Vp-se freeze, II, 75, *sb.*, a heavy kind of beer imported from Friesland; a similar kind from Holland was called *Vp-se-dutch*. Cf. "A frolic *vp-se-freeze*."—Nash's *Summer's Last Will*, &c.
- Vrchins, XVII, 40, *sb. pl.*, fairies.
- Vse, VIII, 14, *sb.*, practice.
- Vse, XXII, 39, *vb.*, was accustomed to, was wont to.
- Vtter, XXV, 11, *vb.*, dispose of, sell, still used in the phrase "to *utter* counterfeit coin."
- Vtterance, xx, 19, *sb.*, trade, sale.
- Vaine, II, 33, *sb.*, idle fancy, whim.
- Vaulting-howse, II, 84, *sb.*, a brothel.
- Vaut, I, 16, *sb.*, vault, tomb.
- Vayl'd, XXIV, 12, *vb. p.t.*, saluted, took off his hat.

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GLOSSARY.

- Vayth, XIX, 10, in faith. The West of England dialectic form.
- Venery, XV, 49, *sb.*, dissipation amongst women.
- Vented, XXV, 5, *p.p.*, fold, exposed for sale.
- Venter, I, 14, *vb. pr.t.*, risk, venture on.
- Venter-poynt, II, 64, *sb.*, a game played by children.
- Verfer, XV, 53, *sb.*, a slang term.—See *Greene's Ghost*, p. 8.
- Villaind, XIII, 35, *p.p.*, abused like a villain.
- Virginals, XXV, 8, *sb. pl.*, an oblong spinnet.—See Tuffer's Will in the Introduction to the *Five Hundred Points*, &c., ed. Herrtage, p. xxx.
- Vocables, XIV, 19, *sb. pl.*, strings of words, founding terms.
- WAGMOIRES, IV, 43, *sb. pl.*, quagmires, bogs, quickfands; A.S., *cwacian*, to shake, *mîr*, dirt.
- Waighting, I, 51, *pr.p.*, waiting.
- Waighting-mayde, III, 23, *sb.*, waiting-maid, attendant.
- Want, XIV, 41, *vb. pr.t.*, are short of, fail in.
- Wanteth, XXII, 44, *vb. pr.t.*, is without.
- Wants, XXIII, 19, *vb. pr.t.*, is wanting, is lacking.
- Wapp, XV, 5, *vb., futuo.* "Will you wapp for a wyn, or tranie for a make," *i.e.*, will you lie for a penny, or hang for a halfpenny.
- Wafted, XXIV, 16, *p.p.*, waifted, *i.e.*, having a waift.
- Weaneling, XIX, 28, *sb.*, child just weaned.
- Weaners, XXIII, 26, *sb. pl.*, *read* weauers.
- Wearied, IV, 33, *p.p.*, worried.
- Weart, XIX, 20, *vb. pt.t.*, were it, even though it were.
- Weathers, I, 36, *sb. pl.*, sheep, rams; A.S., *weder*.
- Weed, I, 51, *sb.*, drefs. Still kept up in the expreffion, "widow's-weeds."
- Weene, XXII, 22, *vb. pr.t.*, believe, think, are fure.
- Welting, II, 54, *vb. pr.p.*, fringing, hemming, bordering.
- Weltring, XXVI, 77, *vb. pr.p.*, weltering, being rolled, toffed, tumbled.
- Wens-worth, XI, 7, Wandfworth.
- Wheer's, II, 18, for, where his.
- Whereas, XXII, 21, *adv.*, where.
- Whift, XVII, 21, *vb. pt.t.*, fent out puffs of fmoke.
- Whip-iacke, XV, 15, *sb.* "A Whypiacke is one that by coulor of a counterfaite Lifence, (which they call a Gybe, and the feales they call Iarckes) doth vse to beg lyke a Maryner, But hys chiefeft trade is to rob Bowthes in a Faire, or to pilfer



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- ware from *flaules*, which they cal heaving of the Bowth." —Awdeley on Vagabonds, p. 4.
- Whiffell, XXIII, 4, *vb. pr.t.*, whistle.
- Whole, VIII, 10, *adv.*, wholly, entirely.
- Whooted, XV, 35, *vb. pt.t.*, hooted, flouted.
- Whord, XV, 53, *vb.*, hoard.
- Wild, VIII, 21, *p.p.*, willed, determined.
- Wilie beguily, IV, 29, the biter bitten.—See note.
- Wincke, II, 5, *vb. imper.*, wink, pafs over.
- Witcraft, IV, 24, *sb.*, the art of wit, logic, use of one's brains.
- Withers greife, XIV, 44, *sb.*, inflammation of the *withers* or space between the shoulder-bones and the bottom of the neck of a horfe.
- Witneffe, I, 23, *vb.*, bear witness to.
- Wittoll, XIII, 31, *sb.*, a contented cuckold—  
"This honest man was dubbed amongst them a *wittall*."  
*Tom Tell Trothe*, ed. Furnivall, p. 13, l. 17.
- Won, III, 15, *Won*, V, 38, *adj.*, one.
- Wonted, I, 5, *vb. pt.t.*, was wont to; A.S., *wunian*.
- Woodcocks, XI, 22, *sb.*, woodcock is proverbial for a foolish bird, hence a simpleton.
- Woollward, II, 72, *adj.*, without any linen next the body. The term occurs in *P. Plowman*, ed. Skeat, B. Text, *Paffas*, xviii. 1.
- Woot, XIV, 12, *vb. pr.t.*—See Twoot.
- Worfer-fort, VI, 7, *sb.*, rabble, dregs.
- Wracke, I, 4, *sb.*, wreck.
- Wrest, XXVII, 52, *sb.*, rest for spear or lance.
- Wright, XIV, 5, *vb.*, write.
- Wrong, I, 17, *p.p.*, wrung.
- Wyn, XV, 5, *sb.*, a penny.
- YAWLE, XV, 8, *vb.*, howl, yelp.
- Yearth, I, 44, *sb.*, the earth.
- Yellowes, XIV, 44, *sb.*, a disorder in horfes.
- Ynckehorne, II, 21, *sb.*, an ink-fland. To ink-horn is to use fine words or studied expressions; thus Cotgrave gives "*Efcorcher le Latin*: To ink-hornize it, or vse inkhorn tearmes." See also II, 63.
- Youle, XXVI, 264, you will.
- Ytche, X, 12, *sb.*, itch.
- XPIANS, I, 25, *sb.*, a Christian, from the sacred monogram **X** = Chr: the initial letters of Christ.
- ZOWNES, II, 72, an oath. See Swones.









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