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VOL. XX.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS ST MARTIN: LANE

M.DCCC.XLVII.

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✓ PROVERBS AND POPULAR SAYINGS.

EDITED BY M. A. DENHAM.

✓ SONG OF LADY BESSY.

EDITED BY J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ. F.S.A.

THE
AFFECTIONATE SHEPHERD.

THE
AFFECTIONATE SHEPHERD:

BY
RICHARD BARNFIELD,

A.D. 1594.

EDITED BY
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ. F.R.S.

HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., F.S.A., ETC.

THE
PERCY SOCIETY
LONDON

LONDON.
REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLV.

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PREFACE.

Two copies only of the poem by Barnfield here reprinted, are known to be preserved; one in Sion College Library, and another, formerly in Heber's possession, mentioned in "*Bibliotheca Heberiana*," iv. 15. Its merits and great rarity have pointed it out as a work deserving to be more known and appreciated. Barnfield is, perhaps, chiefly remembered by his elegant pieces printed in the "*Passionate Pilgrim*," attributed by some to Shakespeare; but Mr. Collier has distinctly proved them to belong to the less eminent poet. The "*Affectionate Shepherd*" was his first production, as he himself confesses in the preface to his "*Cynthia*," 1595, and it has received the well-merited commendation of Warton. Besides these poems, he is the author of "*The Complaint of Poetrie for the death of Liberalitie*," 4to. 1598, and others published at the same time, reprints of which are in the British Museum; also "*The*

Encomium of Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money," a curious manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum, and likewise printed in the author's life-time. It should be mentioned that in the original copies of the following tract are a few hexameter verses on the Rape of Helen, which have been omitted as of an inferior kind to the other part of the work, and for still more obvious reasons. The "Affectionate Shepherd" itself will be found remarkably free from the coarseness which disfigures so much of the Elizabethan literature,—an additional inducement, if any were necessary, for rescuing it from the liability to destruction which is of course incident to any book of such excessive rarity. Our thanks are due to the Rev. H. Christmas, Librarian of Sion College, for the courtesy and liberality with which he permitted our transcript to be made from a volume of tracts possessing the greatest charm for the bibliographer; for besides the present one, it contains the first edition of Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, and several other pieces of nearly equal value, in the finest possible condition.

THE
AFFECTIONATE SHEPHEARD.

CONTAINING THE COMPLAINT OF DAPHNIS FOR
THE LOUE OF GANYMEDE.

Amor plus mellis, quam fellis, est.

London:

Printed by IOHN DANTER, for T. G. and E. N., and
are to bee sold in Saint Dunstones
Church-yard in Fleetstreet.

1594.

TO THE RIGHT EXCELLENT AND MOST BEAUTIFULL LADY,
THE LADIE PENELOPE RITCH.

FAYRE lovely ladie, whose angelique eyes
Are vestall candles of sweet beauties treasure,
Whose speech is able to inchaunt the wise,
Converting joy to paine, and paine to pleasure;
Accept this simple toy of my soules dutie,
Which I present unto thy matchles beautie.

And albeit the gift be all too meane,
Too meane an offering for thine ivorie shrine;
Yet must thy beautie my just blame susteane,
Since it is mortall, but thyselve divine.
Then, noble ladie, take in gentle worth
This new-borne babe, which here my muse brings forth.

Your Honours most affectionate and
perpetually devoted Shepheard :

DAPHNIS.

THE
AFFECTIONATE SHEPHEARD.

THE TEARES OF AN AFFECTIONATE SHEPHEARD SICKE FOR LOVE,
OR THE COMPLAINT OF DAPHNIS FOR THE
LOVE OF GANIMEDE.

SCARCE had the morning starre hid from the light
Heavens crimson canopie with stars bespangled,
But I began to rue th' unhappy sight
Of that faire boy that had my hart intangled;
Cursing the time, the place, the sense, the sin;
I came, I saw, I viewd, I slipped in.

If it be sinne to love a sweet-fac'd boy,
Whose amber locks trust up in golden tramels
Dangle adowne his lovely cheekes with joy,
When pearle and flowers his faire haire enamels;
If it be sinne to love a lovely lad,
Oh then sinne I, for whom my soule is sad.

His ivory-white and alabaster skin
Is staind throughout with rare vermillion red.

Whose twineckling starrie lights doe never blin
To shine on lovely Venus, Beauties bed;
But as the lillie and the blushing rose,
So white and red on him in order growes.

Upon a time the nymphs bestird them-selves
To trie who could his beautie soonest win;
But he accounted them but all as elves,
Except it were the faire Queene Guendolen:
Her he embrac'd, of her was beloved,
With plaints he proved, and with teares he moved.

But her an old man had beene sutor too,
That in his age began to doate againe;
Her would he often pray, and often woo,
When through old age enfeebled was his braine:
But she before had lov'd a lustie youth,
That now was dead, the cause of all her ruth.

And thus it hapned, Death and Cupid met
Upon a time at swilling Bacchus house,
Where daintie cates upon the boord were set,
And goblets full of wine to drinke carouse:
Where Love and Death did love the licor so,
That out they fall and to the fray they goe.

And having both their quivers at their backe
Fild full of arrows; th' one of fatall steele,
The other all of gold; Deaths shaft was black,
But Loves was yellow: Fortune turnd her wheele,

And from Deaths quiver fell a fatall shaft,
That under Cupid by the winde was waft.

And at the same time by ill hap there fell
Another arrow out of Cupids quiver,
The which was carried by the winde at will,
And under Death the amorous shaft did shiver:
They being parted, Love tooke up Deaths dart,
And Death tooke up Loves arrow for his part.

Thus as they wandred both about the world,
At last Death met with one of feeble age:
Wherewith he drew a shaft and at him hurld
The unknowne arrow with a furious rage,
Thinking to strike him dead with Deaths blacke dart;
But he, alas, with Love did wound his hart !

This was the doting foole, this was the man
That lov'd faire Guendolena, Queene of Beautie;
Shee cannot shake him off, doo what she can,
For he hath vowd to her his soules last duety:
Making him trim upon the holydaies,
And crownes his love with garlands made of baies.

Now doth he stroke his beard, and now againe
He wipes the drivel from his filthy chin;
Now offers he a kisse, but high Disdaine
Will not permit her hart to pity him:
Her hart more hard than adamant or steele,
Her hart more changeable than Fortunes wheele.

But leave we him in love up to the eares,
And tell how Love behav'd himselfe abroad;
Who seeing one that mourned still in teares,
A young man groaning under Loves great load,
Thinking to ease his burden, rid his paines,
For men have grieve as long as life remaines.

Alas, the while that unawares he drue
The fatall shaft that Death had dropt before,
By which deceit great harme did then insue,
Stayning his face with blood and filthy goare :
His face, that was to Guendolen more deere
Than love of lords, or any lordly peere.

This was that faire and beautifull young man,
Whom Guendolena so lamented for;
This is that Love whom she doth curse and ban,
Because she doth that dismall chaunce abhor:
And if it were not for his mothers sake,
Even Ganimede himselfe she would forsake.

Oh would shee would forsake my Ganimede,
Whose sugred love is full of sweete delight,
Upon whose forehead you may plainly reade
Loves pleasure grav'd in yvorie tables bright:
In whose faire eye-balls you may clearely see
Base Love still staine with foule indignitie.

Oh would to God he would but pittie mee,
That love him more than any mortall wight!

Then he and I with love would soone agree,
That now cannot abide his sutors sight.
O would to God, so I might have my fee,
My lips were honey, and thy mouth a bee !

Then shouldst thou sucke my sweete and my faire
flower,
That now is ripe and full of honey-berries;
Then would I leade thee to my pleasant bower,
Fild full of grapes, of mulberries, and cherries:
Then shouldst thou be my waspe or else my bee,
I would thy hive, and thou my honey, bee.

I would put amber bracelets on thy wrests,
Crownets of pearle about thy naked armes:
And when thou sitst at swilling Bacchus feasts
My lips with charmes should save thee from all
harmes:
And when in sleepe thou tookst thy chiefest pleasure,
Mine eyes should gaze upon thine eyelids treasure.

And every morne by dawning of the day,
When Phœbus riseth with a blushing face,
Silvanus chappel-clarkes shall chaunt a lay,
And play thee hunts-up in thy resting place:
My coote thy chamber, my bosome thy bed
Shall be appointed for thy sleepy head.

And when it pleaseth thee to walke abroad,
Abroad into the fields to take fresh ayre,

The meades with Floras treasure should be strowde,
The mantled meaddowes, and the fields so fayre.
And by a silver well with golden sands
He sit me downe, and wash thine yvory hands.

And in the sweltring heate of summer time,
I would make cabinets for thee, my love;
Sweet-smelling arbours made of eglantine
Should be thy shrine, and I would be thy dove.
Cool cabinets of fresh greene laurell boughs
Should shadow us, ore-set with thicke-set eughes.

Or if thou list to bathe thy naked limbs
Within the cristall of a pearle-bright brooke,
Paved with dainty pibbles to the brims,
Or cleare, wherein thyselfe thyselfe mayst looke;
Weele goe to Ladon, whose still trickling noyse
Will lull thee fast asleepe amids thy joyes.

Or if thoult goe unto the river side,
To angle for the sweet freshwater fish,
Arm'd with thy implements that will abide,
Thy rod, hooke, line, to take a dainty dish;
Thy rods shall be of cane, thy lines of silke,
Thy hooks of silver, and thy bayts of milke.

Or if thou lov'st to hear sweet melodie,
Or pipe a round upon an oaten reede,
Or make thyselfe glad with some myrthfull glee,
Or play them musicke whilst thy flocke doth feede.

To Pans owne pype Ile helpe my lovely lad,
Pans golden pype, which he of Syrinx had.

Or if thou darst to climbe the highest trees
For apples, cherries, medlars, pearces, or plumbs,
Nuts, walnuts, filbeards, chestnuts, cervices,
The hoary peach, when snowy winter comes;
I have fine orchards full of mellowed frute,
Which I will give thee to obtaine my sute.

Not proud Alcynous himselfe can vaunt
Of goodlier orchards or of braver trees
Than I have planted; yet thou wilt not graunt
My simple sute, but like the honey bees
Thou suckst the flowre till all the sweet be gone,
And loost mee for my coyne till I have none.

Leave Guendolen, sweet hart; though she be faire,
Yet is she light; not light in vertue shining,
But light in her behaviour, to impaire
Her honour in her chastities declining;
Trust not her teares, for they can wantonnize,
When teares in pearle are trickling from her eyes.

If thou wilt come and dwell with me at home, [rushes:
My sheepeote shall be strowed with new greene
Weele haunt the trembling prickets as they rome
About the fields, along the hauthorne bushes;
I have a pie-bald curre to hunt the hare,
So we will live with daintie forrest fare.

Nay, more than this, I have a garden plot,
Wherein there wants nor hearbs, nor roots, nor
flowers;
Flowers to smell, roots to eate, hearbs for the pot,
And dainty shelters when the welkin lowers:
Sweet-smelling beds of lillies, and of roses,
Which rosemary banks and lavender incloses.

There growes the gilliflowre, the mynt, the dayzie
Both red and white, the blue-veynd violet;
The purple hyacinth, the spyke to please thee,
The scarlet dyde carnation bleeding yet:
The sage, the savery, and sweet margerum,
Isop, tyme, and eye-bright, good for the blinde and
dumbe.

The pinke, the primrose, cowslip and daffadilly,
The hare-bell blue, the crimson cullumbine,
Sage, lettis, parsley, and the milke-white lilly,
The rose and speckled flowre cald sops-in-wine,
Fine pretie king-cups, and the yellow bootes,
That growes by rivers and by shallow brookes.

And manie thousand moe I cannot name
Of hearbs and flowers that in gardens grow,
I have for thee, and coneyes that be tame,
Young rabbets, white as swan, and blacke as crow;
Some speckled here and there with daintie spots:
And more I have two mylch and milke-white goates.

All these and more Ile give thee for thy love,
If these and more may tye thy love away:
I have a pidgeon-house, in it a dove,
Which I love more than mortall tongue can say.
And last of all Ile give thee a little lambe
To play withall, new weaned from her dam.

But if thou wilt not pittie my complaint,
My teares, nor vowes, nor oathes, made to thy
beautie:
What shall I doo but languish, die, or faint,
Since thou dost scorne my teares, and my soules
duetie:
And teares contemned, vowes and oaths must faile,
And where teares cannot, nothing can prevaile.

Compare the love of faire Queene Guendolin
With mine, and thou shalt [s]ee how she doth love
thee:
I love thee for thy qualities divine,
But shee doth love another swaine above thee:
I love thee for thy gifts, she for hir pleasure;
I for thy vertue, she for beauties treasure.

And alwaies, I am sure, it cannot last.
But sometime Nature will denie those dimples:
Instead of beautie, when thy blossom's past,
Thy face will be deformed full of wrinkles;
Then she that lov'd thee for thy beauties sake,
When age drawes on, thy love will soone forsake.

But that I lov'd thee for thy gifts divine,
In the December of thy beauties waning,
Will still admire with joy those lovely cine,
That now behold me with their beauties baning.
Though Januarie will never come againe,
Yet Aprill yeres will come in showers of raine.

When will my May come, that I may embrace thee?
When will the hower be of my soules joying?
Why dost thou seeke in mirth still to disgrace mee?
Whose mirth's my health, whose griefe's my harts
annoying:
Thy bane my bale, thy blisse my blessednes,
Thy ill my hell, thy weale my welfare is.

Thus doo I honour thee that love thee so,
And love thee so, that so doo honour thee
Much more than anie mortall man doth know,
Or can discern by love or jealozie:
But if that thou disdainst my loving ever,
Oh happie I, if I had loved never!

FINIS.

Plus fellis quam mellis amor.

THE SECOND DAYES LAMENTATION OF THE AFFECTIONATE
SHEPHEARD.

NEXT morning, when the golden sunne was risen,
And new had bid good morrow to the mountaines;
When night her silver light had lockt in prison,
Which gave a glimmering on the christall fountaines:
Then ended sleepe, and then my cares began,
Ev'n with the uprising of the silver swan.

Oh, glorious sunne! quoth I, viewing the sunne,
That lightenst everie thing but me alone:
Why is my summer season almost done,
My spring-time past, and ages autumnne gone?
My harvest's come, and yet I reapt no corne:
My love is great, and yet I am forlorne.

Witnes these watrie eyes my sad lament,
Receaving cisternes of my ceaseles teares;
Witnes my bleeding hart my soules intent,
Witnes the weight distressed Daphnis beares:
Sweet love, come ease me of thy burthens paine,
Or els I die, or else my hart is slaine.

And thou, love-scorning boy, cruell, unkinde,
Oh, let me once againe intreat some pittie:

May be thou wilt relent thy marble minde,
And lend thine cares unto my dolefull dittie:
Oh, pittie him, that pittie craves so sweetly,
Or else thou shalt be never named meekly.

If thou wilt love me, thou shalt be my boy,
My sweet delight, the comfort of my minde,
My love, my dove, my sollace, and my joy;
But if I can no grace nor mercie finde,
Ile goe to Caucasus to ease my smart,
And let a vulture gnaw upon my hart.

Yet if thou wilt but show me one kinde looke,
A small reward for my so great affection,
Ile grave thy name in Beauties golden booke,
And shrowd thee under Hellicon's protection:
Making the muses chaunt thy lovely prayse,
For they delight in shepheard's lowly layes.

And when th'art wearie of thy keeping sheepe
Upon a lovely downe, to please thy minde,
Ile give thee fine ruffe-footed doves to keepe,
And pretie pidgeons of another kinde:
A robbin-redbrest shall thy minstrell bee,
Chirping thee sweet and pleasant melodie.

Or if thou wilt goe shoote at little birds,
With bow and boults, the thrustle-cocke and sparrow,
Such as our countrey hedges can afford,
I have a fine bowe, and an yvorie arrow:

And if thou misse, yet meate thou shalt [not] lacke,
He hang a bag and bottle at thy backe.

Wilt thou set springes in a frostie night
To catch the long-bill'd woodcocke and the snype,
By the bright glimmering of the starrie light,
The partridge, phæasant, or the greedie grype;
He lend thee lyme-twigs, and fine sparrow calls,
Wherewith the fowler silly birds inthralls.

Or in a mystie morning if thou wilt
Make pitfalls for the larke and pheldifare,
Thy prop and sweake shall be both overguilt,
With Cyparissus selfe thou shalt compare
For gins and wyles, the oozels to beguile,
Whilst thou under a bush shalt sit and smile.

Or with hare-pypes set in a muset hole,
Wilt thou deceave the deep-earth-delving coney;
Or wilt thou in a yellow boxen bole,
Taste with a wooden splent the sweet lythe honey;
Clusters of crimson grapes He pull thee downe,
And with vine-leaves make thee a lovely crowne.

Or wilt thou drinke a cup of new-made wine,
Froathing at top, mixt with a dish of creame
And strawberries, or bilberries, in their prime,
Bath'd in a melting sugar-candie streame:
Bunnell and perry I have for thee alone,
When vynes are dead, and all the grapes are gone.

I have a pleasant noted nightingale,
That sings as sweetly as the silver swan,
Kept in a cage of bone as white as whale,
Which I with singing of Philemon wan:
Her shalt thou have, and all I have beside,
If thou wilt be my boy, or els my bride.

Then will I lay out all my lardarie
Of cheese, of cracknells, curds and clowted-creame,
Before thy malecontent ill-pleasing eye;
But why doo I of such great follies dreame?
Alas, he will not see my simple coate,
For all my speckled lambe, nor milk-white goate!

Against my birth-day thou shalt be my guest,
Weele have greene-cheeses and fine silly-bubs,
And thou shalt be the chiefe of all my feast,
And I will give thee two fine pretie cubs,
With two yong whelps, to make thee sport withall,
A golden racket, and a tennis-ball.

A guilded nutmeg, and a race of ginger,
A silken girdle, and a drawn-worke band,
Cuffs for thy wrists, a gold ring for thy finger,
And sweet rose-water for thy lilly-white hand;
A purse of silke, bespangd with spots of gold,
As brave a one as ere thou didst behold.

A paire of knives, a greene hat and a feather,
New gloves to put upon thy milk-white hand,

Ile give thee, for to keep thee from the weather,
With phœnix feathers shall thy face be fand,
Cooling those cheekes, that being cool'd wexe red,
Like lillyes in a bed of roses shed.

Why doo thy corall lips disdaine to kisse,
And sucke that sweete which manie have desired?
That baulme my bane, that meanes would mend my
misse,

Oh, let me then with thy sweete lips b'inspired!
When thy lips touch my lips, my lips will turne
To corall too, and, being cold yee, will burne.

Why should thy sweete love-locke hang dangling downe,
Kissing thy girdle-stud with falling pride?
Although thy skin be white, thy haire is browne:

Oh, let not then thy haire thy beautie hide!
Cut off thy locke, and sell it for gold wier:
The purest gold is tryde in hottest fier.

Faire long-haire-wearing Absolon was kiild,
Because he wore it in a braverie:
So that which gracle his beautie, Beautie spild,
Making him subject to vile slaverie,
In being bangd: a death for him too good,
That sought his owne shame and his father's blood.

Againe we read of old king Priamus,
The haplesse syre of valiant Hector slaine,
That his haire was so long and odious
In youth, that in his age it bred his paine:

For if his haire had not been halfe so long,
His life had been, and he had had no wrong.

For when his stately citie was destroyd,
That monument of great antiquitie,
When his poore hart, with grieve and sorrow cloyd,
Fled to his wife, last hope in miserie;
Pyrrhus, more hard than adamantine rockes,
Held him and halde him by his aged lockes.

These two examples by the way I show,
To prove th' indecencie of men's long haire:
Though I could tell thee of a thousand moe,
Let these suffice for thee, my lovely faire,
Whose eye's my starre, whose smiling is my sunne,
Whose love did ende before my joyes begunne.

Fond love is blinde, and so art thou, my deare,
For thou seest not my love and great desart;
Blinde love is fond, and so thou dost appeare,
For fond and blinde, thou greevst my greeving hart:
Be thou fond-blinde, blinde-fond, or one, or all,
Thou art my love, and I must be thy thrall!

Oh lend thine yvorie forehead for loves booke,
Thine eyes for candles to behold the same;
That when dim-sighted ones therein shall looke,
They may discern that proud disdainefull dame;
Yet claspe that booke, and shut that cazement light,
Lest, th'one obscure, the other shine too bright.

Sell thy sweet breath to th' daintie musk-ball makers,
Yet sell it so as thou mayst soone redeeme it:
Let others of thy beauty be pertakers,
Else none but Daphnis will so well esteeme it.
For what is beauty, except it be well knowne?
And how can it be knowne, except first showne?

Learne of the gentlewomen of this age,
That set their beauties to the open view,
Making disdaine their lord, true love their page,
A custome zeale doth hate, desert doth rue:
Learne to looke red, anon waxe pale and wan,
Making a mocke of love, a scorne of man.

A candle light, and cover'd with a vaile,
Doth no man good, because it gives no light;
So Beauty of her beauty seemes to faile,
When being not seene it cannot shine so bright:
Then show thyselfe and know thyselfe withall,
Lest climbing high thou catch too great a fall.

Oh foule eclipser of that fayre sun-shine,
Which is intitled Beauty in the best,
Making that mortall, which is els divine, [least:
That staines the fayre which women steeme not
Get thee to Hell againe, from whence thou art,
And leave the center of a woman's hart.

Ah be not staind, sweet boy, with this vilde spot,
Indulgence daughter, mother of Mischaunce;

A blemish that doth every beauty blot,
That makes them loath'd, but never doth advaunce
Her clyents, fautors, friends, or them that love her,
And hates them most of all, that most reprove her.

Remember age, and thou canst not be proud,
For age puls downe the pride of every man;
In youthfull yeares by Nature tis allowde
To have selfe-will, doo Nurture what she can;
Nature and Nurture once together met,
The soule and shape in decent order set.

Pride looks aloft, still staring on the starres,
Humility looks lowly on the ground;
Th' one menaceth the gods with civill warres,
The other toyles till he have Vertue found.
His thoughts are humble, not aspiring hye,
But Pride looks haughtily with scornefull eye.

Humillity is clad in modest weedes,
But Pride is brave and glorious to the show;
Humillity his friends with kindnes feedes,
But Pride his friends in neede will never know,
Supplying not their wants, but them disdainyng,
Whilst they to pittie never neede complaynyng.

Humillity in misery is reliev'd,
But Pride in neede of no man is regarded;
Pitty and Mercy weepe to see him griev'd,
That in distresse had them so well rewarded;

But Pride is scornd, contemnd, disdaind, derided,
Whilst Humblenes of all things is provided.

Oh then be humble, gentle, meeke, and milde,
So shalt thou be of every mouth commended;
Be not disdainfull, cruell, proud, sweet childe,
So shalt thou be of no man much condemned:
Care not for them that vertue doo despise;
Vertue is loathde of fooles, lovde of the wise.

O faire boy, trust not to thy beauties wings,
They cannot carry thee above the sunne:
Beauty and wealth are transitory things,
For all must ende that ever was begunne.
But Fame and Vertue never shall decay,
For Fame is toombles, Vertue lives for aye.

The snow is white, and yet the pepper's blacke,
The one is bought, the other is contemned:
Pibbles we have, but store of jeat we lacke,
So white comparde to blacke is much condemned.
We doo not praise the swanne because shees white,
But for she doth in musique much delite.

And yet the silver-noted nightingale,
Though she be not so white, is more esteemed;
Sturghion is dun of hew, white is the whale,
Yet for the daintier dish the first is deemed:
What thing is whiter than the milke-bred lilly?
That knowes it not for naught, what man so silly?

Yea, what more noysomer unto the smell
Than lillies are? What's sweeter then the sage?
Yet for pure white the lilly beares the bell,
Till it be faded through decaying age.
House-doves are white, and oozels blacke-birds bee,
Yet what a difference in the taste we see?

Compare the cow and calfe with ewe and lambe,
Rough hayrie hydes with softest downy fell;
Heefar and bull with weather and with ramme,
And you shall see how far they doo excell;
White kine with blacke, blacke coney-skins with gray,
Kine nesh and strong, skins deare and cheape alway.

The whitest silver is not alwaies best,
Lead, tynne, and pewter are of base esteeme;
The yellow burnisht gold that comes from th' East,
And West, of late invented, may besee me
The worlds ritch treasury, or Mydas eye;
The ritch mans god, poore mans felicitie.

Bugle and jeat with snow and alablaste
I will compare; white dammasin with blacke;
Bullas and wheaton plumbs, to a good taster
The ripe red cherries have the sweetest smacke:
When they be greene and young, th' are sowre and
naught;
But being ripe, with eagernes th' are baught.

Compare the wyld cat to the brownish beaver,
Running for life, with hounds pursued sore,

When huntsmen of her pretious stones bereave her,
Which with her teeth sh' had bitten off before;
Restoratives and costly curious felts
Are made of them, and rich imbroydred belts.

To what use serves a peece of crimbling chalke?
The agget stone is white, yet good for nothing:
Fie, fie, I am asham'd to heare thee talke,
Be not so much of thine owne image doating:
So faire Narcissus lost his love and life;
Beautie is often with itselfe at strife.

Right diamonds are of a russet hieu,
The brightsome carbuncles are red to see too;
The saphyre stone is of a watchet blue,
To this thou canst not chuse but soone agree to:
Pearles are not white but gray, rubies are red:
In praise of blacke what can be better sed?

For if we doo consider of each mortall thing
That flyes in welkin, or in water swims,
How everie thing increaseth with the spring,
And how the blacker still the brighter dims:
We cannot chuse, but needs we must confesse,
Sable excels milk-white in more or lesse.

As for example, in the christall cleare
Of a sweete streame, or pleasant running river,
Where thousand formes of fishes will appeare,
Whose names to thee I cannot now deliver;

The blacker still the brighter have disgrac'd,
For pleasant profit and delicious taste.

Salmon and trout are of a ruddie colour,
Whiting and dare is of a milk-white hiew;
Nature by them perhaps is made the fuller,
Little they nowrish, be they old or new:
Carp, loach, tench, eeles, though black and bred in mud,
Delight the tooth with taste, and breed good blud.

Innumerable be the kindes, if I could name them,
But I a shepheard and no fisher am:
Little it skils whether I praise or blame them,
I onely meddle with my ew and lamb:
Yet this I say that blacke the better is,
In birds, beasts, frute, stones, flowres, herbs, mettals, fish.

And last of all, in blacke there doth appeare
Such qualities as not in yvorie;
Black cannot blush for shame, looke pale for feare,
Scorning to weare another livorie.
Blacke is the badge of sober modestie,
The wonted weare of ancient gravetie.

The learned sisters sute themselves in blacke,
Learning abandons white and lighter hues;
Pleasure and pride light colours never lacke,
But true religion doth such toyes refuse:
Vertue and gravity are sisters growne,
Since blacke by both, and both by blacke are knowne.

White is the colour of each paltry miller,
White is the ensigne of each common woman;
White is white vertues for blacke vyces piller,
White makes proud fooles inferiour unto no man:
White is the white of body, blacke of minde,
Vertue we seldome in white habit finde.

Oh, then be not so proud because th' art fayre,
Vertue is onely the ritch gift of God:
Let not selfe-pride thy vertues name impayre,
Beate not greene youth with sharpe repentance rod:
A fiend, a monster, a mishapen diuel;
Vertues foe, vyces friend, the roote of evill.

Apply thy minde to be a vertuous man;
Avoyd ill company, the spoyle of youth;
To follow vertues lore doo what thou can,
Whereby great profit unto the ensuth:
Reade bookes, hate ignorance, the foe to art,
The damme of errour, envy of the hart.

Serve Jove upon thy knees both day and night,
Adore his name above all things on earth;
So shall thy vowes be gracious in his sight,
So little babes are blessed in their birth:
Thinke on no worldly woe, lament thy sin,
For lesser cease, when greater griefes begin.

Swear no vaine oathes, heare much, but little say,
Speake ill of no man, tend thine owne affaires;

Bridle thy wrath, thine angrie mood delay,
So shall thy minde be seldome cloyd with cares:
Be milde and gentle in thy speech to all,
Refuse no honest gaine when it doth fall.

Be not beguild with words, prove not ungratefull,
Releeve thy neighbour in his greatest need,
Commit no action that to all is hatefull,
Their want with welth, the poore with plentie feed:
Twit no man in the teeth with what th' hast done;
Remember flesh is fraile, and hatred shunne.

Leave wicked things, which men to mischief move,
Least crosse mis-hap may thee in danger bring:
Crave no preferment of thy heavenly Jove,
Nor anie honor of thy earthly king:
Boast not thyselfe before th' Almightyes sight,
Who knowes thy hart, and anie wicked wight.

Be not offensive to the peoples eye,
See that thy praiers harts true zeale affords,
Scorne not a man that's false in miserie,
Esteeme no tatling tales, no babling words;
That reason is exiled alwaies thinke,
When as a drunkard rayles amidst his drinke.

Use not thy lovely lips to loathsome lyes,
By craftie meanes increase no worldly wealth;
Strive not with mightie men (whose fortune flies),
With temp'rate diet nourish wholesome health:

Place well thy words, leave not thy frend for gold;
First trie, then trust, in ventring be not bold.

In Pan repose thy trust; extoll his praise,
 (That never shall decay, but ever lives):
Honor thy parents (to prolong thy dayes),
 Let not thy left hand know what right hand gives:
From needie men turne not thy face away,
Though charitie be now yelad in clay.

Heare shepheards oft (thereby great wisdome growes),
 With good advice a sober answer make:
Be not remoov'd with every winde that blowes,
 (That course doo onely sinfull sinners take):
Thy talke will shew thy fame or els thy shame;
(A prating tongue doth often purchase blame.)

Obtaine a faithfull frend that will not faile thee,
 Think on thy mother's paine in her child-bearing;
Make no debate, least quickly thou bewaile thee,
 Visit the sicke with comfortable chearing:
Pittie the prisner, helpe the fatherlesse,
Revenge the widdowes wrongs in her distresse.

Thinke on thy grave, remember still thy end,
 Let not thy winding-sheete be stained with guilt;
Trust not a fained reconciled frend,
 More than an open foe (that blood hath spilt):
(Who tutcheth pitch, with pitch shalbe defiled),
Be not with wanton companie beguiled.

Take not a flattring woman to thy wife,
A shameles creature, full of wanton words,
(Whose bad, thy good, whose lust will end thy life,
Cutting thy hart with sharpe two edged knife):
Cast not thy minde on her whose lookes allure,
But she that shines in truth and vertue pure.

Praise not thyselfe, let other men commend thee;
Beare not a flattring tongue to glaver anie;
Let parents due correction not offend thee;
Rob not thy neighbor, seeke the love of manie;
Hate not to heare good counsell given thee,
Lay not thy money unto usurie.

Restraine thy steps from too much libertie,
Fulfill not th' envious mans malitious minde;
Embrace thy wife, live not in lecherie;
Content thyselfe with what fates have assignde:
Be rul'd by reason, warning dangers save;
True age is reverend worship to thy grave.

Be patient in extreame adversitie,
(Mans chiefest credit growes by dooing well).
Be not high-minded in prosperitie;
Falshood abhorre, no lying fable tell.
Give not thyselfe to sloth, (the sinke of shame,
The moath of time, the enemy to fame).

This leare I learned of a bel-dame Trot,
(When I was yong and wylde as now thou art),

But her good counsell I regarded not,
I markt it with my eares, not with my hart.
But now I finde it too-too true (my sonne),
When my age-withered spring is almost done.

Behold my gray head, full of silver haire,
My wrinkled skin, deepe furrowes in my face,
Cares bring old age, old age increaseth cares;
My time is come, and I have run my race:
Winter hath snow'd upon my hoarie head,
And with my winter all my joyes are dead.

And thou love-hating boy, (whom once I loved),
Farewell, a thousand-thousand times farewell;
My teares the marble-stones to ruth have moved;
My sad complaints the babling ecchoes tell:
And yet thou wouldst take no compassion on mee,
Scorning that crosse which love hath laid upon mee.

The hardest steele with fier doth mend his misse,
Marble is mollifyde with drops of raine;
But thou (more hard than steele or marble is),
Doost scorne my teares, and my true love disdaine,
Which for thy sake shall everlasting bee,
Wrote in the annalls of eternitie.

By this, the night, (with darknes over-sprede),
Had drawne the curtaines of her cole-blacke bed;
And Cynthia, muffling her face with a clowd,
(Lest all the world of her should be too proud)

Had taken conge of the sable night,
(That wanting her cannot be halfe so bright.)

When I, poore forlorn man and outcast creature,
 (Despairing of my love, despisde of beautie),
Grew malecontent, scorning his lovely feature,
 That had disdained my ever zealous dutie:
I hy'd me homeward by the moone-shine light,
Foreswaring love, and all his fond delight.

FINIS.

THE SHEPHERDS CONTENT, OR THE HAPPINES OF A HARMLES
LIFE. WRITTEN UPON OCCASION OF THE FORMER
SUBJECT.

OF all the kindes of common countrey life,
Methinkes a shepherds life is most content;
His state is quiet peace, devoyd of strife;
His thoughts are pure from all impure intent,
His pleasures rate sits at an easie rent;
He beares no mallice in his harmles hart,
Malicious meaning hath in him no part.

He is not troubled with th' afflicted minde,
His cares are onely over silly sheepe;
He is not unto jealozie inclinde,
(Thrice happie man) he knowes not how to weepe;
Whilst I the treble in deepe sorrowes keepe.
I cannot keepe the meane; for why (alas)
Griefes have no meane, though I for meane doe passe.

No briefes nor semi-briefes are in my songs,
Because (alas) my griefe is seldome short;

My prick-song's alwayes full of largues and longs,
 (Because I never can obtaine the port
 Of my desires: hope is a happie fort).
Prick song (indeed) because it pricks my hart;
And song, because sometimes I ease my smart.

The mightie monarch of a royall realme,
 Swaying his scepter with a princely pompe,
Of his desires cannot so steare the healme,
 But sometime falls into a deadly dumpe;
 When as he heares the shrilly sounding trumpe
Of forren enemies, or home-bred foes,
His minde of griefe, his hart is full of woes.

Or when bad subjects gainst their soveraigne
 (Like hollow harts) unnaturally rebell,
How carefull is he to suppressse againe
 Their desperate forces, and their powers to quell
 With loyall harts, till all againe be well.
When (being subdu'd) his care is rather more,
To keepe them under, than it was before.

Thus is he never full of sweete content,
 But either this or that his joy debars:
Now noblemen gainst noblemen are bent,
 Now gentlemen and others fall at jarrs:
 Thus is his countrey full of civill warrs;
He still in danger sits, still fearing death,
For traitors seeke to stop their princes breath.

The whylst the other hath noemie,
Without it be the wolfe and cruell fates,
(Which no man spare): when as his disagree,
He with his sheephooke knaps them on the pates,
Schooling his tender lambs from wanton gates.
Beasts are more kinde than men, sheepe seeke not blood,
But countrey caytives kill their countreyes good.

The courtier he fawns for his princes favour,
In hope to get a princely ritch reward;
His tongue is tipt with honey for to glaver,
Pride deales the deck, whilst chance doth choose the
card;
Then comes another and his game hath mard,
Sitting betwixt him and the morning sun;
Thus night is come before the day is done.

Some courtiers, carefull of their princes health,
Attend his person with all dilligence;
Whose hand's their hart, whose welfare is their wealth,
Whose safe protection is their sure defence,
For pure affection, not for hope of pence:
Such is the faithfull hart, such is the minde,
Of him that is to vertue still inclinde.

The skilfull scholler, and brave man at armes,
First plies his booke, last fights for countries peace;
Th' one feares oblivion, th' other fresh alarmes:
His paines nere ende, his travailes never cease;
His with the day, his with the night increase:

He studies how to get eternall fame,
The souldier fights to win a glorious name.

The knight, the squire, the gentleman, the clowne,
Are full of crosses and calamities,
Lest fickle fortune should begin to frowne,
And turne their mirth to extreame miseries,
Nothing more certaine than incertainties!
Fortune is full of fresh varietie,
Constant in nothing but inconstancie.

The wealthie merchant that doth crosse the seas,
To Denmarke, Poland, Spaine, and Barbarie,
For all his ritches, lives not still at ease;
Sometimes he feares ship-spyling pyracie,
Another while deceit and treacherie
Of his owne factors in a forren land;
Thus doth he still in dread and danger stand.

Well is he tearmd a merchant-venturer,
Since he doth venter lands, and goods and all;
When he doth travell for his traffique far,
Little he knowes what fortune may befall,
Or rather, what mis-fortune happen shall:
Sometimes he splits his ship against a rocke,
Loosing his men, his goods, his wealth, his stocke.

And if he so escape with life away,
He counts himselfe a man most fortunate,
Because the waves their rigorous rage did stay,
(When being within their cruell powers of late,

The seas did seeme to pittie his estate).
But yet he never can recover health,
Because his joy was drowned with his wealth.

The painfull plough-swaine, and the husband-man,
Rise up each morning by the breake of day,
Taking what toyle and drudging paines they can,
And all is for to get a little stay ;
And yet they cannot put their care away:
When night is come, their cares begin afresh,
Thinking upon their morrowes busines.

Thus everie man is troubled with unrest,
From rich to poore, from high to low degree:
Therefore I thinke that man is truly blest,
That neither cares for wealth nor povertie,
But laughs at Fortune, and her foolerie,
That gives rich churles great store of golde and fee,
And lets poore schollers live in miserie.

O, fading branches of decaying bayes,
Who now will water your dry-wither'd armes?
Or where is he that sung the lovely layes
Of simple shepherds in their countrey-farmes?
Ah! he is dead, the cause of all our harmes:
And with him dide my joy and sweete delight;
The cleare to clowdes, the day is turnd to night.

SYDNEY, the syren of this latter age;

SYDNEY, the blasing-starre of England's glory;

SYDNEY, the wonder of the wise and sage;

SYDNEY, the subject of true vertues story:
This syren, starre, this wonder, and this subject,
Is dumbe, dim, gone, and mard by fortune's object.

And thou, my sweete Amintas, vertuous minde,

Should I forget thy learning or thy love,
Well might I be accounted but unkinde,
Whose pure affection I so oft did prove,
Might my poore complaints hard stones to pittie move!
His losse should be lamented of each creature,
So great his name, so gentle was his nature.

But sleepe his soule in sweet Elysium,

(The happy haven of eternall rest);
And let me to my former matter come,
Proving, by reason, shepheard's life is best,
Because he harbours vertue in his brest;
And is content, (the chiefest thing of all),
With any fortune that shall him befall.

He sits all day lowd-piping on a hill,

The whilst his flocke about him daunce apace,
His hart with joy, his eares with musique fill:
Anon a bleating weather beares the bace,
A lambe the treble, and to his disgrace
Another answers like a middle meane,
Thus every one to beare a part are faine.

Like a great king he rules a little land,

Still making statutes and ordayning lawes,

Which if they breake, he beates them with his wand;
He doth defend them from the greedy jawes
Of rav'ning woolves, and lyons bloudy pawes.
His field, his realme; his subjects are his sheepe;
Which he doth still in due obedience keepe.

First he ordaines by act of parlament,
(Holden by custome in each country towne),
That if a sheepe (with any bad intent)
Presume to breake the neighbour hedges downe,
Or haunt strange pastures that be not his owne,
He shall be pounded for his lustines,
Untill his master finde out some redres.

Also if any prove a strageller
From his owne fellowes in a forraine field,
He shall be taken for a wanderer,
And forc'd himselfe immediatly to yeeld;
Or with a wyde-mouth'd mastive curre be kild;
And if not claimd within a twelve month's space,
He shall remaine with land-lord of the place.

Or if one stray to feede far from the rest,
He shall be pinch't by his swift pye-bald curre;
If any by his fellowes be opprest,
The wronger, (for he doth all wrong abhorre),
Shall be well bang'd so long as he can sturre,
Because he did anoy his harmeles brother,
That meant not harme to him nor any other.

And last of all, if any wanton weather,
With briers and brambles teare his fleece in twaine,
He shall be forc'd t' abide cold frosty weather,
And powring showres of ratling stormes of raine,
Till his new fleece begins to grow againe:
And for his rashnes he is doom'd to goe
Without a new coate all the winter throw.

Thus doth he keepe them still in awfull feare,
And yet allowes them liberty inough;
So deare to him their welfare doth appeare,
That when their fleeces gin to waxen rough,
He combs and trims them with a rampicke bough,
Washing them in the streames of silver Ladon,
To cleanse their skinnes from all corruption.

Another while he wooes his country wench,
With chaplet crownd and gaudy girlonds dight,
Whose burning lust her modest eye doth quench;
Standing amazed at her heavenly sight,
Beauty doth ravish sense with sweet delight,
Clearing Arcadia with a smoothed browe,
When sun-bright smiles melt flakes of driven snowe.

Thus doth he frolicke it each day by day,
And when night comes drawes homeward to his coate,
Singing a jigge or merry roundelay,
For who sings commonly so merry a noate,
As he that cannot chop or change a groate?
And in the winter nights his chiefe desire,
He turnes a crabbe or cracknell in the fire.

He leads his wench a country horne-pipe round,
About a may-pole on a holy-day,
Kissing his lovely lasse with garlands crownd,
With whoopping heigh-ho singing care away.
Thus doth he passe the merry month of May,
And all th' yere after, in delight and joy;
Scorning a king, he cares for no annoy.

What though with simple cheere he homely fares,
He lives content; a king can doo no more,
Nay, not so much, for kings have manie cares,
But he hath none, except it be that sore
Which yong and old, which vexeth ritch and poore,
The pangs of love. O! who can vanquish Love?
That conquers kingdomes, and the gods above.

Deepe-wounding arrow, hart-consuming fire,
Ruler of reason, slave to tyrant beautie,
Monarch of harts, fuell of fond desire,
Prentice to folly, foe to fained duetie.
Pledge of true zeale, affections moitie,
If thou kilst where thou wilt, and whom it list thee,
Alas! how can a silly soule resist thee?

By thee great Collin lost his libertie,
By thee sweet Astrophel forwent his joy;
By thee Amyntas wept incessantly,
By thee good Rowland liv'd in great annoy;
O cruell, peevish, vylde, blind-seeing boy,
How canst thou hit their harts, and yet not see?
If thou be blinde, as thou art faind to bee.

A shepherd loves no ill, but onely thee;

He hath no care, but onely by thy causing:

Why doost thou shoot thy cruell shafts at mee?

Give me some respite, some short time of pausing:

Still my sweet love with bitter lucke th'art sawcing:

Oh, if thou hast a minde to shew thy might,

Kill mightie kings, and not a wretched wight.

Yet, O enthraller of infranchizd harts,

At my poore hart if thou wilt needs be ayming,

Doo me this favour, show me both thy darts,

That I may chuse the best for my harts mayming,

A free consent is priviledgd from blaming.

Then pierce his hard hart with thy golden arrow,

That thou my wrong, that he may rue my sorrow.

But let mee feele the force of thy lead pyle,

What should I doo with love when I am old?

I know not how to flatter, fawne, or smyle;

Then stay thy hand, O cruell bowman, hold!

For if thou strik'st me with thy dart of gold,

I sweare to thee by Joves immortall curse,

I have more in my hart than in my purse.

The more I weepe, the more he bends his brow,

For in my hart a golden shaft I finde.

Cruell, unkinde, and wilt thou leave me so?

Can no remorse nor pittie move thy minde?

Is mercie in the heavens so hard to finde?

Oh, then it is no mervaile that on earth

Of kinde remorse there is so great a dearth.

How happie were a harmles shepherds life,
If he had never knowen what love did meane;
But now fond Love in every place is rife,
Staining the purest soule with spots uncleane,
Making thicke purses thin, fat bodies leane.
Love is a fiend, a fire, a heaven, a hell,
Where pleasure, paine, and sad repentance dwell!

There are so manie Danaes now a dayes,
That love for lucre, paine for gaine is sold;
No true affection can their fancie please,
Except it be a Jove, to raine downe gold
Into their laps, which they wyde open hold:
If *legem pone* comes, he is receav'd,
When *Vix haud habeo* is of hope bereav'd.

Thus have I showed, in my countrey vaine,
The sweet content that shepherds still enjoy;
The mickle pleasure and the little paine
That ever doth awayte the shepherds boy:
His hart is never troubled with annoy;
He is a king, for he commands his sheepe;
He knowes no woe, for he doth seldome weepe.

He is a courtier, for he courts his love;
He is a scholler, for he sings sweet ditties;
He is a souldier, for he wounds doth prove;
He is the fame of townes, the shame of citties:
He scornes false fortune, but true vertue pitties.
He is a gentleman, because his nature
Is kinde and affable to everie creature.

Who would not then a simple shepherd bee,
Rather than be a mightie monarch made?
Since he injoyes such perfect libertie
As never can decay, nor never fade:
He seldome sits in dolefull cypresse shade,
But lives in hope, in joy, in peace, in blisse,
Joying all joy with this content of his.

But now good fortune lands my little boate
Upon the shoare of his desired rest:
Now must I leave awhile my rurall noate,
To thinke on him whom my soule loveth best;
He that can make the most unhappie blest;
In whose sweete lap Ile lay me downe to sleepe,
And never wake till marble stones shall weepe.

SONNET.

Loe here behold these tributarie teares
Paid to thy faire but cruell tyrant eyes;
Loe here the blossome of my youthfull yeares,
Nipt with the fresh of thy wraths winter, dyes!
Here on Loves altar I doo offer up
This burning hart for my soules sacrifice;
Here I receave this deadly-poysned cu[p]
Of Circe charm'd, wherein deepe magicke lyes.
Then teares, if you be happie teares indeed,
And hart, if thou be lodged in his brest,
And cup, if thou canst helpe despaire with speed,
Teares, hart, and cup, conjoine to make me blest!
Teares move, hart win, cup cause, ruth, love, desire,
In word, in deed; by moane, by zeale, by fire.

FINIS.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHASTITIE, BRIEFLY TOUCHING THE CAUSE
OF THE DEATH OF MATILDA FITZWALTERS, AN ENGLISH
LADIE, SOMETIME LOVED OF KING JOHN, AFTER
POYSONED. THE STORIE IS AT LARGE
WRITTEN BY MICHAEL DREYTON.

You modest dames, inricht with chastitie,
Maske your bright eyes with Vestaes sable vaile,
Since few are left so faire or chast as shee,
Matter for me to weepe, you to bewaile!
For manie seeming so, of Vertue faile,
Whose lovely cheeks, with rare vermilion tainted,
Can never blush, because their faire is painted.

O faire-foule tincture, staine of woman kinde,
Mother of Mischiefe, daughter of Deceate,
False traitor to the soule, blot to the minde,
Usurping tyrant of true beauties seate!
Right cousner of the eye, lewd follies baite,
The flag of filthines, the sinke of shame,
The divells dye, dishonour of thy name!

Monster of art, bastard of bad desier,
Il-worshipt idoll, false imagerie!

Ensigne of vice, to thine owne selfe a lier,
Silent inchaunter, mindes anatomie,
Sly bawd to lust, pandor to infamie,
Slaunder of Truth, truth of dissimulation,
Staining our clymate more than anie nation!

What shall I say to thee, thou scorne of Nature,
Blacke spot of sinne, vylde lure of lecherie,
Injurious blame to everie fæmale creature,
Wronger of time, broker of trecherie,
Trap of greene youth, false womens witcherie,
Handmaid of pride, highway to wickednesse,
Yet pathway to repentance nere the lesse?

Thou dost entice the minde to dooing evill,
Thou setst dissention twixt the man and wife;
A saint in show, and yet indeed a devill,
Thou art the cause of everie common strife;
Thou art the life of Death, the death of Life!
Thou doost betray thyselfe to infamie,
When thou art once discerned by the eye.

Ah, little knew Matilda of thy being,
Those times were pure from all impure complection;
Then Love came of Desert, Desert of seeing,
Then Vertue was the mother of Affection,
But Beautie now is under no subjection;
Then women were the same that men did deeme,
But now they are the same they doo not seeme.

What female now intreated of a king
With gold and jewels, pearles and precious stones,
Would willingly refuse so sweete a thing,
Onely for a little show of Vertue ones?
Women have kindnes grafted in their bones.
Gold is a deepe-perswading orator,
Especially where few the fault abhor.

But yet shee rather deadly poyson chose,
Oh cruell bane of most accursed clime!
Than staine that milk-white mayden virgin rose,
Which shee had kept unspotted till that time,
And not corrupted with this earthly slime.
Her soule shall live, inclosd eternally
In that pure shrine of immortality!

This is my doome, and this shall come to passe,
For what are pleasures but still vading joyes?
Fading as flowers, brittle as a glasse,
Or potters clay, crost with the least annoyes?
All things in this life are but trifling toyes,
But Fame and Vertue never shall decay,
For Fame is toomblesse, Vertue lives for aye!

NOTES.

P. 6, l. 1.—*Blin.*] To cease.

Mon that loveth falsnesse and nule never *blynn*e,
Sore may him drede the lyf that he is ynne.

Wright's Political Songs, p. 212.

P. 7, l. 25.—*Her hart more hard than adamant or steele.*]

Compare "Midsummer Night's Dream," ii. 2.—

"You draw me, *you hard-hearted adamant*;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you."

P. 8, l. 15.—*Ban.*] Curse.

P. 9, l. 13.—*Crownets.*] Coronets. The term occurs in Shakespeare.

P. 9, l. 22.—*Hunts-up.*] Mr. Collier has printed a very curious song, from which it appears that the *hunts-up* was known as early as 28 Henry VIII. The following extract will show the nature of it :—

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up, &c.
The Masters of Art and Doctors of Divinity
Have brought this name out of good unity.
Three noblemen have this to stay,—
My lord of Norfolk, Lord of Surrey,
And my Lord of Shrewsbury,
The Duke of Suffolk might have made England merry."

P. 10, l. 10.—*Eughes.*] Yews.

P. 10, l. 15.—*Ladon.*] A river in Arcadia.

P. 11, l. 2.—*Syrinx*.] An Arcadian nymph, who, flying from Pan, was turned into a reed, which was afterwards made into a pipe by the pursuer.

P. 11, l. 24.—*Prickets*.] Bucks of the second year.

P. 12, l. 10.—*Spyke*.] Lavender.

P. 12, l. 11.—*The scarlet dyde carnation bleeding yet*.] The idea of a bleeding flower gives additional grace to one of the most beautiful passages in Shakespeare.—

“ Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell ;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.”

P. 12, l. 13.—*Good for the blinde*.] According to Gerard, p. 537, “ eiebright stamped and laid upon the eies, or the juice thereof, mixed with white wine, and dropped into the eies, or the destilled water, taketh awaie the darknesse and dimnesse of the eies, and cleereth the sight.”

P. 12, l. 18.—*Sops in wine*.] Pinks.

P. 12, l. 19.—*Bootes*.] The marsh marigold. According to Gerard, p. 671, this name for the plant was current only “ in Cheshire and those parts.”

P. 13, l. 2.—*Tyce*.] To entice.

P. 15, l. 6.—*The christall fountaines*.]

“ Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams.”
Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2.

P. 16, l. 24.—*Boult*.] A short thick arrow.

P. 16, l. 24.—*Thrustle-cocke*.] The male thrush.

P. 16, l. 25.—*Afforde*.] “ Afford's,” orig.

P. 17, l. 6.—*Grype*.] A griffin.

P. 17, l. 13.—*Oozels*.] Blackbirds. See p. 24.

P. 18, l. 3.—*As white as whale*.]

“ This is the flower that smiles on every one,
That show his teeth as white as whales bone.”
Love's Labour's Lost, v. ii.

P. 20, l. 12.—*My lovely faire.*] Compare the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1.—

——“O, happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars.”

P. 22, l. 3.—*Fautors.*] Abettors, supporters.

P. 25, l. 1.—*When huntsmen, &c.*]

——“imitatus castora, qui se
Eunuchum ipse facit, cupiens evadere damno
Testiculorum.”

Juvenal, xii. 34.

P. 27, l. 1.—*White is the colour.*] This stanza seems to have been imitated in “*Greenes Funeralls*,” 4to. London, 1594. See the “*First Sketches of Henry VI.*” Introduction, p. xxiii.

P. 30, l. 4.—*Knife.*] So in the original, but probably a mistake for *swords*.

P. 30, l. 8.—*Glaver.*] To flatter.

P. 35, l. 11.—*Deck.*] Pack of cards.

P. 40, l. 12.—*Rampicke.*] Partially decayed; a term generally applied to a tree which begins to decay at the top through age.

P. 40, l. 21.—*Melt.*] “Melts” in the original.

P. 42, l. 24.—*Cruell, unkinde, and wilt thou leave me so.*] Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2, “why unkindly didst thou leave me so?”

P. 46, l. 3.—*After.*] Afterwards. The poetical legend by Drayton, here alluded to, will be found in the collected works of that writer.

P. 48, l. 4.—*Ones.*] Once. After this poem is inserted, in the original, three pages entitled, “*Hellens Rape, or a light Lanthorne for light Ladies.*” Written in English hexameters.”

A DIALOGUE
ON
WIT AND FOLLY,

BY
JOHN HEYWOOD,

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN ACCOUNT OF THAT AUTHOR, AND
HIS DRAMATIC WORKS,

BY
F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

" Art thou Heywood, with thy mad merry wit?
Yea, forsooth, master, that name is even hit.
Art thou Heywood, that appliest mirth more than thrift?
Yea, sir, I take merry mirth a golden gift.
Art thou Heywood that hast made many mad plays?
Yea, many plays, few good works in my days.
Art thou Heywood that hath made men merry long?
Yea, and will, if I be made merry among.
Art thou Heywood, that wouldst be made merry now?
Yea, sir, help me to it now, I beseech you."

HEYWOOD'S EPIGRAMS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF
JOHN HEYWOOD, AND HIS
INTERLUDES.

THE materials for a biography of Heywood are very slender, and but little space, accordingly, has been devoted to his name and acts in our biographical dictionaries. He was born at North Mims, near St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire, and received the first rudiments of his education at Oxford; "but the sprightliness of his disposition," says Chalmers (*Biographical Dictionary*, vol. 17), "not being well adapted to the sedentary life of an academician, he went back to his native place, where, being in the neighbourhood of the great Sir Thomas More, he presently contracted an intimacy with that Mæcenas of wit and genius, who introduced him to the knowledge and patronage of the princess Mary. Heywood's ready aptness for jest, and repartee, together with the possession

of great skill both in vocal and instrumental music, rendered him a favourite with Henry VIII, who frequently rewarded him very highly." Sir Frederic Madden, in the notes to his *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary* (p. 239), notices, "that in the Book of Payments of Henry VIII, 1538-44, is a quarterly allowance of fifty shillings to 'John Haywood, player on the virginals'; and, in *The Household Book of the Princess Elizabeth*, in 1533, a gratuity of thirty shillings to him." And among the items of the Princess Mary's expenditure, we find his name twice mentioned; thus, in January 1536-37, we have, "item geven to Heywood's servante for bringing of my Lady's Grace's Regalles from London to Grenewiche, *xxd.*"; and in March 1537-38, a more direct mention of his connexion with courtly amusements: "item; geven to Heywood playeng an enterlude wt. his children before my ladie's Grace, *xls.*."* This latter entry is of peculiar interest, as it would appear that these children were his scholars; and, as Sir Frederic Madden observes, as "most of the interludes written by him had ap-

* In the early days of the English drama, performances by children at Court were usual; and, during the reign of Henry VIII. the children of St. Paul's School appeared there, and acted an interlude, under the direction of their master, John Rightwise, before the King, Wolsey, and

peared in print in 1533, we may conjecture that the one played by himself and children was selected from them." Heywood was at this time a great favorite at Court, particularly with the princess Mary, and he continued to be so until

the French Ambassadors, on the 10th November, 1528, and of which a curious account is given in Collier's *Annals of the Stage* (vol. i. p. 107). It was a Latin moral, in which Luther and his wife were brought upon the stage, and in which ridicule was attempted to be thrown upon them and the Reformers. The children of this school long retained celebrity for their theatrical performances, and are often alluded to by writers of the Shaksperian era. They acted before Queen Elizabeth, at Eltham, in August 1559, and during the Christmas festivities of 1564, (as well as the boys of the Grammar School at Westminster), they continued to perform in the Singing-school at St. Paul's, until their suppression, (prior to 1591), owing to the "liberal invectives" on passing events put into their mouths. They began to act again before 1600, when Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphosis* was performed by them, and afterwards, Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, Dekker's *Satiromastix*, &c. The "Children of the Revels," who were still more intimately connected with the Court, were at this time also playing as an independent and rival body, at the Blackfriars theatre, under a warrant dated 30th January, 1603-4, by which, Edward Kirkham, Alexander Hawkins, Thomas Kendall, and Robert Payne, were appointed "to provide, keepe, and bring up, a convenient number of children," for the purpose of exhibiting "plays and shews" before the queen of James I. They were not looked upon with much favor by the grown-up actors, and Shakspeare complains of the superior popularity of this "eyry of children." They acted in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, *Epiciene*, &c.; and the great ability of one of them (Sala-

her dying day, and is said to have been admitted to her bed-side, in her last illness, to amuse her with his happy talent of telling diverting stories. Heywood seems to have had a great respect, or even attachment to Mary; and when she was eighteen years of age composed a poem in her praise. It is preserved in the Harleian MS., No. 1703, and is published entire in Park's edition of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors* (vol. i. p. 81),* where it is deduced as "an instance of his poetic policy;" but it is surely not too much to allow, that gratitude for her favours to him may have had some influence upon his mind and his poetic fancy, for, as Sir Frederic Madden justly observes,—“These lines could scarcely be mere courtly flattery, if written at the period they profess to be, since Mary was then under the cloud of disgrace, and had scarcely a friend in the

thiel Pavey) has been noticed in the poem on his early death, by that dramatist, in which he declares—

——“He did play old men so duly,
That, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He played so truly.”

When children ceased to rival full-grown actors, they were employed to act and recite in the public shews; and in my *History of Lord Mayors' Pageants* will be found notices of their appearance in this way until the reign of James II.

* A modernized version is given in *Evans's Old Ballads*, (vol. iii. p. 120).

world.” Who can say but that the very adulations of Heywood may have been occasioned by his sense of her wrongs, which resulted in a bold panegyric when it was most needed,—the offspring of honest feeling? It begins thus:—

“ Geve place, ye ladyes all; bee gone,
 Shewe not your selves att all;
 For why?—Behoulde, there cometh one
 Whose face yours all blanke shall.”

The fourth and fifth stanzas are the most poetic:—

“ If all the worlde were sought full farre,
 Who coulde finde such a wyght?
 Her beutye twinkleth like a starre,
 Within the frostye night.

Her couler comes and goes,
 With such a goodly grace,
 More ruddye than the rose,
 Within her lively face.”

After much praise, but not of a more remarkable kind than that commonly used at this period, he concludes,—

“ This worthy ladye too bewraye—
 A king’s doughter was shee,
 Of whom John Heywoode lyste to saye
 In such worthy degree

And Marye was her name, weete yee,
 With these graces indude;
 At eightene yeares so flourisht shee,
 So doth his meane conclude."

Chalmers says, "on the accession of Edward VI, he still continued in favour, though, as Puttenham says, in his *Art of English Poesie*, 1599, it was for the mirth and quickness of conceit, more than any good learning that was in him." The same author relates an anecdote of his dining at the duke of Northumberland's table, which serves now principally to shew how little real wit went to the making of jests in those days, and how excessively dull their merry stories were. The duke, it appears, had sold his plate to pay his debts, and Heywood, who was sitting at the table's end, "being loth to call for his drink so oft as he was dry, turned his eye towards the cupboard, and said, 'I find great misse of your grace's standing cups.' The duke, thinking he had spoken it of some knowledge that his plate was lately sold, said, somewhat sharply, 'Why, sir, will not those cuppes serve as good a man as yourselfe?' Heywood readily replied, 'Yes, if it please your grace; but I would have one of them stand still at my elbow, full of drinke, that I might not be driven to trouble your grace's man so often to call for it.' This pleasant and speedy

reverse of the former wordes holpe all the matter again, whereupon the duke became very pleasant, and drank a bolle of wine to Heywood, and bid a cuppe should always be standing by him." Some more of his witty sayings, Chalmers tells us, are preserved "among the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum"; and Oldys says, "his pleasant wit saved him from the gallows in the reign of Edward VI. See Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*. He was so entangled with some of the Popish party that he narrowly escaped being noosed; but the Muses were his advocates."* His own opinion of his facetiousness is given, in his words, as a motto to our title-page.

When Mary came to the throne, Heywood again shared court favour, and was appointed to address her when the procession passed through London to Westminster, the day before her Coronation, 27th Sept. 1553. He was placed in St. Paul's Churchyard, and "sate in a pageant, under a vine, and made to her an oration in Latin and English" (*Stowe's Annals*, ed. 1617, p. 617.) He also com-

* "What thinke you by Heywood, that scaped hanging with his mirth; the King being graciously, and (as I thinke) truly perswaded, that a man that wrote so pleasant and harmelesse verses, could not have any harmfull conceit against his proceedings; and so, by the honest motion of a gentleman of his chamber, saved him from the jerke of the six-stringed whip."—*Met. of Ajax* (ed. 1596, p. 25).

posed “A balade specifienge the maner, partly the matter, in the most excellent meetyng and lyke Mariage betwene our Sovereigne Lord, and our Sovereigne Lady, the Kynge’s and Queene’s highness,” highly laudatory of Mary’s marriage with Philip of Spain. It is reprinted entire in the Harleian Miscellany (*Park’s edition*, vol. x. p. 255), to which a note is appended, where, as usual, Heywood’s honest motives are doubted, although the writer can scarcely help acknowledging the equal probability of their existence. He says :—“Vargas, a Spanish poet, is said, by Puttenham, to have been rewarded with a pension of two hundred crowns, during life, for an *epithalamie*, or nuptial song, on the marriage of Queen Mary with King Philip, at Winchester, July 25, 1554. Heywood might have furbished up his courtly pen in the anticipation of a similar recompense for these preposterously flattering verses on the same event, though his religious attachments, and the patronage he obtained from Mary, while princess, through the introduction of Sir Thomas More, were, perhaps, of themselves, sufficient stimulants.” The first four stanzas will be an ample specimen of this ballad :—

“The Egles byrde hath spred his wings,
 And from far off hathe taken flyght;
 In whiche meane waye by no levryngs,

On bough or braunch this bird wold light,
 'Till on the rose, both red and whight,
 He lighteth now moste lovinglie,
 And thereto moste behovinglie.

The month ensuing next to June
 This bird this flowre for perche doth take;
 Rejoysinglie himselfe to prune,
 He rouseth rypelie to awake
 Upon his perche to those his make :
 Concluding strayght, for rype right rest,
 In the lion's bowre to build his nest.

A bird, a beast to make* to choose,
 Namelie, the beaste most furious,
 It may seeme strange, and so it doose,
 And to this bird injurious:
 It seemethe a case right curious,
 To make construction in such sens
 As may stand for this bird's defens.

But mark this lion, so by name,
 Is, properlie, a lambe t'assyne.†
 No lion wilde, a lion tame,
 No rampant lion masculyne,—
 The lambe-like lion, feminyne,
 Whose milde, meek propertie aleurth
 This bird to light, and him assureth."

* Mate. † "Qu.—To *assign*, to shew, or set forth!"

The same volume also contains “a brefe Balet, touching the traytorous takynge of Scarborow castell,”* by the same author, the burden of each line alluding to *Scarborough warning*, which, according to Fuller, “was no warning at all, but a sudden surprise, when a mischief is felt before it be suspected.” The first verse runs thus:—

“Oh, valiant invaders, gallantly gaie,
 Who, with your compeeres, conquering the route,
 Castels, or towr’s, all standynge in your waie,
 Ye take, controlling all estates most stoute,
 Yet had it now been good to look aboute;
 Scarborow castel to have let alone,
 And take Scarborow warnynge everichone.”

This ballad is neither poetic nor imaginative, and is one of the dullest compositions of its class. Other ballads, by Heywood, are noticed by Mr. Collier in his *History of the Stage*, (vol. ii. p. 384), as existing in a MS. then belonging to B. H. Bright, one of which is printed in the *Shakspeare Society’s Papers*, vol. i.

The close of Heywood’s career may be told in Chalmers’ words:—“After the death of Mary, he,” says our author, “being a bigoted Roman

* “By Thomas Stafford, 24 Aprilis, an. 3 et 4, P. et M.”—MS. note in the black letter copy from which it is reprinted.

Catholic, perceiving that the Protestant interest was likely to prevail under the patronage of her successor, Queen Elizabeth; and, perhaps, apprehensive that some of the severities which had been practised on the Protestants in the preceding reign, might be retaliated on those of a contrary persuasion in the ensuing one, and especially on the peculiar favorites of Queen Mary, he thought it best, for the security of his person, and the preservation of his religion, to quit the kingdom. Thus, throwing himself into voluntary exile, he settled at Mechlin, in Brabant, where he died in 1565, leaving several children behind him, to all of whom he had given liberal educations. His character in private life seems to have been that of a sprightly, humorous, and entertaining companion. As a poet, he was held in no inconsiderable esteem by his contemporaries, though none of his writings extended to any great length, but seem, like his conversation, to have been the result of little sudden sallies of mirth and humour."

It is not intended to notice here any other of Heywood's works than his *Interludes*, and these, as Mr. Collier remarks, "almost form a class by themselves; they are neither miracle-plays, nor moral plays, but what may be properly, and strictly, called 'Interludes'; a species of writing of which he has a claim to be considered the in-

ventor, although the term ‘interlude’ was applied generally to theatrical productions in the reign of Edward IV.” This author considers that it was about^e A.D. 1530, that Heywood began to compose them. Considering how very few in number they are, there is a great variety in them, and much humour, as well as some philosophy, in all. Warton’s remark, that they are destitute of plot, humour, or character, is singularly unjust. The plot is, certainly, always of the simplest kind, but the humour and character of each part is exceedingly well sustained, and, certainly, much better than by any dramatist previous to Shakspeare. They were all printed in 1533, (“The Four P’s” is undated), and consist of:—“The Play of Love”; “The Play of the Weather”; “A Play between John the husband, Tyb the wife, and Sir John the Priest”; “A Mery Play between the Pardoner, the Friar, the Curate, and Neighbour Pratt”; and “The Four P’s.”

Of the existence of the first two, as separate plays, there, until lately, appeared to be some doubt, according to the description given of each by our dramatic and literary antiquaries; thus, “The Play of Love” is catalogued in Lowndes’ *Bibliographical Manual* as it is in the *Biographia Dramatica* and elsewhere, simply thus:—“The Play of Love. London: by W. Rastell, 1533.

Quarto.” But Dr. Dibdin, in his *Typographical Antiquities*, (vol. iii. p. 376), corrects this, and tells us, that “it is a *small folio*, and not a quarto, as designated by Herbert”; and, giving the full title of “The Play of the Weather,” as if from the copy in St. John’s College, Oxford, it might thence be inferred, that the two plays were one and the same:—“The Play of Love; or, a new and very mery Enterlude of all manner of weathers”; and he describes this rare volume as “The Play of Love” in his index, and refers to the account of it as given in the *Censura Literaria*, (vol. iii. p. 299), by Dr. Bliss. This mistake and confusion has been ended by the discovery of a copy of “The Play of Love” in the Bodleian Library, “printed at London, in Farster Laen, by John Waley,” and a specimen of a Skeltonical song in it communicated to the first volume of the Shakspeare Society’s Papers. The whole thing is curious, as it shews how easily any person, from the account of these rare plays given in bibliographical and dramatic works, might, from their evidence, have reasonably concluded the non-existence of this drama. “The Play of the Weather” contains the greatest number of characters in any by Heywood, the “players’ names” being:—“Jupiter, a god; Mery Reporte, the vyce; the gentylman, the marchaunt, the ranger, the water myller, the

wynde myller, the gentylwoman, the launder, a boy, the least that can play.”

Dr. Bliss’s account of this play is as follows :—
 “ In ‘ The Play of the Wether,’ the first person who makes his appearance on the stage, is Jupiter ; he, after the manner of a chorus, explains to the audience the plan and occasion of the drama. This originates in the various misfortunes and inconveniences which arise from the contrary dispositions of Saturn, Phœbus, Eolus, and Phœbe, who, being cited before the cloud-compelling deity, each makes complaint against the other ; and all agree in declaring that, notwithstanding their several endeavours to promote the benefit of mankind, they are constantly thwarted by the actions of their companions in power. Saturn first accuses Phœbus, who, by the heat of his morning rays, melts the frost, and thus renders the labour of the night useless. To this charge the god makes no reply, but, joined by his late opponent, Saturn, exclaims against Phœbe, whose showers they find alike prejudicial to frost and heat. She, in return, is silent, and all three then fall upon poor Eolus, who, say they,

‘ When he is dysposed his blastes to blow,
 Suffereth neyther sone shyne, rayne, nor snow.’

“ To remedy these evils, they propose investing

Jupiter with their command, who determines to call together such mortals as may have suffered; and, hearing their petitions, act accordingly.

“Thus far Jupiter himself leads us, when we are introduced to Mery Reporte, who, after some facetious discourse, is appointed messenger, to declare the intention of the deity to every nation. He departs. And here, I conceive, ends the first act.*

“Mery Reporte, having executed his commission, returns, and informs us of the numerous places he has visited. Then appears the first petitioner, who proves to be the ‘gentylman.’ After some conversation with ‘the vyce,’ not of the most delicate nature, he entreats for—

‘Wether pleasaunt,

Drye, and not mysty, the wynde calme and styll,

That after our houndes yournyng so meryly;

Chasyng the dere ouer dale and hyll,

In herynge we may folow, and to comfort the cry.’

“After this personage we have the remaining characters, who all differ in their requests, which are thus, afterwards, related to Jupiter by Mery Reporte :—

* Jupiter speaks seven lines after “Mery Reporte goeth out.” The stage direction in the margin says, “At thende of this staf the god hath a song played in his trone, or Mery Reporte come in.”

'The fyrst sewter before your selfe dyd appere,
 A gentylman desyrynge wether clere;
 Clowdy, nor mysty, nor no wynde to blow,
 For hurt in hys huntynge; and then, as ye know,*
 The marchaunt sewde for all that kynde,
 For wether clere, and mesurable wynde,
 As they maye best bere theyr saylys to make spede;
 And streyght after thys, there came to me, in dede,
 An other man, who namyd himself a ranger,
 And sayd, all of hys crafte be farre brought in
 daunger

For lacke of lyvyng, whych chefely ys wyndefall,
 But he playnely sayth there bloweth no wynd at al;
 Wherefore he desyreth, for encrease of theyr fleesys,
 Extreme rage of wynde, trees to tere in pieces;
 Then came a water-miller, and he cryed out
 For water, and sayde the wynde was so stout,
 The rayne could not fall, wherfore he made request
 For plenty of rayne to set the wynde at rest;
 And then, syr, there came a wynde-myller in,
 Who sayde, for the rayne, he could no wynde wyn;
 The water he wysht to be banyshd all,
 Besechyng your grace of wynde continuall;
 Then came there an other, that wolde banysh all this,

* Jupiter himself was present during the conversation with the gentleman and merchant. He then leaves Mery Reporte to interrogate the remaining suppliants, who are not all on the stage together, one entering as the other withdraws.

A goodly dame, an ydyll thyng, i wys,
 Wynde, rayne, nor froste, nor sonshyne wold she
 haue,
 But fayre, close wether, her beauty to saue;
 Then came there another, that lyveth by laundry,
 Who must haue wether hote and clere, here clothys
 to dry;
 Then came there a boy, for froste and snow con-
 tynuall,
 Snow, to make snowballys, and froste for his pyt-
 falle,*
 For whyche god wote he seweth full gredely.'

"Having thus enumerated the desires of the
 mortals, Jupiter sends for, and addresses them.
 He promises to fulfil every request at due seasons,
 by which means all occupations may prosper,
 without one retarding the other. He continues,—

'Now, on the tother syde, yf we had graunted
 The full of some one sewt, and no mo,
 And from all the rest the wether had forbyd,
 Yet who so hadde obtayned, had wonne his owne wo,
 There is no one craft that can preserue man so,
 But by other craftes of necessitye
 He must haue myche parte of his commodyte.

'All to serve at ones, and one destroy another,

* This "pytfale," by the former part of the play, I con-
 ceive to be a decoy to entrap birds,—

"And to here the byrdes how they flycker theyr wynges
 In the pytfale, I say, yt passeth all thynges."

Or ellys to serue one, and destroy all the rest,
 Nother wyll we do the t'one, nor the tother;
 But serue as many, or as few as we thynke best,
 And where, or what tyme to serve moste or lest,
 The dyreceyon of that doubtles shall stande
 Perpetually in the power of our hande.

‘Wherfore we wyll the hole worlde to attende
 Eche sorte on suche wether as for them doth fall,
 Now one, now other, as lyketh vs to sende;
 Who that hath yt, ply yt, and suer we shall
 So gyde the wether in course to you all,
 That eche wyth other ye shall hole remayne
 In pleasure and plentyful welth certayne.’

“At this determination each petitioner is satisfied, and returns thanks for the mildness and clemency with which he has been treated. And here, as I suppose, the play ends. The copy from which I have written the above, wants about the last page. Seven, out of the eight, have expressed their gratitude, and the boy is the only one remaining, whose speech, if it accords with those of his companions, takes up two lines. We may then suppose either Jupiter, or Mery Reporte, addresses the audience by way of epilogue, and that it concludes with—‘Imprinted by W. Rastell, 1533. *Cum privilegio*.” There is a copy in the Bodleian Library, “Imprinted at London, in Paule’s Churcheyearde, at the sygne of the Sunne, by

Antonie Kytson;" the title being "*The Play of the Wether*: a new and a very mery interlude of al maner wethers, made by John Heywood," and bound up with the curious volume of his works containing his *Play of Love*. The Bodleian copy is complete, and the speech of the boy occupies more than the two lines, as Dr. Bliss conjectures. The play thus ends:—

"*Boye*. Godfather god, I wyll do somewhat for you agayne.

By Christe! ye may happe to have a byrd or twayne,
And I promyse yf any snowe come

When I make my snow ballys, ye shall have some.

Mery Report. God thanke your lordshypp! lo how
this is brought to pas,

Syn now shall ye have the wether even as it was.

Jupiter. We nede no whyt our selves any further
to bost,

For our dedes declare us apparauntly,
Not onely here on earth in every cost,
But also above, in heavenly company.

Our prudence hath made peace universally,
Whiche thing, we say, recordeth us as principall,
God and governour of heaven, yearth, and all.

Now unto that heaven we woll most retorne,
Where we be glorified most triumphantly,
Also we woll all ye that on yearth sojourne
Since cause geveth cause, to knowe us your lord
onely ;

Reioysing in us, and in meane time we shall
 Ascende into our trone celestiall."

By the courtesy of Dr. Bandinel, I have been enabled to give an analysis of the other rare play, which has hitherto escaped all notice, and with which this has been confounded. *The Play of Love* is in small quarto. The characters are,—the Lover not beloved—the Woman beloved, not loving—the Lover beloved—and one Neither lover nor loved, who comes in also as the Vice. The first-named of these fanciful characters begins the drama thus:—

"Lo, Syr! whoso that loketh here for curtesy,
 And seth me seme as one pretending none,
 But as unthought uppon, thus sodenly
 Approcheth the middes among you everichone,
 And of you all seyth nought to any one,—
 May think me rewd, p'ceiving of what sorte
 Ye seme to be, and of what stately port ;
 But I beseche you, in most humble wyse,
 To omitte displeasure, and pardon me :
 My maner is to muse, and devyse,
 So that sometime my selfe may cary me
 My selfe knoweth not where; and I assure ye
 So hath myselfe done now, for our lord wot
 Where I am, or what ye be, I know not.

* The copy in the Bodleian Library is complete, except the title-page: it begins at sign A 2, ending at G 4.

Or whence I cam, or whyther I shall (be)
 As this in maner is unknowen to me,
 But evyn as fortune guydeth my fote to fall,
 So wander I, yet where so ever I be,
 And whom, or how many, so ever I se,
 As one person to me is every chone,
 So every place to me but as one.
 And for that one persone every place seke I,
 Whiche one ones founde I fynde of all the rest,
 Not one myssying ; and in the contrary
 That one absent, though that these even here prest
 All the creatures lyvyng most and lest,
 Yet lacking her, I shulde, and ever shall,
 Be as alone, syns she to me is all."

He continues in this strain of praise for his mistress, and lamentation of her coidness, for some time, ending with,—

"——— I say, and wyll verely,
 Of all paynes, the most incomparable payne
 Is to be a lover not lovyd agayne."

The Woman *Beloved, not loving*, now enters; who declares the untenableness of the position he takes up, and enters into an argument, with these words:—

"Ye be a lovyr no whyt loved agayne,
 And I am loved of whome I love nothyng ;
 Then standeth our question betwene these twayne,

Of loving not lovyd, or lovyd not loving,
Which is the case most paynfull in sufferiug?
Wherto I saye, that the most payne doth move
To those belovyd of whome they cannot love.”

And thereupon ensues some pages of rather dry reasoning, in which each party do their best to maintain their position, the lover endeavouring to illustrate that of each by saying:—

“ ——— I put case that ye
Stoode in cold water all day to the knee,
And I halfe the same day to myd leg in the feyer,
Wolde ye chaunge places with me for the dryer?”

Which is answered in the negative, yet cannot they agree; and after some further dispute, they retire for the verdict of an impartial judge. The *Lover beloved* now enters, and rapturously dilates on the happiness of his position, when the perfectly careless free-man, “*Nother lover nor loved*,” enters with,—

“Nowe god you good evyn, mayster Woodcock!

Lover loved. Cometh of rudnesse, or lewdenesse,
that mock?

No lover nor loved. Come wherof it shall, ye
come of such stock

That god ye good evyn, mayster Woodcock!

Lover loved. This losell, by lyke, hath lost his
wit.

No lover nor loved. Nay, my mayster Woodcock,
not a whyt!

I have knowen you for a woodcock or this,
Or els, lyke a woodcock, I take you a mys,
But though for a woodcock ye deny the same,
Yet shall your wit witnesse you mete for that name.

Lover loved. Howe so?

No lover nor loved. Thus : lo!

I do perceive by your formare proces
That ye be a lover, wherto ye confes
Yourself beloved, in as loving wyse
As by wit and wyll ye can wyshe to devyse ;
Concluding therein determinately,
That of all pleasures pleasaunt to the body,
The hyst pleasure that man may obtayne,
Is to be a lover beloved agayne.
In which conclusion before all this flock,
I shall prove you plain to be a woodcock."

He then urges his own total absence from all
care :—

"My parte for most pleasaunt may soon be gest
By my contynuall quyeted rest.

Lover loved. Beyng no lover who may quyet be ?

No lover nor loved. Nay, being a lover, what
man is he

That is quiet ?

Lover loved. Mary, I !

No lover nor loved. Mary, ye lye !"

A bluff rejoinder, which urges the lover to go out at the other's challenge, and bring him a sufficient proof, leaving the loveless one to amuse himself with the fancied actions of a lover, and singing the Skeltonical song in the praise of his mistress (printed in the Shakspeare Society Papers, vol. i.), he relates a long story of tricking her by pretended love, but finds himself more thoroughly tricked by his inamorato, who, in his absence, which he thinks will be fatal to her peace, consoles herself with another lover, whom he discovers by peeping in at her chamber-window, after she has reported his unkindness had killed her. He taunts her with her perfidy, and consoles himself with being no serious lover. The *Beloved lover* now enters, bringing in with him two witnesses, the *Lover not loved*, and the *Loved not loving*; and they determine now to argue each question, and judge of each other among themselves. The two, who are last brought on the stage, now detail their superior misery, in long and rather tediously logical speeches, ending with rendering each other uncertain which is the most unfortunate, and referring their case for judgment to the other two. They then stand aside to listen to the argument of the *Lover loved*, or the loveless "*No lover nor loved*," to prove whose happiness is in this instance superior, the lover urging his point with great spirit:—

“ Love is the feeding that doth this body good,
 And this hed dyspyseth all these eyes wynkyng,
 Longer then love doth kepe this harte thynkyng,
 To dreme on my swete harte ; love is my feader,
 Love is my lorde, and love is my leader !
 Of all myne affayres in thought, word, or dede,
 Love is the Christ crosse that must be my spede ! ”

This the other denies, and declares that the torment of a lover counterbalances all joy.

“ Wherby, as I sayd, I say of love styll,
 Of the devyll and love, love is the more yll,
 And at beginning I may say to you,
 If God had sene as much as I say now,
 Love had been Lucyfer, and doubt ye no whyt,
 But experiens now hath taught God such wit,
 That yf aught come at Lucyfer other then good,
 To whyp soules on the brech, love shall be the blood.
 And sewer he is one that can not lyve long,
 For aged folk, ye wot well, can not be strong,
 And another thyng his phisicyon doth ges,
 That he is infect with the black iawndes ! ”

The lover, however, sticks to his point, and the loveless man is reduced to refer to a book in the purse at his girdle for arguments ; when he exclaims, most irreverently,—

“ Now, I pray God the devyll in hell blynd me !
 By the mass, I have lefte my booke behynde me !

I beseeche our Lorde I never go hens,
 If I wolde not rather have spent forty pens,
 But syns it is thus I must goo fetch it,
 I wyll not tarry—A, Syr, the devyll stretch it !”

And out he runs, the two uncivilly retorting the terms dawcock and woodcock on each other, when the *Lover loved* congratulates himself on having reduced him to fly, and is about to retire to visit his lady, when “the Vyse cometh in ronnyng sodenly aboute the place among the audiens, with a hyc coppyr tank on his head, full of squybs, fyred, crying, ‘Watere, water; fyre, fyre, fyre; water, water; fyre;’ tyll the fyre in the squybs be spent.” This Vice is the loveless man, and this dialogue ensues:—

“*Lover loved.* Water and fyre !

No lover nor loved. Nay, water for fyre, I meane!

Lover loved. Well, thanked be God, it is now
 out cleane ;

How cam it ther ?

No lover nor loved. Syr, as I was goyng
 To fet my boke for which was my departyng,
 There chaunced in my way a house thereby,
 To fyre, which is burned pyteously ;
 But mervelously the people do mone
 For a woman, they say a goodly one,
 A sojoner, whome in this house burned is ;
 And shoutyng for the people for helpe in this,

Made me runne thither, to have done some good ;
 And at a wyndowe thereof, as I stood,
 I thrust in my heed, and evyn at a flush
 Fyre flasht in my face, and so toke my bush.

Lover loved. What house ?

No lover nor loved. A house paynted with red oker,
 The owner whereof they say is a broker.

Lover loved. Then brek hart, alas ! why lyve I
 this day !

My dere hart is distroyd, lyfe and welth away !

No lover nor loved. What man ! syt downe, and
 be of good chere !

God's body ! mayster Woodcock is goone clere !
 O mayster Woodcock, fayr mot be fall ye,
 Of ryght, mayster Woodcock, I must nowe call ye !
 Maystres stand you here afore and rubbe hym,
 And I wyll stande here behynde and dubbe hym,
 Nay, the chylde is aslepe, ye nede not rock.
 Mayster Woodcocke ! mayster Wood-wood-wood-
 cocke !

Where folke be farre within a man must knock.
 Is not this a pang trow ye beyonde the nock ?
 Speke, mayster Woodcock, speke parot, I pray ye !
 My leman your lady ey well ye see,
 My lady your leman one undertakes

To be safe from fyre, by slyppying through a jakes.

Lover loved. That worde I harde, but yet I see
 her not.

No lover nor loved. No more do I, mayster Wood-
 cock, our lorde wot.

Lorer loved. Unto that house where I dyd see her
 I wyll seke to see her, and yf she be past
 So that to apere there I can not make her,
 Then wyll I burne after and overtake her."

He then hurries out, much to the amusement of the other, who declares he has invented the whole story in order to convince him of the misery of being in love, by the lamentable consequences to his own happiness, just shown. He soon returns, finding no accident had happened, and on being taxed with the doleful effect of his loving, he retorts,—

"My loving! nay, all the cause was your lying!"

this leads to fresh argument, the lover insisting,—

"————— Th' actuall pleasures that I possess
 Are as far above the case that ye profes,
 As is my payne in your imaginacyon,
 Under the pleasures of contentacyon."

And he asks him which of the two he would rather be,—a tree or a horse? the loveless one answers,—

When the hors went to labour, by our lady,
 I had lever be a tre then a hors I !

Lorer loved. But how when he restyth and fylleth
 his gorge ?

No lover nor loved. Then wold I be a hors, and no
 tree, by Saynt George.

Lover loved. But what yf ye must nedes styke to the one ?

No lover nor loved. Which were the best, by the masse I can name none.

Lover loved. The fyrst case is yours, and the next is for me.

In case lyke a tree I may lyken ye,
 For as a tree hath lyfe without felyng,
 Wherby it felyth pleasyng nor displeasing,
 And can not be but contented quyety,—
 Even the lyke case is yours now presently.
 And as the hors feleth payne, and not the tre,
 Lykewyse I have payne, and no payne have ye ;—
 And as a hors above a tre felythe pleasure,
 So fele I pleasure above you in rate sure ;
 And as the tre felyth nother, and the hors both,—
 Evyn so pleasure and payne betwene us twaynegoeth.
 Syns these two cases so indifferently fall
 That your selfe can iudge nother for percyall,
 For indifferent ende I thynke this way best
 Of all our reasoning to debarre the rest,
 And in these two cases this one question
 To be the issue that we shall ioyn on.”

This is agreed on; but now the *Lover not loved* and the *Loved not loving* beg to have their cases first adjudged as they were the first speakers, and it is ultimately settled that the female lover, loved by an ugly man, is in as much misery by his disgustful importunity as the lover unloved. This

being settled, the adjudged parties give their verdict on the state of the other two. The lady now declares that the pleasures of the loving and loveless are equal, all things considered; the *Lover not loved* agreeing to her verdict in these words:—

“Who hereth this tale with indifferent mynde,
 And seeth of these twayne, eche one so full bent
 To his owne parte, that nother in harte can fynde
 To chaunge pleasures with other,—must nedes assent
 That she in these wordes hath gyuene ryght iudgement.
 In affermance wherof I judge and awarde
 Both these pleasures of yours as one in regarde.”

To which all agree, and eulogise the pleasure of being contented in each particular state, the *Lover not loved* concluding the play with this moral speech:—

“Syns such contentacyon may hardely acorde
 In such kynde of love as here hath ben ment,
 Let us seke the love of that lovyng Lorde
 Who to suffer passyon for love was content ;
 Wherby his lovers that love for love assent
 Shall have in fyne above contentacyon,
 The felyng pleasure of eternall salvacyon :
 Which lorde of Lordes whose ioyfull and blessed
 byrth
 Is now remembred by tyme presentyng,
 This accustomyd tyme of honest myrth,

That Lorde we beseche in most humble meanyng
 That it may please hym by mercyfull hearyng,
 The state of this audiens longe to endure,
 In myrth, helth, and welth, to graunt his pleasure."

From which it appears that this play was written for a Christmas performance.

"A Mery Play between Johan Johan, *the Husbande*; Tyb, *his Wyfe*; and Syr Jhan, *the Preest*," as Mr. Collier says, "certainly deserves the epithet applied to it on the title-page: it is a 'mery play,' resembling in its structure a one-act farce." Johan Johan, the husband, who is completely hen-pecked, but who, as usual, in the absence of his wife, is most valiant, commences the play with these words:

"God spede you, maysters, everychone,
 Wote ye not whyther my wyfe is gone?
 I pray God, the dyvell take her,
 For all that I do, I cannot make her,
 But she wyll go a gaddyng very muche,
 Lyke an Antony pyg with an olde wyche,
 Whiche ledeth her aboute hyther and thyther;
 But, by our Lady! I wote not whyther.
 But, by goggis blod! were she come home
 Unto this, my house, by our Lady of Crome!

I wolde bete her or that I drynk.
 Bete her, quotha? yea, that she shall stynke ;
 And at every stroke lay her on the ground,
 And trayne her by the here about the house rounde,
 I am evyn mad that I bete her not nowe,
 But I shall rewarde her hardly well ynowe ;
 There is never a wyfe betwene heven and hell
 Which was ever beten halfe so well."

He continues in this vehement strain for a considerable length of time, increasing his threats as he pursues the subject, declaring,—

"That is a poynt of an honest man
 For to bete his wyfe well, nowe and than."

His rage is increased by a jealous fear lest she has gone to visit Sir John the Priest, with whom he conceives her to be too intimate, but he is suddenly cooled by his wife, who overhearing his threats, enters and asks:—

"Why, whom wylt thou beate, I say, thou knave?"

His valour immediately evaporates, and anxious to conceal the truth he answers:—

"Who, I, Tyb? none, so God me save.

Tyb. Yes, I harde the say thou woldest me bete.

Johan. Mary, wyfe, it was stok fysshe in Temmes Strete,

Whiche wyll be good meate agaynst Lent.

Why, Tyb, what haddest thou thought that I had ment ?

Tyb. Mary, me thought I harde the bawlyng.
Wylt thou never leve this wawlyng ?

Howe the dyvell dost thou thy self behave ?

Shall we ever have this worke, thou knave ?

Johan. What, wyfe, how sayst you, was it well gest of me

That thou woldest be come home in safete ?

Assone as I had kendled a fyre,

Come warm the, swete Tyb, I the requyre."

Tyb now tells him she feels very unwell, and the husband declares to himself his utter want of sympathy, and his jealousy of Sir John; which is not a little increased when the wife desiring him to guess where she has been, at last tells him that she has been in company with some gossips (of whose characters John, in a few words mumbled to himself, makes entire wreck) and the priest, and that among them they concocted a famous pie,—

"The preest payde for the stuffe and the makyng,
And Margery she payd for the bakyng."

and she then indulges in praises of them all, and ultimately brings forth the pyc; the dialogue thus continuing:—

Tyb. But wotest who gave it?

Johan. What the dyvel rek I?

Tyb. By my fayth, and I shall say trewe, than
The dyvell take me, and it were not Syr Jhān.

Johan. O holde the peas, wyfe, and swere no
more,

But I beshrewe both your hartes therfore.

Tyb. Yet, peradventure, thou has suspicion
Of that was never thought nor done.

Johan. Tusshe, wife, let all suche matters be,
I love thee well, though thou love not me:
But this pye dothe nowe catche harme,
Let us set it upon the harth to warme.

Tyb. Than let us eate it as faste as we can,
But bycause Syr Jhān is so honest a man,
I wolde that he shulde therof eate his parte.

Johan. That were reason I thee ensure.

Tyb. Than syns that it is thy pleasure,
I pray the than go to hym ryght,
And pray hym come sup with us to nyght.

Johan. Shall he cūm hyther? by cokkis soule I
was a curst

Whan that I graunted to that worde furst;
But syns I have sayd it, I dare not say nay,
For than my wyfe and I shulde make a fray,
But whan he is come, I swere by Goddis mother,
I wold gyve the dyvell the tone to cary away the
tother.

Tyb. What sayst?

Johan. Mary, he is my curate, I say,
My confessor and my frende alway,

Therefore go thou and seke hym by and by,
And tyll thou come agayne, I wyll kepe the pye.

Tyb. Shall I go for him? nay, I shrewe me than,
Go thou and seke as fast as thou can,
And tell hym it.

Johan. Shall I do so?

In fayth, it is not mete for me to go.

Tyb. But thou shalte go tell hym for all that.

Johan. Than shall I tell hym, wotest thou what?
That thou desyrest hym to come make some chere.

Tyb. Nay, that thou desyrest hym to come sup
here."

John is evidently most unwilling to do this, and occasionally breaks out into severe expressions; which when his wife desires him to explain, he does, by converting them into inoffensive remarks. She then begins to get ready for her expected visitor; takes off the gown she has been walking in, and ordering her husband to clean the skirt, which has become dirtied, exclaims:—

"Lo! nowe am I redy to go to Syr Jhān,
And bid hym come as fast as he can.

Johan. Ye, do so without ony taryeng.

Tyb. But I say, harke! thou hast forgot one
thyng;

Set up the table, and that by and by.

Johan. Nowe go thy wayes.

Tyb. I go shortly;

But se your candelstykkis be not out of the way.
Come agayn and lay the table I say ;
What me thynkkis ye have sone don.

Johan. Nowe I pray God that his malediction
Lyght on my wyfe, and on the baulde preest.

Tyb. Nowe go thy ways, and hye the, seest.

Johan. I pray to Christ, if my wyshe be no synne,
That the preest may breke his neck whan he comes
in.

Tyb. Now cum again.

Johan. What a myschefe wylt thou, fole !

Tyb. Mary, I say, brynge hether yender stole.

Johan. Nowe go to, a lyttell woulde make me
For to say thus, a vengauunce take the.

Tyb. Nowe go to hym, and tell hym playn,
That tyll thou brynge hym, thou wylt not come
agayn.

Johan. This pye doth borne here as it doth
stande.

Tyb. Go washe me these two cuppes in my hande.

Johan. I go with a myschyefe lyght on thy face.

Tyb. Go and byd hym hye hym a pace,
And the whyle I shall all thynges amende.

Johan. This pye burneth here at this ende,
Understandest thou ?

Tyb. Go thy ways I say.

Johan. I wyll go nowe as fast as I may.

Tyb. How, come ones agayne : I had forgot ;
Loke, and there be ony ale in the pot.

Johan. Nowe a vengauunce and a very myschyefe
 Lyght on the pylde preest, and on my wyfe,
 On the pot, the ale, and on the table,
 The candyll, the pye, and all the rable,
 On the trystels, and on the stole ;
 It is moche ado to please a curst fole.

Tyb. Go thy ways nowe, and tary no more
 For I am a hungred very sore.

Johan. Mary, I go.

Tyb. But come ones agayne yet ;
 Brynge hyther that breade lest I forget it.

Johan. I wys it were tyme for to torne
 The pye, for y wys it doth borne.

Tyb. Lorde ! how my husbande nowe doth patter,
 And of the pye styl doth clatter.
 Go nowe and byd hym come away ;
 I have byd the an hundred tymes to day.

Johan. I wyll not gyve a strawe, I tell you playne,
 If that pye ware cold agayne.

Tyb. What ! art thou not gone yet out of this place ?
 I had went, thou haddest ben come agayn in the space :
 But by cokkis soule, and I shulde do the ryght,
 I shulde breke thy knaves heed to nyght.

Johan. Nay, than if my wyfe be set a chydyng,
 It is tyme for me to go at her bydding.
 There is a proverbe, whiche trewe now preveth,
 He must nedes go that the dyvell dryveth.

Johan. How mayster curate, may I come in
 At your chamber dore, without ony syn.

Syr Jhan the Preest.

Who is there nowe that wolde have me ?
 What ! Johan Johan, what newes with the.

Johan. Mary, Syr, to tell you shortly,
 My wyfe and I pray you hartely,
 And eke desyre you wyth all our myght,
 That ye wolde come and sup with us to nyght.

Syr J. Ye must pardon me, in fayth I ne can.

Johan. Yes, I desyre you, good Syr Jhān,
 Take payne this ones ; and, yet at the lest
 If ye wyll do nought at my request,
 Yet do somewhat for the love of my wyfe.

Syr J. I wyll not go for makyng of stryfe,
 But I shall tell the what thou shalte do,
 Thou shalte tary and sup with me, or thou go.

Johan. Wyll ye not go than, why so ?
 I pray you tell me, is there any dysdane
 Or any enmyte betwene you twayne ?

Syr J. In fayth to tell the, betwene the and me,
 She is as wyse a woman as any may be ;
 I know it well ; I have had the charge
 Of her soule, and serehyd her conseyens at large ;
 I never knew her but honest and wyse,
 Without any yvyll, or any vyce,
 Save one faut, I know in her no more,
 And because I rebuke her, now and then, therfore
 She is angre with me, and hath me in hate,
 And yet that that I do, I do it for your welth.

Johan. Now God yeld it yow, god master curate,

And as ye do, so send you your helth,
Ywys I am bound to you a plesure.

The priest defends her character to the utmost,
but in an equivocal manner, declaring that he
could

———“never espy

That ever any did worse with her than I.”

with which John appears satisfied, and then
asks:—

“But yf it please you, tell me the matter

And the debate betwene you and her.

Syr J. I shall tell the, but thou must kepe
secret.

Johan. As for that, syr, I shall not let.

Syr J. I shall tell the now the matter playne,
She is angry with me and hath me in dysdayn
Because that I do her oft intyee
To do some penaunce, after myne advyse,
Because she wyll never leve her wrawlyng,
But alway with the she is chydyng and brawlyng;
And therefore I knowe she hatyth me presens.

Johan. Nay, in good feyth, savyng your reverens.

Syr J. I know very well, she hath me in hate.

Johan. Nay, I dare swere for her, master curate :
But, was I not a very knave ?
I thought surely, so God me save,
That he had lovyd my wyfe, for to deseyve me,
And now he quythyth hymself; and here I se

He doth as much, as he may for his lyfe
To stynte the debate betwene me and my wyfe.

Syr J. If ever she dyd, or thought me any yll,
Now I forgyve her with me fre wyll ;
Therefore Johan Johan, now get the home
And thank thy wyfe, and say I wyll not come.

Johan. Yet, let me know, now good Syr Jhān,
Where ye wyll go to supper than.

Syr J. I care not greatly, and I tell the.
On saterday last, I and ii or thre
Of my frendes made an appoyntement,
And agaynst this nyght we dyd assent
That in a place we wolde sup together ;
And one of them sayd, he wolde brynge thether
Ale and bread ; and for my parte, I
Sayd, that I wolde gyve them a pye,
And there I gave them money for the makynge ;
And an other sayd, she wolde pay for the bakynge ;
And so we purpose to make good chere
For to dryve away care and thought.

Johan. Than I pray you, syr, tell me here,
Whyther shulde all this geare be brought ?

Syr J. By my fayth, and I shulde not lye,
It shulde be delyvered to thy wyfe, the pye.

Johan. By God ! it is at my house, standyng
by the fyre.

Syr J. Who bespake that pye ? I the requyre.

Johan. By my feyth, and I shall not lye,
It was my wyfe, and her gossyp Margerye,

And your good masshype, callyd Syr Jāhn,
 And my neybours yongest doughter An ;
 Your masshype payde for the stuffe and makyng,
 And Margery, she payde for the bakynge.

Syr J. If thou wylt have me nowe, in faithe I
 wyll go.

Johan. Ye, mary, I beseche your masshype do so,
 My wyf taryeth for none but us twayne ;
 She thynketh long, or I come agayne.

Syr J. Well nowe, if she chyde me in thy
 presens,
 I wyl be content, and take in pacyens.

Johan. By cokkis soule, and she ones chyde,
 Or frowne, or loure, or loke asyde,
 I shall brynge you a staffe as myche as I may heve,
 Than bete her and spare not, I gyve you good leve,
 To chastyce her for her shreude varyeng."

By this time, they are supposed to have reached
 the house, when the husband is greeted by his
 wife with,—

"The devyll take the for thy long taryeng."

and ordered, in no civil language, to prepare water
 to wash their hands, and place the pie on the
 table ; the priest, on the contrary, being received
 with,—

"Welcome, myn owne swete harte,
 We shall make some chere or we departe."

to the great annoyance of John, who declares, “this abateth my chere,” and whose credulity is sneered at by the priest, thus :—

Syr J. By God, I wolde ye had harde the tryfys,

The toys, the mokkes, the fables, and the nyfys,
That I made thy husbände to beleve and thynke,
Thou myghtest as well into the erthe synke,
As thou coudest forbear laughyng any whyle.

Tyb. I pray the let me hear part of that wyle.

Syr J. Mary, I shall tell the as fast as I can.
But peas, no more!—yonder cometh thy good man.

Johan. Cokkis soule, what have we here ?
As far as I sawe, he drewe very nere
Unto my wyfe.

Tyb. What, art come so sone ?
Gyve us water to wasshe nowe—have done.

(Than he bryngeth the payle empty.)

Johan. By cokkis soule, it was, even nowe, full
to the brynk,
But it was out agayne or I coude thynke ;
Wherof I marveled, by God Almyght,
And than I loked betwene me and the lyght,
And I spyed a clyfte, bothe large and wyde,
Lo, wyfe! here it is on the tone syde.

Tyb. Why dost not stop it ?

Johan. Why, how shall I do it ?

Tyb. Take a lytle wax.

Johan. Howe shal I come to it ?

Syr J. Mary, here be ii wax candyls, I say,
Whiche my gossyp Margery gave me yesterday.

Tyb. Tusshe, let hym alone, for by the rode!
It is pyte to help hym, or do hym good.

Syr J. What! Johan Johan, canst thou make
no shyfte?

Take this waxe, and stop therewith the clyfte.

Johan. This waxe is as harde as wyre.

Tyb. Thou must chafe it a lytle at the fyre.

Johan. She that broughte the these waxe can-
dylles twayne,

She is a good companyon certayn.

Tyb. What, was it not my gossyp Margery?

Syr J. Yes, she is a blessed woman surely.

Tyb. Nowe wolde God I were as good as she,
For she is vertuous, and full of charyte.

Johan. Nowe, so God helpe me; and by my
holydome

She is the erranst band betwene this and Rome.

Tyb. Wat sayst?

Johan. Mary, I chafe the wax,

And I chafe it so harde that my fingers krakks.

But take up this pye that I here torne,

And it stand long, ywys it wyll borne.

Tyb. Ie, but thou must chafe the wax, I say.

Johan. Byd hym syt down, I the pray—

Syt down, good Syr Jhān, I you requyre.

Tyb. Go, I say, and chafe the wax by the fyre,
Whyle that we sup, Syr Jhān and I.

Johan. And how now, what wyll ye do with the
pye?

Shall I not ete therof a morsell ?

Tyb. Go and chafe the wax whyle thou art well,
And let us have no more pratyng thus.

Syr J. Benedicite.

Johan. Dominus.

Tyb. Now go chafe the wax with a myschyfe.

Johan. What, I come to blysse the bord, swete
wyfe ?

It is my custome now and than.

Mych good do it you, Master Syr Jhān.

Tyb. Go chafe the wax, and here no longer tary.

Johan. And is not this a very purgatory

To se folks ete and may not ete a byt ?

By kokkis soule I am a very wodcok.

This payle here, now a vengauce take it,

Now my wyfe gyveth me a proud mok.

Tyb. What dost ?

Johan. Mary, I chafe the wax here,

And I ymagyn to make you good chere,

That a vengauce take you both as ye syt,

For I know well I shall not ete a byt.

But yet, in feyth, yf I myght ete one morsell,

I wolde thynk the matter went very well.

Syr J. Gossyp Johan Johan, now much good
do it you ;

What chere make you there by the fyre ?

Johan. Master parson, I thank you now ;
I fare well enow after myne owne desyre.

Syr J. What dost, Johan Johan, I the requyre?

Johan. I chafe the wax here by the fyre.

Tyb. Here is good drynk, and here is a good py.

Syr J. We fare very well, thankyd be our Lady.

Tyb. Loke how the kokold chafyth the wax that
is hard,

And for his lyfe, daryth not loke hether ward.

Syr J. What doth my gossyp?

Johan. I chafe the wax,

And I chafe it so hard that my fyngers krakks ;

And eke the smoke puttyth out my eyes two :

I burne my face, and ray my clothys also,

And yet I dare not say one word,

And they syt laughyng yender at the bord.

Tyb. Now, by my trouth, it is a pretty jape,

For a wyfe to make her husband her ape.

Loke of Johan Johan, which makyth hard shyft

To chafe the wax to stop therwith the clyft.

Johan. Ye, that a vengeance take ye both two,

Both hym and the, and the and hym also ;

And that ye may choke with the same mete

At the furst morsell that ye do ete.

Tyb. Of what thyng now dost thou elatter,

Johan Johan ? or whereof dost thou patter ?

Johan. I chafe the wax, and make harde shyft

To stop herewith of the payll the ryftt.

Syr J. So must he do, Johan Johan, by my
father kyn,

That is bound of wedlok in the yoke.

Johan. Loke how the pyld preest crammyth in ;

That wold to God he myght therwith choke.

Tyb. Now, master Parson, pleasyth your goodnes
To tell us some tale of myrth or sadnes
For our pastyme, in way of communycacyon.

Syr J. I am content to do it for our recreacyon,
And of iii myracles I shall to you say.

Johan. What, must I chafe the wax all day,
And stond here, rostying by the fyre?"

To which the priest answers:—

“Thou must do somewhat at thy wyves desyre.”

and then relates three absurd stories of miracles wrought upon married women, through the intercession of priests, more remarkable for their satirical caricature of monkish legends, than for their delicacy. At the conclusion of the last narrative, John asks,—

“But howe say you, Syr Jhān, was it good your pye?
The dyvell the morsell that therof eate I.
By the good Lord this is a pyteous warke !
But now I se well the olde proverbe is treu,—
The parysshe preest forgetteth that ever he was
clarke.

But, Syr Jhān, doth not remember you,
How I was your clerke, and holpe you masse to syng,
And hylde the basyn alway at the offryng ;
Ye never had halfe so good a clarke as I,
But notwithstanding all this, now our pye
Is eaten up, there is not left a byt,
And you two together there do syt

Eatynge and drynkyng at your own desyre,
And am I Johan Johan, whiche must stande by the
fyre

Chafyng the wax, and dare none other wyse do.

Syr J. And shall we alway syt here styll, we two!
That were to mych.

Tyb. Then ryse we out of this place.

Syr J. And kys me than in the stede of grace ;
And farewell leman and my love so dere.

Johan. Cokkis body, this waxe it waxte colde
agayn here ;—

But what shall I anon go to bed,
And eate nothyng nother meate nor brede !
I have not be wont to have suche fare.

Tyb. Why were ye not served there as ye are,
Chafyng the waxe, standyng by the fyre ?

Johan. Why, wat mete gave ye me, I you
requyre?

Syr J. Wast thou not served, I pray the, hartely,
Both with the brede, the ale, and the pye ?

Johan. No, syr, I had none of that fare,

Tyb. Why were ye not served there as ye are,
Standyng by the fyre chafyng the waxe ?

Johan. Lo, here be many tryfys and knakks—
By cokkis soule! they wene I am other dronke or
mad.

Tyb. And had ye no meate, Johan Johan, no had?

Johan. No, Tyb, my wyfe, I had not a whyt,

Tyb. What, not a morsel ?

Johan. No, not one byt ;

For hunger, I trowe, I shall fall in a swone.

Syr J. O, that were pyte, I swere by my crowne!

Tyb. But is it trewe?

Johan. Ye, for a surete.

Tyb. Dost thou ly?

Johan. No, so mote I the.

Tyb. Hast thou had nothyng?

Johan. No, not a byt.

Tyb. Hast thou not dronke?

Johan. No, not a whyt.

Tyb. Where wast thou?

Johan. By the fyre I dyd stande.

Tyb. What dydyst?

Johan. I chafed this waxe in my hande,
Where as I knewe of wedded men the payne
That they have, and yet dare not complayne,
For the smoke put out my eyes two;
I burned my face, and rayde my clothes also,
Mendying the payle, whiche is so rotten and olde,
That it will not skant together holde;
And syth it is so, and syns that ye twayn
Wold gyve me no meate for my suffysance;
By cokkis soule! I wyll take no longer payn,
Ye shall do all yourself, with a very vengauce
For me, and take thou there thy payle now,
And yf thou canst mend it, let me se how.

Tyb. A horson's knave, hast thou brok my payll?
Thou shalt repent, by cokkis lylly nayll!
Rech me my dystaf, or my clypppyng sherys,
I shall make the blood ronne about his erys.

Johan. Nay, stand styll, drab, I say, and come
no nere,

For by cokkis blood! yf thou come here,

Or yf thou onys styr toward this place,

I shall throw this shovyll full of colys in thy face.

Tyb. Ye horson dryvyll, get the out of my dore.

Johan. Nay, get thou out of my house, thou
prestis hore.

Syr J. Thou lyst, horson kokold, evyn to thy
face.

Johan. And thou lyst, pyld preest, with an
evyll grace.

Tyb. And thou lyst.

Johan. And thou lyst, syr.

Syr J. And thou lyst agayn.

Johan. By cokkis soule, horson preest, thou shalt
be slayn ;

Thou hast eate our pye and gyve me nought,

By cokkis blod, it shall be full derely bought.

Tyb. At hym, Syr Jhān, or els God gyve the
sorow.

Johan. And have at your hore and thefe, Saynt
George to borrow.

*(Here they fyght by the erys a whyle, and than the
preest and the wyfe go out of the place.)*

Johan. A, syrs, I have payd some of them even
as I lyst,

They have borne many a blow with my fyst,

I thank God, I have walkyd them well,
 And dryven them hens, but yet can ye tell
 Whether they be go ? for, by God ! I fere me,
 That they be gon together he and she
 Unto his chamber, and perhappys she wyll
 Spyte of my hart, tarry there styll,
 And, peradventure, there he and she
 Wyll make me cokold, evyn to anger me ;
 And then had I a pyg in the wors panyer,
 Therfor, by God, I wyll hye me thyder
 To se yf they do me any vylany :
 And thus fare well this noble company."

This interlude, according to the *Colophon*, was
 "Imprynted by Wyllyam Rastell, the xii day of
 February, the yere of our Lord mcccc and xxxiii.
Cum privilegio." It is remarkable, as all his plays
 are, for unsparing satire on the vices of the Roman
 Catholic clergy, and the absurdity of their legends
 and relics ; and as Heywood was a rigid, if not
 a bigoted Catholic, this may be received as a
 proof of their corruption. It is of great rarity,
 and was privately reprinted a few years back ;
 the advertisement stating that "no copy of this
 Mery Play appears to exist, except that in the
 Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Exclusive of its
 antiquity and rarity, it is valuable as affording a
 specimen of the earliest and rudest form of our
 comedy (for the poem is shorter, and the number

of the *dramatis personæ* yet fewer than those of *The Four P's*), and of the liberty with which even the Roman Catholic authors of that age felt themselves authorized to treat the established church." A remark which is also fully carried out by a perusal of the next play of our author's, which we shall now consider.

"A Mery Play betwene the Pardoner, and the Frere, the Curate, and neybour Pratte," Mr. Collier inclines to consider, one of Heywood's earliest productions. "It was printed by Rastell in 1533, but must have been written before 1521, when the author was a player on the virginals, in the court of Henry VIII; because Leo X is spoken of in it as living"; its chief end appears to have been the exposure of the tricks and impositions practised by wandering friars and pardoners, who bore relics, to cheat the unthinking laity of their money. To both these classes Heywood is unsparing in his censure, as he also is in his "*Four P's*." The present play commences with this speech by the friar:—

"Deus hic, the holy trynyte
 Preserve all that nowe here be.
 Dere bretherne, yf ye wyll consyder
 The cause why I am come hyder,

Ye wolde be glad to knowe my intent,
 For I com not hyther for monye nor for rent ;
 I com not hyther for meate, nor for meale,
 But I com hyther, for your soules heale.”

He then enlarges on the purity and poverty of
 his order :—

“ We freres have professed wylful poverté,
 No peny in our purse have may we,
 Knyfe nor staff may we none cary,
 Excepte we shulde from the gospell vary;”

for which reason he says they should evermore be
 hospitably received and liberally treated :—

“ Wherfore my frendes to this text take ye hede,
 Beware how ye despyse the pore freres,
 Which ar in this worlde crystes mynysters ;
 But do them with an harty chere receyue,
 Leste they happen your houses for to leue,
 And than God wyll take vengeaunce in his yre.
 Wherfore I now, that am a pore frere,
 Dyd enquere were any people were
 Which were dysposyd the word of God to here ;
 And as I cam hether, one dyd me tell,
 That in this towne ryght good folke dyd dwell ;
 Which to here the word of God wolde be glad,
 And as sone as I, therof knolege had,
 I hyder hyed me as fast as I myght,
 Entendyd by the grace of God almyght,
 And by your pacyens, and supportacyon,
 Here to make a symple colacyon ;

Wherfore I requyre all ye in this prese
For to abyde, and gyue dew audyence."

And so having obtained of the Curate leave to use his church for a begging sermon, he kneels down for a preparatory prayer; during which time the Pardoner, whose object is also that of procuring money, enters "with all his relyques to declare what eche of them ben, and the hole power and vertu therof," and thus he begins:—

The pardoner. God and saynte Leonarde sende
ye all his grace

As many as ben assembled in this place.

Good devout people that here do assemble,
I pray good that ye may all well resemble
The ymage, after whiche you are wrought ;
And that ye save, that Chryst in you bought.

Devout chrysten people, ye shall all wytte
That I am comen hyther ye to vysytte,
Wherfore let us pray thus or I begynne,
Our sauoure preserue ye all from synne !
And enable ye to receyue this blessed pardon,
Whiche is the greatest vndor the son,
Graunted by the pope in his bulles under lede,
Whiche pardon ye shall fynde whan ye are dede,
That offereth outhur grotes er els pens,
To these holy relyques, whiche or I go hens
I shall here shewe, in open audyence,—
Exortynge ye all to do to them reuerance.

But first ye shall know well, y^t I com fro Rome,
 Lo here my bulles, all and some,
 Our lyege lorde seale here on my patent
 I bere with me, my body to warant ;
 That no man be so bolde, be he preest or clarke,
 Me to dysturbe of Chrystes holy warke ;
 Nor haue no dysdayne, nor yet scorne,
 Of these holy reliques whiche sayntes haue worne.

Fyrst, here I shewe ye, of a holy Jewes shepe
 A bone, I pray you take good kepe
 To my wordes, and marke them well :—
 Yf any of your bestes belyes do swell,
 Dyppe this bone in the water that he dothe take
 Into his body, and the swellynge shall slake.
 And yf any worme haue your beestes stonge,
 Take of this water, and wasshe his tonge,
 And it wyll be hole anon ; and furthermore
 Of pockes, and scabbes, and every sore,
 He shall be quyte hole that drynketh of the well
 That this bone is dipped in ; it is treuth that I tell !
 And yf any man that any beste oweth .
 Ones in the weke, or that the cocke croweth,
 Fastynge wyll drynke of this well a draughte,
 As that holy Jew hath vs taught,
 His beestes and his store shall multeply.
 And maysters all it helpeth well
 Thoughe a man be foule in ielous rage,
 Let a man with this water make his potage,
 And neuermore shall he his wyfe mystryst,
 Thoughe he in sothe the faut by her wyst,

Or had she betake with freres two or thre.

Here is a mytten eke, as ye may se,
 He that his hande wyll put in this myttayn,
 He shall haue encrease of his grayn,
 That he hath sowne, be it wete or otys,
 So that he offer pens, or els grotes.
 And another holy relyke eke here se ye may ;
 The blessed arme of swete Saynt Sondaye !
 And who so euer is blessyd with this ryght hande,
 Can not spede amysse by se nor by lande ;
 And if he offereth eke with good deuocyon,
 He shall not fayle to come to hyghe promoeyon.

And another holy relyke here may ye see,
 The great too of the Holy Trynyte.
 And who so euer ones doth it in his mouthe take,
 He shall neuer be dysseasyd with the tothe ake !
 Canker nor pockys shall there none brede !
 This that I shewe ye is matter indede !

And here is of our Lady, a relyke full good,
 Her bongrace which she ware with her French hode*
 Whan she wente oute, al wayes for sonne bornynge;
 Women with chylde, which be in mournynge,
 By vertue thereof shal be sone easyd ;
 And of theyr trauayll full sone also releasyd ;

* The French hood was the close coif, fashionable among ladies at this period ; the bongrace was a frontlet attached to the hood, and standing up round the forehead ; as may be particularly seen in the portraits of Queen Anne Bullen. (See my *History of Costume in England*, p. 243, and Glossary p. 441.)

And if this bongrace they do deuoutly kys,
And offer therto, as theyre deuocyon is.

Here is another relyke, eke a precyous one,
Of all helowes the blessyd jaw bone,
Which relyke, without any fayle,
Agaynst poyson chefely dothe prenayle.
For whom so euer it toucheth without dout,
All maner venym from hym shall issue out ;
So that it shall hurt no maner wyghte ;
Lo, of this relyke the great power and myght,
Which preseruyth from poyson euery man.
Lo of Saynt Myghell, eke the brayn pan !
Which for the hed ake is a preseruatyfe,
To every man or beste that beryth lyfe.
And further it shall stande hym in better stede
For his hede shall neuer ake whan that he is dede.
Nor he shall fele no maner grefe nor payn,
Though with a sworde one cleue it than a twayn !
But be as one that lay in a dede slepe, [crepe.
Wherfore to these relykes now come crouche and
But loke that ye offerynge to them make
Or els can ye no maner profyte take;
But one thyng ye women all, I warant you,
Yf any wyght be in this place now
That hath done syn, so horryble that she
Dare nat for shame therof shryuen be,—
Or any woman be she younge or olde,
That hath made her husbände cockolde,
Suche folke shall haue no power nor no grace,
To offer to my relykes in this place;

And who so fyndeth her selfe out of suche blame,
Com hyther to me on crystes holy name.

And bycause ye
Shall vnto me
Gyue credence at the full,
Myn auctoryte
Now shall ye se,
Lo! here the popes bull!

*Now shall the frere begyn his sermon and euyn at
the same tyme the pardoner begynneth also to shew and
speke of his bullys, and auctorytes com from Rome.*

The frere. Date et dabitur vobis.

Good deuout people, this place of scrypture—

Pardo. Worshypfull maysters, ye shall understand

Frere. Is to you that have no litterature,

Pardo. That pope Leo the .x. hath graunted with
his hand,

Frere. Is to say in our englysshe tonge,

Pardo. And by his bulles conformed vnder lede,

Frere. As departe your goodes the poore folke
amonge.

Pardo. To all maner people bothe quicke and
dede,

Frere. And god shall than gyue vnto you agayne.

Pardo. Ten thousande yeres and as many lentes
of pardon,

Frere. This in the gospell so is wryten playne.

Pardo. Whan they are dede theyr soules for to
guardon,

Frere. Therfore gyue your almes in the largest wyse;

Pardo. That wyll with theyr peny or almes dede,

Frere. Keep not your goodes, fye! fye! on couetyse!

Pardo. Put to theyr handes to the good spede

Frere. That synne with god is most abhomynable,

Pardo. Of the holy chapell of swete saynt Leonarde,

Frere. And is eke the synne that is most dampnable.

Pardo. Whiche late by fyre was destroyed and marde;

Frere. In scripiture eke, but I say syrs, how,

Pardo. Ay! by the mas! one can not here,

Frere. What a bablynge maketh yonder felow,

Pardo. For the bablynge of yonder folysshe frere!

Neither of them being inclined to silence, they continue talking at the same time, and loudly urge their claims upon the purses of the congregation; until the friar totally out of patience calls out:—

“But I say, thou pardoner, I byd the holde thy peace.

Pardo. And I say thou frere, holde thy tonge styll.

Frere. What standest thou there all the day smatterynge.

Pardo. Mary what standest thou there all day clatterrynge.

Frere. Mary, fellow, I com hyder to prech the
worde of god,

Whych of no man may be forbode ;
But harde wyth scylence and good entent ;
For why, it techeth them euydent
The very way and path, that shall them lede
Euen to heuen gatys, as strayght as any threde !
And he that lettyth the worde of god of audyence,
Standeth accurst in the greate sentence!
And so art thou, for enterruptynge me.

Pardo. Nay, thou art acurst, knave, and that
shalt thou se,
And all suche that to me make interrupcyon,
The pope sends them excommuniacyon
By hys bullys, here redy to be redde,
By bysshoppes and hys cardynalles conformed.
And eke yf thou dysturbe me any thyng,
Thou art also a traytour to the kyng !
For here hath he graunted me vnder hys brode seale,
That no man, yf he loue hys hele,
Sholde me dysturbe, or let in any wyse !
And yf thou dost the kynges commaundment dispise,
I shall make the be set fast by the fete;
And where thou saydyst that thou arte more mete
Amonge the people here for to preche,
Bycause thou dost them the very way teche
How to com to heuen aboue,
Therin thou lyst! and that shall I proue;
And by good reason I shall make the bow,
And know that I am meter than arte thou.

For thou, whan thou hast taught them ones the way,
 Thou carest not whether they com there, ye or nay!
 But whan that thou hast done all togyder,
 And taught them the way for to com thither,
 Yet all that thou canst ymagyn
 Is but to vse vertue, and abstayne fro syn.
 And yf they fall ones, than thou canst no more,
 Thou canst not gyve them a salue for theyr sore;
 But these my letters be clene purgacyon,
 All thoughe neuer so many synnes they haue don;
 But whan thou hast taught the way and all,
 Yet or they com there, they may haue many a fall
 In the way, or that they com thither:
 For why the way to heuen is very slydder,
 But I wyll teche them after another rate;
 For I shall brynge them to heuen gate,
 And be theyr gydes, and conducte all thynges,
 And lede them thither by purse strynges;
 So that they shall not fall though that they wolde.

Frere. Holde thy peace, knaue, thou art very bolde,
 Thou pratest in fayth euen like a pardoner.

The corruption of the Romish church in England at this period can scarcely be doubted, when so sincere a member of it as Heywood could thus satirize the peculation of its members: no reformer could say a more bitter thing than this, of leading men to heaven by the pursestrings. The Pardoner is so enraged, that he cries:—

“Why despysest thou the pope’s mynyster;
 Maysters, here I curse hym openly.”

The friar laughs at him, and continues to speak of his superior sanctity amid the manifold interruptions of the other, who enlarges on the superior value of his relics; until the friar, anxious to get quietly on with his sermon, says,—

“ But I say, thou lewde felowe thou!
Haddest none other tyme to shewe thy bulles but
now?

Canst not tary, and abyde tyll none,
And rede them than whan prechyng is done.

Pardo. I wyll rede them now, what sayest thou
therto?

Hast thou any thyng therewith to do?
Thynkest that I wyll stande, and tary for thy leasure,
Am I bounde to do so moche for thy pleasure?

Frere. For my pleasure? nay I wolde thou
knewyst it well,
It becometh the knave, never a dell,
To prate thus boldely in my presence,
And let the word of god of audience.

Pardo. Let the word of god quoth a? nay let a
horson dreuyll
Prate here all day, with a foule euyll!
And all thy sermon goth on couetyce,
And bydest men beware of auaryce,
And yet in thy sermon dost thou none other thyng,
But for almes stande all the day beggyng!

Frere. Leue thy realynge, I wolde the aduyse !

Pardo. Nay ! leue thou thy bablynge, yf thou
be wyse.

Frere. I wolde thou knewest it, knaue, I wyll
not leue a whyt.

Pardo. No more wyll I! I do the well to wyt.

Frere. It is not thou shall make me hold my
peas.

Pardo. Then speke on hardly, yf thou thynkyst
it for thy eas ;

Frere. For I wyll speke, whyther thou wyt or no.

Pardo. In faythe, I care not, for I wyll speke
also.

Frere. Wherfor hardely let vs bothe go to.

Pardo. Se whiche shall be better harde of vs two.

Frere. What! sholde ye gyue ought to pratyng
pardoners!

Pardo. What! sholde ye spende on these flat-
erynge lyers!

Frere. What! sholde ye gyue oughte to these
bold beggars!

Pardo. As be these bablynge monkes, and these
freres,

Frere. Let them hardely labour for theyr
lyvyng.—

Pardo. Which do nought dayly but bable and
lye!

Frere. It moche hurtyth them, good mennys
gyvyng,

Pardo. And tell you fables, dere inonghe a flye!

Frere. For that maketh them ydle, and slouth-
full to warke.

Pardo. As dothe this bablynge frere, here to day.

Frere. That for none other thyng they wyll carke."

They thus continue for some length of time, in vulgar abuse of each other, and earnest appeals for money, until the patience of both rapidly wearing away, and neither being inclined to surrender, the friar exclaims:—

"I say wylt thou nat yet stynt thy clappe,

Pull me downe the pardoner, with an euyl happe !

Pardo. Maister frere, I holde it best

To kepe your tonge while ye be in rest.

Frere. I say one pull the knaue of his stole.

Pardo. Nay one pull the frere downe lyke a fole.

Frere. Leue thy railynge, and babbelynge of freres,

Or by jys, I'sh lug the by the swete eares !

Pardo. By God ! I wolde thou durst presume to it !

Frere. By God ! a lytell thyng might make me to do it !

Pardo. And I shrew thy herte and thou spare.

Frere. By God, I wyll nat mysse the moche, thou slouche !

And yf thou playe me suche another touche,

I'sh knocke the on the costarde, I wolde thou it knewe !

Pardo. Mary that wold I se ! quod blynde hew.

Frere. Well I wyll begyn, and than let me se
Whether thou darest agayne interrupte me,
And what thou wolde ones to it say.

Pardo. Begyn and proue whether I wyll, ye, or
nay.

Frere. And to go forthe where as I lefte right
now—

Pardo. Because som percase wyll thynke amysse
of me—

Frere. Our lorde in the gospell sheweth the way
how—

Pardo. Ye shall now here, the popys auctoryte,—

Frere. By gogges soule ! knaue, I suffre the no
lenger !

Pardo. I say some good body, lende me his
henger;

And I shall hym teche, by God almyght,
How he shall another tyme lerne for to fyght !
I shall make that balde crowne of his to loke rede,
I shall leue him but one ere on his hede.

Frere. But I shall leue the neuer an ere or I go !

Pardo. Ye, horeson frere ! wylt thou so ?

(*Than they fyght.*)

Frere. Lose thy handes away from myn earys.

Pardo. Than take thou thy handes away from
my heres.

Nay abyde thou horeson ! I am not downe yet ;
I trust fyrst to lye the at my fete.

Frere. Ye horeson, wylt thou serat and byte !

Pardo. Ye mary wyll I, as longe as thou doste
smyte !

The curate, alarmed at the disturbance, now enters, saying:

“ Holde your handes, a vengeaunce on ye bothe two,
That euer ye came hyther, to make this a do ;
To polute my chyrche, a myschyefe on you lyght!
I swere to you by God all myght !

Ye shall bothe repente, euery vayne of your harte,
As sore as ye dyd euer thyng or ye departe.

Frere. Mayster Parson, I maruayll ye wyll gyue
lycence

To this false knaue, in this audience
To publysh his ragman rolles with lyes ;
I desyred hym y wys more than ones or twyse
To holde his peas, tyll that I had done ;
But he wolde here no more than the man in the mone!

Pardo. Why sholde I suffre the, more than thou
me?

Mayster Parson gaue me lycence before the ;
And I wolde thou knewyst it. I haue relykes here,
Other maner stuffe than thou dost bere ;
I wyll edefy more with the syght of it,
Than wyll all the pratyng of holy wryt !
For except that the precher hym selfe lyve well,
His predycacyon wyll helpe neuer a dell ;
And I know well that thy lyuynge is nought!
An homycyde thou art I know well inoughe.
For my selfe knew where thou sloughe
A wenche with thy dagger in a couche,
And yet, as thou saist in thy sermon, yt no mā shall
touch.

Parso. No more of this wranglyng in my chyrch,
 I shrewe your hartys bothe for this lurchē ;
 Is there any blood shed here between these knaues?
 Thanked be God! they had no stauys,
 Nor egoteles, for than it had been wronge.
 Well ye shall synge another songe.
 Neybour Prat, com hether, I you pray.

Prat. Why, what is this nyse fraye ?

Parso. I can not tell you, one knaue dysdaynes
 another;
 Wherfore take ye the tone, and I shall take the
 other;
 We shall bestow them there as is most conuenient,
 For suche a couple; I trow, they shall repente
 That euer they met in thys chryche here !
 Neyboure ye be constable, stande ye nere,
 Take ye that laye knaue, and let me alone
 With this gentylman; by God and by Saynt John,
 I shall borowe vpon prestholde somwhat,
 For I may say to the, neybour Prat,
 It is a good dede to punysh such, to the ensample
 Of suche other, how that they shall mell
 In lyke faeyon as these catyfes do.

Prat. In good fayth, mayster Parson, yf ye do so,
 Ye do but well to teche them to be ware.

Pardo. Mayster Prat, I pray ye me to spare,
 For I am sory for that that is done;
 Wherfore, I pray ye, forgyue me sone,
 For that I haue offendyd within your lybertye,
 And by my trouthe, syr, ye may trust me ;—

I wyll neuer come hether more

Whyle I lyue, and God before!

Prat. Nay, I am ones charged with the,
Wherfore, by Saynt John, thou shalt not escape me,
Tyll thou hast scouryd a pare of stokys.

Parso. Tut! he weneth all is but mockes,
Lay hande on hym; and com ye on, syr frere,
Ye shall of me hardely haue your hyre,
Ye had none suche, this vii yere,
I swere by God, and by our Lady dere!

Parso. Nay, mayster Parson, for Goddys passyon,
Intreate not me after that faeyon,
For if ye do it wyll not be for your honesty.

Parso. Honesty or not, but thou shalt se
What I shall do by and by,
Make no stroglynge, com forthe soberly,
For it shall not auayle the, I say.

Frere. Mary, that shall we trye, euen strayt way!
I defy the, churle preeste, and there be no mo than
thou,

I wyll not go with the, I make God a vow!
We shall se fyrst which is the stronger,
God hath sent me bonys, I do the not fere!

Parso. Ye, by thy fayth, wylt thou be there?
Neybour Prat, brynge forthe that knaue;
And thou, syr frere, yf thou wylt alगतys rave.

Frere. Nay, chorle, I the defy!
I shall trouble the fyrst,
Thou shalt go to pryson by and by,
Let me se now do thy worst.

*Prat with the Pardoner, and the Parson with the
Frere.*

Parso. Helpe! helpe! neybour Prat! neybour
Prat!

In the worship of God, helpe me som what!

Prat. Nay, deale as thou canst with that elfe,
For why, I haue inoughe to do my selfe!
Alas! for payne I am almoste dede,
The reede blood so ronnethe downe aboute my hede!
Nay, and thou canst, I pray the, helpe me!

Parso. Nay, by the mas, felowe it wyll not be,
I haue more tow on my dystaffe than I can well spyn!
The cursed frere dothe the vpper hande wyn.

Frere. Wyll ye leue than, and let vs in peace
departe?

Ps. & Pr. Ye, by our Lady, euen with all our
harte!

Fre. & Pd. Than adew, to the deuyll, tyll we
com agayne!

Par. & Pr. And a myschefe go with you bothe
twayne!"

And with these mutual bad wishes, the play
ends, and each goes his own way.

"The Play called the *Foure P's*, a newe and a
very mery interlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner, a
Potycary, and a Pedlar." It is reprinted in all
the editions of *Dodsley's Old Plays*, and it there-
fore is not necessary to do more here than give,

in the words of Mr. Collier, the plot of the interlude: "The question at issue between the characters is which shall tell the greatest lie; and after each has told some monstrous story, the determination of the rest that the Palmer's simple assertion, that he never saw a woman out of patience in his life, is the most monstrous falsehood of all, (which the other three, taken by surprise, involuntary declare) is an unexpected and very comic turn to the performance." The absurdity of pardoners' relics is asseverely handled as in the play last described, and the jaw-bone of All-Hallows, and great toe of the Trinity, are again brought forward to ridicule. It has not hitherto been noticed that Heywood's Pardoner is a close copy of Chaucer's, and the two first relics he descants on—the sheep's jaw and the mytten—are derived from Chaucer, and described as nearly as possible in the same words, as well as the artful assurance, that all persons but grievous sinners, may publicly offer to these relics as the test of their innocence; as deceptive and effective an imposition as was ever imputed to this body.* The most spirited and humorous part of this Play (if indeed it be not Heywood's *chef-d'œuvre*) is the Pardoner's tale of his descent into hell, to

* See Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale*.

recover the lost soul of a lady friend, which he considers himself bound to do, as he has saved others through virtue of his relics; so taking them with him:—

“From hens I went to purgatory,
 And toke with me thys gere in my fyste,
 Wherby I may do there what I lyste.
 I knocked and was let in quyckly:
 But Lorde, how lowe the soules made curtesy;
 And I to every soule agayne
 Dyd gyve a beck them to retayne,
 And axed them thys question than,
 If that the soule of suche a woman
 Dyd late amonge them there appere?
 Wherto they sayd, she cam nat here.
 Then ferd I mucche it was nat well;
 Alas, thought I, she is in hell;
 For with her lyfe I was so acqueynted,
 That sure I thought she was nat saynted.
 With thys it chaunced me to snese;
 Christe helpe, quoth a soule that ley for his fees.
 Those wordes, quoth I, thou shalt nat lees;
 Then with these pardons of all degrees,
 I payed his tole and set hym to quyght,
 That strait to heaven he toke his flyght,
 And I from thens to hell that nyght,
 To help this woman yf I myght;
 Nat as who sayth by authorite,
 But by the waye of entreate.

And fyrst to the devyll that kept the gate
 I came, and spake after this rate.
 All hayle, syr devyll, and made lowe curtesy:
 Welcome, quoth he, thus smillyngly.
 He knew me well, and I at laste
 Remembred him syns longe time paste:
 For as good hadde wolde have it chaunce,
 This devyll and I were of olde acquyntaunce;
 For oft, in the play of eorpus Cristi,
 He hath playd the devyll at Coventry.*
 By his acquyntaunce and my behavoure,
 He shewed to me ryght frendly favoure,
 And to make my returne the shorter,
 I sayd to this devyll, good mayster porter,
 For all olde love, yf it lye in your power,
 Helpe me to speke with my lorde and your.

* This is a very curious allusion to a favourite character in the old mysteries. "Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city (i. e. COVENTRY) was very famous for the pageants that were play'd therein upon *Corpus Christi* day (this is one of their ancient faires), which occasioning very great confluence of people thither from far and near, was no small benefit thereto; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friers of this house, had theaters for the several scenes very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectatours, and contained the story of the New Testament, composed in old English rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS, entitled, *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Coventrie*, in Bibl. Cotton. (sub Effigie Vesp. D. 9)." Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 116. The Shakspeare Society have published the entire series from the manuscript Dugdale alludes to.

Be sure, quoth he, no tongue can tell,
 What tyme thou coudest have come so well:
 For as on thys daye Lucyfer fell,
 Whiche is our festyvall in hell,
 Nothyng unreasonable craved thys day,
 That shall in hell have any nay.
 But yet be ware thou come nat in,
 Tyll tyme thou may thy pasporte wyn.
 Wherefore stand styll, and I will wyt,
 Yf I can get thy save condyt.
 He taryed nat, but shortely gat it
 Under seale, and the devyls hande at it,
 In ample wyse, as ye shall here;
 Thus it began: Lueyfer,
 By the power of god chyefe devyll of hell,
 To all the devyls that there do dwell,
 And every of them we sende gretynge,
 Under streyght charge and commaundyge,
 That they aydynge and assystent be
 To suche a Pardoner, and named me,
 So that he may at lybertie
 Passe save without any jeopardy,
 Tyll that he be from us extyncte,
 And clerely out of helle's precincte.
 And hys pardons to kepe in savegarde;
 We wyll they lye in the porter's warde.
 Gevyn in the fornes of our palys,
 In our highe courte of maters of malys,
 Suche a day and yere of our reyne.
 God save the devyll, quoth I, amain.

I truste thys wrytynge to be sure:
 Then put thy truste, quod he, in euer*
 Syns thou art sure to take no harme.
 Thys devyll and I walket arme in arme,
 So farre, tyll he had brought me thyther,
 Where all the devylls of hell togyther
 Stode in a ray, in suche apparell
 As for that day there metely fell.
 Theyr hornes well gylt, theyr clowes full clene,
 Theyr taylles well kempt, and, as I wene,
 With sothery† butter theyr bodyes anoynted;
 I never sawe devylls so well apoynted.
 The mayster devyll sat in his jacket,
 And all the soules were playinge at racket.
 None other rackettes they hadde in hande,
 Save every soule a good fyre brand;
 Wherwith they played so pretely,
 That Lucyfer laughed merely;
 And all the resedew of the feends,
 Did laugh thereat ful wel like freends.
 But of my frende I saw no whyt,
 Nor durst not axe for her as yet.
 Anone all this rout was brought in silens,
 And I by an usher brought in presens
 Of Lucyfer: then lowe, as wel I could,
 I knelyd, whiche he so well alowde,
 That thus he beckte, and by saynt Antony
 He smyled on me well favouredly,

* *Euer*] cure, edit. 1569, it is the old word *ure*, custom.

† *Sothery*]. Sweet or fresh, made from the old word *oste*.

Bendynge his browes as brode as barne durres,
 Shakyng hys eares as ruged as burres;
 Rolyng his eyes as rounde as two bushels;
 Flastyng the fyre out of his nose thryls;
 Gnashinge hys teeth so vaynglorously,
 That me thought tyme to fall to flattery,
 Wherwith I tolde, as I shall tell.
 O plesant pycure! O prince of hell!
 Feutred* in fashyon abominable,
 And syns that is inestimable
 For me to prayse the worthyly,
 I leve of prayse, as unworthy
 To geve the prays, besechynge the
 To heare my sewte, and then to be
 So good to graunt the thyng I crave;
 And to be shorte, thys wolde I have:
 The soule of one which hyther is flytted,
 Delivered hens, and to me remitted.
 And in thys doynge though al be nat quyt,
 Yet in some parte I shall deserve it,
 As thus. I am a pardoner,
 And over soules as controller,
 Thorough out the erth my power doth stande,
 Where many a soule lyeth on my hande,
 That spede in maters as I use them,
 As I receyve them or refuse them.

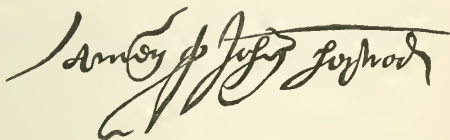
* *Feutred in fashyon abominable.* *Feutrer*, Fr.—faire de feutre—garnir de feutre.—To stuff with felt. *Feutré* d'herbe, overgrown with grass.

Wherby, what tyme thy pleasure is,
 I shall requyte any part of thys,
 The leste devyll here that can come thyther,
 Shall chose a soule and brynge him hyther.
 Ho, ho, quoth the devyll, we are well pleased;
 What is hys name thou woldest have eased?
 Nay, quoth I, be it good or evyll,
 My comynge is for a she devyll.
 What calste her, quoth he, thou whoorson?
 Forsooth, quoth I, Margery Coorson.
 Now by our honour, sayd Lucyfer,
 No devyll in hell shall withholde her;
 And yf thou woldest have twenty mo,
 Wert not for justyce, they shulde goo.
 For all we devylls within thys den
 Have more to do with two women,
 Then with all the charge we have besyde:
 Wherefore yf thou our frende wyll be tryed,
 Aply thy pardons to women so,
 That unto us there come no mo.
 To do my beste I promysed by othe;
 Which I have kepte, for as the fayth goth
 At thys day, to heaven I do procure
 Ten women to one man, be sure.
 Then of Lueyfer my leve I toke,
 And streyght unto the mayster coke
 I was hadde, into the kechyn,
 For Margerie's offyce was therin.
 All thyngs handled there discretely,
 For every soule bereth offyce metely:

Woiche myght be sene to se her syt
 So bysely turnynge of the spyt.
 For many a spyt here hath she turned,
 And many a good spyt hath she burned:
 And many a spyt ful hoth hath rosted,
 Before the meat coulde be half rosted
 And or the meate were halfe rosted in dede,
 I toke her then fro the spyt with spede.
 But when she sawe thys brought to pas,
 To tell the joy wherin she was;
 And of all the devylls, for joy how they
 Did rore at her delyvery,
 And how the cheynes in hell did rynge,
 And how all the soules therin did synge;
 And how we were brought to the gate,
 And how we toke our leve therat,
 Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat
 To reherse the xx parte of that,
 Wherefore thys tale to conclude brevely;
 Thys woman thanked me chyefly,
 That she was ryd of thys endles deth,
 And so we departed on Newmarket heth.
 And yf that any man do mynde her,
 Who lyst to seke her, there shalle he fynde her."

The interlude, now for the first time printed,
 is in Harleian Manuscript, No. 367, described in
 Wanley's Catalogue as "a book in folio, wherein
 are contained many letters and fragments, with
 various poems, written by the hands of Mr. John

Stowe, and others; now bound up together," and the interlude forms the forty-first article in the volume, beginning at folio 110, and going on to 119, thus catalogued: "John Heywood's poetical Dialogue, concerning Witty (*i. e.* wise), and Witless: made, as it seemes, to be recited before K. Henry VIII." Mr. Collier, in his *Annals of the Stage*, having termed it "Wit and Folly," I have adopted the latter title as the better one. The original manuscript is imperfect at the beginning, but, as Mr. Collier observes, "very little of it can have been lost, beyond the mere introduction, to shew how the discussion commenced. The whole is in the handwriting of the author, who adopted a peculiar mode of spelling, often more uncouth than that of the age in which he lived." At the end, by way of attestation of authorship, is written "Amen q'd John Heywod."* I have traced and engraved these words in *fac-simile*.



Mr. Collier, speaking of this manuscript, says, our author "may also, perhaps, deserve credit as

* The name is, with the ordinary carelessness of the age, also spelt, in the old editions, Heywood and Heewode.

the inventor of this species of dramatic entertainment,—though dramatic chiefly in the circumstances that it was conducted in dialogue, and that it was recited in public; it has no story, and is merely a discussion in verse between two or more characters on some particular topic or opinion. Productions of this kind could never be popular, and it is therefore not surprising that only one of them, by him, should have descended to us, and that in manuscript.” But the *Play of Love* may also be considered as of the same class, equally argumentative and abstruse. The *Dialogue of Wit and Folly* contains but three characters, John, James, and Jerome. John argues the superiority of the life of a wise man, and James the great extra ease and comfort of the witless one, and the speech of the latter, commencing p. 9, is remarkable for feeling and spirit, when comparing the husbandman’s and student’s life:—

“Less is the peril and less is the pain,
The knocking of knuckles which fingers doth strain,
Than digging in the heart, or drying of the brain.”

James triumphs over his adversary, by the assertion that fools not being answerable for their sins have sure chance of heaven, a position which is overthrown by Jerome, who enters and contradicts him, (p. 16 of our edition last line but

two), proving the untenableness of such an argument, and showing the triumph in every way of wit over folly. The concluding stanzas of the play were written expressly to compliment the king, and “in his absence are voyd,” and they extravagantly laud his majesty’s wit. The entire performance is a curious specimen of the courtly amusements of the age in which it was composed.

A DIALOGUE ON WIT AND FOLLY.

* * * * *

JOHN.

A mervelus mater, marcyfull lord,
Yf reason whyth this concleweyon a cord,
Better to be a foole, than a wyse man.

JAMES.

Better or wurs, I seay as I began,
Better ys for man that may be wyttles
Then wytty.

JOHN.

Ye show some wytty wyttines.

JAMES.

Experyens schall wyttnes my tale trewe,
And for temperall welth let us fyrst vewe :
And that experyens may schowe the trewer,
Accept we reson to be owr vewer,
Yn which reson by experyens we knowe
That folk most wytty, to whom ther doth growe
By frendds dedd befor, nowght left them behynde,
Nor by lyvyng frendds no lyvyng asynde,
Except they wyll storve, ther fyndyng must they fynd
By muche payne of body or more payne of mynde.

And as for the wyttles, as who saythe the sott,
 The naturall foole calde or th' ydeot :
 From all kynds of labor that dothe payne constrayne,
 As farr as suffyeyency nedythe obtayne,
 Yn sewrty of lyvyng the sot dothe remayne.

JOHN.

Yn sewrty of lyvyng, but not withowt payne,
 For admyte all sotts in ease as be mayny
 That leve withowt labor, yet wher ys any
 But for that one plesewr, he hathe mor payne
 Then the wytty wurker in all dothe sustayne.
 What wretche so ferythe payne havyn eny wytt
 Lyke the wyttles wretche?—none! yf ye mark hyt ;
 Who cometh by the sott who cometh he by
 That vexythe hym not somewey usewally.
 Some beat hym, some bob hym,
 Some joll hym, some job hym,
 Some tugg hym by the hers,
 Some lugg hym by the eares,
 Some spet at hym, some spurne hym,
 Some tosse hym, some turne hym,
 Some snap hym, some scratche hym,
 Some crampe hym, some cratche hym,
 Some cuff, some clowt hym,
 Some lashe hym, some lowte hym,
 Some whysse hym, some whype hym,
 Wythe scharpe nalys some nype hym,
 Not even mayster Somer, the kyngs graeys foole,
 But tastythe some tyme some nyps of new schoole.
 And by syd thys kynde of frettyng p'sewmyng,

Another kynd of turment in consewmyng
 The wytty to the wyttles oft Invent,
 After Inventoryon of yer full entent.
 The foole by flattery to turment ys browght,
 So farr over joyd, and his brayne so wyde wrowght,
 That by joy of a jewell skant wurth a myght
 The sott oft slepyth no wynk in a whole nyght ;
 And for ensampyll wyth a Walsyngam ryng,
 Thys dystemperans to the sot ye may bryng,
 And mak hym joy theryn as hyt war a thyng
 Of pryce to pay the rawnsome of a kyng.
 In joying wherof, yf any man got way,
 To get yt from hym as every chyld may,
 Then man and chyld sethe the sot in such case
 That nowght but paynfull sorow takyth any place.
 By thys small proffes a small wytt may ges
 That wyd wer the wytty to wyshe them wyttles.

JAMES.

Th' effect of this yowr matter as ye speak yt,
 Standythe much yn two poynts as I tak yt,
 Of whyche tweyne the tone ys, that the sot hath
 By jollyng and jobbyng and other lyk skath,
 Extreame payne wyth extremyte of yer ;
 Th' other ys after frettyng fewryus fyer,
 That the foole with eche frewtles tryflyng toy
 Is so dystempriyd with dystemperat joy,
 That as much payne brynghyth his plesaunt passhyon,
 As dothe the pynchyng of his most paynfull fashyon :
 These two poynts consydneyd, the sot as ye say,
 Hath some payne sometyme, but most tymes I say nay.

JOHN.

Then from no payne to some payne the wyttles are
browght.

JAMES.

Ye, but wytty and wyttles wyttyly wrowght
By some payne to suche payne that wytty fele most,
Then wytty and wyttles eche parte his part bost;
Tak, of wytty the degrees, and nomber all,
And of that nombyr I thyngk ye nombyr small
But that eche one of them ys of nede asynd
To labor sore, yn body or ells yn mynde ;
And few to all that fortewne so dothe favor
But yn body and mynde bothe they do labor,
And of body thes labors the most paynefullest
Is the labor of mynde, I have harde gest.
And lest bothe paynes or most of twayne be to towgh
For yow to matche with, and the lest payne inowgh ;
To the fyrst most payne of ye wyttles nody,
Joyne we the wyttyse least payne, payne of body ;
Who seeth what payne labor bodyly bryngyth,
Schall easely se therby, how the body wryngyth ;
Husband mens plowyng, or earyng and sowyng,
Hedgyng and dychyng, with repyng and mowyng ;
In cartyng such lyftyng, such burdenys bareyng,
That payne of the body bryngyth thyse to stareyng ;
And muche of thys done yn tyme of suche het
That yn colde cave covryd the carcas must swet.
Some other use crafts in which wurek ys so small,
That yn somer pleasantly they lyve all,
Who in wynter when husbondmen warne with wark,

In that they may not sturr, for cold ar evyn stark,
 Some yn wynter fryse, some yn somer fry,
 And the wyttles dothe nether, for comenly
 Other whythe wurshypfull or honorabull,
 He temprately standeth in howse at the tabyll ;
 And of all his labors reckyn the hole rabyll,
 Bygger burden bareth he none then his babyll ;
 So that from thes paynes, or the lyk recytyd,
 The wyttles hath warrant to be aquyghtyd.
 And sewr the sotts pleaseure in this last aquyghtall
 Cownterwayleth his payne, in yowr fyrst recyghtall,
 For vnto the sotts nyppying and beatyng,
 Joyne the wytty laborers nypps and freatyng,
 And whether ye cownt by yere, monthe, or weke,
 Ye shall fynde thease of the wytty to seek,
 As far as of the wyttles; and of bothe sorts
 This ys the dyfferens; that to me ymports
 Sotts are coylde of othier, the wytty coylethe hymself.
 What choyse thus aleagyd ?

JOHN.

Small, ah horson elf!
 Somewhat he towchythe me now yn very deed!
 Howbeyt to thys am not I yet full agreed;
 The wytty who beat them selves by bysynes,
 May oft yn beatyngs favour them selves I ges;
 Such opertewnyte by wytt ys ofte espyd,
 That labor by wytt ys ofte qualyfied,
 In takyng tyme or place as best may stand,
 Most easelye to dyspatche things cumyng in hand.
 Wytt hathe provytyon alway for releef.

To provyd some remedy agaynst myscheef;
Wyttly tak bysynes as wyttly wyll mak yt,
And as wyttly beat wyttles, wyttles must take yt.

JAMES.

Tak yt howe ye lyst, ye can mak yt no les,
But wyttly have suche payne as my words wyttnes;
For though wytt for tyme sometyme may payne
prevent,

Yet yn most tymes theyr foreseyd payne ys present,
Whyche payne in the wyttly wyttyly weyde,
May match payne of the wyttles by ye fyrst leyde;
And to the second poynt for dystemporatt joyes,
By havynge or hopynge of fancyes or toyes,
In wyttles or wyttly bothe tak I as one,
Ffor though the thyngs that wyttly have or hope on,
Are yn some kynd of acownt; thyngs muche gretter
Then thyngs of the sotts joyings, yet no whyt better,
Nor les payne bryngth that passhyon, but endyferent
To bothe, except wyttly have the woors turment.
Thynk yow aright, good wyttly havynge clerely
A thowsand pownd sodaynly gyven hym yerely,
Who befor that owre myght dyspend no peny,
Nor tyll that owre never lookyd for eny,
Myght not joy as much that soden recevyng,
As joyth the sott reseyte of hys Walsyngam ryng?
And therby be kepte from quyet sleepe a wek,
As well as the ryng makethe the sotte sleep to seek;
And in a soden leesyng that gyfte agayne,
Myght not the wyttly be presyd with payne
As depe as the wyttles, his ring stolne or lost?

And though thys ensampyll chanse seeld when at most,
 Yet sometyme yt happyth, and dayly we see
 That folk farr from wyttles passhynyd be,
 By joyfull hope of thyngs to them lyk to hape,
 Or havynge of thyngs plesaunt late lyght in the lap,
 As muche to theyr vnrest; for dystemperancy
 As ye showde the wyttles restles formerly,
 And oft tyme, for cawse consydryd and weyd
 As lyght as yowr Walsyngam ryng aforescyd.
 Wytt in wytty hathe seelyd suche perfecshyon,
 To bryng dysposyshyn full in abieckshyon;
 And the dyfferens of dysposyshyon ys such,
 Some wyttys hope to lyttyll, some wyttys hope to muche.
 By whyche over much I sey, and sey must ye,
 That wytty and wyttles one in thys case be.
 And thus in both casys, reasonyng cawse showth,
 Cawse to conclewd, that to the wytty growth
 As muche payne, as to the wyttles; wherby,
 As good be wyttles as wytty, say I!

JOHN.

That concleweyon ys conclewdyd wysely !
 Your pryde proposycyon dyd put presysely
 Better to be wyttles then wytty, and now
 As good to be wyttles as wytty sey yow !
 But that wytt whych putts case in degre cōparatyve,
 And conclewdyth case in degre posytyve,
 Sall not in that case clame degre sewperlatyve !

JAMES.

Ye pas in this tawnt yowr prerogatyve;
 But that wytt whych hostythe the full of his wynnyng,

As though he knewe th' end of thing at begynnyng,
 That wytt schall schow wyttles ympedymēt,
 To be takyn wytty with wytt's excelent ;
 I conclud here not for th' end, but for the myds,
 Whyche, yf ye will her to end, as reason byds,
 Ye schall perceyve ; and also condysend
 To grawnt me thanks then yn that I entende.
 Yowr fall by fears handelyng to be the more fayr,
 To set ye downe feately, stayer after stayer ;
 And so by a fayer fygewre of ynduckshyn,
 To bryng your parte softe and fayer to distruckshyn ;
 For wher ye grawnt fully, for owght your words make,
 That as much payne wytty as wyttles do take,—
 So from thys myds to the end I schall prove,
 That most payne of twayne to the wyttles doth move :
 For as I lode equally paynes of body
 To wytty and wyttles, lyke wyse wyll I
 Over lode the wytty with payne of mynde,
 In mater as playne as can be asynde—
 Whyche payne of mynde in mete mesewre to wey,
 Ys mor paynfull then payne of body I sey,

JOHN.

Ye sey so; and seyde so, but so seyde not I!
 Nor sey yt not yet, but that seyng deny;
 And tyll sayng prove your sayng more playnely,
 I wyll asay to sey the contrary!
 I thynk paynes of body cowntyd in eche kynde,
 May compare with all kynds of paynes of mynde.

JAMES.

Yf ye assewrydly thynk as ye sey now,

I thynk ye thynk as few men thynk but yow !
 Howbeyt, that beyng but an ynsydent,
 To pryncypall purpose presently ment;
 Yet that excepshyn took yow wyttyly,
 For had ye grawntyd that, as ye schall schortly,
 Then forthwith sholde owr pryncypall proses,
 I have concludyd in the part that I profes:
 For a meane, whervnto as mesewre may
 Meet vnmesewrabull thyngs, as who say
 Joyne in lyk proporshyn, as may be ment,
 The meane laborer to the meane studyent;
 And ye schall anon fynd the stewdyents payne,
 More paynfull then the laborers labor playne.

JOHN.

The stewdyents payne ys oft plesantly myxt,
 In felyng what frewt by his study ys fyxt.

JAMES.

The laborers labor quyghteth that at a whypp,
 In felynge the frewt (of) hys wurkmanshypp;
 As muche delyght carters oft have in carts neat trymd,
 As do studyents yn bokes wythe golde neate lynd:
 And as much envy who may drive hys carte best,
 As among stewdyents who may seme lernd hyst.
 Wherby inwarde delyght to tolle forthe eeche part,
 Semthe me yndyfrent to art, or to cart!
 And furder, meane labor in most comon wyse,
 Ys most parte hansome, and holsonie excersyse,
 That purgythe hewmors to mans lyfe and quyeknes,
 Whyche study bredythe to mans dethe or sycknes.
 Also, most kynds of labor, most comenly

Strene most grose owtewarde parts of the body;
 Wher study, sparyng sholders, fyngers, and tose,
 To the hedd and hart dyrectly study gose.
 Pervert ys your jugment yf ye iudge not playne,
 That less ys the parell, and les ys the payne, [strayne,
 The knockyng of knockylls whyche fyngers dothe
 Then dyggyng yn the hart, or drying of the brayne?

JOHN.

For comun meane kynds in bothe parts now leyde,
 I see not but reason saythe as ye have seyde.

JAMES.

The labor of body and mynde thus compare,
 In what degrese ye can; devyse to declare
 Betwene bothe, beyng not knyt yn suche degre
 But that th'one from th'other seporate may be;—
 And that bothe labors yn joynyng ye arecte
 As lyke yn degre as wytt may conjeete,—
 And bothe ones serchyd, serche schall mak warantyse,
 In labor of mynde the wurst payne dothe aryse.

JOHN.

Methynkethe I cowlde mak yt other wyse aperẽ,
 Save I lack tyme to dylate matter here :
 For tyme of reasonyng wold be long therin,
 And tyme of reasonyng must be short here in :
 Whyche weyd with that, this standethe but insydently
 To owr present porpose pryneypally :
 I grawnt to agree, as ye have defynd,
 Of labor of body and labor of mynde,
 That labor or payne of mynd ys the greter :
 And thys now grawntyd, what be ye the better ?

JAMES.

So muche the bettyr, and yow so muche the wurs,
 That ye may now put your toong in your purs,
 For any woord in defens yowr toong shall tell !
 After these my next woords, gyve ear and mark well.
 This labor of mynnd, whyche we now agre
 Above labor of body we must deere,
 To joyne sole to the wytty ; for possyibly
 Cannot the wyttles tak part of that payne,

JOHN.

Why ?

JAMES.

How can he have payne by imagynacyon
 That lackythe all kynds of consyderatyon ?
 And yn all seneys ys so ynsofyeyent
 That nowght can he thynk, in owght that may be ment
 By any meane to devyee ony self thing,
 Nor devyse in thyng, past present or eumyng.
 No more hathe he in mynde, ether payne or eare,,
 Then hathe other Cock my hors, or Gyll my mare!
 Thys cawse, with wyttles, payne of mynde dyspensys;
 But the wytty, havyng all vytall sensys,
 Hathe therby an ynwarde clock, whyche mark who wyll,
 May oftymes go false, but yt never standythe styll.
 The plummets of that clock come never to grownde,
 Imagynacyon ys watche, and gothe so rownd,
 To whyche consyderaeyon gyvythe so quyck care,
 That in the wytty mynd the restles rest ys there.
 A small wytt may ges, no wone wytt can deme
 How many, or how muche ar theyre paynes extreme.

Nor how many contrary kyndes in some one brest.
Yf ye perceyve thys tale, ye se yt wytnest
Thre thyngs; of whyche the fyrst ys, that the wyttles
Off labor or payne of mynde have reles;
The second ys, that the wytty have in dure
All paynes of mynde, and that wytt dothe that procure;
Thyrdly I glanset at payne of mynd, allewdyng
That payne to be most payne. As in for concewdyng,
Perceyve ye this?

JOHN.

Ye! and grawnt yt trew, to!

JAMES.

Then must ye grawnt wytty to have most payne.

JOHN.

So I do!

JAMES.

If wytty have most payne of twayne, ye must say
Better to be wyttles than wytty.

JOHN.

Nay!

JAMES.

I say, yes!

JOHN.

I say, nay!—and wyll so envey,
That I wyll hold ye wagg a nother way.
As I grawnt wytty of twayne most payne endewr,
So wyll I prove wytty to have most plesewr:
Whych plesewer shall bothe drowne the wyttyse payne,
And the plesewer yn whyche the wyttles remayne.

JAMES.

Thys promyse wyll hardly bryng good payment;
For yt ys a strange kynde of argewment,
To prove hym in most plesewre who hathe most payne,
Or hym yn least payne who least plesewre doth sustayne.

JOHN.

Let vs reason all plesewrs on bothe sydes,
And then let that syde have best that best provydes.

JAMES.

All plesewrs on bothe sydes! that wer a thyng
To make vs make ende to morow mornynge!

JOHN.

As now the best parte of my parte cumeth on,
Ye make marvelous hast, ye wold fayne be gone !

JAMES.

Right now yowr self cowld wey in right wytty sort,
That resonyng here now, of reason must be short.

JOHN.

Yt schal be short ynowgh yf ye tak away
All that parte, that for my part, effeekt dothe ley.

JAMES.

I wyll nother tak away all, nor tak all;
But for a meane betwene bothe, my self strayght schall
Alege not plesewrs all I sey, but such one
As over weythe the other plesewrs every chone :
Whych plesewre wher yt in fyne dothe not remayne,
All plesewrs in all parts ar plesewrs but vayne,
Of whyche one plesewre the wyttles ar sewre evyr,
And of that plesewre, wytty ar sewr nevyr !

JOHN.

What plesewr ys that ?

JAMES.

Plesewr of salvashyon !

I thynk yowr self wyll affyrme affyrmashyon
 That from owre forfathers syn orygynall,
 Baptysm sealyth vs all a quyttans generall ;
 And faythe of ynfants, whyle they infants abyde,
 In faythe of parents for the churche ys supplyd:
 Werby tyll wytt take root of dysernyng,
 And betweene good and yll geve perfyght warnyng,
 Wherever innosents, innosensy dyspewt, [ympewt.
 For thowghts, wordds, or dedes, God doth none yll
 Where God gyvyth no dysernyng, God takethe none
 acownte;

In whyche case of acownt, the sot dothe amownt;
 Ffor no more dysernythe the sott, at yeres thre score,
 Then th'ynosent borne within yeres thre before.
 This short saynge, yf ye yn mynde revolve,
 Then schall thys long debate forthwith dysolve.

JOHN.

Syr, I graunt sotts shall be saved as ye tell,
 And safe shall wytty be to; yf they do well.

JAMES.

Yf they do well! that *yf* altryth much, lo,
 Th' effeekte of my sentens to wyttles!

JOHN.

How so?

JAMES.

That *yf* leyd for the wytty purporteth a dowte,

But all dowtes in the wyttles ar scrapt clene owt:
 Sans dowte the wyttles ys sewer of salvashyon;
 Werby to conclewde thys comunycashyon,
 Make wytty sewer of all plesewrs can be leyde, [seyde,
 Dowtyng lack of none, but thys one plesewer last
 And of all plesewrs wyttless to have none,
 Savyng he standyth in sewrte of this one,—
 Ys not the sewrte of thys one much bettyr,
 Then of the rest, though the nomber be grettyr

JOHN.

Yes !

JAMES.

Lyk as a goose can say nothyng but *hys*,
 So hath he now nothyng to say but *yes* !
 And in affyrmyng my sayng, he saythe thys,
 In whyche he grawnteth hys partt not partly a mys,
 But all a mys ! as who seythe in all placys,
 The sum wherof in bothe partes standeth in thre easys:
 Off which thre th' argewment of the fyrst was thus—
 In laboryus payne of body to dyscus
 Who soferythe more, the wytty or the sott :
 Yn whyche, by bothe assents, we knyht thys knott,—
 That as muche payne of body in effeect hathe ye one,
 As th'other, conclewdyng thus ffar therevppon,—
 As good to be wyttles, as wytty ; and then
 We argewde labor or payne of mynde in men :
 Wherin I dryvyng hym to grawnt payne of mynde
 More then payne or labor bodyly defynd ;
 In the second case, I payne of mynde provyng
 To wytty, and not to wyttles to be movyng ;—

Drave hym to grawnt funder, that by that payne
 Better withowte wytt, then with wytt to remayne.
 Now in this thyrd case, wher ye mad a bragg,
 By plesewrs in the wytty to hold me wagg;
 And plesewrs of the wyttles to overhelme,
 I stamyng in with hym, stack so to the helme,
 That hys parte fynally to shypwrack ys brawght!
 The sewrte of all plesewrs in this worlde wrowght
 Matche not the sewrte of plesewre eternall!
 And the state of sotts have none acownt so carnall
 That God ympewtethe any yll to them I say.
 And the wyttyse acownt awgmenteth evry day,
 And th' awdytors wytt who schall tak th' acownt so cler,
 He forgeth not wone worde in a thowsand yere!
 What ned mo woords, I thynk the least wytt here,
 Sethe thes thre casys on my syd apere.
 That in the two fyrst casys temporally,
 And in this thyrd and last case spyrytewally,
 Ys sene fully I may conclewde fynally,
 Better to be wyttles then to be wytty.

JOHN.

So sey I now to, by owr blyssyd lady!
 I gyve vpp my part, and your part playnly
 Off wytty and wyttles I wyshe now rather,
 That my chyld may have a foole to hys father!
 The pythe of yowr conclewsyons be all so pewr,
 That better be a foole then a wyse man sewr!

JEROME.

Not so! althowgh yowr fancy do so surmyse;
 Not better for man to be wyttles then wyse;

Nor so good to be wyttles as wytty nother,
Thus ys your wytt dysseyvyd in other.

JOHN.

Why, what dyfferens betwene wyse and wytty ?

JEROME.

As muche sometyme as betwene wysdom and folly.

JOHN.

Man can in no wyse be wyse withowte wytt.

JEROME.

No ! and man may have gret wytt and wysdom nowght !
Wytt ys the wurker of all perseyvyng,
And indyferent to good or yll wurkyng ;
And as muche wytt may be in thyngs of most yll,
As in the best thyngs wytt can aspyr vntyll ;
In vertue or vyse I meane : wytt hathe receyght
Off none yll ; where wytt vppon wysdom dothe weyght,
Wysdome governeth wytt alwey, vertu to vse,
And all kynds of vyce alway to refewe.
Thus ys wysdom in good part takyn alweyse,
And gydthe wytt in all thyngs beyng thyngs of preyse ;
Thus, though ye must (as ye nede not) graunt his grownd,
Whyche ys : better wyttles then wytty to be fownd,
Yet as muche as wysdom above wytt showthe,
So muche grawntyd ye hym, more then of nede growthe.

JAMES.

Thys ys some yowng schooleman, a fresh comonar,
Harde ye the pryceypall that plantyd thys jar ?

JEROME.

I harde all !

JAMES.

And dothe not all on my syde fall ?

JEROME.

No, yf ye had resonyd as I schall.

JAMES.

Yf ye, as ye say, have hard all hee sayd,
And that ys that saying have so wydely wayd,
To way my parte wurst herein in conclewsyon,
Then ar ye wyttles, that we towe talkt on.
But babyll your will, thys wyll I byd vppon;
Better be sott Somer then sage Salamon !

JEROME.

Geve ye sentens, or ye her what I cane say,
Loo, how wyll carythe hym and hys wytt away.

JOHN.

Syr, yf ye hard all, in my parte how say ye,
What dyd I graunt hym to farr, show I pray ye.

JEROME.

All that ye grauntyd welinge.

JOHN.

Nay, I trow.

JEROME.

Ye shall when we have done, not trow, but know
For entry wherto, I pray ye answer me
A questyon or twayne, or mo' yf nede be.
And fyrst vnto thys answer as ye can,
Whether wold ye be a resonable man,
Or an vnresonabyll beast ?

JOHN.

By and sell!

I wolde be the symplest man betwene hevyn and hell,
Rather than the best beast that ever was bred !

JEROME.

Then yf ye of one of the twayne must be sped,
Ye wolde be a maltman, ye a myller,
Rather then a mylhorse ?

JOHN.

Be ye my well wyller ?

JEROME.

Ye !

JOHN.

Spek no more of thys then, what man ! fye !
I wold not be a beast, for all this worlde, I !
Wer yt for nowght ells but for this lyfe present.

JEROME.

The tyme of thys lyfe in dede I meane and ment.
But tell me why, by your faythe, evyn playnely,
Ye wyl not change estate with the myll horse ?

JOHN.

Why, ther be whyse and wherforse I thyngk a thowsand
In cownte of two kynds of things cumyng in hande,
Sensybyll plesewre, and sensybyll payne ;
And fyrst for payne, sustaynyd in thes twayne,
Begyn with the myll hors whom ye put for prefe,
Or any lyk beast sustaynyng the lyk grefe,
An or I wolde tak the payne the poore beests take,
I wolde eche day be twygd and tyd to a stake !
Caryng fro the mill, caryng to the myll,
Drawyng in the myll, poor jade he jettthe styll !
Ambyll he, trot he, go he a foot pase,
Walop he, galop he, rack he in trase,
Yf hys pase p'lease not, be yt softe or faster,

The spurrs or whypp schal be hys pay master !
 Were not a man, trow ye, in plesaunt case,
 With a beast in thys case to change case or plase.
 No man, except some few so ynfortewndate
 That they be owt of tha'cownt of mans estate,
 That wolde agree to leve to change paynes I trow,
 Wythe beasts payne, beyng such as all men know.
 Now to spek of plesewr in thes twayne asynde,
 The beasts to compare ys to far behynde,
 Plesewr dycussybyll in thes thus doth fall,—
 The beast in effect hathe none,—the man hathe all :
 The resonabyll manns imagynashyon
 Joynd with resonabyll consyderatyon,
 Bryngthe man muche plesewr in consyderynge
 The plesant proporte of eche plesaunt thyng,
 Possesyd to mans behofe at comandynge,
 Beasts have thyngs of nede, but no furder pleasyng.
 Syns man hathe releef for all nesessyte,
 As well as beaste, and above beaste commoditye.
 Of plesewrs plantyd for mans recreatyon,
 In the hyst kynd to mans contentatyon,
 Wherby plesewre in effecte betwene thes twayne
 Showthe thus,—man hathe all,—beast hathe none,—
 and more payne
 Hathe beast then resonabyll man, by thes bothe
 Exchange fro man to beast who wyll, I wolde be lothe.

JEROME.

Ye have yn my mynd thys right well defynde,
 And for cawse kepe yt well a while yn yowr mynde ;
 Set we asyde man and beasts symylytewde,

And full dysposytyon in bothe se we vewde,
 What thyng dysposythe most the varyete
 Betwene man and beast ?

JOHN.

Reson in man, perde.

JEROME.

That man who of reason ys as destytute
 As a beast ys, what dyffrens schall we dyspewte ?

JOHN.

Small in this case, excepte yt be this one ;—
 The sott hathe a resonabyll sowle, beasts have none.

JEROME.

What helpyth wytt of the sowle in the sott,
 Syns the body ys suche yt vsythe yt not ;
 Wher ympotensy planteth such ympedyments,
 That vse of sensys are voyd to all yntents,
 For vse of reason ; so that for vse of wytt
 They ar as beasts wyttles, vsyng wytt nowght ;
 In man thus wyttles, and the unreasonabyll beaste,
 I se small dyffrens for thys lyfe at leaste.

JOHN.

I gravnt the wyttles and the beast thus as one.

JEROME.

Then schall thes beasts, wyttles man, and mylhors,
 draw on,
 Bothe yn one yoke ; for thynk yow the nombere
 Standethe as Somer dothe, all day yn slomber.
 Nay ! Somer ys a sot ! foole for a kyng !
 But sots in many other mens howsyng
 Bear water, bear woodd, and do yn drugery ;

In kychyon, cole howse, and in the nursery :
 And dayly for fawtes whych they cannot refrayne,
 Evyn lyke the myll hors, they be whyppyd amayne.
 Other fooles that labor not, have other conseyts,
 Vppon th' ydyll foole the flak ever mor weytes ;
 They tos hym, they turne hym, he is jobd and jolde,
 Whyth frettyng and fewmyng, as ye afore told :
 Except mayster Somer, of sotts not the best,
 But the myll hors may compar with hym for rest !
 Therfore plesewr conceyvyng or receyvyng,
 The wyttles and mylhors are bothe as one thyng !
 Yowr last tale and thys tale together conferd,
 By matter of bothe let your answer be hard.
 Whether ye wold be a man resonabyll,
 Or vnresonabyll ; and except ye fabyll
 Thys answer shall show playne and vndowtydly,
 Whether ye wold be wyttles or wytty.

JOHN.

In good faythe I tak thys concleweyon so full
 That I may geve over, and evyn so I wull,
 For thys lyfe.

JEROME.

Well then for the lyf to come,
 Few words wher reason ys, may knyht vpp the sum.
 Concernyng plesewr after thys lyf present,
 By whych he and yow dyssolvdyd argewment ;
 Bothe parts by bothe partyse wer so endyd,
 That your part full fayntly ye defendyd ;
 Thowgh the more meryt of owr redemptyon
 Stande in crystys passyon, yet in excusyon

Therof, schall we stand, by God's justyce, excepte
 Havyng tyme and wytt, hys commandments be kepte;
 And who in whyche doth most dylygently
 Plant ymps of good wooreks, gyvyn by God chesely,
 Most hyly of God shall he have reward.

JOHN.

How prove ye that ?

JEROME.

By scription,—have in regarde
 Cryst in the gospel of John doth thys declar,—
 In the howse of my father, sayth Crist, ther are
 Dyvers and many mantions,—that ys to say,
 As th' exposityon of saynt Awstyn dothe way,—
 There are in hevyn dyvers degrees of glory,
 To be receyvyd of men acordynghly;
 Eche man as he vsyth the gods gyfts of grace,
 So schall he have in hevyn hys degre or place.
 But, mark thys chefe grownd, the sum of scription
 saythe
 We must walk with these gyfts in the path of faythe;
 In whyche walk who wurkthe most in God's com-
 mandment,
 He schall have most, and seynt Powle showthe lyk
 entent:
 As one starr dyfferthe from another in shynynge,
 So the resurrectyon of the ded; whych lyk thyng
 Aperthe in other placys of scription.

JOHN.

I grawnt thys, and what then ?

JEROME.

That what cummeth streyght in vre,

Syns he that vsythe gods gyfts best schall have best ;
 And he next, who dothe next, and so for the rest ;
 And that the wytty do dayly wurk or may,
 And the wyttles nowght wurkyth by no way,
 So that hys rewarde may compare in degre,
 If wytty have thys advantage, thynkythe me,
 The wyse wyttyse place wyshe I desyrnfly,
 Rather then place of wyttles.

JOHN.

So do I,
 Iff wyshe wolde wyn yt! but where the sot ys sewr,
 The wytty standthe in hasardous adventewre,
 To lees all ; and so in fyne fayr and well
 In sted of way to hevyn, to take the waye to hell.
 In wurks commandyd who in faythe walkthe not
 By God's justyce he hathe damnatyon in lott;
 And what other folks fele I can not tell,
 But suche frayle falls fele I in my selfe to dwell,
 And by them to lees hevyn I am so adrad,
 The sotts sewrte of least joy ther, wold god I hadd !
 An old proverb makythe with thys, whyche I tak good,
 Better one byrd in hand then ten in the wood !

JEROME.

What yf of the ten byrds in the wood, eche one
 Wer as good as that one in your hand alone,
 And that ye myght cache them all ten yf ye wolde,
 Wolde ye not leve one byrd, for the ten now tolde !

JOHN.

Yes !

JEROME.

Wolde ye not havynge helpe, take resonabyll payne

For the chance of ten byrds for one in gayne ?

JOHN.

Yes !

JEROME.

Then in Gods name feare not ! let fle thys one,
Ye schall, I trust, catche thes ten byrds every chone !
Your fleshly frayle falls are suche that ye drede
As muche as hope, in havynge hevynly mede ;
By whych dred sewrte of joyes there the most small,
Wyshe ye rather then byd ventur to have joyes all ;
And the soner by this ye chose thys I deme,
The least joy there ys more then man can esteme.
But now to remove thys block your grett drede
We have a lever that removethe drede with spede ;
God sofereth but not wyllleth he any man to syne,
Nor God wyllleth no synners dethe, but he be yn
Suche endless males that hys fynall estate
In lack of penytens mak hym selfe reprobate,
In tyme of this lyfe at eche penytent call
Owr marcyfull maker remyteth synns all,
From the perpetewall peyne infernall,
Whatever they be, from least to most carnall.
By whyche goodnes of God we are set in hopes chayer
Not to brede presumpsyon, but to banyshe despayre ;
The grace of God alwey to grace, alewrthe man,
And when man wyll call for grace of grace asewrth man.
To assyst man gods comandments to fulfyll,
At all tymes yf man east owte yll wylling wyll.
Nowe syns the crystyane, that wurkythe most in faythe,
Schall have most in rewarde, as the scripiture saythe,

And that Gods grace by grace cald for, wyll asyst
 Mans wyll to wurk well, alwey when man lyst,—
 And at instant of dew ordyrd penytens,
 Man hathe Gods mercy of all former offens ;
 Whyche showthe for mercy man ys not mor' gredy
 To ax, then God to grawnt mercy ys redy.
 Thys sene, what show yow to mayntayne the feare
 Whyche ye toward desperatyon were in whyle heare ?

JOHN.

What show I ? nay, the show of that feare ys extynckt,
 Evyn by thys praty tale thus pythyly lynkt !
 Syns God to the most faythfull wurker gyvyth most,
 And to mak man wurk mucche God hasthe as in post,
 And when man hath not wrowght at contrycyon,
 God grawnthe man of damnatyon remycyon.
 Makyng man sewre of frewte of Crystys passyon,
 Except mans wylfull wyll mar all good faseyon ;
 By this I dred God, as standeth with love and hope,
 But no desperate dred dothe my harte now grope.

JEROME.

Ten byrds in the wood, or one in hand alone,
 Whych chose ye now ?

JOHN.

I wyll not change ten for one !
 Syns the byrder wyl helpe me to tak them all,
 As sewr to myne vse as the one byrd cowld fall !

JEROME.

Well, for conclewson, syns ye sowndly se
 That wytty have plesewr here in more degre,
 Then wyttles, and also wytty wyse se ye,
 In hevyn by scrypture in hyer joyes be

Then the wyttles ; yow seyng thys clerly,—
Whether wold ye now, be wyttles or wytty ?

JOHN.

Wytyy ! and the more wytyy am I for yow,
Of whych hartyly I thank yow ; and now
Where my mate, my lords, sayd that ys gone,
Better be sot Somer then sage Salaman,
In forsakyng that I woold now rather be
Sage Saloman then sot Somer I assewr ye !

JEROME.

As ye show wytt in change of former mynde,
Beyng now from wytles to wytyy enclynde,
So aply your wytt in what wytt schall devyse,
As in good vse of wytt by grace ye may ryse,
To be bothe wytyy and wytytly wyse.
In governans of gods gyfts in suche syse
As wysdom alwey gydyth, wherby thys schall fall
Gods gyfts to gods glory bothe ye may vse and schall.

Thes woords of councell in whych I now wadyd
To hym whom I told them, I onely async ;
I am by all cyrcumstance full perswadyd.

This sort beyng sortyd in sort thus fyne,
Nede none exortatyon, or at least not myne ;
Thys sort have not onely by natewre hys wytt,
But also by grace lyk wysdom joyned to yt.

[*Thes thre stave next folowyng in the
Kyngs absens, ar voyde.*]

And as in them therby gods gyfts shyne most may,
So stand ther affayres wherby they so shyne schall,
Yf the glos of gods shyne not bryght eche way,

In them who havynge a realme in governall,
 Set forthe theyr governans to gods glory all,
 Charytably aydyng subjects in eche kynde,
 The shynnyng of gods gyfts wher shall we then fynd ?

And of this hye sort, the hy hed most exelent,
 Ys owr most loved and drade supreme soferayne,
 The shynnyng of whose most excellent talent
 Ymployde to Gods glory, above all the trayne,
 Thus wytt wantyth her recytall to retayne ;
 And that all hys faythfull fele, ye frewte of hys fame.

Of corse I pray pardon in passyng the same.
 Praying that pryns, whome owr pryns hys grete grace
 gave,
 To grawnt hym long length of eneres in estate,
 At full fyne wherof hys most hy gyfts to have ;
 By his most faythfull vse, reward in suche rate,
 As ys promysed in scrypture, alegyd late ;
 The joyes not all onely inestymabyll,
 But more the degre of joyes incomparabyll.

Contynewans wherof with frewtfull encrease,
 I hartly wyshe for encrease of rewarde ;
 As scrypture alegyd late dothe wytnes,
 The wytty wyse wurker to be prefarde,
 Above th'ydyll sot, and ye to regard
 Eche man hym self so to aply in thys,
 As ye all may obtayne the hye degre of blys.

Amen qd. John Heywod.

NOTES.

Page 2, l. 28,—*Mayster Somer, the kyngys gracys foole.*] For a curious notice of this most popular of Henry the Eighth's jesters, see the Shakspeare's Society's reprint of Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608, and the notes appended. A curious description of Somer's personal appearance is given by Armin.

"Leane he was, hollow-eyde, as all report,
And stoop he did, too; yet in all the court
Few men were more belov'd then was this foole
Whose merry prate kept with the king much rule.
When he was sad, the king and he would rime:
Thus Will exiled sadness many a time.

His popularity with the king is corroborated by contemporary anecdotes, and he used the power he possessed for the best purposes. Armin says:—

"———— Hee was a poor man's friend
And helpt the widow often in the end,
The king would even grant what he would crave,
For well he knew Will no exacting knave,
But whisht the king to doe good deeds great store,
Which caus'd the court to love him more and more."

One of his last acts of kindness is recorded by Granger. He says, that Somer was at one time a servant in the family of Richard Farmer, Esq., of Eston Weston, in Northamptonshire, ancestor to the Earl of Pomfret, who was found guilty of a præmunire for sending eightpence

and a couple of shirts to a priest in Buckingham gaol who had denied the king's supremacy; he was deprived of all his property and reduced to a state of miserable dependence; but Somer in Henry's last illness dropped some expressions, which so affected the king's conscience that he restored the dismembered estates to Will's old master.

P. 2, l. 9,—*a Walsyngham ryng.*] The shrine of "our lady of Walsingham," in Norfolk, was one of the most celebrated places to which pilgrimages were performed in the middle ages. In *Pier's Plowman's Vision* we read that

" Hermits on a heap with hoked staves,
Wenden to Walsingham, and ther wenches after."

It was usual for pilgrims to bring away with them from these shrines leaden signs or some other token of their visit. These were generally of little or no intrinsic value, and were rudely executed in lead stamped with the figure of the saint, and carried in the hat of the male pilgrim as a "sign," or on the breast of the female as a "brooch." In the very curious museum of C. Roach Smith, Esq., F.S.A., is preserved one given to the pilgrims who visited the shrine of St. Thomas-a-Becket, at Canterbury, which has been engraved in the *Archæological Album*, as well as in Mr. Smith's *Collectanea Antiqua*, along with many other curious specimens British and foreign. Other examples are engraved in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association*, vol. 1. Mr. Smith possesses a very curious leaden brooch of our lady of Walsingham; and in Miss Wood's *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies of England*, is one from Elizabeth Newhouse, to her son, Roger Wright, on the eve of the Reformation, telling him she had been this pilgrimage, adding, "I have no good token to send you at this time but a Walsingham brooch." Mr. Smith, in a

later number of his *Collectanea*, notices that *rings* and other objects appear to have been manufactured in vast numbers, and sold to pilgrims and others who resorted to the shrine of the three kings of Cologne. One in brass found in London, reads, IASPAR. MELCIOR. BALTAZAR; another, in the possession of Mr. E. J. Carlos, has the two names only, IASPAR. BALTAZAR: these are believed to be *cramp rings* (see Pettigrew *On Superstitions connected with the history and practice of Medicine and Surgery*, p. 87). The Walsingham ring was similar to these.

P. 5, l. 7,—*his babyll*.—For curious particulars and engravings of the bauble as it was constantly carried by domestic fools, in the 16th and 17th centuries, see Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*.

P. 11, l. 3,—*Put your toong in your purse*,] an idiomatic phrase for a man thoroughly silenced.

P. 12, l. 25,—*I will hold ye wagg another way*.] *Sic in orig.* See also p. 16, l. 4. Mr. Collier, in the short extract he gives from this MS. in his *Annals of the Stage*, vol. 2, p. 395, reads the line thus:—

“That I wyll holde your wagger another way.”

P. 14, l. 22,—*Yf they do well!*] This play upon the word *if* appears to have been suggested by the anecdote told by Sir Thomas More in his *Life of Richard the Third*, of Hastings' answer to the accusation against Shore's wife,—“Certainly, my lord, *if* they have so done, they be worthy of heinous punishment. What! (qd. the protector), thou servest me I ween with *if* and with *and*. I tell thee they have done it, and that I will make good upon thy body, traitor!” An incident powerfully worked out by Shakspeare; who also has made Touchstone fully aware that “there is much virtue in *if*.”

P. 19, l. 25,—*twygd*,] whipped.

P. 19, l. 27,—*jettthe*.—Jetteth, used in the sense of always moving. This transposition of the last letters of the word is peculiar to Heywood's MS., and has been retained. See p. 20, l. 23, (first word), p. 23, l. 20, &c.

P. 20, l. 6,—*leve*,] live.

P. 20, l. 15,—*proporte*,] property.

P. 21, l. 27,—*Somer ys a sot*.] The old signification of the term sot was equivalent to fool, and is explained in the present dialogue, p. 2, where the sot is described as the natural fool, or idiot. But the term is not fairly applied to Somer, of whom Mr. Collin says, in his introduction to the *Nest of Ninnies*,—"he was a jester of a different character to the others, inasmuch as he was an artificial fool—a witty person, affecting simplicity for the sake of affording amusement." Heywood appears to have not been friendly to Somer, as, in p. 22, l. 8, he says he is "of sotts not the best;" and his account of the life led by him at court in the next line is far from enviable.

P. 23, l. 4,—*ymps*,] *imp* was used in the sense of *engraft* by old writers.

P. 23, l. 27,—*aperthe*,] appeareth.

P. 24, l. 8,—*desyrnfly*,] discernfully.

P. 24, l. 14,—*lees*,] lose.

P. 25, l. 2,—*the chance*.] These two words are so blundered in the original manuscript, that I am not sure of the right reading.

P. 25, l. 17,—*syne*,] sin.

P. 25, l. 19,—*males*,] evils, sins.

P. 26, l. 15,—*hasthe*,] hasteth. See note on p. 19, l. 27.

P. 28, l. 2,—*glos of gods shyne*,] gloss of gods *gifts* shine?
See p. 28, l. 24.

A COLLECTION
OF
Proverbs and Popular Sayings

RELATING TO
THE SEASONS, THE WEATHER, AND
AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS;

GATHERED CHIEFLY FROM ORAL TRADITION.

BY
M. A. DENHAM.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCCXLVI.

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PREFACE.

“ This formal fool, your man, speaks nought but *proverbs*,
And speak men what they can to him, he'll answer
With some rhyme-rotten sentence, or old saying,
Such spokes as y^e ancients of y^e parish use :

*The Proverb-Monger. From the Two Angry Women of
Abingdon, a comedy, by Henry Porter, 1599.*

To those who are aware of the time and trouble required for the accumulation of any extensive series of traditional sayings, it will cause no surprise to be informed, that the present Collection was commenced as far back as the year 1825. In the following year, I sent half-a-dozen (probably all that I had then collected) to Mr. William Hone, for insertion in the *Every-Day Book*, then in course of publication. In that work they did not appear; but were printed in vol. ii. col. 505, of his succeeding periodical (*The Table-Book*), along with other matter, subscribed with the initials of my name reversed. From this period, the collection went on gradually increasing till the year 1843; when having collected, chiefly orally, upwards of four hundred, I made a selection therefrom, which

I arranged for insertion in the *Local Historian's Table-Book*, a work of no common merit, edited by Mr. M. A. Richardson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. These, with few or no foot-notes, appeared in vol. ii. pp. 211 and 254, in the *Traditional* portion of the above publication. "As a token of friendship," Mr. M. A. R. struck off twenty-five copies in a distinct form, which, with the exception of two or three copies which I still retain, have been distributed among my own especial friends, and three or four of the members of the Percy Society; one of whom was so kind (I being a total stranger to him) as to offer his services, not only to submit the same to the consideration of the Council of the Society, but, likewise, to honour me with his valuable services in adding thereto from foreign, and more ancient English manuscript and printed collections. I have acted upon his suggestion; and with his able assistance I can have nothing to fear.

Although the Collector has never seen a single copy either of Howell's, Ray's, Kelly's, Fuller's, or Henderson's Proverbs, he has slight hesitation in asserting that, after the most careful collation, many—very many—will be found in this collection which are not to be found in any other, either printed, or in manuscript. To him it has been a treasure constantly accumulating: few weeks pass-

ing over but one or more have been added to the mass of provincial literature. Like the Lambton worm, of northern celebrity,—

“It grew, it grew, and still it grew;”

or the *Pilgrim's Progress* of poor old John Bunyan,—

“——— Until, at last, it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.”

The remarks of Mr. Brand, when noticing “*vulgar RITES and popular opinions*,” are equally applicable to PROVERBS, viz.: “They have indeed travelled down to us through a long succession of years, and the greater part of them, it is not improbable, will be of perpetual observation: for the generality of men look back with superstitious veneration on the ages of their forefathers; and matters that are grey with time, seldom fail of commanding those filial honours claimed even by the appearance of hoary age.”

“If before ye knew only these things, be not disgusted because I have inserted them; if ye shall know more, be not angry that I have not spoken of them, but rather let him communicate his knowledge to me, while I yet live, that, at least, those things may appear in the margin of my book, which do not occur in the text.”—
Guliel. de Malms.

Finally: having made use of my best endeavours to make this an offering worthy of the acceptance of the members of the Percy Society, I may, perhaps, be permitted to conclude in the words of another and more ancient writer: "And if I have *done well*, and as is fitting the story, *it is that which I desired*; but if SLENDERLY and MEANLY, it is that which I could attain unto."

M. AISLABIE DENHAM.

*Pierse Bridge, near Darlington,
24th August, 1846.*

GENERAL ADAGES, PROVERBS,

ETC.

A FOG cannot be dispelled with a fan.

Plough or plough not, you must pay your rent.*

Many drops make a shower.

Ill weeds grow apace.

Tomorrow is untouched.

Further East, the shorter West.

Say no ill of the year till it be past.

Praise a fair day at night.†

Ill weather is seen soon enough when it comes.

A Scotch mist will wet an Englishman to the skin.

Go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark.

Blow the wind never so fast, it will lower at last.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good!‡

Though the sun shines, leave not your coat at home.

If the morning is fine, take your great coat with you;
if rainy, make your own choice.

* A useful hint for the sluggard.

† The Scotch say:—"Roose the fair day at e'en."

‡ See a two-fold illustration of this proverb in Rowland's *Four Knaves*, p. 104, under the head of "Harm watch, harm catch."

Chuse a wife on a Saturday rather than a Sunday.
 A new moon soon seen is long thought of.
 After a storm comes a calm.
 It does not rain but it pours down.
 Drought never bred dearth in England.
 No weather is ill, if the wind be still.
 A green winter makes a fat church-yard.*
 Hail brings frost in the tail.
 A snow-year—a rich year.†
 Winter's thunder is summer's wonder.‡
 Frost and fraud both end in foul.
 A West wind and an honest man go to bed together.
 Good husbandry is good divinity.
 Corn and horn go together.§

* A mild and open winter is always considered as unhealthy.

† Identical with the German proverb,—*Schnee Jahr, reich Jahr*.

‡ “Thunder and lightning, in winter, in hot countryes, is usual, and hath ye same effects; but in these northern climates it is held ominous, portending factions, tumults, and bloody wars, and a thing seldome seen, according to the old adigy, ‘Winter’s thunder is ye sommer’s wonder.’”—*Willford’s Nature’s Secrets*, p. 113.

“Thunders in y^e morning signifie wynde; abt noone rayne; in y^e evening, great tempest. Somme wryte (y^r ground I see not) yt Sondaye’s thundre should brynge y^e death of learned men, judges, and others; Mondaye’s thundre, y^e death of women; Tuesday’s thundre, plentie of graine; Wednesdaye’s thundre, y^e death of harlotts; Thursday’s thundre, plentie of sheepe and corne; Fridaie’s thundre, y^e slaughter of a greate man, and other horrible murders; Saturdaye’s thundre, a generall plague, and grate deathe.”—*Leonard Digges’ “A Prognostication everlasting of ryght good Effecte,”* &c. 4to. Lond. 1556. Fol. 6. b.

§ i. e. when bread is cheap, beef is the same.

Dearth always begins in the horse-manger.
 If frogs make a noise in the time of cold rain, warm
 dry weather will follow.
 There is good land where there is a foul way.
 After rain, comes fair weather.
 An hour in the morning before breakfast, is worth
 two all the rest of the day.
 Never put off till tomorrow, what you can do to-day.
 Many a good cow has a bad calf.
 An hour's cold will suck out seven years' heat.
 Evening oats are good morning fodder.
 Flitting of farms makes mailings dear.
 Never offer your hen for sale on a rainy day.
 Don't let the plough stand to kill a mouse.
 Ill weather and sorrow come unsent for.
 As the wind blows you must set your sail.
 Change of weather is the discourse of fools.
 A field requires three things; fair weather, sound
 seed, and a good husbandman.
 Set trees poor, and they will grow rich; set them rich,
 and they will grow poor.
 One hour's sleep before midnight, is worth two after.
 In rain and sunshine, cuckolds go to heaven.
 Winter thunder, bodes summer hunger.*
 As seasonable as snow in summer.
 Work to-day, for you know not how much you may be
 hindered to-morrow.

* The Germans have the same proverb,—*Früher donner später hunger.*

Don't have thy cloak to make when it begins to rain.
 Few days pass without some clouds.
 They are well off that hav'nt a house to go to.*
 The darkest hour is nearest the dawn.
 You're saying the ape's pater-noster.†
 It is a fine moon, God bless her.‡
 When the moon's in the full, then wit's in the wane.
 A new moon with sharp horns, threatens windy
 weather.§
 He who carrieth a bay-leaf shall never take harm
 from thunder.||
 One day is better than sometime a whole year.¶
 To dream of little rain and drops of water is good for
 husbandmen.
 The presence of the master is the profit of the field.**

* An apposite remark, often quoted by those who sitting comfortably by their "ain ingle side," hear the pelting of the pitiless storm without.

† A kind of proverbial taunt to one whose teeth are chattering with cold.

‡ Brand, on the authority of Bailey, says, "That the common people, in some counties in England, are accustomed to repeat this at the prime of the moon;" and supposes it to proceed from a touch of gentilism, derived from our pagan forefathers.

§ See Brand's *Pop. Antiq.*, ed. Sir Hen. Ellis, vol. iii., p. 74.

|| See Brand, *ib.*, vol. iii., p. 166.

¶ *Renard the Foxe*, p. 89. *i. e.* "No time—like present time."

** "*Præsentia domini proventus est agri.*"—*Pallad.* lib. i., tit. 6.
 The eye of the master maketh the ox fat. The eye of the master does more work than his hand. See Herrick's *Hesperides*, ed. by H. G. Clarke. Lond.: 1844. Vol. 2, No. 455, p. 203.

We never know the worth of water till the well is dry.

You gazed at the moon and fell in the gutter.

Small rain will lay a great dust.*

Seven hours' sleep will make the husbandman forget
his design.

Stars are not seen by sunshine.

Take time while time is, for time will away.

When the barn is full you may thresh before the door.

When the sun shines nobody minds him; but when he
is eclipsed all consider him.

Alike every day, makes a clout on Sunday.

He who does not rise early, never does a good day's work.

The sun is none the worse for shining on a dunghill.

Frost and falsehood have both a dirty gangway.

As the wind blows you must set your sail.

Better have one plough going than two cradles.

Rise early and you will see; wake and you will get
wealth.

It is hard to wive and thrive both in one year.

Day and night, sun and moon, air and light, every
one must have, but none can buy!

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want.

Wheat will not have two praises.

It rains by planets.

Butter's once a year in the cow's horn.†

* A kind answer turneth away wrath.—*So!*

† When the cow is *dried* for calving it is usual to say, "All the butter is gone into the cow's horn." Likewise when it is so dear that the poorer classes are unable to purchase it, the same old *dick* is again applicable.

Oysters are never good but in a month that has an R
in its name.*

Has a Friday look (sulky, downcast).

Bad wintering will tame both man and beast.

Now's now, but Yule's in winter.

Lime makes a rich father and a poor son.†

Neither heat nor cold abides always in the sky.

It's a pity fair weather should ever do harm.

The poor man's labour is the rich man's wealth.

We can say nothing of the day 'till the sun is set.

He never lies but when the hollin's green (holly).

Frost and falsehood never leave a fair hinder end.

After black clouds clear weather.

Change of pasture makes fat calves.

Cloudy mornings turn to clear evenings

Spends Michaelmas rent in Midsummer's moon.‡

He that is mann'd with boys, and hors'd with colts,

Shall have his meat eaten, and his work undone.

It chanceth in an hour that happeneth not in seven
years.

Make not a balk of good ground.

* This proverb accords with the observation made by Butler in his *Dyet's Dry Dinner*, 1599, viz.: "It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name, to eat an oyster."

† There is no question but that the continual use of lime as a manure, materially impoverishes any description of soil.

‡ Said of the spendthrift who, fishing before the net, eats the calf in the cow's belly.

One may see daylight through a small hole.
Of a ragged colt cometh many a good horse.
One scabbed sheep will mar the whole flock.
Puff not against the wind.
God tempers the storm to the shorn lamb.
Grass never grows when the wind blows.
Lose not a hog for a halfpennyworth of tar.

GENERAL PROVERBS IN RHYME.

A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky,
Proclaim a hunting morning.

A sun-shiny shower,
Won't last half-an-hour.*

In the decay of the moon,
A cloudy morning bodes a fair afternoon.

An evening red and morning grey,
Will set the traveller on his way;†

* There are three infantile rhymes used as charms for or against rain, viz.:—

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day.
Rain, rain, gang to Spain,
And never come here again.
Rain on the green grass, and rain on the tree,
And rain on the house-top, but not upon me.

It is a highly popular remark in the north, that if as much blue sky is to be seen during rain as will make a pair of *breeches*, the day will “*scarve out* ;” *i. e.* it will shortly become fair again.

+ The first part of this occurs in German, almost in the same words:—

“Roth’ abend und weisse morgenröth,
Macht dass der wand’rer freudig geht.”

There is a similar proverb in French.

But if the evening's grey, and the morning red,
Put on your hat or you'll wet your head.

A Saturday's moon,
Come when it will it comes too soon.

A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning.
A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight.*

Whoso hath but a mouth,
Shall never in England suffer drought.

When the wind doth feed the clay,
England woe and well-a-day;†
But when the clay doth feed the sand,
Then it is well for Angle-land.‡

After a famine in the stall,
Comes a famine in the hall.

* It occurs in German with almost the same rhymes:—

“Regenborgen am morgen
Macht dem Schäfer sorgen;
Regenborgen am abend
Ist dem Schäfer labend.”

The French say,

“L'arc-en-ciel du soir
Fait beau temps paroir.”

† Which is the case in a *wet* summer.

‡ Which is the case in a *dry* summer.

If the cock moult before the hen,
 We shall have weather thick and thin;
 But if the hen moult before the cock,
 We shall have weather hard as a rock.

When the wind is South,
 It blows the bait to the fish's mouth.

If there be a rainbow in the eve, it will rain and
 leave;
 But if there be a rainbow in the morrow, it
 will neither lend nor borrow.

When the wind's in the East,
 It's neither good for man nor beast;
 When the wind's in the South,
 It's in the rain's mouth.

If the sun in red should set,
 The next day surely will be wet;
 If the sun should set in grey,
 The next will be a rainy day.

The South wind brings wet weather,
 The North wind wet and cold together;*
 The West wind always brings us rain,
 The East wind blows it back again.

* A clergyman, in Berkshire, having asked one of his tenants last week (May 1844), whether he had not better pray for rain, was answered, "It is of little use praying for rain so long as the wind is in the *north*!"—*Local Paper*.

If it rains on a *Sunday before mess*,*
It will rain all the week, more or less.

This rule in gardening never forget—
To sow dry and plant wet.

An evening red and a morning grey.
Are sure signs of a fine day.

Friday night's dreams on Saturday told,
Are sure to come true—be they never so old.†

If during the night the temperature fall and the
thermometer rise,
We shall have fine weather and clear skies.

If red the sun begins his race,
Expect that rain will flow apace.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed with frequent showers.

* Mess, *i. e.* mass. Vide *Audelay's Poems*, p. 28, line 10.

† In Sir Thomas Overbury's *Character of a faire and happy Milkmaid*, is the following passage: "Her dreames are so chaste that she dare tell them: only a Fridaie's dreame is all her superstition: that she conceales for feare of anger." It is unlucky to be bled, take medicine, or get married on a Friday. A child born on a Friday is doomed to misfortune. *Qu.* Is it unlucky to be buried on a Friday? *Ob.*—That it is *lucky* to be born on a Friday! and that is just all the luck I ever either heard or read of attending poor Friday.

When the sun sets in a bank,*
A westerly wind we shall not want.

When Roseberry Topping wears a cap,
Let Cleveland then beware of a rap.†

When the wind's in the West,
The weather's always best.

When whins are out of bloom,
Kissing's out of fashion.‡

Easterly winds and rain,
Bring cockles here from Spain.

A man had better ne'er been born,
As have his nails on a Sunday shorn.§

* A heavy dark cloud.

† A lofty conical-shaped hill in the North Riding of the county of York. The "rap" alluded to is, in plain language, a thunder-storm. This old proverb is noticed by Camden, two hundred years ago. He observes that, "When its top begins to be darkened with clouds, rain generally follows;" hence the ancient distich:—

"When Roseberry Topping weares a cappe,
Let Clevelande then beware of a clappe."

‡ Whins are *never* out of bloom. The same may be said of groundsel.

§ "To cut nails upon a Friday, or a Sunday, is accounted unlucky amongst the common people in many places. The set and statutory times," says Sir Thomas Browne, "of paring nail, and cutting hair, is thought by many a point of consideration.

Cut them on Monday, cut them for health;
 Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth.
 Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news;
 Cut them on Thursday, for a pair of new shoes.
 Cut them on *Friday*, cut them for *sorrow*;^{*}
 Cut them on Saturday, see your sweetheart to-
 morrow.
 Cut them on Sunday, cut them for evil;
 For all the week long will be with you the *Deevil*.

When Skiddaw hath a cap,
 Scruffel wots full well of that.[†]

He that by the plough would thrive,
 Himself must either hold or drive.

The morn to the mountain,
 The evening to the fountain.

which is perhaps but the continuation of an ancient superstition. To the Romans it was piacular to pare their nails upon the *nundinæ*, observed every ninth day, and was also feared by others on certain days of the week, according to that of Ausonius, *Ungues Mercurio, barbam Jove, Cypride erines.*—*Brand's Pop. Ant.*, ed. by Sir Hen. Ellis, vol. iii, p. 92.

The Jews, however, (superstitiously, says Mr. Addison, in his *Present State of the Common People*, p. 129,) pare their nails on a Friday.

^{*} The reader will here again observe the “unluckiness” of a Friday.

[†] Two lofty mountains on the western borders of England and Scotland. When Skiddaw “wears” a cloud on its summit it is ill weather at *Scruffell*. The name of this mountain is properly written Criffell.

Blessed (or happy) is the bride that the sun
shines on:

Blessed (or happy) is the corpse that the rain
rains on.*

There is no gains without pains;
Then plough deep while sluggards sleep.

A quey out of a quey,
Will breed a byre† full of kye.

Drink in the morning staring,
Then all the day be sparing.

An evening red and morning grey,
Is a token of a bonny day.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

He that will thrive must rise at five;
He who has thriven, may sleep 'till seven.

Plough deep while others sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and keep.

* "If it should happen to rain while the corpse is carried to church, it is reckoned to bode well to the deceased, whose bier is wet with the dew of heaven."—*Pennant's Manuscripts*.

"While that others do divine,
Blest is the bride on whom the sun does shine."

—*Herrick's Hesp.*, p. 152.

Byre, byar, or byer. A house in which cows are bound up. "The mucking of Geordie's byre."—*V. Jam.*

As the days grow longer,
The storms grow stronger.

Some work in the morning may trimly be done,
That all the day after may hardly be won.—

Tusser.

Come day, gang day,
God send Sunday.*

An old moon in a mist,
Is worth gold in a kist (chest);
But a new moon's mist,
Will never lack thirst.†

A northern air,
Brings weather fair.

Monday is Sunday's brother;
Tuesday is such another.
Wednesday you must go to church and pray;
Thursday is half-holiday.
On Friday it is too late to begin to spin;
The Saturday is half-holiday agen.‡

* The sluggard's daily prayer.

† *Varia* :—

As safe as treasure in a kist,
Is the day in an old moon's mist.

‡ *Divers Crab-tree Lectures*, p. 126. 12mo. Lond. 1639.

If cold wind reach you through a hole,
Say your prayers, and mind your soul.*

The sluggard's guise,
Loth to bed, loth to rise.†

Many haws, many sloes,
Many cold toes.

They that wash on Monday,
Have a whole week to dry;
They that wash on Tuesday,
Are not so far agye; (awry)
They that wash on Wednesday,
May get their clothes clean;
They that wash on Thursday,
Are not so much to mean;
They that wash on Friday,
Wash for their need;
But they that wash on Saturdays,
Are clarty-paps‡ indeed.

* A most valuable precept, worthy of all acceptance.

† Nature requires five,	}	Hours of sleep.
Custom takes seven,		
Laziness takes nine,		
And Wickedness eleven,		

See anecdote of Buffon, *Table Book*, vol. i., col. 796.

‡ Filthy sluts.

When round the moon there is a brugh* [halo],
The weather will be cold and rough.

Wind East or West,
Is a sign of a blast;
Wind North or South,
Is a sign of drought.†

A leap year,
Is never a good sheep year.

When the wind is in the North,
The skilful fisher goes not forth.

To talk of the weather, it's nothing but folly,
For when it rains on the hill, the sun shines in
the valley.

Where the scythe cuts, and the plough rives,
No more fairies and bee-bikes.‡

When the smoke goes west,
Good weather is past;
When the smoke goes east,
Good weather comes neist [next].

* When the halo appears at a distance from the moon, the storm is supposed to be near at hand. When touching the moon, the storm is far off.

† To be pronounced "*drouth*."

‡ This term is still in use for a bee's-nest in a wild state. It is likewise an archaism. "A byke of waspes bredde in his nose."—*MS. Cot. Calig. a. ii., f. 109.*

When the wind's in the north,
 Hail comes forth;
 When the wind's in the west,
 Look for a wet blast;
 When the wind's in the soun [south],
 The weather will be fresh and good;
 When the wind's in the east,
 Cold and snaw comes neist.*

This is silver Saturday,
 The morn's the resting day;
 On Monday up and to't again,
 And Tuesday push away.

The north wind doth blow,
 And we shall have snow.

If the cock crows on going to bed,
 He's sure to rise with a watery head.†

A Saturday's change brings the boat to the door;
 But a Sunday's change brings it upon't mid floor.

When the mist comes from the hill,
 Then good weather it doth spill;
 When the mist comes from the sea,
 Then good weather it will be.

* This is the Scots version of the proverb.

† i. e. it will be rain next morning.

The evening grey and morning red,
Make the shepherd hang his head.

When caught by the tempest, wherever it be,
If it lightens and thunders beware of a tree!

For age and want save while you may,
No summer's sun lasts a whole day.

Look to the cow, and the sow, and the wheat mow,
And all will go well enow.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February eight-and-twenty all alone,
And all the rest have thirty-and-one;
Unless that leap-year doth combine,
And give to February twenty-nine.*

The cock does crow,
To let us know,
If we be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

When the clouds are on the hills,
They will come down by the mills.

* The above is transcribed from an old book, entitled *The Young Man's Companion*, printed about the year 1703. It likewise appears in an old play, called *The Return from Parnassus*, 4to. Lond.: 1606; and again in Winter's *Cambridge Almanac* for 1635. See *Rara Mathematica*, p. 119.

'Time flies awa'
Like snaw in a thaw.

Northerly wind and blubber,
Brings home the Greenland lubber.*

When the sun sets bright and clear,
An easterly wind you need not fear.

When the wind comes before the rain,
You may hoist your topsails up again;
But when the rain comes before the winds,
You may reef when it begins.†

DAYES OF THE WEKE MORALYSED.‡

¶ SONDAY.

I am Sondag moste honorable,
The heed of all y^e weke dayes,
That day all thynges laborable
Ought for to rest and give preyse
To our Creatour, y^t alwayes
Wolde have us reste after trauayle;
Man, seruante, and thy beste, he sayes,
And y^e other to thyne auayle.

* A satirical proverb made use of by sailors.

† Although a purely *nautical* proverb, I have nevertheless thought this worthy of insertion.

‡ From an English Primer. Rouen : 1545. Robt. Valentine.

MONDAY.

Monday men ought mee for to call,
 In whiche good workes ought to begynne.
 Hearynge masse, y^e 1st dede of all;
 Intendynge for to flee dedlye synne,
 Thys worldly goodes truely to wyne
 Wyth labor, and true exerceyse,
 For who of good workes can not blynne
 To his rewarde, shall wyne paradyse.

†TUESDAY.

†I Tuesday am also named of Mars,
 Called of goddes army potent,
 I loue neuer for to be scars
 Of workes, but alwayes dylygent,
 Striuyng agaynst lyfe indigent,
 Beyng in y^e worlde, or ellse where,
 To serue our Lorde with good intent,
 As of duety, we are boonde here.

WEDNESDAY.

†Wenesday, sothely is my name,
 Amydes y^e weke is my beyng,
 Wherein all vertues dothe frame
 By y^e meanes of good lyuyng;
 I do remembre y^e leuen lykyng
 That was solde in my season;
 I do worke with true meanyng,
 Hym for to serue, as it is reason.

†TUESDAY.

†I am y^e meryest of y^e seuen,
 Called tuesday, verely;
 In my time y^e kynge of heuen
 Made his souper merely,
 In forme of breade gaue hys body
 To his apostles, as it is playne,
 And then washed their fete mekely
 And went to Olyvet mountayne.

†FRIDAY.

†Naamed I am deuoute fryday,
 The wiche caretke for no delyte,
 But to mourne, faste, deale, and pray;
 I do set all my hole apetyte
 To thykne on y^e Jewes despyte,
 Howe they dyd Chryste on y^e rent;
 And thynkyng howe I may be quyte
 At y^e dredefull judgement.

†SATURDAY.

†Saturday I am comeing laste,
 Trustynge on y^e tyme wel spent,
 Hauyng euer mynde stedfaste
 On that lorde y^t harowed hell,
 That my synnes wyll expall,
 At y^e instaunce of his mother,
 Whose goodnesse dothe farre excell
 Whome I serue aboue all other.

Amen.

JANUARY.

A good new year, and a merry Handsel Monday.*

Janiveer freeze the pot by the fire.

January never lies dead in a dyke gutter.

March in January, January in March I fear.

Winter never rots in the sky.

On St. Distaff's day—neither work nor play.†

Praise we the Lord that hath no peer,
And thank we Him for this new year.

If new-year's eve night-wind blow *South*,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If *West*, much milk, and fish in the sea;
If *North*, much cold, and storms there will be;
If *East*, the trees will bear much fruit,—
If north-east, flee it man and brute.

At new-year's tide,
The days lengthen a cock's stride.‡

* Hansel Monday is the first Monday in the new year.

† January 7th : called by country people, St. Distaff's Day, or Rock Day, because (the Christmas holidays having ended) good housewives resumed in part, but not in whole, the distaff and their other industrious avocations.

‡ This saying is intended to express the lengthening of the days in a small, but perceptible degree. The countryman well knows the truth of what he says, from observing where the shadow of the upper lintel of his door falls at twelve o'clock,

Many hips and haws,
Many frosts and snaws.

If the grass grows in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for't all the year.

Remember on St. Vincent's day*
If the sun his beams display,
Be sure to mark the transient beam
Which through the casement sheds a gleam;
For 'tis a token bright and clear,
Of prosperous weather all the year.

If St. Paul's day† be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;

and there making a mark. At new year's day, the sun at the meridian being higher, its shadow comes nearer the door by four or five inches, which for rhyme's sake is called a "cock's stride;" and so expresses the sensible increase of the day.—
Gent. Mag. 1759.

* January 22. The Germans have a proverb:—

"Um Vinzenzen Sonnenschein,
Füllt die Fässer mit korn und wein."

The French have many proverbs relating to St. Vincent's day.

† Jan. 25. The Germans have a proverb:—

"Sanct Paulus klar,
Bringt gutes Jahr;
So er bringt wind,
Regnet's geschwind."

The French verses on this day resemble closely the English ones given above:—

"De Saint Paul la claire journée
Nous denote une bonne année;
S'il fait vent nous aurons la guerre,
S'il neige on plent cherté sur terre;
S'on voit fort espois les brouillards,
Mortalité de toutes parts."

But if by chance it then should rain,*
 It will make dear all kinds of grain;
 And if the clouds make dark the sky,
 Then neat† and fowls this year shall die;
 If blustering winds do blow aloft,
 Then wars shall trouble the realm full oft.

New moon, new moon, I hail thee!
 By all the virtue in my body,
 Grant this night that I may see,
 He who my true love is to be.‡

A January haddock,
 A February bannock,
 And a March pint of ale.||

A January spring
 Is worth naething.

* *Varia*. "But if it chance to snow and rain." The festival of the Conversion of St. Paul has always been reckoned ominous of the future weather of the year, in various countries remote from each other.

† Cattle.

‡ This verse is repeated by country maidens at the first appearance of the new moon next after New Year's Day,—though some are so *ignorant* as to say that any other new moon is equally as good,—in order that they may see their future husbands.

|| Are to be preferred before those of any other month.

Under water dearth,
Under snow bread.

As the day lengthens,
So the cold strengthens.*

Who in January sows oats, gets gold and groats;
Who sows in May, gets little that way.

If January calends be summerly gay,
'Twill be winterly weather till the calends of May.

If you but knew how good it were,
To eat a pullet in Janiveer,
If you had twenty in your flock,
You'd leave but one to go with the cock.

The blackest month in all the year,
Is the month of Janiveer.

FEBRUARY.

Of all the months in the year, curse a fair February.
On Candlemas-day,—good goose lay!
On Candlemas-day, throw cards and candlesticks away.†

* This proverb sometimes appears under the form,—

When the days lengthen,
The frost is sure to strengthen.

† It is to be noted, that from Candlemas the use of tapers at vespers and litanies, which prevailed throughout the winter ceased until the ensuing All Hallow Mass, and hence the origin of this time-worn English proverb. Candlemas candle-

A windy Christmas and a calm Candlemas, are signs
of a good year.

If Candlemas-day be fine, it portends a hard season to
come ;

If Candlemas-day be cloudy and lowering, a mild and
gentle season.

Fit as a pan-cake for Shrove Tuesday.*

Coupled like birds on St. Valentine's day.

Sow or set beans on Candlemas waddle.†

St. Matthew [24 Feb.] breaks the ice; if he finds none
he will make it.‡

Februeer doth cut and shear.

February builds a bridge, and March breaks it down..

My Candlemas bond upon you.§

As long as the bird sings before Candlemas, it will
greet after it.

As big as bull beef at Candlemas.

carrying remained in England till its abolition by an order in
council, in the second year of K. Edw. VI.

* The pancake was anciently a universal dish on this festival;
I myself have many times and oft partaken of them. Shrove
Tuesday in the north of England is generally called Pancake
Tuesday. A dish of fritters at supper is usual in France on
this day and the following Thursday. See Ilone's *Year Book*,
146-7-8 and 9. In Lancashire hot pancakes are to this day *intro-*
duced at the tea table on Shrove Tuesday.

† In Somersetshire, "waddle" means the wane of the moon.

‡ A German proverb:—

Matheis bricht's eis,
Find't er keins, so macht er eins.

§ See *Every Day Book*, vol. i. col. 12.

February is seldom warm.*

Never clean your nails on Candlemas-day.

The hind† had as lief see his wife on the bier,
As that Candlemas day be pleasant and clear.

If Candlemas-day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight.

If Candlemas-day is fair and clear,
There'll be two winters in the year.‡

If Candlemas-day be clouds and rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again.

* "Soulegrove sil lew," is an ancient Wiltshire proverb.

† A married agricultural servant.

‡ In the old French *Calendrier des bons Laboureurs*, we are told,—

"Selon les anciens le dit,
Si le soleil clair luit
A la chandeleur, vous croirez
Qu'encor un hyuer vous aurez."

The Germans have a similar saying. A correspondent to Hone's *Year Book*, p. 140, says: "I have seen a farmer of the 'Old School,' rubbing his hands with glee during the dismal battling of the elements without, while the wind entered within through the crevices of the doors and easements of the latticed windows, while his children, at the loud blasts that roared round the roof, ran for protection between the knees of their father, or hid their faces in the lap of their mother. When the young ones were put to bed, the two old folks would sit on the side of the ingle neuk, talking 'o' th' days o' langsyne,' when they were bairns themselves, and confirming each other in the belief of the

When Candlemas day is come and gone,
The snow lies on a hot stone.

February fill-dike, be it black or be it white,
But if it be white, it's the better to like.

If Candlemas-day be dry and fair,
The half of winter's to come and mair [more].

If Candlemas-day be wet and foul,
The half of winter's gone at Yule.*

February, if ye be fair,
The sheep will mend, and nothing mair;
February, if ye be foul,†
The sheep will die in every pool.

old prognostication." Bishop Hall, in a sermon on this day, remarks, that "it hath been an old (I say not how true) note, that hath been wont to be set on this day, that if it be clear and sun-shiny, it portends a hard winter to come; if cloudy and louring, a mild and gentle season ensuing." Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, says, that "there is a general tradition in most parts of Europe that inferreth the coldness of the succeeding winter from the shining of the sun on Candlemas-day, according to the proverbial distich:—

"Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante."

The Germans say, "The badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas-day, and if he finds snow he walks abroad; if he sees the sun shining, he draws back again into his hole." The French have a similar saying of the bear.

* Christmas.

† i. e. rainy, not snowy.

First comes Candlemas, then the new moon,
And the next 'Tuesday after is Fasten's e'en,*

On Candlemas-day, you must hae
Half your straw, and half your hay.

At new-year's day, a cock's stride,
At Candlemas, an hour wide.†

Collop Monday, pancake Tuesday,
Ash Wednesday, bloody Thursday;
Friday's lang, but will be *dune*,
And hey for Saturday afternune! ‡

Now§ end the whiteloafe and the pye,
And let all sports with Christmas dye.¶

In February, if thou hearst thunder,
Thou wilt see a summer's wonder.

* See Chambers's *Pop. Rhy. Scott.* ed. 1842, p. 38.

† Said in allusion to the lengthening of the day.

‡ This is a Shrove-tide rhyme; and, I believe, peculiar to the north of England. The Rev. Mr. Bowles communicates to his friend, Mr. Brand, that the boys in the neighbourhood of Salisbury go about before Shrove-tide, singing these lines:—

Shrove-tide is nigh at hand,
And I am come a shroving;
Pray, dame, something,
An apple, or a dumpling;
Or a piece of truckle-cheese,
Of your own making;
Or a picce of pancake.

§ Candlemas eve.

¶ From Herrick.

On Candlemas-day, a good goose will lay;
But on Valentine's day, any goose will lay.

The Welchman would rather see his dam on her
bier,
Than see a fair Februeer.

February fills the dyke,
Either with black or white.*

MARCH.

March comes in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb.
A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom.
A dry March never begs its bread.
March grass never did good.
The spring is not always green.†
Sow wheat in dirt and rye in dust.
One swallow does not make a spring, nor a woodcock
a winter.
A windy March and a showery April make a beautiful
May.
A March wisher, is never a good fisher.
March birds are best.
Mad as a March hare.‡

* *e. i.* either with rain or snow.

† March 6th, spring quarter commences. Some writers date from the 20th.

‡ See Halliwell's *Introduction to "A Midsummer Night's Dream,"* p. 2 and 3; and his *Archaic Dict.*, vol. ii., art. "March-hare."

Lent seems short to him that borrows money to be paid at Easter.

March comes in with an adder's head, and goes out with a peacock's tail.

March many weathers.

A wet spring is a sign of dry weather for harvest.

As hard as an egg at Easter.

I'll warrant you for an egg at Easter, [*i. e.*, be bound for you].*

So many frosts in March, so many in May.

Black lad Monday.†

As bashful as a Lentel lover.‡

* Paste or Pace, whether applied to the season or an egg, is unquestionably a corruption of Pasche, or Pasque: which latter terms, I judge, are derived from the Jewish festival of the pass-over, or pascal supper, answering to the Pagan-Saxon feast of the goddess Eoster, and the Christian celebration of our Saviour's resurrection.

The egg simply signifies, or is, a fit emblem of the resurrection of Christ, and of ours though him to everlasting life.

The customary egg-feast, though varying greatly in every country both in form and fashion, is retained to the present day by Pagan and Jew; as well as by those of the Mahomedan, Romish, Greek, Scottish, and Anglican churches: and though, perhaps, foolish to an extreme,—according to the form practised in England, it has this good property, it is an innocent one!

† The Monday in Easter-week.

‡ A Lentel lover is one who is afraid to touch his mistress.—*Cotgrave, in v. Caresme,*

He that hath not a palm in his hand on Palm Sunday
must have his hand cut off.*

If the sun shines on Easter-day, it shines on Whit-
Sunday likewise.†

Sow thin, shear thin.

* Though Roman Catholic customs were generally disused under Henry VIII, yet he declared that the bearing of palms on Palm Sunday was to be continued and not cast away. It appears they were borne in England till the 2nd of Edward VI. In Stowe's *Chronicle*, by Howes, the practice is said to have been discontinued in 1548.—*Brand*.

Naorgeorgus, translated by Barnaby Googe, says:—

“The people all do come, and bowes of trees and palmes they beare,
Which things against ye tempest great, ye parson conjures there.”

Again:—

“The shaven priests before them marche, ye people follow fast,
Still striving who shall gather first ye bowes yt downe are cast,
For falsely they believe yt these have force and virtue greater,
Against ye rage of winter stormes and thunder's flashing heate.”

Again:—

“Besides they candles up do light, of virtue like in all,
And willow-branches hallow, yt they palmes do use to call;
This done, they verily believe ye tempest nor ye storm,
Can neyther hurte themselves, nor yet yr cattel, nor yr corne.”

The willow in England is a tree of quick growth; it is a common observation “That the willow will buy a horse, before the oak will pay for a *saddle*.” The palm willow, with its velvet-looking buds, are occasionally still stuck in some village churches on Palm Sunday.

† *Countryman's Counsellor*, Lond. 1633, p. 220.

Upon St. David's day,
Put oats and barley in the clay.

First comes David,* next comes Chad,†
And then comes Winnold,‡ as though he was mad.

An ague in the spring,
Is physic for a king.§

Tid, mid, and misera,
Carling, palm, and paste-egg day.||

* 1st March.

† 2nd March.

‡ A corruption of *Winwaloe*; Father Porter calls him *Winwaloke*, and Father Cressy, *Winwaloc*. This proverb alludes to the windy weather which prevails at this period of the year; but whether Winnold, when in the zenith of his power and fame, was remarkable for an irascibility of temper, I really do not know. His day is the 3rd of March.

§ This reminds me of the following charm for the ague, which should be repeated by the most ancient female in the family or neighbourhood, with her head as far up the *chimney* as conveniently it can be got, viz.:—

Tremble and go!
First day, shiver and burn;
Tremble and quake!
Second day, shiver and learn,
Tremble and die!
Third day, never return.

|| Easter day. The first line of this "old saw" is evidently a corruption of the Psalms, according to the Latin translation, beginning *Te Deum, Mi Deus*, and *Miserere mei*.

Varia:—

Tid, mid, et misera,
Carling, Palm, and good Pace-day.

Care Sunday, care away,
Palm-Sunday and Easter-day.

According to the number of magpies you see at one and the same time when going a journey, &c., you may calculate your luck as follows:—

One for sorrow,
Two for luck (*varia*. mirth);
Three for a wedding,
Four for death (*varia*. birth);
Five for silver,
Six for gold;
Seven for a secret,
Not to be told;
Eight for heaven,
Nine for ———,
And ten *for the d——l's own sell!*

The following is a common address to the magpie in the whole of the north of England:—

Magpie, magpie, chatter and flee,
Turn up thy tail, and good luck fall me!

In March, kill crow, pie,* and cadow,†
Rook, buzzark, and raven;
Or else go desire them
To seek a new haven.

* Magpie.

† Jackdaw.

March winds and April showers,
Bring forth May flowers.*

A bushel of March dust is a thing,
Worth the ransom of a king.†

So many mists in March you see,
So many frosts in May will be.

When Easter falls in our lady's lap,
Then let England beware of a rap.‡

When the sloe-tree is white as a sheet,
Sow your barley whether it be dry or wet.

* So the Germans say,—

“Märzen wind und Aprilen regen,
Verheissen im Mai grossen segnen.”

And the French:—

“Mars venteux, Avril pluvieux,
Font le Mai gai et gracieux.”

† A dry March makes the clay lands of England bear abundant crops of corn; consequently, if in this month the weather is such as to make the highways dusty, the country will be benefited to the amount of a “king's ransom.” In German there is a similar saying: “Ein loth Märzen staub ist einen ducaten werth,”—half-an-ounce of March dust is worth a ducat.

‡ Meaning thereby, that when the festival of Easter falls near to Lady-day (the 25th March), England is threatened with some calamity.

March *borrowit* from April,
 Three days and they were ill:
 The first was frost,
 The second was *snaw*;
 And the third as *cauld*,
 As ever't could *blaw*.*

* These days being generally stormy, our forefathers have endeavoured to account for this circumstance by pretending that March *borrowed* them from April, that he might extend his powers so much longer. Those who are addicted to superstition will neither borrow nor lend on any of these days.—*Dr. Jamieson's Etymo. Dict.*

“March said to Aperill
 I see three hogs upon a hill;
 But lend your three first days to me,
 And I'll be bound to gar them die.
 The first, it sall be wind and weat;
 The next, it sall be snaw and sleet,
 The third, it sall be sic a freeze
 Shall gar the birds stiek to the trees.
 But when the borrowed days were gane,
 The three silly hogs cam hirplin hame.”

The Complaynt of Scotland, 8vo. Edinb. 1801.

In the *British Apollo*, vol. iii., no. 18, the meaning is asked of the old saying:—

“March borrows from April
 Three days, and they are ill;
 April returns them back again,
 Three days and they are rain.”

“*Ans.* Proverbs relating to the weather cannot be founded on any certainty. The meaning of this is that it is more seasonable for the end of March and the beginning of April to be fair, but often,—

“March does from April gain
 Three days, and they're in rain;
 Return'd by April in's bad kind,
 Three days, and they're in wind.”

The cuckoo comes of mid March,
 And cucks of mid Aperill;
 And gauns away of Midsummer month,
 When the corn begins to fill.*

If they would drink nettles in March,
 And eat mugwort in May,

Old farmers in Devonshire call the three first days of March "blind days"; and they were anciently considered so unlucky that no husbandman would sow any seed on any of the three. This singular old proverb in Ray's Collection reads thus: "April borrows three days from March, and they are ill." So says Brand.

"The *Fuivilteach*, or three first days of *February*, serve many poetical purposes in the Highlands. They are said to have been borrowed from January, who was bribed by February with three young sheep. These three days, by Highland reckoning, occur between the 11th and 15th of February; and it is accounted a most favourable prognostic for the ensuing year that they be as stormy as possible. If they should be fair, then there is no more good weather to be expected through the spring."—*Mrs. Grant's Superstitions of the Highlanders*, vol. ii., p. 217.

* "If you have money in your pockets," say the Germans, "when the cuckoo first cries, all will go well during the year; and if you were fasting, you would be hungry the whole year."—*Grimm's Deutsche Mythologie*.

Perhaps the following local rhyme may not be unacceptable:—

The cuckoo's a bonny bird,
 He whistles as he flies;
 He brings us good tidings,
 He tells us no lies.
 He sucks little birds' eggs,
 To make his throat clear;
 And never sings cuckoo,
 Till the spring time of year.

So many fine maidens,
Wouldn't go to the clay.*

On the first of March,
The crows begin to search.†

March dust and May sun,
Makes corn white and maids dun.

March wind and May sun,
Makes clothes clear and maidens dun.

March wind,
Kindles‡ the ether,§ and blooms the whin.||

A late spring,
Is a great bless-ing.¶

* This is a piece of Scottish superstition; and if I am informed truly, there is, in connexion with it, either a fairy or witchcraft story.

† Crows are supposed to commence pairing on this day.

‡ Enlivens.

§ Adder.

|| *Varia*:—

March wind,
Wakens the ether, and blooms the thorn.

Shakspeare thus notices this vernal proverb,—

“ It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking.”

Julius Cæsar, act ii. sc. 1.

¶ Better late ripe and bear, than early blossom and blast.

Sow peas and beans on David and Chad,
Be the weather good or bad.

Sow beans in the mud,
And they'll grow like a wood.

One a penny buns, two a penny buns,
One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns,
Butter them, and sugar them, and put them in
your *muns*.*

On or before St. Chad,†
Every goose lays—both good and bad.

APRIL.

One swallow does not make a summer.‡
April and May are the keys of the whole year.
A cold April, the barn will fill.

* This rhyme is occasionally still repeated in the north of England. It is peculiar to Good-Friday.

† March 2nd.

‡ The 15th of April is, in some parts of England, known by the name of "swallow-day." Willsford, in his *Nature's Secrets*, p. 134, says, "Swallows flying low, and touching y^e water often with y^r wings, presage rain."

The cuckoo has picked up the dirt.*

April with fools, and May with bastards blest.†

On the first of April,

Hunt the gowke another mile.‡

An April shower and May sun,

Will make cloth white, and fair maids dun.

April with his hack and his bill,

Plants a flower on every hill.

On the third of April,

Comes in the cuckoo and nightingale.§

When April blows his horn,||

It's good for both hay and corn.

* Said in allusion to the dry weather at this period of the year. The 14th April is in Sussex called "first cuckoo day."

† From Churchill.

‡ In Westmorland and Cumberland, an April fool is termed an *April gowk*, one that is the bearer of a fool's errand. Brand says, "that *gowk* is properly a *cuckoo*, and is used here metaphorically for a fool; this is correct, for from the Saxon *gacc*, a cuckoo, is derived *geck*, which means 'one easily imposed on.'"

§ The 14th April is in Sussex called "first cuckoo day."

|| *i. e.* when in this month winds prevail, it is good for both meadow and tillage lands. The Germans have precisely the same proverb:—

Wenn April blast in sein horn,
So steht es gut um heu und korn

When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn,
 Sell your cow, and buy your corn ;
 But when she comes to the full bit,
 Sell your corn, and buy your sheep.

In April, the cuckoo shews his bill;
 In May, he sings both night and day;
 In June, he altereth his tune ;
 In July, away he'll fly;
 In August, go he must.*

Sow peas and beans in the wane of the moon,
 Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon.†

April showers
 Bring May flowers.

It was at no very distant period a custom, even with people of fashion, to wear a *blue coat* on the 23rd of April, in honour of St. George.

"To hang an egg laid on Ascension day in the roof of an house, preserveth it from all hurts."—*Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 152,

* See a various version in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England*, 4th ed. p. 165. See Wright's *Selection of Latin Stories*, printed for the Percy Society, pp. 42, 74, 224.

† That they, with y^e planet, may rest and rise,

And flourish with bearing most plentiful wise.—*Tusser*.

"Peas and beans, sown during the increase, do run more to hawm and straw ; and during y^e declension, more to cod, according to the common consent of countrymen."—*Tusser Redivivus*. 8vo. Lond. 1744, p. 16.

An April flood,
Carries away the frog and his brood.

An April eling,
Is good for nothing.*

When Luna lowres,
Then April showres.†

MAY.

As fine as a May-pole on May-day.‡
As welcome as flowers in May.
A hot May makes a fat church-yard.
Cast not a clout—'till May be out.§
May rain kills liee.||
A May flood—never did good.
You must look for grass on the top of the oak tree.
The merry month of May.
He'll never climb May-hill; or,
If he can climb over May-hill he'll do.¶

* A Somersetshire proverb.

† *Travels of Two-Pence*, 1620.

‡ This evidently refers to the custom of decking the may-pole, on May-day, with ribbons and garlands.

§ The great prevalence of easterly winds during this month, appears to me the chief cause of this well-known injunction.

|| I never either heard or saw an explanation of this *rather* coarse proverb.

¶ Dr. Forster, in his *Perennial Calendar*, has a note on these two sayings. *Note*.—May is considered a *trying month* for health.

As sweet as lilies in May.

As white as a lily in May.

“As mery as flowres in May.”*

He that would live for aye,

Must eat sage in May.

A wet May,

Will fill a byre full of hay.

May-day is come and gone,

’Thou art a gosling and I am none.†

A cold May, and a windy,

Makes a fat (full) barn and a findy.‡

* *MS. Cantab.* ff. v. 48. p. 111.

† A May-gosling (provincially, *gesling*), on the first of May, is made with as much eagerness in the county of Westmorland, and other parts of the north of England, as an April noddie, noodle, fool, or gowk, on the 1st of April. See *Gent.’s Mag.*, for April, 1791. And should an attempt be made to make any one a May-gosling on the 2nd of May, this rhyming saying is retorted upon them.

This distich was also said, *mutatis mutandis*, on the 2nd of April.

‡ Several proverbs to the same effect are found in German ; one is,—

Kühler Mai

Giebt guten wein und vieles heu

He who bathes in May,
 Will soon be laid in clay;*
 He who bathes in June,
 Will sing a merry tune;
 He who bathes in July,
 Will dance like a fly.

A swarm of bees in May,†
 Is worth a load of hay;

* The present month (May) being one when very severe colds are often caught by others as well as bathers, it may not be amiss to submit this portion, particularly, to the serious consideration of my readers. This old saying is very rife in some districts in Yorkshire, Craven especially.

† In Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Husbandry*, are these lines, under May:—

“Take heed to yr bees, yt are ready to swarme,
 The losse yre of now is a crown's worth of harme.”

A Warwickshire correspondent in Hone's *Every-day Book*, vol. i., col. 647, says, that in that county, “The first swarm of bees is simply called a ‘swarm;’ the second from the same hive is called a ‘cast;’ and the third from the same hive a ‘spindle.’”

Willsford, in his *Nature's Secrets*, p. 134, says, “Bees, in fair weather, not wandering far from yr hives, presages ye approach of some stormy weather.”

When you purchase a hive of bees, you should not pay for them in money, but in goods; for instance, if you are a farmer, give an equivalent in wheat, oats, or barley, &c., and never presume to bring them home till the *Good-Friday* following. Apiarians would do well to follow this wholesome piece of advice.

[The

A swarm of bees in June,
Is worth a silver *spune* ;*
A swarm of bees in July,
Is not worth a fly !†

If you look at your corn in May,
You'll come weeping away;
If you look at the same in June,
You'll come home in another tune.

When the oak puts on his gosling gray,
'Tis time to sow barley, night and day.‡

The proverb is also found in German :—

Ein bienenschwarm im Mai
Ist werth ein fuder heu ;
Aber ein schwarm im Juni
Der lohnet kaum die müh.

The day of the week on which the 14th of May fell, used, some sixty or seventy years ago (so I have heard my seniors say), to be considered an unlucky day; no one ever beginning business of any serious moment upon it for the rest of the year.

* *Varia*.—Is only or not worth a crown.

† This is quoted in Miegé's *Great French Dictionary*, fol. Lond. 1687, second part.

‡ When the oak puts out its leaf before the ash, a dry summer may be expected. When the ash puts out its leaf before the oak, a wet and cold one. An observation pretty well founded on experience.

A superstitious notion once prevailed in England, "that

When the elder is white, brew and bake a peck;
When the elder is black, brew and bake a sack.

Mist in May, and heat in June,
Makes the harvest right soon.*

He who sows oats in May,
Gets little that way.†

The first of May
Is Robin Hood's day.‡

whatsoever one did ask of God upon Whitsunday morning, at the instant when the sun rose, and played, God would grant it him." See Arise Evans's *Echo of the Voice of Heaven*; or a *Narration of his Life*, 8vo. Lond. 1652, p. 9. He says, "he went up a hill to see y^e sun rise betimes on Whitsunday morning," and saw it at its rising, "skip, play, dance, and turn about like a wheel."

Camden, in his *Ancient and Modern Manners of the Irish*, says, "They fancy a green bough of a tree, fastened on May-day against a house, will produce plenty of milk that summer."

In the *Survey of the South of Ireland*, p. 233, we read, "The sun was propitiated here by sacrifices of fire; one was on the 1st of May, for a blessing on the seed sown."

* In Scotland, they say,—

A wet May and a winnie,
Brings a fou stackyard and a finnie.

† *i. e.* he will be sure to reap a bad and unproductive crop.

‡ See Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, Hone's edition, p. 354.

Twenty-ninth of May,
Royal-oak day.*

May, come she early, or come she late,
She'll make the cow to quake.

Beans blow,
Before May doth grow.

From the marriages in May,
All the bairns die and decay †

JUNE.

A dry summer ne'er made a dear peck.‡
An English summer—two fine days and a thunder-
storm.
There's no summer, but it has a winter.

* *Varia*.—Oaken-apple day.

† See Hone's *Year-Book*, col. 76. "May birds are aye cheeping."—*Pop. Rhy. Scotland*, p. 74. An old poet sings:—

"May never was ye month of love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April wet by kind,
For love is full of showers."

Even as far baek as the days of Ovid, it was considered a bad omen to be married in May.

‡ Summer quarter commences 21st June.

May and June are twin sisters.*

A good hay year—a bad fog year.

The sun shines on both sides of the hedge.†

Welcome as snow in summer, and rain in harvest.

If St. Vitus's day‡ be rainy weather,

It will rain for thirty days together.

He who marries between the syckle and the scythe,

Will never thrive.§

Calm weather in June,

Sets corn in tune.

* I believe that June is represented under the type of a young man; consequently, this proverbial phrase appears rather paradoxical.

† Said of summer, when the sun ascends so high in the heavens that the shadow of hedges is scarcely perceptible. In England, no absolute darkness takes place between the 23rd May and 20th July.

‡ June 15th. This proverb is applied by the French and Germans to the day of St. Medard, and sometimes to that of St. Gervase, both in June.

§ The inferences to be drawn from this proverb are not to be contemned by farmers and husbandmen; but should they be so wilful as to do so, they may, it is possible, ere the termination of the year, or the rent-day approach, find a little leisure time in which to rue. Perhaps this proverb was more strictly true when our forefathers devoted a whole month in which to celebrate their nuptials, to the great neglect of all other matters.

Barnaby bright,
The longest day
And shortest night.*

A good leak in June,
Sets all in tune.

When the fern is as high as a spoon,
You may sleep an hour at noon.

If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,
No rain, be sure, disturbs the summer's day.

JULY.

St. Swithin is christening the apples.†
All shearers are honest in the harvest field.‡
A bad shearer never had a good syckle.

* This Barnaby-day, or thereabout, is the summer solstice, or sun-sted, when the sun seems to stand, and begins to go back, being the longest day in the yeare, about the 11th (St. Barnabas day) or 12th of June; it is taken for the whole time, when the dayes appear not for xiv days together, either to lengthen or shorten.—*Festa Anglo-Romana*, p. 72.

† A common observation on this (St. Swithin's) day, should it chance to be a rainy one.

‡ So honest as never to be known to cut a single stem belonging to their neighbour's "rig."

A green shear is an ill shake.

As bright as the sun on a summer's day.

It is midsummer's noon with you.*

Welcome as rain at harvest.

Make your hay while the sun shines.†

If deer rise up dry and lie down dry on St. (Martin)

Bullion's day,‡ it is a sign there will be a good
gose harvest.

In July, shear your rye.

Whoever eats oysters on St. James's day will never
want money.§

* *i. e.* you are gone "clean mad."

† Duncomb's answer in hay-time, relating to the weather:—

"Well, Duncomb, how will be the weather?
Sir, it looks cloudy altogether.
And coming 'cross our Haughton Green,
I stopp'd and talk'd with old Frank Beane;
While we stood there, sir, old Jan Swain,
Went by and said, he know'd 'twould rain.
The next that came was Master Hunt,
And he declar'd he knew it wont.
And then I met with Farmer Blow,
He plainly told me he didn't know:
So, sir, when doctors disagree,
Who's to decide it, you or me?"

Duncomb was an original and a rhymers. His occupation was that of dealer in Dunstable larks. He resided for many years at the village of Haughton-Regis, near Dunstable.

‡ St. Bullion's day is the 4th July. This is a Scots proverb.

§ On this day (25th July, O. S.), in London, cysters come in season. The indifference to industry which such notions may possibly engender in many minds, can, it is more than probable, be testified by some, who themselves falsify the legend by their present abode in prisons or in workhouses.

If it rains on Midsummer eve, all the filberts will be spoiled.

If the first of July be rainy weather,
'Twill rain *mair* or less for forty days together.*

A cherry year—a merry year :
A plum year—a dumb year.

The first cock of hay
Frights the cuckoo away.

In July, some reap rye ;
In August, if one will not, the other must.

St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain :
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain *na mair*.†

* This saying is applied in German to several days in the month of July.

† The frivolous monkish legend of St. Swithin causing the rain to fall so copiously from heaven as to prevent the removal of his bones from the cemetery-garth to within the precincts of the minster church of Winchester, in the year 685, is too common-place to deserve notice here. Those who are unacquainted with the fable, will find it duly and *truly* recorded in Hone's *Every-day Book*, vol. i. col. 954.

[In

No tempest, good July,
Lest corn come off blue by.

In *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1697, the prognostic is thus recorded:—

“In this month is St. Swithun's day;
On which, if that it rain, they say,
Full xl days after it will,
Or more or less some rain distill.
This Swithun was a saint, I trow,
And Winchester's bp. also,
Who in his time did many a feat,
As popish legends do repeat.”

Gay, in his *Trivia*, writes:—

“How if, on Swithun's feast the welkin lours,
And ev'ry pent-house streams with hasty show'rs,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.”

Churchill thus glances at the superstitious notions about rain on St. Swithun's day:—

“July to whom the dog-star in her train,
St. James gives oysters, and St. Swithun rain.”

In Mr. Howard's work on the Climate of London, cited by Dr. Forster, in his *Per. Calendar*, is the following remark:—
“To do justice to popular observation, I may now state, that in a majority of our summers, a showery period, which, with some latitude as to time and local circumstances, may be admitted to constitute daily rain for xl days, does come on about the time indicated by this tradition: not that any long space before is often so dry as to mark distinctly its commencement.”

Query.—May not the foolish and superstitious idea of xl days' rain after St. Swithun, have originated in a still more ancient tradition of Noah having on that day entered the ark? “when the foundations of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, and it rained for xl days and

Till St. James's day* be come and gone,
You may have hops, or you may have none.

Bow-wow, dandy fly,
Brew no beer in July.

Many rains, many rowans ;
Many rowans,† many yawns.‡

AUGUST.

Short harvests, make short *addlings*.
Good harvests make men prodigal; bad ones, provident.

nights," so that the highest hills under heaven were covered with the waters.

July 3rd, the dog-days begin. Our forefathers supposed that the malignant influence of the dog-star, when in conjunction with the sun, caused the sea to boil, wine to become sour, dogs to go mad, and all other creatures to languish; while in men it produced increase of bile, hysterics, phrensies, burning fevers, and other malignant disorders! They likewise had an opinion, that during those days all physic should be declined, and the cure committed to nature: this season is called the *Physician's vacation*.

* July 25th.

† Rowans are the fruit of the mountain-ash; and an abundance thereof is held to denote a deficient harvest.

‡ Light grains of wheat, oats, or barley.

A good nut year—a good corn year.*

A long harvest leaves little corn.

At latter Lammas.†

At St. Barthol'mew,‡

Then comes cold dew.

SEPTEMBER.

He, who would reap well, must sow well.

* Willsford, in his *Nature's Secrets*, p. 144, informs us that, "In autumn (some say), in the *gull*, or oak-apple, one of these iii things will be found (if cut in pieces): a flie, denoting *want*; a worm, *plenty*; but if a spider, mortality." Again, he says, *ibid.*, that "the *broom*, having plenty of blossoms, or the *walnut* tree, is a sign of a fruitful year of corn." That "great store of *nuts* and *amonds* presage a plentiful year of corn, especially filberds."

Lupton, in his third *Book of Notable Things* (edit. 8vo., 1660, p. 52), No. 7, says: "If you take an *oak-apple* from an oak tree, and open the same, you shall find a little worm therein, which if it doth creep, it betokens scarceness of corn. This is the countryman's astrology, which they have long observed for truth."

† Synonymous with the *Ad Græcas Calendæ* of the Latins; and the vulgar saying, "When two Sundays come together," *i. e.* never. "It happened in the reign of Queen Dick," is another proverb of the same class.

‡ August 24.

If you eat goose on St. Michael's day,* you will never
want money all the year.†

So many days old the moon is on Michaelmas-day, so
many floods after.‡

* Or Michaelmas day, 29th September.

† See note on oyster-eating on St. James's day, in Proverbs
for July. In the *British Apollo*, fol. Lond. 1708, vol. i, no. 74,
is the following:—

Qu. " ————— Pray tell me whence
The custom'd proverb did commence,
That who eats *goose* on Michael's-day,
Sha'nt money lack, his debts to pay.

An. This notion, fram'd in days of yore,
Is grounden on a prudent score;
For, doubtless, 'twas at first design'd,
To make the people *seasons* mind;
That so they may apply their care,
To all those things which needful were,
And by a good industrious hand,
Know *when* and *how* t'improve their land."

In the x year of King Edward IV, John de la Hay was bound,
among other services, to render to Will. Barnaby, lord of Lastres,
in the county of Hereford, for a parcel of demesne lands, one
goose, fit for the lord's dinner, on the feast of St. Michael the
Archangel.—*Blount's Tenures, Beckwith's edit.*, p. 222.

We have the authority of Mr. Douce for saying, "that Queen
Elizabeth received the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada
whilst she was eating a *goose* on Michaelmas day.

Goose-eating is celebrated in Germany and France on St. Mar-
tin's day. In Denmark, this festival is holden on the eve of
St. Martin, when every family (that can afford it) has a roasted
goose for supper. *Goose-feast* is a proverbial name for Michael-
mas.

‡ *Twelve Months.* Lond. 1661, p. 44.

He that hath a good harvest may be content with
some thistles.

A blackberry (brambleberry) summer.*

No tree bears fruit in autumn,† that does not blossom
in the spring.

September‡ blows soft,
Till the fruit's in the loft.

The Michaelmas moon,
Rises nine nights alike soon.§

* A few fine days, at the close of this, or opening of the following month, when the fruit of the bramble ripens. This fruit is vulgarly known by the name of "bumblekite," in the county of Durham. In that district of Yorkshire bordering upon Leeds, they are called "black-blegs."

† The autumnal quarter commences on the 22nd September.

‡ September possesses one property which no other month can lay a similar claim to, viz.: "that its xv day is, at least, six times out of seven, a beautifully fine one." See Dr. Forster's *Per. Calendar*.

§ The above rhyme describes a simple astronomical phenomenon which takes place at this season, and which is usually called the *harvest moon*. The moon rising now nearly at the same time for several nights when in her greatest splendour, and when her light is considered as useful, both in drying the cut grain, and lighting the husbandman to his usual labours, the phenomenon impresses the mind, raising at the same time, as it ought to do, sentiments of admiration and gratitude for the beneficent wisdom which planned an arrangement so useful to the inhabitants of the earth.—*Chambers' Pop. Rhy. of Scot.* p. 39 (1842).

On Saint Matthee,*
Shut up the bee.

Blest be the day that Christ was born,
We've gotten't *mell* of Mr. —— corn ;
Weel bound and better shorn.

Hip, hip, hip, huzza, huzza.†

Blessed be the day our Saviour was born,
For Master ——'s corn's all well shorn ;
And we shall have a good supper to-night,
And a drinking of all, and a kirn! a kirn! a ho!‡

The master's corn is ripe and shorn,
We bless the day that he was born ;
Shouting a kirn! a kirn! ahoa!§

Bless the day that Christ was born,
We've gettin 'twel and Mr. —— corn,
Weel shavern and shorn, &c., &c. ||

OCTOBER.

An October moon is call the "hunter's moon."

* September 21st.

† The *harvest-home* "call" in the county of Durham.

‡ The Northumbrian harvest-home call.

§ The harvest call peculiar to Glendale, a district in Northumberland.

|| A harvest call used in the North Riding of the county of York.

Good October,* a good blast,
To blow the hogs acorn and mast.†

A soul-cake, a soul-cake;
God have mercy on‡ your soul,
For a soul-cake.§

* “On the days of SS. Barnabas, Simon, and Jude, a tempest often arises.”—From an ancient Romish Calendar, in the late Mr. Brand’s library. Formerly (although, not now), the anniversary of the day of SS. Simon and Jude (28th Oct.) was deemed as rainy and prognostical as that of Swithin. In Dodsley’s old play of the *Roaring Girl*, a character therein says, “I know ’twill *rain* upon Simon and Jude’s day.” Again, “Now a continual Simon and Jude’s rain beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes.”

The failure of a crop of ash-keys (the fruit of the ash), in some counties in England, is said to betoken death in the royal family.

† The fruit of the beech.

‡ *Varia*.—On all Christian souls.

§ In North Wales, there is a custom of distributing *soul* cakes on All Souls’ day (2nd Nov.), at the receiving of which, the recipient prays to God to bless the donor’s next crop of wheat. *Pennant’s Manuscripts*, note. These cakes were baked on *Allhallow-even* (31 Oct.); and I hope that this will prove my sufficient excuse for introducing the triplet which appears in the text, and likewise the following “oulde couplett,” to the notice of my readers, under this month:—

“ ——— God save your *saul*,
Beens and all.”

This was repeated in retribution of the rich man’s charity, received on this day, in the counties of Lancaster and Hereford.

Haly on a cabbage-stock, and haly on a bean,
Haly on a cabbage stock, to-morn's Hallow-e'en.*

Hey-how for Hallow-e'en,
When all the witches are to be seen ;
Some in black, and some in green,
Hey-how for Hallow-e'en!†

Dry your barley land in October,
Or you'll always be sober.‡

NOVEMBER.

St. Martin's little summer.§
Fat as a bacon-pig at Martlemas.||

At Ripon, in Yorkshire, on this day, the good women used to bake a cake for every one in the family; so this is generally called cake-night.—*Gent. Mag.*, vol. lx, p. 719. I believe the custom is partially continued.

* This proverb is peculiar to the 30th of this month. All-hallow even is on the 31st.

† See Burns's beautiful poem *Halloween*, and its valuable and highly interesting notes.

‡ *i. e.* without you attend to this dictum, you will have no barley to convert into malt.

§ So called from *three* or *four* remarkably fine sunny days which periodically occur about the festival of Saint Martin the Apostle. 23rd Nov.

|| This old form of the word (Martinmas) is still common in the north.

This is *hanging month*.*

On the first of November, if the weather holds
clear,
An end of wheat-sowing do make for this year.†

Pray to remember,
The fifth of November,
The gunpowder treason and plot ;
When the king and his train,
Had nearly been slain,
Therefore it shall not be forgot !

November take flail,
Let ships no more sail.

An early winter,
A surly winter.

* It appears that this month has attained to some degree of celebrity for suicidal acts; but whether that horrible precedence is its due, I really am unable to decide. Those, therefore, who are curious in the matter, and desirous of ascertaining if such is really the fact, I must refer for information to county coroners, and M.D.s in general.

† Tusser, in his *Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie*, 4to. Lond. 1580, fol. 75, notices this authoritative precept or adage almost in the same words :—

“ Wife, some time this weeke, if the weather hold cleare,
An end of wheat-sowing we make for this yeare;
Remember you, therefore, tho’ I do it not,
The seed-cake, the pasties, and furmentie-pot ”

Many frosts and many thowes,
Make many rotten yowes (ewes).

DECEMBER.

A black Christmas makes a fat church-yard.
If the ice will bear a goose before Christmas, it will
not bear a duck afterwards.
A merry Christmas* and a happy new year.
The *twelve* days of Christmas.†
As white as driven snow on a winter's day.
As dark as a Yule midnight.
Everyday's no Yule-day,—cast the cat a castock.‡
Yule, Yule! a pack of new cards and a Christmas *fule*.
A green Yule makes a fat kirk-yard.
Big as a Christmas pig!
It's good to cry Yule at another man's cost.
As many *mince pies* as you taste at Christmas, so many
happy months will you have.§

* An ancient mode of salutation, exchanged by friends when they first meet during the current day (Christmas); and within a limited period afterwards.

† See note on proverb, "The day of St. Thomas, the blessed divine, &c.," under this month.

‡ The stump of a cabbage; and the proverb means much the same thing as "Spare no expense, bring another bottle of *small beer*!"

§ A trite observation general through the whole of Westmorland and Cumberland.

As bare as the birch at Yule even.*
 A Yule feast may be quit at Pasche.†
 Christmas comes but once a year.
 Ghosts never appear on Christmas-eve.‡
 Busy as an oven at Christmas.

* In allusion to the Christmas log. It is spoken of one in extreme poverty.

† *i. e.* "a Christmas feast may be paid again at Easter;" or, "One good turn deserves another."

‡ So says Shakspeare; and the truth thereof few, *now-a-days*, will call in question. Grose observes, too, that those born on Christmas-day *cannot* see spirits.

What a happiness this must have been seventy or eighty years ago and upwards, to those chosen few who had the good luck to be born on this day; when the whole world was so overrun with ghosts, boggles, bloody-bones, spirits, demons, ignis-fatui, fairies, brownies, bug-bears, black-dogs, spectres, spelly-coats,* scare-crows, witches, wizards, barguests, Robin-good-fellows, hags, night-bats, scrags, break-necks, fantasmis, hobgoblins, hobhoullards, boggy-boes, dobbys, hobthrusters, fetches, kelpies, warlocks, mock-beggars, mumpokers, jemmy-burties, and apparitions, that there was not a village in England that had not its peculiar ghost! Nay, every lone tenement or mansion which could boast of any antiquity, had its boggle or spectre. The church-yards were all haunted. Every green lane had its boulder-stone, on which an apparition kept watch by night; every common had a circle of fairies belonging to it; and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit!

* These were Scotch boggles: they wore garments of shells, which made a horrid rattling when they appeared abroad.

The day of St. Thomas, the blessed divine,*
Is good for brewing, baking, and killing fat swine.

St. Thomas's-day is past and gone,
And Christmas is most come,

Maidens arise,
And bake your pies,
And save poor tailor Bobby some.†

Winter-time for shoeing,
Peascod-time for wooing.‡

Bouncer, buckler, velvet's dear,
And Christmas comes but once a year ;
Though when it comes it brings good cheer ;
So farewell Christmas once a year.§

* Dec. 21. This, too, is the shortest day, and the commencement of the winter quarter. It is likewise the first day of the festival of all festivals—Christmas ; which anciently continued without interruption from this day to the 2nd February, the feast of the purification of the blessed Virgin Mary ; but Christmas-day, and the twelve days succeeding, were considered the most sacred to mirth and hospitality : hence the proverbial phrase, “The twelve days of Christmas.”

A custom, I believe, still exists in some parts of England, of ringing a merry peal upon the bells of the parish-steeple on this day. It is called “ringing in Christmas.”

† Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, 4th ed. p. 220.

‡ See art. “Peascod,” Halliwell's *Arch. Dict.* p. 610, and *Literary Gazette* for July 1846, p. 626.

§ See note on this proverbial saying, Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, 4th ed. p. 44.

He's a *fule* that marries at *Yule*;
 For when the bairn's to bear,
 The corn's to shear.*

Make we mirth for Christ's birth,
 And sing we Yule till Candlemas.

It's good crying Yule,
 On another man's stool.†

If Christmas-day on a *Monday* fall,
 A troublous winter we shall have all.

Yule, Yule, Yule, Yule!
 Three puddings in a pule (pool),
 Crack nuts and cry Yule!‡

* A meet companion for another adage given under June.

† The best note that I can give will, I trust, be considered sufficiently explanatory and well-fitted for the nonce, viz.:—

“It is good to cry Yule at another man's cost.”

‡ This was, I understand, some fifty years ago, a common “cry,” in the counties of York and Durham, on the night of Christmas-day: but what the “*three puddings in a pule*” are intended to typify, I have never been able to discover, unless it be three plum puddings on a ponderous pewter dish, floating, as it were, in a “pule” of sweetened rum-sauce? (they convey the idea of its being an abstract). The command to “*crack nuts*” may be inferred from the following extract from a Christmas carol, given at the end of old George Wither's *Juvenilia*,—

“Harke how the waggies abroad doe call
 Each other forth to rambling;
 Anon, you'll see them in the hall,
 For *nuts* and apples scrambling.”

Hogmanay, trolloay;
Give us of your white bread,
But none of your grey.

Hagmena, Hagmena;
Give us cake and cheese,
And let us go away.*

Blessed be St. Stephen,
There's no fasting on his even !†

If you bleed your *nag* on St. Stephen's-day,‡
He'll work your *wark* for ever and ay !§

* This, and the preceding, partake more of the quality of "crys," or chansons, than proverbs; they were sung or said by children on the last day of the year, when collecting their "farls," as they named it, of *oaten cake* and *cheese*. See *Gent. Mag.*, vol. lx. p. 499.

† Happily expressive of the good eating and great doings at this festive season.

‡ December 26th.

§ Hospinian quotes a superstitious notion from Naogeorgus, which is thus translated by Barnaby Googe:—

"Then followeth St. Stephen's day, whereon doth every man,
His *horses* jaunt and course abode, as swiftly as they can,
Until they do extremely *sweate*, and then they let them *blood*.
For *this* being done *upon this day*, they say doeth do ym good,
And keeps ym from all maladies, and sicknesse through ye yeare,
As if that *Steven* any time, tooke charge of *horses* heare."

Tusser, in his *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, under December, says:—

"Ther Christmas be passed, *let horsse be let blood*,
For manie a purpose it dooth them much good:
The day of St. Steeven, old fathers did use,
If that doe mislike thee, some other day chuse."

Yule is come, and Yule is gone,
 And we have feasted well;
 So Jack must to his flail again,
 And Jenny to her wheel.

An annotator on Tusser subjoins: "About Christmas is a *very proper time to bleed horses in*, for then they are commonly at house, then spring comes on, the sun being now coming back from the winter solstice, and there are three or four days of rest; and if it be upon *St. Stephen's day*, it is not the worse, seeing there are with it three days of rest, at least two."—*Tusser Redivivus*, 8vo. Lond. 1744. p. 148. In the *Receipts and Disbursements of the Canons of St. Mary in Huntingdon*, under the year 1517, we have the following entry:—

"*Item*, for letting our horses blede in Chrystmasse weke, iiijd."—*Nicholas's Illustrations of the Manners and Expenses of Ancient Times in England*.

According to one of Mr. Donce's manuscript notes, he thinks the practice of bleeding horses on this day is extremely ancient, and that it was brought into this country by the Danes. See *Olai Wormii Fasti Danici*, lib. ii. cap. 19.

Aubrey, in the *Remains of Gentilisme*, MS. Lands., Brit. Mus. 226, says: "On St. Stephen's day, the farrier came constantly and bloudded all our cart-horses."

Bishop Hall, in his *Triumphs of Rome*, p. 58, says: "On St. Stephen's day, blessings are implored upon pastures."

In imitation of heathenism, the Romanists have assigned tutelar gods to distinct professions and ranks of people; nay even to the care of animals, thus:—

"St. Gartrude riddes the house of mise, and killeth all the rattes;
 The like doth Bp. Huldreich, wh^h his earth two passing cattles."

Again:—

"And Loye, the smith, doth looke to horse, and smithes of all degre."

He likewise had the honour of attending to farriers and kine.

[Brydges

Summer in winter, and a summer's flood,
Never boded England good.

A frosty winter, and a dusty March,
And a rain about Aperill;
And another about the Lammas time,
When the corn begins to fill;
Is worth a plough of gold,
And all her pins theretill.

Bridges, in his *History of Northamptonshire*, vol. i. p. 258, says: "In this church (Wedon Pinkeney) was the memorial of St. Loy's kept, whither did many resort for the cure of their horses; where there was a house at the east end thereof, plucked down within these few years, which was called St. Loy's house."

Sir Thomas Overbury, in his *Characters*, when describing a "running footman," among other matters, says, "His horses are usually let bloud on St. Steven's day: on St. Patrick's, he takes rest, and is drencht for all y^e yeare after."

Melton, in his *Astrologaster*, p. 45, informs us, it was formerly an article in the creed of popular superstition that it was not lucky to put on a new suit of clothes, pare one's nails, or begin anything on Childermas-day. Holy Innocents' day, 27 Dec.

Bourne tells us, chap. xviii., that, "according to the monks, it was very unlucky to begin any work upon whatsoever day that falls on, whether on the Monday, Tuesday, or any other, nothing must be begun on that day through the year."

This is a black day in the calendar of impatient lovers. None are ever married upon Childermas-day.

In the Orkney Islands, "no couple chooses to be married except with a growing moon, and some even wish for a flowing tide."—*Sir John Sinclair's Account of Scotland*.

ADDENDA.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY,

Curiously illustrative of one section of the popular
belief relating to that day.

[From MS. Harl. No. 2252, fol. 153, r_o. of the 15th century.]

Yf Crystmas day on the Sunday be,
A trobolus wynter ye shall see,
Medlyd with waters stronge;
Were shalbe good wythoute fabylle,
The somer it shalbe resonabylle,
And stormys odyr whylys amonge.

Wynus that yere shalbe goode,
The herveste shalbe wete wyth floddes,
Pestylens falle in many a contré,
And many younge pepylle dede shal be,
Or that sekenes lynne,
And grete tempestes ther-ynne.

Prynces that yere with iren shall dye,
And chaungynge of many lordes eye,
Amonge knyghttes grete debate;
Many tydynges shal com to men;
Wyffes shalle wepen then,
Bothe pore and grete estates.

The faythe then shalbe hurte truly,
For dyvers poyntes of heresy
That then shall apere,
Throwe temptynge of the fende;
For diverse maters unkynde,
Shalle cawse grete daunger.

Catelle shal threve one and odyr,
Save beeve, they shall kyll eche odyr,
And som bestes shall dyen;
Little frute and corne goode,
No plenté of apylles to your foode;
Shyppes on the see have payne.

That yere on the Monday, wythowte fynce,
 Althynges welle thou mayste begynne,
 Hyt shalbe prophytabyll;
 Chyldren that be borne that day,
 Shalbe myghtye and stronge par fay,
 Of wytte full reasonnabyll.

A CHRISTMAS SONG,

Of import similar to the one preceding.

[From MS. Harl. No. 2252, fol. 154, r^o.]

LORDYNGES, I warne yow al be-forne,
 Yef that day that Cryste was borne
 Falle uppon a *Sonday*,
 That wynter shalbe good par fay,
 But grete wyndes alofte shalbe
 The somer shalbe fayre and drye;
 By kynde skylle, wythowtyn lesse,
 Throwe alle londes shalbe peas,
 And good tyme all thynges to don;
 But he that stelythe, he shalbe fownde sone;
 Whate chylde that day borne be,
 A grete lorde he shalle ge, &c.

Yf Crystemas day on *Monday* be,
 A grete wynter that yere have shall ye,
 And fulle of wyndes lowde and styll;
 But the somer, trewly to telle,
 Shalbe sterne wyndes also,
 And fulle of tempeste al thereto;
 All catayle multiplye;
 And grete plentye of beeve shall dyc.
 They that be borne that day, I wene,
 They shalbe stronge eche on and kene;
 And he that stelythe owghte;
 Thow thoue be seke, thou dyeste not.

Yf Crystmas day on *Tuysday* be,
 That yere shall dycn wemen plenté;
 And that wynter wex grete marvaylys;
 Shypps shalbe in grete perylles;
 That yere shall kynges and lordes be slayne,
 And myche hothyr pepylle agayne heyne.
 A drye somer that yere shalbe;

Alle that be borne therin may se,
 They shalbe stronge and covethouse.
 Yf thou stele awghte, thou lesyste thi lyfe ;
 Thou shalte dye throwe swerde or knyfe ;
 But and thou fall seke, sertayne
 Thou shalte turne to lyfe agayne.

Yf Crystmas day, the sothe to say,
 Fall uppon a *Wodnesday*,
 That yere shalbe an harde wynter and strong,
 And manye hydeus wyndes amonge ;
 The somer mery and good shalbe ;
 That yere shalbe wete grete plente ;
 Younge folke shall dye that yere also,
 And shyppus in the see shal have gret woo.
 What chylde that day borne ys,
 He shalbe dowghtye and lyghte i-wysse,
 And wyse, and slye also of dede,
 And fynde many men mete and wede.

Yf Crystemas day on *Thursday* be,
 A wyndy wyntyr se shalle yee,
 Of wyndes and weders all wecked,
 And harde tempestes stronge and thycke.
 The somer shalbe good and drye,
 Cornys and bestes shal multiplye :
 That yere ys good londes to tylthe ;
 And kynges and prynces shall dye by skylle.
 What chylde that day borne bee,
 He shalle have happe ryght well to the,
 Of dedes he shalbe good and stabylle,
 Of speche and tonge wyse and resonabyll.
 Who so that day ony thefte abowte,
 He shalbe shente wythowtyn dowte ;
 And yf sekenes on the that day betyde,
 Ilyt shal sone fro the glyde.

Yf Crystmas day on the *Fryday* be,
 The fyrste of wynter harde shalbe,
 With froste and snowe and wyth flode,
 But the laste ende thereof ys goode.
 Agayn, the somer shalbe good also ;
 Folkes in hyr yen shall have grete woo ;

Wemen wyth chylde, bestes, wyth corne,
 Shall multiplye, and none be lorne.
 The chylde that ys borne that day,
 Shall longe lyve and lecherowus be aye.
 Who so stelythe awghte, he shalbe fownde;
 And thou be seke, hyt lastythe not longe.

Yf Crystmas day on the *Saterday* falle,
 That wynter ys to be dredden alle;
 Hyt shalbe so full of grete tempeste,
 That hyt shall sle bothe man and beste;
 Frute and corne shall fayle grete won,
 And olde folkes dyen many on.
 Whate woman that day of chylde travayle,
 They shalbe borne in grete perelle;
 And chyl dren that be borne that day,
 Within halfe a yere they shall dye, par fay.
 The somer than shall wete ryghte ylle;
 Yf thou awghte stele, hyt shal the spyll;
 Thou dyest yf sekenes take the.

SIGNS OF FOUL WEATHER.

THE *hollow winds* begin to blow,
 The *clouds look black*, the *glass is low*;
 The *soot falls down*, the *spaniels sleep*,
 And *spiders* from their *cobwebs* peep.
 Last night the *sun* went *pale to bed*;
 The *moon* in *halos* hid her head.
 The boding *shepherd* heaves a sigh,
 For, see a *rainbow* spans the sky.
 The *walls are damp*, the *ditches smell*,
 Clos'd is the *pink-ey'd pimpernel*.
 Hark! how the *chairs* and *tables crack*,
 Old *Betty's joints* are on the rack:
 Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
 And to her bed untimely send her.
 Loud *quack the ducks*, the *sea-fowl cry*,
 The *distant hills* are looking nigh.
 How restless are the *snorting swine*!
 The *busy flies* disturb the *kine*.
 Low o'er the *grass* the *swallow wings*,

The *cricket*, too, how *sharp* he *sings* !
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
 Sits *wiping* o'er her *whisker'd* jaws.
 The *smoke* from *chimnies* right *ascends*,
 Then spreading, *back* to *earth* it *bends*.
 The *wind* unsteady *veers* around,
 Or settling in the *south* is *found*.
 Thro' the clear stream the *fishes* rise,
 And *nimbly* catch the incautious *flies*.
 The *glow-worms* numerous, clear and bright,
Illum'd the *dewy* hill last night.
 At dusk, the squalid *toad* was seen,
 Like *quadruped*, stalk o'er the green.
 The *whirling-wind* the dust obeys,
 And in the *rapid eddy* plays.
 The *frog* has changed his *yellow vest*,
 And in a *russet coat* is drest.
 The *sky* is *green*, the *air* is *still*,
 The mellow *blackbird's* voice is shrill.
 The *dog*, so alter'd is his taste,
 Quits mutton-bones, on *grass* to feast.
 Behold the *rooks*, how odd their flight,
 They imitate the *gliding kite*,
 And seem *precipitate* to *fall*,
 As if they felt the piercing ball.
 The *tender colts* on *back* do *lie*,
 Nor heed the traveller passing by.
 In *fiery red* the *sun* doth *rise*,
 Then *wades through* clouds to mount the skies.
 'Twill surely *rain* ! we see't with sorrow,
 No *working* in the *fields* tomorrow !

JENNER.

THE
MOST PLEASANT SONG

OF

Lady Bessy ;

AND HOW SHE MARRIED KING HENRY THE SEVENTH,
OF THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLVII.

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P R E F A C E.

OUR materials for the period of English history to which the following ballad relates are so remarkably scanty, that no source of information possessing the least claim to credit can be willingly passed over. Were it otherwise, a poem undoubtedly containing many supposititious particulars, and which may well be considered a very unsafe historical guide, would deserve little attention apart from its poetical merits; but we unfortunately possess no other contemporary account of the proceedings of Elizabeth of York, from Christmas 1484, till the death of Richard III. On this account the "Song of Lady Bessy" possesses a considerable degree of interest.

Only two copies of this poem have been preserved, differing considerably from each other, and no doubt varying in a great degree from the author's original composition, not in facts, but in language. One copy is contained in a MS. of the time of Charles II, in the possession of Mr.

Bateman, who has obligingly collated our text in proof with the original manuscript. The other copy is preserved in MS. Harl. 367, and appears to have been transcribed about the year 1600. We have thought it expedient to give both of these versions, for they explain each other, and exhibit the changes which transcribers of later days made in remote originals. The first was edited in 1829, by Mr. Thomas Heywood, with an able introduction and judicious notes; but the work was privately printed, and is now very rarely to be met with. The copy in the Harl. MS. is not so much modernized, and is of much better authority than that printed by Mr. Heywood.

It appears from some passages, where the writer changes abruptly from the third to the first person, that the poem was composed by Bessy's "true esquire," Humphrey Brereton, who was in the service of Lord Stanley. Mr. Heywood conjectures him to have been a native of Cheshire, and informs us that "in the pedigree of the Breretons of Stochlach and Malpas, a younger branch of the house of the same name seated at Brereton, Humphry appears to have been the third son of Bartholomew Brereton, and to have lived in the reign of Henry the Seventh. He left three daughters; the eldest of whom marrying into the neighbouring family of Dod of Edge, her descen-

dants still exist in the representatives of that ancient house. Humphry is described in the Dod pedigree as seated at Grafton, a township near Malpas." This conjecture is borne out by the porter's reason for his gratification at seeing Humphry,—

" For a Cheshire man born am I certain,
From the Malpas but miles three."

The antiquity of the poem is satisfactorily proved by the multiplicity of those minute traits of language and manners, which must have been forgotten by a more recent writer. The author's mistakes in the general history of the period are not of a nature to weaken his credibility ; and as Sir H. Nicolas justly observes, with reference to his speaking of Lord Stanley as Earl of Derby, " though that nobleman did not possess the latter title when the events described took place, it was usual for early writers to allude to individuals by the designations borne by them at the time they wrote." The peculiar features of the age, the costume, and the difficulty of correspondence, are too faithfully described to leave any reasonable doubt of the early period of the author. It may be, however, that the proof of Brereton's authorship requires some further confirmation.

For all the known particulars respecting Elizabeth of York, we may refer to Sir H. Nicolas's

able and excellent memoir prefixed to the "Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York," 8vo. 1830, and Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. iv. The latter work contains an analysis of the following poem.

Feb. 22nd, 1847.

THE MOST PLEASANT
SONG OF LADY BESSY,
THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF KING EDWARD THE FOURTH, AND
HOW SHE MARRIED KING HENRY THE SEVENTH
OF THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

FOR Jesus sake be merry and glad,
Be blythe of blood, of bone, and blee,
And of your words be sober and sad,
And a little while listen to me:
I shall tell you how Lady Bessy made her moan,
And down she kneeled upon her knee
Before the Earle of Darby her self alone,
These were her words fair and free:—
Who was your beginner, who was your ground,
Good father Stanley, will you tell me?
Who married you to the Margaret Richmond,
A Dutchess of a high degree?
And your son the Lord George Strange
By that good lady you had him by.
And Harden lands under your hands,
And Moules dale also under your fee,
Your brother Sir William Stanley by parliament,
The Holt Castle who gave him truly?
Who gave him Brome-field, that I now ment?
Who gave him Chirk-land to his fee?

Who made him High Chamberlain of Cheshire?

Of that country farr and near

They were all wholly at his desire,

When he did call they did appear ;

And also the Forrest of Delameer,

To hunt therin both day and night

As often as his pleasure were,

And to send for baron and knight ;

Who made the knight and lord of all ?

Good father Stanley, remember thee !

It was my father, that king royall,

He set you in that room so high.

Remember Richmond banished full bare,

And lyeth in Brittain behind the sea,

You may recover him of his care,

If your heart and mind to him will gree :

Let him come home and claim his right,

And let us cry him King Henry !

And if you will mantain him with might,

In Brittain he needeth not long to tarry.

Go away, Bessy, the Lord said then,

I tell thee now for certainty,

That fair words make oft fooles full faine,

When they be but found vain glory.

Oh ! father Stanley, to you I call,

For the love of God remember thee,

Since my father King Edward, that king royall,

At Westminster on his death bed lee ;

He called to him my unckle Richard,

So he did Robert of Brackenbury,

And James Terrill he was the third ;
He sent them to Ludlow in the west countrey,
To fetch the Duke of York, and the Duke of Clarence,
These two lords born of a high degree.
The Duke of York should have been prince,
And king after my father free,
But a balle-full game was then among,
When they doomed these two lords to dye :
They had neither justice nor right, but had great wrong,
Alack ! it was the more pitty !
Neither were they burried in St. Maries,
In church or churchyard or holy place ;
Alas ! they had dolefull destinies,
Hard was their chance, worse was their disgrace !
Therefore help, good father Stanley, while you have space,
For the love of God and mild Mary,
Or else in time to come you shall, alas !
Remember the words of Lady Bessy !
Good Lady Bessy, be content,
For tho' your words be never so sweet,
If King Richard knew, you must be shent,
And perchance cast into prison deep ;
Then had you cause to waill and weep,
And wring your hands with heavy chear ;
Therefore, good lady, I you beseek
To move me no more in this mattér.
Oh ! good father Stanley, listen now and hear ;
Heare is no more but you and I :
King Edward that was my father dear,
On whose estate God had mercy,

In Westminster as he did stand,
On a certain day in a study,
A book of reason he had in his hand,
And so sore his study he did apply,
That his tender tears fell on the ground,
All men might see that stood him by :
There were both earls and lords of land,
But none of them durst speak but I.
I came before my father the king,
And kneeled down upon my knee ;
I desired him lowly of his blessing,
And full soon he gave it unto me :
And in his arms he could me thring,
And set me in a window so high ;
He spake to me full sore weeping,—
These were the words he said to me :
Daughter, as thou wilt have my blessing,
Do as I shall counsell thee,
And to my words give good listning,
For one day they may pleasure thee :
Here is a book of Reason, keep it well,
As you will have the love of me ;
Neither to any creature do it tell,
Nor let no liveing lord it see,
Except it be to the Lord Stanley,
The which I love full heartiley :
All the matter to him show you may,
For he and his thy help must be ;
As soon as the truth to him is shown
Unto your words he will agree ;

For their shall never son of my body be gotten
That shall be crowned after me,
But you shall be queen and wear the crown,
So doth expresse the propheeye !
He gave me tax and toland,
And also diamonds to my degree,
To gett me a prince when it pleaseth Christ,
The world is not as it will be :
Therefore, good father Stanley, grant my request
For the love of God I desire thee ;
All is at your commandment down in the west,
Both knight and squire and the commentie ;
You may choose then where you like best,
I have enough both of gold and fee ;
I want nothing but the strength of men,
And good captains two or three.
Go away, Bessy, the lord said then,
To this will I never agree,
For women oft time cannot faine,
These words they be but vain glory !
For and I should treason begin
Against King Richard his royalty,
In every street within London
The Eagle's foot should be pulled down,
And as yet in his great favour I am,
But then shoud I loose my great renowne !
I shoud be called traitor thro' the same
Full soon in every markett towne !
That were great shame to me and my name,
I had rather spend ten thousand pounce.

O father Stanley, to you I mak my moane,
For the love of God remember thee ;
It is not three days past and gone,
Since my unckle Richard sent after me
A batchelor and a bold baron,
A Doctor of Divinitye,
And bad that I should to his chamber gone,
His love and his leman that I should bee ;
And the queen that was his wedded feere,
He would her poyson and putt away ;
So would he his son and his heir,
Christ knoweth he is a proper boy !
Yet I had rather burn in a tunne
On the Tower Hill that is so high,
Or that I would to his chamber come,
His love and his leman will I not be !
I had rather be drawn with wild horses five,
Through every street of that citty,
Or that good woman should lose her life,
Good father, for the love of mee.
I am his brother's daughter dear ;
He is my uncle, it is no nay ;
Or ever I woud be his wedded feere,
With sharp swords I will me slay ;
At his bidding if I were then,
And follow'd also his cruel intent,
I were well worthy to suffer pain,
And in a fire for to be brent.
Therefore, good father Stanley, some pittie take
On the Earle Richmond and me,

And the rather for my father's sake,
Which gave thee the Ile of Man so free ;
He crowned thee with a crown of lead,
He holpe the first to that degree ;
He set thee the crown upon thy head,
And made thee the lord of that countrey ;
That time you promised my father dear,
To him to be both true and just,
And now you stand in a disweare,
Oh ! Jesu Christ, who may men trust ?
O good lady, I say againe
Your fair words shall never move my mind ;
King Richard is my lord and sov'raign,
To him I will never be unkind.
I will serve him truely till I die,
I will him take as I him find ;
For he hath given to mine and me,
His bounteous gifts do me so bind.
Yet good father Stanley, remember thee,
As I have said so shall it prove,
If he of his gift be soe free,
It is for fear and not for love ;
For if he may to his purpose come,
You shall not live these years three,
For these words to me he did once move
In Sandall Castle underneath a tree :
He said there shall no branch of the eagle fly
Within England, neither far nor nigh ;
Nor none of the Talbots to run him by,
Nor none of their lineage to the ninth degree ;

But he would them either hang or head,
And that he swear full grievously.
Therefore help, gentle lord, with all speed ;
For when you woud fain it will not be.
Your brother dwellith in the Holt Castle,
A noble knight forsooth is he ;
All the Welsh-men love him well,
He may make a great company.
Sir John Savage is your sister's son,
He is well beloved within his shire,
A great company with him will come,
He will be ready at your desire.
Gilbert Talbott is a captain pure,
He will come with main and might ;
To you he will be fast and sure,
Against my uncle king and knight.
Let us raise an host with him to fight,
Soon to the ground we shall him ding,
For God will stand ever with the right,
For he hath no right to be king !
Go away, Bessy, the Lord can say ;
Of these words, Bessy, now lett be ;
I know king Richard woud not me betray,
For all the gold in Christantye.
I am his subject, sworn to be true :
If I should seek treason to begin,
I and all mine full sore should rue,
For we were as like to lose as winne.
Beside that, it were a deadly sin
To refuse my king, and him betray :

The child is yet unborne that might moan in time,
And think upon that woefull day.

Wherefore, good lady, I do you pray,
Keep all things close at your hart root ;
So now farr past it is of the day,
To move me more it is no boot.

Then from her head she cast her attire,
Her colour changed as pale as lead,

Her faxe that shoon as the gold wire

She tair it of besides her head,
And in a swoon down can she swye,
She spake not of a certain space !

The Lord had never so great pittie

As when he saw her in that case,
And in his arms he can her embrace ;
He was full sorry then for her sake.

The tears fell from her eyes apace,
But at the last these words she spake,

She said, to Christ my soul I betake,
For my body in Tem'ns drow'nd shall be !

For I know my sorrow will never slake,
And my bones upon the sands shall lye !

The fishes shall feed upon me their fill ;

This is a dolefulle destinye !
And you may remedy this and you will,
Therefore the bone of my death I give to thee !

And ever she wept as she were woode,

The Earle on her had so great pittie,
That her tender heart turne'd his mood.

He said, stand up now, Lady Bessye,

As you think best I will agree.

Now I see the matter you do not faine,
I have thought in this matter as much as yee :

But it is hard to trust women,
For many a man is brought into great woe,

Through telling to women his privity :
I trust you will not serve me so

For all the gold in Christantie.
No, father, he is my mortall foe,

On him fain wrooken woud I bee !
He hath put away my brethren two,

And I know he would do so by me ;
But my trust is in the Trinity,

Through your help we shall bale to him bring,
And such a day on him to see

That he and his full sore shall rue !
O Lady Bessye, the Lord can say,

Betwixt us both forecast we must
How we shall letters to Richmond convey,

No man to write I dare well trust ;
For if he list to be unjust

And us betray to King Richard,
Then you and I are both lost ;

Therefore of the scribe I am afraid.
You shall not need none such to call,

Good father Stanley, hearken to me
What my father, King Edward, that king royal,

Did for my sister, my Lady Wells, and me :
He sent for a scrivener to lusty London,

He was the best in that citty ;

He taught us both to write and read full soon,

If it please you, full soon you shall see :

Lauded be God, I had such speed,

That I can write as well as he,

And also indite and full well read,

And that (Lord) soon shall you see,

Both English and alsoe French,

And also Spanish, if you had need.

The earle said, You are a proper wench,

Almighty Jesus be your speed,

And give us grace to proceed out,

That we may letters soon convey

In secrett wise and out of doubt

To Richmond, that lyeth beyond the sea.

We must depart, lady, the earle said then ;

Wherefore keep this matter secretly,

And this same night, betwixt nine and ten,

In your chamber I think to be.

Look that you make all things ready,

Your maids shall not our counsell hear,

For I will bring no man with me

But Humphrey Brereton, my true esquire.

He took his leave of that lady fair,

And to her chamber she went full tight,

And for all things she did prepare,

Both pen and ink, and paper white.

The lord unto his study went,

Forecasting with all his might

To bring to pass all his intent ;

He took no rest till it was night.

And when the stars shone fair and bright,
 He him disguised in strange mannere,
He went unknown of any wyght,
 No more with him but his esquire.
And when he came her chamber near,
 Full privily there can he stand,
To cause the lady to appeare
 He made a signe with his right hand ;
And when the lady there him wist,
 She was as glad as she might be.
Char-coals in chimneys there were cast,
 Candles on sticks standing full high ;
She opened the wickett and let him in,
 And said, welcome, lord and knight soe free !
A rich chair was set for him,
 And another for that fair lady.
They ate the spice and drank the wine,
 He had all things at his intent ;
They rested them as for a time,
 And to their study then they went.
Then that lady so fair and free,
 With rudd as red as rose in May,
She kneeled down upon her knee,
 And to the lord thus can she say :
Good father Stanley, I you pray,
 Now here is no more but you and I ;
Let me know what you will say,
 For pen and paper I have ready.
He saith, commend me to my son George Strange,
 In Latham Castle there he doth lye,

When I parted with him his heart did change,
From Latham to Manchester he road me by.
Upon Salford Bridge I turned my horse againe,
My son George by the hand I hent ;
I held so hard forsooth certaine,
That his formast finger out of the joint went :
I hurt him sore, he did complain,
These words to him then I did say :
Son, on my blessing, turne home againe,
This shall be a token another day.
Bid him come like a merchant of Farnfield,
Of Coopland, or of Kendall, wheather that it be,
And seven with him, and no more else,
For to bear him company.
Bid him lay away watch and ward,
And take no heed to mynstrel's glee ;
Bid him sit at the lower end of the board,
When he is amongst his meany,
His back to the door, his face to the wall,
That comers and goers shall not him see ;
Bid him lodge in no common hall,
But keep him unknowne right secretly.
Commend me to my brother Sir William so dear,
In the Holt Castle there dwelleth hee ;
Since the last time that we together were,
In the forest of Delameere both fair and free,
And seven harts upon one hearde,
Were brought to the buck sett to him and me ;
But a forester came to me with a whoore bearde,
And said, good sir, awhile rest ye,

I have found you a hart in Darnall Park,
Such a one I never saw with my eye.
I did him crave, he said I shoud him have;
He was brought to the broad heath truly;
At him I let my grayhound then slipp,
And followed after while I might dree.
He left me lyeing in an ould moss pitt,
A loud laughter then laughed hee;
He said, Rise up, and draw out your cousin;
The deer is dead, come you and see.
Bid him come as a marchant of Carnarvon,
Or else of Bew-morris whether it be;
And in his company seven Welshmen,
And come to London and speak to me;
I have a great mind to speak with him,
I think it long since I him see.
Commend me to Sir John Savage, that knight,
Lady, he is my sister's sone,
Since upon a friday at night
Before my bedside he kneeled downe:
He desired me as I was uncle dear,
Many a time full tenderly,
That I would lowly King Richard require
If I might get him any fee.
I came before my soveraigne Lord,
And kneeled down upon my knee,
So soon to me he did aecord
I thanked him full courteously,
A gatt him an hundred pounds in Kent
To him and his heirs perpetually,

Alsoe a manor of a duchy rent,
Two hundred pounds he may spend thereby,
And high sheriff of Worcestershire,
And alsoe the park of Tewksbury.
He hath it all at his desire,
Therewith dayley he may make merry.
Bid him come as a merchant man
Of West Chester, that fair city,
And seven yeomen to wait him on,
Bid him come to London and speak with me.
Commend me to good Gilbert Talbott,
A gentle esquire forsooth is he ;
Once on a Fryday, full well I woot
King Richard called him traitour high :
But Gilbert to his fawchon prest,
A bold esquire forsooth is he ;
Their durst no sarjant him arreast,
He is called so perlous of his body.
In the Tower Street I meet him then
Going to Westminster to take sanctuarie ;
I light beside my horse I was upon,
The purse from my belt I gave him truely ;
I bad him ride down into the North-West,
Perchance a knight in England I might him see :
Wherefore pray him at my request
To come to London to speak with me.
Then said the royall Lord so just,
Now you have written, and sealed have I,
There is no messenger that we may trust,
To bring these writeings into the West Countrey,

Because our matter it is so high,
Least any man wou'd us descry.
Humphrey Brereton, then said Bessye,
Hath been true to my father and me ;
He shall take the writeings in hand,
And bring them into the West Countrey :
I trust him best of all this land
On this message to go for me.
Go to thy bed, Father, and sleep full soon,
And I shall wake for you and me,
By tomorrow at the riseing of the sune,
Humphrey Brereton shall be with thee.
She brings the Lord to his bed so trimly dight
All that night where he shoud lye,
And Bessy waked all that night,
There came no sleep within her eye :
In the morning when the day can spring,
Up riseth young Bessye,
And maketh hast in her dressing ;
To Humphrey Brereton gone is she :
But when she came to Humphrey's bower bright,
With a small voice called she,
Humphrey answered that lady bright,
Saith, Who calleth on me so early ?
I am King Edward's daughter right,
The Countesse clear, young Bessy,
In all hast with mean and might
Thou must come speak with the Earle of Darby.
Humphrey cast upon him a gowne,
And a pair of slippers upon his feet;

Alas ! said Humphrey, I may not ride,
My horse is tired as you may see ;
Since I came from London city,
Neither night nor day, I tell you plain,
There came no sleep within my eye ;
On my business I thought certaine.
Lay thee down, Humphrey, he said, and sleep,
I will give space of hours three :
A fresh horse I thee beehyte,
Shall bring thee through the West Countrey.
Humphrey slept not hours two,
But on his journey well thought hee ;
A fresh horse was brought him tooe,
To bring him through the West Countrey.
Then Humphrey Brereton with mickle might,
Hard at Latham knocketh hee ;
Who is it, said the porter, this time of the night,
That so hastily calleth on mee ?
The porter then in that state,
That time of the night riseth hee,
And forthwith opened me the gate,
And received both my horse and me.
Then said Humphrey Brereton, truely
With the Lord Strange speak would I faine,
From his father the Earle of Darby.
Then was I welcome that time certaine ;
A torch burned that same tide,
And other lights that he might see ;
And brought him to the bedd side
Where as the Lord Strange lie.

The lord mused in that tide,

Said, Humphrey Brereton, what mak'st thou here?
How fareth my father, that noble lord,

In all England that hath no peer?
Humphrey took him a letter in hand,
And said, Behold, my lord, and you may see.
When the Lord Strange looked the letter upon,

The tears trickled downe from his eye:
He said, we must come under a cloud,

We must never trusted bee;
We may sigh and make a great moane,
This world is not as it will bee.

Have here, Humphrey, pounds three,
Better rewarded may thou bee;
Commend me to my father dear,
His daily blessing he would give me;

He said also in that tide,
Tell him also thus from me;

If I be able to go or ride,
This appointment keep will I.

When Humphrey received the gold, I say,
Straight to Manchester rideth hee,

The sun was light up of the day,
He was aware of the Warden and Edward Stanley;
The one brother said to the other,

As they together their mattins did say:
Behold, he said, my own dear brother,
Yonder comes Humphrey Brereton, it is no nay,
My father's servant at command,
Some hasty tydeings bringeth hee.

He took them either a letter in hand,
And bad them behold, read and see :
They turn'd their backs shortly tho',
And read those letters readily.
Up they leap and laughed too,
And also they made game and glee,—
Fair fare our father, that noble lord,
To stirr and rise now beginneth hee ;
Buckingham's blood shall be wroken,
That was beheaded in Salisbury ;
Fare fall that countesse, the king's daughter,
That fair lady, young Bessye,
We trust in Jesus in time hereafter,
To bring thy love over the sea.
Have here, Humphrey, of either of us shillings ten,
Better rewarded may thou bee.
He took the gold of the two gentlemen,
To sir John Savage then rideth hee ;
He took him then a letter in hand,
And bad him behold, read and see :
When sir John Savage looked the letter upon,
All blackned the knight's blee ;
Woman's wisdom is wondrous to hear, loe,
My uncle is turned by young Bessye :
Whether it turn to waile or woe,
At my uncle's bidding will I bee.
To Sheffield Castle at that same tide,
In all the hast that might bee,
Humphrey took his horse and forth could ride
To Gilbert Talbot fair and free.

He took him a letter in his hand,
Behold, said Humphrey, read and see ;
When he the letter looked upon,
A loud laughter laughed hee,—
Fare fall that Lord in his renowne there,
To stirr and rise beginneth hee :
Fair fall Bessye that countesse clear,
That such counsell cou'd give truly ;
Commend me to my nephew nigh of blood,
The young Earle of Shrewsbury,
Bid him neither dread for death nor good ;
In the Tower of London if he bee,
I shall make London gates to tremble and quake,
But my nephew borrowed shall bee.
Commend me to the countesse that fair make,
King Edward's daughter, young Bessy :
Tell her I trust in Jesu that hath no pear,
To bring her love over the sea.
Commend me to that lord to me so dear,
That lately was made the Earle of Darby ;
And every hair of my head
For a man counted might bee,
With that lord without any dread,
With him will I live and dye.
Have here, Humphrey, pounds three,
Better rewarded may thou bee :
Look to London gates thou ride quickly,
In all the hast that may bee ;
Commend me to that countesse young Bessy,
She was King Edward's daughter dear,

Such a one she is, I say truly,
In all this land she hath no peer.
He took his leave at that time,
Strait to London rideth he,
In all the hast that he could wind,
His journey greatly he did apply.
But when he came to London, as I weene,
It was but a little before the evening,
There was he warr, walking in a garden,
Both the earle, and Richard the king.
When the earle did Humphrey see,
When he came before the king,
He gave him a privy twink then with his eye,
Then downe falls Humphrey on his knees kneeling;
Welcome, Humphrey, says the lord,
I have missed thee weeks three.
I have been in the west, my lord,
There born and bred was I,
For to sport and play me certaine,
Among my friends far and nigh.
Tell me, Humphrey, said the earle then,
How fareth all that same countrey?
Of all the countreys I dare well say,
They be the flower of chivalry;
For they will bycker with their bowes,
They will fight and never fly.
Tell me, Humphrey, I thee pray,
How fareth King Richard his commenty?
When King Richard heard him say so,
In his heart he was right merry;

He with his cap that was so dear,
He thanked that lord most courteously:
And said, father Stanley, thou art to me near,
You are the chief of our poor commenty;
Half England shall be thine,
It shall be equall between thee and me;
I am thine and thou art mine,
So two fellows will we bee.
I swear by Mary, that mild maiden,
I know no more such under the skye;
When I am king and wear the crown, then
I will be chief of the poor commenty:
Task nor mize I will make none,
In no countrey farr nor nigh;
If their goods I shoud take and pluck them downe,
For me they woud fight full faintly:
There is no riches to me so rich,
As is the love of our poor commenty.
When they had ended all their speeches,
They take their leave full heartiley;
And to his bower King Richard is gone.
The earle and Humphrey Brereton
To Bessy's bower anon were gone;
When Bessy Humphrey did see anon,
She took him in her arms and kissed him times three.
Welcome, she said, Humphrey Brereton;
How hast thou spedd in the West Countrey
I pray thee tell me quickly and anon.
Into a parlour they went from thence,
There were no more but he and shee:

Humphrey, said Bessy, tell me e're we go hence
Some tideings out of the West Countrey ;
If I shall send for yonder prince
To come over the sea, for the love of me,
And if King Richard shoud him convince,
Alas ! it were great ruthe to see,
Or murdered among the Stanley's blood to be,
Indeed that were great pittie ;
That sight on that prince I woud not see,
For all the gold in Christantie !
Tell me, Humphrey, I thee pray,
How hast thou spedd in the West Countrey ?
What answer of them thou had now say,
And what reward they gave to thee.
By the third day of May it shall be seen,
In London all that they will bee ;
Thou shalt in England be a queen,
Or else doubtless that they will dye.
Thus they proceed forth the winter then,
Their councell they kept close all three,
The earle he wrought by prophecy certaine,
In London he would not abide or bee,
But in the subburbs without the city
An ould inn chosen hath hee.
A drew an Eagle foot on the door truly,
That the western men might know where he did lye.
Humphrey stood on a high tower then,
He looked into the West Countrey ;
Sir William Stanley and seven in green,
He was aware of the Eagle drawne ;

He drew himselfe so wonderous nigh,
And bad his men go into the towne,
And drink the wine and make merry ;
Into the same inn he went full prest,
Whereas the earle his brother lay.

Humphrey full soon into the west
Looks over a long lee ;

He was aware of the Lord Strange and seven in green,
Come rideing into the city.

When he was aware of the Eagle drawn,
He drew himself so wonderously nigh,
He bad his men go into the towne certain,
And drink the wine and make merry ;
And he himselfe drew then,

Where as his father in the inne lay.

Humphrey looked in the west, I say,
Sixteen in green then did he see ;

He was aware of the Warden and Edward Stanley,
Come rideing both in one company.

When they were aware of the Eagle drawne,
The gentlemen they drew it nee ;

And bad their men go into the towne,
And drink the wine and make merry.

And did go themselves into the same inn full prest,
Where the earle their father lay.

Yet Humphrey beholdeth into the west,
And looketh towards the north countrey ;

He was aware of Sir John Savage and Sir Gilbert
Came rideing both in one company. [Talbot,

When they were aware of the Eagle drawn,

Themselves grew it full nigh,

And bad their men go into the towne,
To drink the wine and make merry.

They did go themselves into the same inn,
Where as the earle and Bessy lye.

When all the lords together were,
Amongst them all Bessy was full buissy ;

With goodly words Bessy then said there,
Fair lords, what will you do for me ?

Will you relieve yonder prince,
That is exiled beyond the sea ?

I woud not have King Richard him to convince,
For all the gold in Christentye.

The Earle of Darby came forth then,
These words he said to young Bessye,—

Ten thousand pounds will I send,
Bessy, for the love of thee,

And twenty thousand Eagle fect,
The queen of England for to make thee ;

Then Bessy most lowly the earle did greet,
And thankt his honor most heartiley.

Sir William Stanley came forth then,
These words he said to fair Bessy :

Remember, Bessy, another time,
Who doth the most, Bessy, for thee ;

Ten thousand coats, that shall be red certaine,
In an hours warning ready shall bee ;

In England thou shalt be our queen,
Or doubtlesse I will dye.

Sir John Savage came forth then,

These words he said to young Bessye,—

A thousand marks for thy sake certaine,
Will I send thy love beyond the sea.

Sir Gilbert Talbott came forth then,
These were the words he said to Bessy :

Ten thousand marks for thy sake certaine,
I will send to beyond the sea.

The Lord Strange came forth then,
These were the words he said to Bessy :

A little money and few men,
Will bring thy love over the sea ;

Let us keep our gold at home, said he,
For to wage our company ;

For if we should send it over the sea,
We shoud put our gold in jeopartie.

Edward Stanley came forth then,
These were the words he said to Bessye :

Remember, Bessye, another time,
Who that now doth the best for thee,

For there is no power that I have,
Nor no gold for to give thee ;

I will be under my father's banner, if God me save,
There either to live or dye.

Bessye came forth before the lords all,
And downe she falleth upon her knee ;

Nineteen thousand pound of gold, I shall
Send my love behind the sea,

A love letter, and a gold ring,
From my heart root rite will I.

Who shall be the messenger the same to bring,

Both the gold and the writeing over the sea ?

Humphrey Brereton, said Bessy,
I know him trusty and true certaine,
Therefore the writeing and the gold truely
By him shall be carried to Little Brittain.

Alas, said Humphry, I dare not take in hand,
To carry the gold over the sea ;

These galley shipps they be so strange,
They will me night so wonderously ;

They will me robb, they will me drowne,
They will take the gold from me.

Hold thy peace, Humphrey, said Bessye then,
Thou shalt it carry without jepordye ;

Thou shalt not have any caskett nor any male,
Nor budgett, nor cloak sack, shall go with thee ;

Three mules that be stiff and strong withall,
Sore loaded with gold shall they bee,

With saddle-side skirted I do tell thee
Wherein the gold sowe will I :

If any man faine whose is the shipp truely
That saileth forth upon the sea,

Say it is the Lord Lislai,
In England and France we'll beloved is he.

Then came forth the Earle of Darby,
These words he said to young Bessy :

He said, Bessye, thou art to blame

To appoint any shipp upon the sea ;
I have a good shipp of my owne,

Shall carry Humphrey with the mules three ;
An eagle shall be drawne upon the mast top,

That the Italians may it see ;
There is no freak in all France
The eagle that dare come nee
If any one ask whose shipp it is, then
Say it is the Earles of Darby.
Humphrey took the three mules then,
Into the west wind wou'd hee,
Without all doubt at Liverpoole
He took shipping upon the sea :
With a swift wind and a liart,
He so saild upon the sea,
To Beggrames Abbey in Little Brittain,
Where as the English Prince lie ;
The porter was a Cheshire man,
Well he knew Humphrey when he him see ;
Humphrey knockt at the gate truely,
Where as the porter stood it by,
And welcomed me full heartiley,
And received then my mules three ;
I shall thee give in this breed
To thy reward pounds three ;
I will none of thy gold, the porter said,
Nor Humphrey none of the fee,
I will open thee the gates certaine
To receive thee and the mules three ;
For a Cheshire man born am I certain,
From the Malpas but miles three.
The porter opened the gates that time,
And received him and the mules three.
The wine that was in the hall that time

He gave to Humphrey Brereton truely.
Alas! said Humphrey, how shoud I doe,
I am strayed in a strange countrey,
The Prince of England I do not know,
Before I never did him see.
I shall thee tell, said the porter then,
The Prince of England know shall ye,
Low where he siteth at the butts certaine,
With other lords two or three;
He weareth a gown of velvet black
And it is cutted above the knee,
With a long visage and pale and black—
Thereby know that prince may ye;
A wart he hath, the porter said,
A little alsoe above the chinn,
His face is white, his wart is redd,
No more than the head of a small pinn;
You may know the prince certaine,
As soon as you look upon him truely.—
He received the wine of the porter, then
With him he took the mules three.
When Humphrey came before that prince
He falleth downe upon his knee,
He delivereth the letters which Bessy sent,
And so did he the mules three,
A rich ring with a stone,
Thereof the prince glad was hee;
He took the ring of Humphrey then,
And kissed the ring times three.
Humphrey kneeled still as any stone,

As sure as I do tell to thee ;
Humphrey of the prince answer gott none,
Therefore in heart was he heavy ;
Humphrey stood up then full of skill,
And then to the prince said he :
Why standest thou so still at thy will,
And no answer dost give to me ?
I am come from the Stanleys' blood so dear,
King of England for to make thee,
A fairer lady then thou shalt have to thy fair,
There is not one in all christantye ;
She is a countesse, a king's daughter, Humphrey said,
The name of her it is Bessye,
She can write, and she can read,
Well can she work by prophecy ;
I may be called a lewd messenger,
For answer of thee I can gett none,
I may sail home with heavy cheare,
What shall I say when I come home ?
The prince he took the Lord Lee,
And the Earle of Oxford was him nee,
The Lord Ferris wou'd not him beguile truely,
To counsell they are gone all three ;
When they had their counsell taken,
To Humphrey then turned he :
Answer, Humphrey, I can give none truely
Within the space of weeks three ;
The mules into a stable were taken anon,
The saddle skirts unopened were,
Therein he found gold great plenty

For to wage a company.

He caused the abbot to make him chear :

In my stead now let him be,

If I be king and wear the crown

Well acquitted Abbott shalt thou be.

Early in the morning they made them knowne,

As soon as the light they cou'd see ;

With him he taketh his lords three,

And straight to Paris he took his way.

An herriott of arms they made ready,

Of men and money they cou'd him pray,

And shippes to bring him over the sea,

The Stanleys' blood for me hath sent,

The King of England for to make me,

And I thank them for their intent,

For if ever in England I wear the crowne,

Well aequited the King of France shall be :

Then answered the King of France anon,

Men nor money he getteth none of me,

Nor no shippes to bring him over the sea ;

In England if he wear the crowne,

Then will he claim them for his own truly :

With this answer departed the prince anon,

And so departed the same tide,

And the English lords three

To Beggrames Abbey soon coud the ride,

There as Humphrey Brereton then lee ;

Have Humphrey a thousand mark here,

Better rewarded may thou be ;

Commend me to Bessy that Countesse clear,

Before her never did I see :
I trust in God she shall be my feer,
For her I will travell over the sea ;
Commend me to my father Stanley, to me so dear,
My owne mother married hath he,
Bring him here a love letter full right
And another to young Bessye,
Tell her, I trust in Jesus full of might
That my queen that she shall bee ;
Commend me to Sir William Stanley,
That noble knight in the west countrey,
Tell him that about Michaelmas certaine
In England I do hope to be ;
Att Millford haven I will come inn
With all the power that make may I,
The first towne I will come inn
Shall be the towne of Shrewsbury ;
Pray Sir William Stanley, that noble knight,
That night that he will look on me :
Commend me to Sir Gilbert Talbot, that royall knight,
He much in the north countrey,
And Sir John Savage, that man of might,—
Pray them all to look on me,
For I trust in Jesus Christ so full of might,
In England for to abide and bee.
I will none of thy gold, sir prince, said Humphrey
Nor none sure will I have of thy fee, [then,
Therefore keep thy gold thee within,
For to wage thy company ;
If every hair were a man,

With thee, sir prince, will I be :
Thus Humphrey Brereton his leave hath tane,
And saileth forth upon the sea,
Straight to London he rideth then,
There as the earle and Bessy lay ;
And bad them behold, read and see.

The earle took leave of Richard the king,
And into the west wind wou'd he ;
He left Bessye in Leicester then
And bad her lye in pryvitye,
For if King Richard knew thee here anon,
In a fire burned thou must be.

Straight to Latham the earle is gone,
There as the Lord Strange then lee ;
He sent the Lord Strange to London,
To keep King Richard company.

Sir William Stanley made anone
Ten thousand coats readily,
Which were as redd as any blood,
Thereon the hart's head was set full high,
Which after were tryed both trusty and good
As any cou'd be in Christantye.

Sir Gilbert Talbot ten thousand doggs
In one hour's warning for to be,
And Sir John Savage fifteen white hoods,
Which wou'd fight and never flee ;

Edward Stanley had three hundred men,
There were no better in Christantye ;

Sir Rees ap Thomas, a knight of Wales certain,
Eight thousand spears brought he.

Sir William Stanley sat in the Holt Castle,
And looked over his head so high ;
Which way standeth the wind, can any tell ?
I pray you, my men, look and see.

The wind it standeth south east,
So said a knight that stood him by.

This night yonder prince, truly
Into England entereth hee.

He called a gentleman that stood him nigh,
His name was Rowland of Warburton,

He bad him go to Shrewsbury that night,
And bid yonder prince come inn :

But when Rowland came to Shrewsbury,
The portculles was let downe ;

They called him Henry Tydder, in scorn truly,
And said, in England he shou'd wear no crowne ;

Rowland bethought him of a wyle then,
And tied a writeing to a stone,

And threw the writeing over the wall certain,
And bad the baliffs to look it upon :

They opened the gates on every side,
And met the prince with procession ;

And wou'd not in Shrewsbury there abide,
But straight he drest him to Stafford towne.

King Richard heard then of his comeing,
He called his lords of great renowne ;

The Lord Percy he came to the king
And upon his knees he falleth downe,

I have thirty thousand fighting men
For to keep the crown with thee.

The Duke of Northfolk came to the king anone,
And downe he falleth upon his knee ;

The Earle of Surrey, that was his heir,
Were both in one company ;

We have either twenty thousand men here,
For to keep the crown with thee.

The Lord Latimer, and the Lord Lovell,
And the Earle of Kent he stood him by,

The Lord Ross, and the Lord Scrope, I you tell,
They were all in one company ;

The Bishopp of Durham, he was not away,
Sir William Bonner he stood him by,

The good Sir William of Harrington, as I say,
Said, he wou'd fight and never fly.

King Richard made a messenger,
And sent him into the west countrey,

And bid the Earle of Darby make him bowne,
And bring twenty thousand men unto me,

Or else the Lord Strange his head I will him send,
And doubtless his son shall dye ;

For hitherto his father I took for my friend,
And now he hath deceived me.

Another herald appeared then
To Sir William Stanley that doughty knight,
Bid him bring to me ten thousand men,
Or else to death he shall be dight.

Then answered that doughty knight,
And spake to the herald without letting ;

Say, upon Bosseworth Field I meen to fight,
Uppon Monday early in the morning ;

Such a breakfast I him behight,
As never did knight to any king.

The messenger home can him gett,
To tell King Richard this tydeing.

Fast together his hands then cou'd he ding,
And said, the Lord Strange shou'd surely dye;

And putt him into the Tower of London,
For at liberty he shou'd not bee.

Lett us leave Richard and his lords full of pride,
And talk we more of the Stanleys' blood,

That brought Richmond over the sea with wind and
From Litle Brittain into England over the flood. [tyde,

Now is Earle Richmond into Stafford come,
And Sir William Stanley to Litle Stooone;

The prince had rather then all the gold in Christantye,
To have Sir William Stanley to look upon;

A messenger was made ready anone,
That night to go to Litle Stoon;

Sir William Stanley he rideth to Stafford towne,
With a solemn company ready bowne.

When the knight to Stafford was comin,
That Earle Richmond might him see,

He took him in his arms then,
And there he kissed him times three;

The welfare of thy body doth comfort me more
Then all the gold in Christantye.

Then answered that royall knight there,
And to the prince these words spake he,—

Remember, man, both night and day,
Who doth now the most for thee;

In England thou shalt wear a crown, I say,
Or else doubtless I will dye ;

A fairer lady then thou shalt have for thy feer,
Was there never in Christanty ;

She is a countesse, a king's daughter,
And there to both wise and witty ;

I must this night to Stone, my soveraigne,
For to comfort my company.

The prince he took him by the hand,
And said, farewell, Sir William, fair and free.

Now is word come to Sir William Stanley there,
Early in the Monday, in the morning,

That the Earle of Darby, his brother dear,
Had given battle to Richard the king.

That wou'd I not, said Sir William anone,
For all the gold in Christantye,

That the battle shou'd be done ;
Straight to Lichfield cou'd he ride,

In all the hast that might bee,
And when he came to Lichfield that tyde,

All they cryed King Henry :
Straight to Bolesworth can they go

In all the hast that might be,
But when he came Bolesworth Field unto,

There met a royall company ;
The Earle of Darby thither was come,

And twenty thousand stood him by ;
Sir John Savage, his sister's son,

He was his nephew of his blood so nigh,
He had fifteen hundred fighting men,

That wou'd fight and never flye ;
Sir William Stanley, that royall knight, then
Ten thousand red coats had he,
They wou'd bicker with their bows there,
They wou'd fight and never flye ;
The Red Rosse, and the Blew Boar,
They were both a solemn company ;
Sir Rees ap Thomas he was thereby,
With ten thousand spears of mighty tree ;
The Earle of Richmond went to the Earle of Darby,
And downe he falleth upon his knee,
Said, father Stanley, full of might,
The vaward I pray you give to me,
For I am come to claime my right,
And faine revenged wou'd I bee.
Stand up, he said, my son, quickly,
Thou hast thy mother's blessing truely,
The vaward, son, I will give to thee,
So that thou wilt be ordered by me :
Sir William Stanley, my brother dear,
In the battle he shall be ;
Sir John Savage, he hath no peer,
He shall be a wing then to thee ;
Sir Rees ap Thomas shall break the array,
For he will fight and never flee;
I myselfe will hove on the hill, I say,
The fair battle I will see.
King Richard he hoveth upon the mountaine ;
He was aware of the banner of the bould Stanley,
And saith, Fetch hither the Lord Strange certain,

For he shall dye this same day ;
To the death, Lord, thee ready make,
For I tell thee certainly
That thou shalt dye for thy uncle's sake,
Wild William of Stanley.
If I shall dye, said the Lord Strange then,
As God forbid it shou'd so bee,
Alas ! for my lady that is at home,
It should be long or she see me,
But we shall meet at doomsday,
When the great doom shall be.
He called for a gent in good fay,
Of Lancashire, both fair and free,
The name of him it was Lathum ;
A ring of gould he took from his finger,
And threw it to the gent then,
And bad him bring it to Lancashire,
To his lady that was at home ;
At her table she may sit right,
Or she see her lord it may be long,
I have no foot to fligh nor fight,
I must be murdered with the king :
If fortune my uncle Sir William Stanley loose the
As God forbid it shou'd so bee, [field,
Pray her to take my eldest son and child,
And exile him over behind the sea ;
He may come in another time
By feild or fleet, by tower or towne,
Wreak so he may his father's death in fyne,
Upon Richard of England that weareth the crown.

A knight to King Richard then did appeare,
The good Sir William of Harrington.

Let that lord have his life, my dear
Sir king, I pray you grant me this boone,

We shall have upon this field anon,
The father, the son, and the uncle all three ;

Then shall you deem, lord, with your own mouth then,
What shall be the death of them all three.

Then a block was cast upon the ground,
Thereon the lord's head was laid,

A slave over his head can stand,
And thus that time to him thus said :

In faith there is no other booty tho',
But need that thou must be dead.

Harrington in hart was full woe,
When he saw that the lord must needs be dead.

He said, our ray breaketh on ev'ry side,
We put our feyld in jepordie.

He took up the lord that tyde,
King Richard after did him never see.

Then they blew up their bewgles of brass,
That made many a wife to cry alas !

And many a wive's child fatherlesse ;
They shott of guns then very fast,

Over their heads they could them throw ;
Arrows flew them between,

As thick as any hayle or snowe,
As then that time might plaine be seene ;

Then Rees ap Thomas with the black raven,
Shortly he brake their array ;

Then with thirty thousand fighting men

The Lord Pearcey went his way ;

The Duke of Northefolke wou'd have fledd with a good
With twenty thousand of his company, [will,

They went up to a wind millne uppon a hill,
That stood soe fayre and wonderousse hye ;

There he met Sir John Savage, a royall knight,
And with him a worthy company ;

To the death was he then dight,
And his sonne prisoner taken was he ;

Then the Lord Alroes began for to flee,
And so did many other moe ;

When King Richard that sight did see,
In his heart hee was never soe woe :

I pray you, my merry men, be not away,
For upon this field will I like a man dye,

For I had rather dye this day,
Then with the Standley prisoner to be.

A knight to King Richard can say there,
Good Sir William of Harrington ;

He said, sir king, it hathe no peer,
Upon this feyld to death to be done,

For there may no man these diunts abide ;
Low, your horse is ready at your hand :

Sett the crown upon my head that tyde,
Give me my battle axe in my hand ;

I make a vow to myld Mary that is so bright,
I will dye the king of merry England.

Besides his head they hewed the crown down right,
That after he was not able to stand ;

They dinge him downe as they were woode,
They beat his bassnet to his heade,

Until the braynes came out with the bloode ;
They never left him till he was dead.

Then carryed they him to Leicester,
And pulled his head under his feet.

Bessye mett him with a merry cheare,
And with these words she did him greeete ;

How like you the killing of my brethren dear ?
Welcome, gentle uncle, home !

Great solace ytt was to see and hear,
When the battell yt was all done ;

I tell you, masters, without lett,
When the Red Rosse soe fair of hew,
And young Bessye together mett,
It was great joy I say to you.

A bishopp them marryed with a ringe
The two bloods of great renowne.

Bessy said, now may we singe,
Wee two bloods are made all one.

The Earle of Darby hee was there,
And Sir William Stanley, that noble knight,
Upon their heads he set the crown so fair,
That was made of gould so bright.

And there he came under a cloud,
That some time in England looked full high ;

But then the hart he lost his head,
That after no man cou'd him see.

But Jesus, that is both bright and shine,
And born was of mylde Mary,

Save and keepe our noble kinge,
And also the poore commentie. Amen.

LADYE BESSIE.

OF THE PRINCESSE ELIZABETH, AFTER WIFE OF KING H. VII.

GOD that is moste of myghte,
 And borne was of a mayden free,
 Save and kepe our comlye queene,
 And also the poore comynalitie;
 For wheras Kynge Richard, I understande,
 Had not reigned yeares three,
 But the beste Duke in all this lande
 He caused to be headit at Salysburie;
 That tyme the Standleyes without dowte
 Were dred over England ferre and nee,
 Next Kynge Richard that was soe stowte
 Of any lorde in England free.
 There was a ladye faire on moulde,
 The name of hir was litill Bessie;
 She was yonge, she was not onlde,
 Bot of the yeares of one and twentye;
 She colde wryte and she coulde reede,
 Well she coulde wyrke by propesye;
 She sojourned in the cetye of London
 That tyme with the Earle of Derbye.
 Upon a tyme, as I you tell,
 There was noe moe bot the Earle and she,

She made eomplaynte one Richard the Kynge,
That was hir uncle of blode soe nee.
Helpe, father Standley, I doe you praye,
For of Kynge Richard wroken will I bee ;
He dyd my brethren to the deathe on a daye,
In their bed where they did lye;
He drowned them both in a pype of wyne,
Yt was dole to heare and see!
And he woulde putt awaye his Queene,
For to have lyen by my bodye!
Helpe that he were putt awaye,
For the royall bloude destroy will hee ;
Buckingham that Duke of England
Was as great with Kynge Richard as nowe are ye;
The crowne of England ther tooke he,
Forsoothe, Lorde, this is noe lye,
And crowned Kynge Richard of England free,
That after beheadit him in Salisburie.
Helpe, father Standley, I doe you praye,
For on that traytour wroken wolde I bee,
And helpe Earle Richmonde that prynce gaye,
That is exiled over the seae;
For and he were Kynge I shoulde be Queene,
I doe hym love and never hym see ;
Thenke on Edward my father that late was Kynge,
Upon his death-bed where he did lye,
Of a litill child he putt me to the
For to governe and to guyde:
Into your keping he putt me,
And lasfe me a booke of prophesye.

I have yt in keping in this cetye ;

He knewe that ye mighte make me a Queene,
Father, if thy will it bee;

For Richard is noe rightwyse Kynge,
Ner upon noe woman borne was he :

The royall blode of all this lande,
Richard, myne uncle, will destroy,

As he did the Duke of Buckingham, [yee.
Which was as great with Kynge Richard as nowe are

For when he was Duke of Gloseter,
He slewe good Kynge Henry

In the Tower of London as he laye there.
Sir William Standley, this brother dere,

In the holte where he dothe lye,
He may make ten thowsand fighting men in fere,

And give them wages for monthes three ;
Your sonne George, the Lord Straunge,

In Lathum where he doth lye,
He may make fyve thowsand fighting men

By the marryage of his faire ladye;
Edward Standley, that is thy sonne,

Three hundreth men may brynge to the;
Thy sonne Jamys, that yonge preeste,

Warden of Manchester was made latlye;
Sir John Savage, thy sisters sonne,

He is thy sisters sonne of blode soe neighe,
He may make fiftene hundreth fighting men,

And all his men white hoodes doe give;
He giveth the pickes on his banners brighte,
Upon a feilde never backed was hee ;

Sir Gilbert Talbot, a man of myghte,
In Sheaffelde Castyll where he doth lye,
He may make ten thowsand men of myghte,
And give them wages for monthes three,
And thy selfe ten thowsand egle feete to fighte,
That is a goodlye sighte to see!
For thou and thyne, withouten pyne,
May brynge Richmonde over the seae,
For and he were Kynge I shulde be Queene,
Father Standley, remember me!
Then answered the earle agayne,
These were the wordes he said to Bessye,
And Kynge Richard knewe this then,
We were undone, both thou and I,
In a fyer thou muste brenne,
My lyfe and land is loste from me,
Therefore theis wordes be in vayne,
Leave and doe awaye, good Bessye!
Father Standley, is there noe grace,
Noe Queene of England that I moste be ?
Then Bessye stode styding in that place
With teares trickelling from hir eyne.
Nowe I knowe I muste never be Queene,—
All this, man, is longe on the !
But thinke upon the dreadfull daye,
When the greate dome yt shall be ;
When ryghteousnes on the raynbowe shall sytt,
And all denie he shall bothe the and me,
And all falshed awaye shall flytt,
When all truthe shall by hym bee.

I care not wheder I hange or drawe,
So that my sowle saved may bee;
Made gude answere as thou may,
For all this, man, is longe on the.
With that shee tooke hir head gere downe,
And did it throwe upon the grounde,
With pearles and meny a pretious stone,
That were better then fowertye pounce;
Hir faxe that was as fyne as silcke
Shortlye downe she dyd yt rent ;
With hir handes as whyte as mylke
Hir faire faxe thus hath he spilte!
Hir handes together can she wrynge,
And with teares she wypes hir eyne,
Wel-a-waye Bessye can she synge,
And parted with the Earle of Derbye.
Farewell, man, nowe am I gon,
Yt shall be longe or thou me see!
The earle stoode still as any stone,
And all blencked was his blee;
When he hard Bessye make suche mone,
The teares fell downe from his eye,—
Abide, Bessye, we parte not soe sowne,
I wene here is noe moe but thou and I.
Feilde hath eyne and wodde hath cares,
You can not tell who standeth us bye,
But wende forthe, Bessie, to thy bower,
And looke thou doe as I bid the:
Putt awaye thy maydens bryghte,
That noe person there with us bee,

For at nyne of the clocke with in this nyghte
In thy bower will I be with the.
Then of this matter we will carpe more,
When there is noe moe but thou and I.
A charcoole fyer at my desyre
That noe smoke come in our eye.
Peces of wyne many a one,
And dyvers spices be therbye,
Pen, yncke, and paper, loke thou want none,
But have all thinges full readye.
Bessye made hir busynes and forthe is gone,
And tooke hir leave at the Earle of Darbie,
And putt awaye hir maydens anon,
Noe man nor mayden was there nye.
A charcoale fyer was readye bowne,
There came noe smoke with in his eye,
Peces of wyne mony a one,
Dyvers spices did lye therbye,
Pen, yncke, and paper, there wanted none,
Shee had all thinges there full readye,
And sett hirselse upon a stone,
Withouten any companye.
She tooke a booke in hir hande,
And there did reede of prophesye,
Howe she shoulde be Queene in England,
But mony a guyltles man firste moste dye;
And as she red faster she wepte,
And with that came the Earle of Derbye,
At nyne of the clocke within the nyghte
To Bessie's bower cometh hec.

Shee barred the doore above and under,
That noe man shoulde come them nee;
She sett hym on a seate soe riche,
And on an other she sett hir bye:
She gave hym wyne, she gave hym spice,
Said, blend in, father, and drynke to me.
The fyre was hoote, the spyce it boote,
The wyne it wroughte wunderouslye:
Then full kynde in harte, God wott,
Waxed the ould Earle of Derby:—
Aske nowe, Bessye, what thou wilte,
And nowe thy boune graunted shall be.
Noe thinge, sayd Bessye, I woulde have,
Neyther of goulde nor yett of fee,
But faire Earle Richmonde, soe God me save!
That hath lye[n] soe longe beyonde the seae.
Alas, Bessye, said that nowble lorde,
And thy boune for sothe graunte wolde I the,
But there is noe clarke that I doe truste
This nyghte to wryte for the and me,
Because our matter is soe highe,
Leaste any man woulde us bewraye.—
Bessie said, father, yt shall not neede,
I am a clarke full good I say.
She drue a paper upon her knee,
Pen and yncke she had full readye,
Handes white and fingers longe,
She dressed hir to wryte full spedelye.
Father Standley, nowe lett me see,
For enie worde wryte shall I;—

Bessye, make a letter to the houlte,
Wheras my brother Sir William dothe lye,
Byd hym brynge seaven sad yeomen,
All in grene clothes lett them be,
And chaunge his inne in everie towne
Where before he was wonte to lye,
And lett his face be towarde the benche,
Leaste that any man sholde hym spy;
And by the thirde day of Maye,
That he come and speake with me.
Commend me to my sonne George,
The Lorde Strange, where he doth lye,
And byd hym bringe seaven sad yeomen,
All in grene clothes lett them bee,
And lett him selfe be in the same sute,
Chaunging his inne in everie towne,
And lett his backe be froe the benche,
Leaste any man shoulde hym knowe;
And by the thirde day of Maye,
Byd hym come and speake with me.
Commend me unto Edward my sonne,
The warden and he together bee,
And byd them brynge seaven sad yeoman,
And all in grene lett them bee,
Chaunginge their inne in everie towne,
Before where they were wonte to be;
Lett their backes be from the benche,
Leaste any man shoulde them see,
And by the thirde day of Maye
Byd them come and speake with me.

Commend [me] to Sir John Savage,
And Sir Gilbert Talbott, in the northe cowntrye,
Byd them brynge eyther of them seaven sad yeomen,
And all in grene lett them bee,
Chaunging their inne in everie towne,
Before where they were wonte to be;
And by the thirde day of Maye
Byd them come and speake with me.
Bessye wryteth, the lorde he sealleth,—
Father Standley, what will you more?
Alas, said that royall lorde,
All our wyrke yt is forlore,
For there is noe messenger whom we may truste
To brynge the tythandes to the northe countrye,
Leaste any man woulde us betray,
Because our matter is soe hye.
Humfrey Breerton, said litill Bessie,
He hath bene true to my father and me,
He shall have the writynges in hande,
And brynge them into the northe countrye.
Goe to thy bed, father, and sleepe,
And I shall wake for the and me;
To-morrowe by rysing of the sonne
Humfrey Breerton shall be with the.
She broughte the lorde unto his bed
All that nyghte where he shoulde lye,
And Bessie waketh all the nyghte,
There came noe sleepe within hir eye.
In the mornyng when the daye can sprynge
Up ryseth Bessie in that stowre,

To Humfrey Breerton gon she ys,

But when she came to Humfreyes bowre,
With a smale voyce caled shee.

Humfrey answered that ladye brighte,
And saith, ladye, whoe are ye,

That caeth on me yer yt be lighte?

I am Kynge Edwardes doughter,

The Countes cleare, yonge Bessie;

In all the haste that thou can,

Thou moste come speake with the Earle of Derbye.

Humfrey caste upon him a gowne,

A paire of slippers upon his feete,

Forthe of his chamber then he comme,

And went forthe with that ladye sweete.

She broughte hym to the bed syde

Where the lorde lay in bed to sleepe.

When the earle Humfrey did see,

Full tenderlye then can he weepe;

And sayd, my love, my truste, my lyve, and land,

All this, Humfrey, doth lye in the:

Thou may make and thou may marre,

Thou may undoe Bessie and me !

Take sixe letters in thyne hande,

And brynge them into the northe cowntrye,

They be wrytten on the back syde

Where the letters levered shall be.

He receaved the letters sixe,

Into the weste wynde wolde he ;

Then meteth hym that ladye brighte,

She said, abide, Humfrey, and speake with me.

A poore rewarde I shall the gyve,
Yt shall be but poundes three;
Yf I be Queene and may lyve,
Better rewarded shall thou be :
A litill witt God hath sent me,
When thou rydest into the weste,
I pray the take noe companye
But such as shall be of the beste;
Sytt not to longe dryneking the wyne,
Leaste in harte thou be to merrye,
Suche wordes thou may caste out then
The other morrowe forthoughte may bee.
Humfrey at Bessye receaved nowbles nyne,
With a peece of wyne she coulde him assaye,
He tooke leave of that ladye sheene,
And streight to the houlte he toke the way.
When Sir William Standley did him see,
He said to him with wordes free,
Humfrey Breerton, what maketh thou here,
That hither doste ryde soe hastelye?
How fareth that lorde my brother dere,
That latlye was made the Earle of Derbye?
Is he dead without letting—
Or with Kynge Richard what consayte is he?
Or he be suspecte withouten lett,
Or takyn into the towre soe hee?
London yates shall tremble and quake,
But my brother borrowed shall be!
Tell me, Humfrey, withouten lett,
That hither rydeth soe hastelye.

Break letter, said Humfrey then,
Behoulde, sir, and yee may see.
When the knyghte the letter loked on,
He stoode still in a studyinge,
Answer to Humfrey he gave none,
But still he gneve on his staffe end.
He plucked the letter in peeces three,
Into the water he coulde yt slynge;
Have here, Humfray, said the knyghte,
I wyll the gyve an hundreth shillinge;
Thou shalte not tarye here all nyghte,
Streighte to Lathum ryde shall yee.
Alas, said Humfrey, I may not ryde,
My horsse is tyred, as ye may see:
I came from London in this tyde,
There came noe slepe within myne eye.
Lay the downe, Humfrey, he said, and sleepe
Well the space of howres three,
A freshe horsse, I the behette,
Shall brynge the throughe the northe cowntrye.
Humfrey slept but howres two,
But on his jorney well thoughte he;
A freshe horsse was broughte him to,
To brynge throughe the weste cowntrye.
He toke his leave at the knyghte,
And streighte to Lathum rydeth he.
At nyne of the clocke within the nyghte
At Lathum yates knocketh he:
The porter ryseth anonrighte,
And answereth Humfrey with wordes free,—

In good faithe, yt is to late
To calle on me this tyme of the nyghte.
I praye thee, porter, open the gate,
And lett me in anonrighte;
With the Lorde Strange I muste speake,
From his father, the Earle of Derby.
The porter opened up the gates,
And in came his horsse and hee.
The beste wyne that was therin
To Humfrey Breerton furthe brougte hee,
With torches brennyng at that tyde,
And other lighte, that he myghte see.
And brougte hym downe unto the bed syde,
Wheras the Lorde Strange laye;
The lorde he mused in that tyde,
And said, Humfrey, what haste thou to saye ?
How fareth my father that nowble lorde,
In all England he hath noe peare ?
Humfrey tooke a letter in his hande,
And said, behoulde and ye maye here.
When the Lorde Strange loked the letter upon,
The teares trickeled downe his eye;
He said, we muste [come] under a clodde,
For we muste never trusted bee.
We may sike and make great monne,
This worlde is not as yt wolde be:
Commende [me] to my father dere,
His daylie blessinge he wolde give me;
For and I lyve an other yeare,
This appoyntment keepe will I.

He receaved golde of my lorde Strange,
And streighte to Manchester rydeth hee.
And when he came to Manchester,
It was pryme of the day,
He was ware of the warden and Edward Standley
Togeder their mattens for to say ;
The one brother said to the other,
Behoulde, brother, and you may se,
Here cometh Humfrey Breerton,
Some hastye thythandes bringeth hee.
He tooke eyther a letter in their handes,
And bad them looke and behoulde,
And reede they did those letters radlye,
And up the leape and laughed lowde;
And said, faire fall our father that newble lorde,
To stirre and ryse begynnethe hee;
Bockingham blode shall be wroken
That was headed at Salisburie !
Faire fall the Cowntas the Kynges doughter,
That such cownsell gyve coulde shee,
We truste in God soe full of mighte
To brynge hir lorde over the seae.
Have here, Humfrey, of eyther fortye shillinges,
Better rewarded may thou bee.
He tooke the golde at their hande,
And to Sir John Savage rydeth hee;
And he tooke hym a letter in his hande,
And bad hym behoulde, reede, and see.
When the knyghte the letter loked upon,
Then all blencked was his blee,—

Wemens wytt is wonder to heare,
Myne uncle is turned by you, Bessie,
And wheder yt turne to wayle or woe,
At myne uncles byddinge I will bee!
Have here, Humfrey, fortye shillinges,
Better rewarded may thou be,
To Scheffelde castyll looke thou ryde
In all the haste that may bee.
Furthe then rydeth that gentyll knyghte,
Sir Gilbert Talbott then fyndeth hee,
He toke hym a letter in his hande,
And bad hym reede, and he mighte see.
When Sir Gilbert the letter loked on,
A lowde loughter laughed hee;
Faire fall that lorde of riche renowne,
To stirre and ryse nowe begynneth he.
Faire fall Bessie, that cowntas cleare,
That such counsell giveth trulye!
Commend me to my nephewe dere,
The yonge Earle of Schrewesburye;
Byd hym never dread for noe deathe,
In London towre yf he bee,
I shall make London to tremble and quake,
But my nephewe borrowed shall bee;
Commend me to that Cowntas cleare,
Kynge Edwardes doughter, yonge Bessie,
Tell hir I truste in God that hath noe peare
To brynge hir love over the scae;
Commend me to that lorde withouten drede,
That latlyc was made the Earle of Derbye,

And everie heare of my heade

For a man mighte counted bee,
With that lorde, withouten drede,

With hym will I lyve and dye!
Have here, Humfrey, poundes three,

Better rewarded may thou bee;
Streighte to London loke thou ryde
In all the haste that may bee.

Commend me to the Cowntas, yonge Bessye,
Kynge Edwardes doughter forsothe is shee;
In all this lande she hath noe peare.

Thus he taketh his leave at the knyghte,
And streighte to London rydeth hee,

And when he came to London righte,
Yt was but a litill before evenynge,

There was he ware, walking in a garden greene,
Bothe the Earle and Richard our Kynge;

When the Earle had Humfrey seane,
He gave hym a pryve twyncke with his eye,

Then Humfrey came before the Kynge soe free,
And downe he falleth upon his knee;

Welcome, Humfrey, said the Earle of Derbye,
Where haste thou bene, Humfrey, said the Earle,

For I have myssed the weekes three.
I have bene in the weste, my lorde,

Where I was borne and bredde trulye,
For to sporte me and to playe

Amongest my frendes fer and nye.
Tell me, Humfrey, said the Earle,

Howe fareth all in that cowntrye ?

Tell me, Humfrey, I the praye,
Howe fareth Kynge Richardes comynaltye?
Off all countryes I dare well saye,
They bene the cheefe of archerye,
For they will be trustye with their bowes,
And they will fighte and never flee.
When Kynge Richard harde Humfrey soe say,
In his harte he was full merye;
With his cappe that was soe deare
He thanked that lorde full courteslye,
And said, father Standley, thou art to me nere,
You are cheefe of your comynaltye;
Halfe of England shall be thyne,
And equallye devyded betwene the and me,
I am thyne and thou arte myne,
And soe two fellowes wyll we bee;
I sweare by Marye mayden mylde,
I knowe none suche under the skye;
Whiles I be Kynge and weare the crowne,
I will be cheefe of the comynaltye.
Taske ne myse I will make none,
In noe cowntrye farre nor nere,
For yf by their goodes I shoulde plucke them downe,
For me they woulde fyghte full faynteslye.
There is noe riches to me so riche,
As is the poore comynaltye.
When they had ended all their speeche,
They tooke their leave full gladlye,
And to his bowre the Kynge is gone.
Then the Earle and Humfrey Breerton

To Bessies bowre they went anon,
And founde Bessye there alone.
When Bessie did see Humfrey anon,
She kyssed hym tymes three,
Saithe, Humfrey Brerton, welcome home !
Howe haste thou spede in the Weste Cowntrye ?
Into a parlour they went anon,
There was noe moe but he and shee:
Humfrey, tell me or I hence gone
Somme tythandes out of the Weste Cowntrye;
Yf I shoulde send for yonder Prynce
To come over for the love of me,
And murthered by his foes to be,
Alas that were full great petye;
Forsothe that sighte I woulde not see
For all the goulde in Christentye!
Tell me, Humfrey, I the praye,
How thou haste donne in the Weste Cowntrye.
Unto Bessie anon he toulde,
Howe he had sped in the Weste Cowntrye,
What was the answere he of them had,
And what rewardes he had trulye.
By the thirde day of Maye, Bessie, he said,
In London there will they bee,
Thou shalte in England be a queene,
Or ells douteles they will dyc.
Thus they provided for the wynter tyme
Their counsell for to keepe all three,
The Earle woulde not in London abyde,
For whye—he wroughte by prophesye;

But in the suburbes without the cetye
An ould inne chossen hath hee,
And drewe an egle upon the entrye,
That the western men myghte yt see.
Humfrey stooode in a highe tower,
And loked into the Weste Countrie,
Sir William Standley and seaven in grene
Came ryding streighte into the cetye.
When he was ware of the egle drawn,
He drewe hym selfe wunderous nye,
And bad his men goe into the towne,
And drynke the wyne and make merrie.
Into the inne where the egle did bee
Forsothe shortlye is he gon.
Humfrey loked into the Weste,
And sawe the Lorde Straunge and seaven come
Ryding in grene into the cetye;
When he was ware of the ould egle drawn,
He drewe himselfe wunderous nye,
And bad his men goe into the towne,
And drynke the wyne and make good cheare,
And whereever they come noe coste to spare:
Then to the inne where his father laye
He drewe hymselfe wunderous neare.
Humfrey loked more into the weste,
Sixteene in grene did he see,
The warden and Sir Edward Standley
Came ryding both in companye;
There as the eagle was drawn,
The gentylmen drewe yt nye,

And bad their men goe into the towne,
And drynke the wyne and make merye;
And went into the same inne,
Where the earle their father lee.
Yett Humfrey behouldeth into the weste,
And loked towardes the northe cowntrye;
He was ware of Sir John Savage and Sir Gilbert
Came rydinge bothe in companye; [Talbotte,
When they were ware of the egle drawn,
Then they drewe themselves wunderous nye,
And bad their men goe into the towne,
And drynke the wyne and make merye,
And yende themselves into the inne,
Where the earle and Bessie lee.
When all the lordes togeder mette,
Among them all was litill Bessie;
With gudlye wurdes shee can them greete,
And said, lordes wyll ye doe for me?
What wyll ye releave yonder prynce,
That is exiled beyonde the seae?
The Earle of Derbye came forthe then,
Theis were the wordes he said to Bessie :
Fourtye pound wyll I send,
Bessie, for the love of the,
And xx.tie thowsand egle feete,
A Queene of England to make the.
Sir William Standley came forthe then,
Theis were the wurdes he said to Bessie,
Rememer, Bessie, another tyme,
Whoe dothe nowe the beste for the;

Ten thowsand coates that bene read

In an owres warnyng readye shall bee;

In England thou shalte be queene,

Or ells dowteles I will dye.

Sir John Savage came forthe then,

Theis were the wurdes he said to Bessie;

Ten thousand markes for thy sake

I will send thy love beyonde the seae.

The Lorde Strange came forth then,

Theis were the wurdes he said to Bessie,

A lytill money and fewe men

Wyll brynge thy love over the seae;

Lett us keepe our goulde at home,

For to wage our companye;

Yf we yt sende over the foame,

We putt our goulde in joperdye.

Edward Standley came furthe then,

Theis were the wurdes he said to Bessie;

Rememer, Bessie, another tyme,

He that nowe dothe beste for the;

For ther is nowe noe power that I have,

Nor noe goulde for to gyve the,

But under my father's banner wyll I fyghte

Eyther for to lyve or dye.

Bessye came forthe before the lordes all,

And upon hir knees then fallethe she,

Ten thowsand pounde I wyll hym sende

Even to my love beyonde the seae.

Whoe shall be our messenger then,

To brynge our goulde over the seae?

Humfrey Breerton, said litill Bessie,

I knowe non soe good as hee.

Alas, said Humfrey, I dare not take in hande

To carye the goulde over the seae;

The galley shippes the be soe stronge,

They wyll me neighe wunderous nee;

They wyll me robbe, they will me drowne,

They wyll take the goulde from me.

Houlde thy peace, Humfrey, said litill Bessie,

Thou shalte yt carye out of joperdye,

Thou shalte have noe basked nor noe mayle,

Noe bothed ner clothe sacke shall goe with the;

Three mules that be styffe and stronge

Loaded with goulde shall they bee;

With sadells syde skurtd, I doe the tell,

Wherin the goulde sewed shall bee;

Yf any man saye whoes ys the shippe,

That sailethe furthe upon the seae,

Saye yt is the lord Lyle;

In England and Fraunce wel beloved is he.

Then came furthe the Earle of Derbye,

Theis were the wurdes he said to Bessie;

He said, Bessie, thou arte to blame

To poynte any shippe upon the seae;

I have a gude shippe of myne owne,

Shall carye Humfrey and my mules three;

An eagle shall be drawen upon the maste toppe,

That the Italyants may yt see;

There is noe freake in all Fraunce,

That the eagle darre once come nee.

Yf any man aske whoes is the shippe,
 Saye yt is the Earles of Derbye.
Humfrey toke the mules three,
 Into the weste wynde taketh hee,
At Hyrpon withouten dowte
 There shippinge taketh hee,
With a softe wynde and a coale,
 Thus he saileth upon the seae,
To Begeram Abbeye where the Englishe prince be ;
 The porter was an Englisheman,
Well he knewe Humfrey Breerton,
 And faste to hym can he gon :
Humfrey knocked at the gate pryvelie,
 And theis wordes he said trulye,
I praye the, porter, open the gate,
 And receave me and mules three ;
I shall the gyve withouten lett
 Red goulde unto thy meede.
I wyll none of thy goulde, the porter said,
 Nor yett, Humfrey, none of thy fee ;
But I will open the gates wyde,
 And receave the and thy mules three ;
For a Cheshire man borne am I,
 From the Malpas but myles three.
The porter opened the gates soone,
 Receaved hym and the mules three ;
The beste wyne radlye then,
 To Humfrey Breerton gyvethe he.
Alas ! said Humfrey, howe shall I doe ?
 For I am stad in a strange cowntrye ;

The Prynce of England I doe not knowe,
Before I did hym never see.
I shall the teache, said the porter then,
The Prynce of England to knowe trulye ;
See where he shooteth at the buttes,
And with hym are lordes three ;
He weareth a gowne of velvette blacke,
And yt is coted above the knee ;
With longe visage and pale,
Therbye the prynce knowe may yee ;
A privye warte withouten lett
He hathe a litill above the chyn,
His face is white, the warte is red,
Therbye full well yee may hym ken.
Nowe from the porter is he gon,
With hym he tooke the mules three.
To Earle Richmonde he went anon,
Where the other lordes dyd bee.
And when he came before the prynce,
Lowlye he kneled upon his knee,
And delivered hym the letter that Bessie send,
And soe he did the mules three,
And a riche rynge with a stone,
There the pry[n]se glad was he ;
He tooke the rynge at Humfrey then,
And kyssed yt tymes three.
Humfrey kneled still as any stone,
Assuredlye as I tell thee ;
Humfrey of the prynce worde gate none,
Therefore in harte he was not merye.

Humfrey standeth up then anon,
To the prynee these wurdes saith hee;
Whye standest thou soe still in this styde,
And noe answere thou doest gyve me?
I am comen from the Standlees boulde,
Kynge of England to make the,
And a faire ladye to thy feere,
There is none suche in Christentye;
She is a cowntas, a kynges doughter,
The name of hir it is Bessie,
A lovlýe ladye to loke upon,
And well shee can wurke by prophesye.
I may be caled a lowte messenger,
For answere of the I can gett non,
I may sayle howme with a heavye cheare;
What shall I say when I come howme?
The prynee tooke the lorde Lilye,
And the Earle of Oxforde was hym nee,
The Lorde Ferres woulde hym not begyle—
To a counsell they goe all three.
When they had their counsell tane,
To Humfrey Breerton turnethe hee,—
Answere, Humfrey, I can gyve none,
Not for the space of weekes three;
When three weekes are comen and gon,
Then an answere I shall gyve thee.
The mules into a stable are tane,
The sadell-skirtes then rypeth hee,
Therin he fyndeth goulde great plentye,
For to wage a companye.

He caused the houshoulde to make hym cheare,
And saith in my steede lett hym bee.
Yerlye on the other mornynge,
Assonne as yt was the breake of daye,
With hym he toke the lordes three,
And streighte to Parys he tooke the way.
A herotte of armes they readye made,
To the Kynge of Fraunce then wyndeth [he].
Of men and money he doth hym praye,
And shippes to brynge hym over the seae;
The Standleyes stowte for me have send,
Kynge of England to make me;
And yf ever I weare the crowne,
Well quite the Kynge of Fraunce shall be.
Then answered the Kynge of Fraunce,
And sweareth shortlye by saynete John,
Men nor money getteth he none,
Nor shippes to brynge hym over the foame.
Thus the prynce his answer hath tane,
And the English lordes gaye,
To Begaram Abbey rydeth he,
There as Humfrey Breerton lay;
Have here, Humfrey, a thousand markes,
Better rewarded shalte thou be;
Commend me to Bessie, that cowntas cleare,
And yett I did hir never see:
I truste in God she shall be my queene,
For hir I wyll travell the seae;
Commende me to my father Standley,
Myne owne mother maryed hee,

Brynge hym here a love letter,
And another to yonge Bessie :
Tell hir, I truste in the Lorde of myghte
That my queene she shall bee.
Commende [me] to Sir William Standley,
That nowble knyghte in the weste countrie,
Tell hym aboute Michaelmas
I truste in God in England to be;
At Melford haven I wyll come in
With all the powers I brynge with me,
The firste towne that I may myn,
Shal be the towne of Shrewesburye.
Praye Sir William, that nowble knyghte,
That nyghte he woulde looke on me :
Commend [me] to Sir Gilbert Talbott, that is soe
He lyethe styll in the northe cowntrye: [wighte,
I wyll non of thy goulde, sir prynee,
Ner yett I wyll non of thy fee,
Yf everie heare of my heade were a man,
With the, sir prynee, shoulde they bee.
Thus Humfrey Breerton his leave hath tane,
And furthe he saylethe upon the seae,
Straighte to London can he ryde,
Wheras the earle and Bessie lee ;
He tooke them eyther a letter in hande,
And bad them looke, reede and see.
The earle tooke leave of Richard the kynge,
And into the weste ryde the hee ;
And leavethe Bessie at Layceter,
And bad hir lye in priveteye;

For yf Kynge Richard knewe the there,
In a fyer brend moste thou bee.
Streighte to Lathum is he gon,
Where the Lorde Strange dyd lye ;
And send the Lorde Strange to London,
To keepe Richard companye.
Sir William Standley ten thowsand coates
In an howres warnyng readye to bee,
They were read as any blode,
There the hartes head is sett full hye.
Sir Gilbert Talbott ten thowsand dagges
In an owres warnyng readye to bee,
Sir John Savage fifteen hundreth white houldes,
For they wyll fighte and never flee ;
Sir Edward Standley three hundreth men,
There were noe better in Christentye ;
Sir Ryse ap Thomas, a knyghte of Walles,
Eighte thousand speare men broughte hee.
Sir William Standley at the Holte he lyethe,
And loked over his head soe hee ;
Where standeth the wynde? then he saith,
Is there any man can tell me?
The wynde yt standeth sowth weste,
See, said a knyghte that stooode hym bye,
This nyghte yonder royall prynee,
Into England entereth hee.
He ealed a gentylman that stooode hym bye,
His name was Rowland Werburton,
He bad him goe to Shrewesburye that nyghte,
And byd them lett that prynee in come :

By then that Rowland came to Shrewesburye,
The portc-cales was letten downe ;
They caled the prynce in full great scorne,
And said, in England he sholde weare noe crowne.
Rowland bethoughte hym of a wylle,
And tyed the wrytinges to a stone,
He threwe the wryttinges over the walle,
And bad the bayliffes loke them upon.
Then they oppened the gates on everie syde,
And mett the prynce with procession ;
He woulde not abyde in Shrewesburye that nyghte,
For Kyng Richard hard of his comynge,
And caled his lordes of renowe ;
The Lorde Percy came to hym then,
And on his knees he kneled hym downe,
Saithe, my lege, I have xxx.tie thowsand fighting
The Duke of Northfolke came to the kyng, [men.
And downe he kneleth upon his knee ;
The Earle of Surrey came with hym,
They were bothe in companye ;
And we have eyther xx.tie thousand fighting men,
For to keepe the crowne with the.
The Lorde Scroope and the Earle of Kentt,
They were all in companye ;
The Byshoppe of Doram was not awaye,
Sir William Bowmer stode hym bye ;
The gude Sir William Harrington
Said, he woulde fyghte and never flee.
Kyng Richard made a messenger,
And send into the weste cowntrye,

Byd the Earle of Derby make hym readye,
And brynge twentye thowsand men to me,
Or the Lorde Strange head I shall hym send,
For dowlles nowe that he shall dye ;
Without he come to me full sonne,
His owne sonn he shall never see;
Then an other heyrotte can appeare
To Sir William Standley, that nowble knyghte,
Byd hym brynge ten thowsand men,
Or to the deathe he shall be dighte.
Then answered that doughtye knyghte,
And spake to the heryotte without letting ;
Say, on Bosworthe Feilde I wyll hym meete,
On Mundaye yearlie in the mornynge ;
Suche a breakfaste I hym hett,
As never did knyghte to noe kyng !
The messenger is howme gon,
To tell Kyng Richard this tythinge.
Then Richard togeder his handes can dyng,
And said, the Lorde Strange shoulde dye ;
He had putt hym in the Towre,
For sure I will hym never see.
Nowe leave we Richard and his lordes,
That were preste all full with pryde,
And talke we of the Standleyes blood,
That broughte the prynce on the other syde.
Nowe is Richmonde to Stafford comen,
And Sir William Standley to Litill Stone ;
The prynce had leaver then any goulde
Sir William Standley to loke upon.

A messinger was readye made,
That nyghte to Stone rydeth hee;
Sir William rydethe to Stafford towne,
With hym a smalle companye.
When the knyghte to Stafford come,
That Richmond myghte hym see;
He toke hym in his armes then,
And kyssed hym tymes three;
The welfare of thy bodye comforteth me more
Then all the goulde in Christentye!
Then answered ther that royall knyghte,
To the prynce thus speaketh hee,—
Rememer, man, bothe daye and nyghte,
Whoe nowe doeth the moste for the;
In England thou shalte weare the crowne,
Or ells dowteles I wyll dye;
A faire ladye thou shalte fynde to thy fere
As is any in Christentye;
A kynges doughter, a cowntas cleare,
Yea she is bothe wysse and wyttie.
I muste goe to Stone, my sovereigne,
For to comforte my men this nyghte.
The prynce toke hym by the hande,
And said, farewell, gentyll knyghte!
Nowe is worde comen to Sir William Standley,
Yerlye vpon Sundaye in the mornynge,
That the Earle of Derbye, his brother dere,
Had given battell to Richard the kyng.
That woulde I not, sayd Sir William,
For all the goulde in Christentye,

Excepte I were with hym there,
At that battell myselfe to be.
Then streighte to Lychfeilde can he ryde
In all the haste that myghte be,
And when they come into the towne,
All they cryed, Kynge Henrye !
Then streighte to Bosworth wolde he ryde
In all the haste that myghte bee,
And when he came to Bosworthe Feylde,
There he meett with a royall armye.
The Earle of Derbye he was there,
And twentye thowsand stode hym bye ;
Sir John Savage, his sisteres sonne,
He was his nephewe of blode soe nye ;
He had xv.een hundreth feighting men,
There was noe better in Christentye.
Sir William Standley, that nowble knyghte,
Ten thowsand read coates that day had hee ;
Sir Ryse up Thomas he was there,
With ten thowsand speares myghtye of tree ;
Earle Richmond came to the Earle of Derbye,
And downe he kneleth upon his knee ;
He said, father Standley, I the praye
That the vowearde thou woulde gyve me,
For I am comen for my righte,
Full fayne venged woulde I bee !
Stand up, he said, my sonne deare,
Thou haste thy motheres blessing by me,
The vowearde, sonne, I wyll thee gyve,
For whye, by me thou wilste ordered be :

Sir William Standley, my brother dere,
In that batell he shall bee ;
Sir John Savage, that hath noe peare,
He shall be a wyng unto the ;
Sir Ryse up Thomas shall breake the raye,
For he wyll feighte and never flee;
And I myselfe wyll hove on this hill,
That faire battell for to see.
Kynge Richard hoved on the mountaynes,
And was ware of the banner of the boulde Standley ;
He said, feche hither the Lorde Strange to me,
For dowlles he shall dye this day.
To the deathe, Lorde, make the bowne,
For by Marye that mylde maye,
Thou shalte dye for thyne uncles sake,
His name is William Standley.
Yf I shoulde dye, said the Lorde Strange,
As God forbyd yt soe shoulde bee,
Alas ! for my ladye at howme,
Yt will be longe or she me see!
But we shall meete at domes daye,
When the greate dome yt shall bee.
He called a gentylman of Lancashire,
His name was Lathum trulye ;
A rynge besyde his fynger he tooke,
And caste yt to that gentylman,
And bade hym brynge yt to Lancashire,
To my ladye that is at whome ;
At hir table she may sitt,
Or she see hir lorde yt may be longe:

I have noe feete to schunte nor flytte,
I muste be murdered with a tyrant stronge :
Yf yt fortune myne uncle to lose the feilde,
As God defend yt should so bee,
Pray hir to take my eldest sonn,
And exile hym over the seae;
He may come in another tyme
By fylde, frygh, tower, or towne,
Wreake he may his fathers deathe
On Richard of England that weareth the crowne.
A knyghte to the Kynge did appeare,
The gude Sir William Harrington:—
Saithe, lett hym have his liffe a while,
Tyll ye have the father, uncle, and sonn;
We shall have them sone in feilde,
The father, the sonn, and the uncle all three;
Then may you deme them with your mouthe,
What kynde of deathe that they shall dye.
But a blocke on the ground was caste,
There upon the lordes head was layde,
A sawe over his head can stand,
And out of fashion yt was brayde.
He said, there is noe other boote,
But that thou, lord, nedeth muste dye;
Harryngton harte yt was full woe,
When yt woulde noe better bee.
He saith, our ray breaketh on everie syde,
We putt our feilde in joperdye!
Then the tooke up the lorde on-lyve,
Kynge Richard did hym never see.

Then they blewe up bugells of brasse,
The schottes of gunes were soe feirce
That made many wyves to crye, alas!
And mony a childe fatherles.
Sir Ryse up Thomas with the blacke crowe
Shortlye made haste to breake the ray ;
With xxx.tie thowsand feighting men,
The Lorde Pearceye went his way.
The Duke of Northfolke woulde have fledde
With twentye thowsand of his companye;
He went up unto a wynde mylne,
And stooode upon a hyll soe hye.
There he mett Sir John Savage, a royall knyghte,
With hym a wurthye companye ;
To the deathe the Duke was dighte,
And his sonn prisoner taken was he.
Then the Lorde Dacars began to flee,
Soe dyd mony other moe ;
When Kynge Richard that sighte dyd see,
In his harte he was full woe.
I praye you, my men, be not awaye,
For lyke a man here wyll I dye,
For I had leaver dye this daye,
Then with the Standlees taken bee!
A knyghte to Kynge Richard can saye,
(Yt was gude Sir William of Harryngton)
He sayth, we are lyke all here
To the death sone to be don,
For there may noe man their strockes abyde,
The Standlees dynntes they bene soe stronge;

Ye may come in another tyme,
Therefore methynke you tarye to longe.
Your horsse is readye at your hand,
Another day yee maye wurshippe wyne,
And to reigne with royaltie,
And weare the crowne and be our kynge.
He said, give me my battell axe in myne hande,
Sett the crowne of England upon my head soe hee,
For by Hym that made both sunne and monne,
Kynge of England this daye will I dye!
Besyde his head they hewe the crowne,
And dange on hym as they were woode;
They stroke his bacenett to his head,
Untill his braynes came out with blodde.
They caryed hym naked into Layceter,
And bouckled his heire under his chyn;
Bessie mett hym with a merye cheare,
These were the wordes she said to hym.
How likest thou the sleaying of my brethren dere?
(She spake theis wordes to hym alon)
Nowe are we wroken upon the here,
Welcome, gentyll uncle, howme!
Greate solas yt was to see,
I tell you, maysters, without lett,
When the Reade Rowse of mekyll price,
And yonge Bessie togeder were mett.
A byshoppe them maryed with a rynge,
The two bloodes of highe renowne;—
Bessie said, nowe may we synge,
We two bloodes are made at one.

The Earle of Derbye he was there,
And Sir William Standley, a man of mighte;
Upon their heades they sett the crowne,
In presence of mony a wurthye wyghte.
Then came he under a clowde,
That some tyme in England was full hee;
The harte began to keste his heade,
After noe man myghte yt see;
Butt God, that is bothe bryghte [and] sheene,
And borne was of a mayden free,
Save and keepe our comlye queene,
And also the poore comenalitye!

FINIS.

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