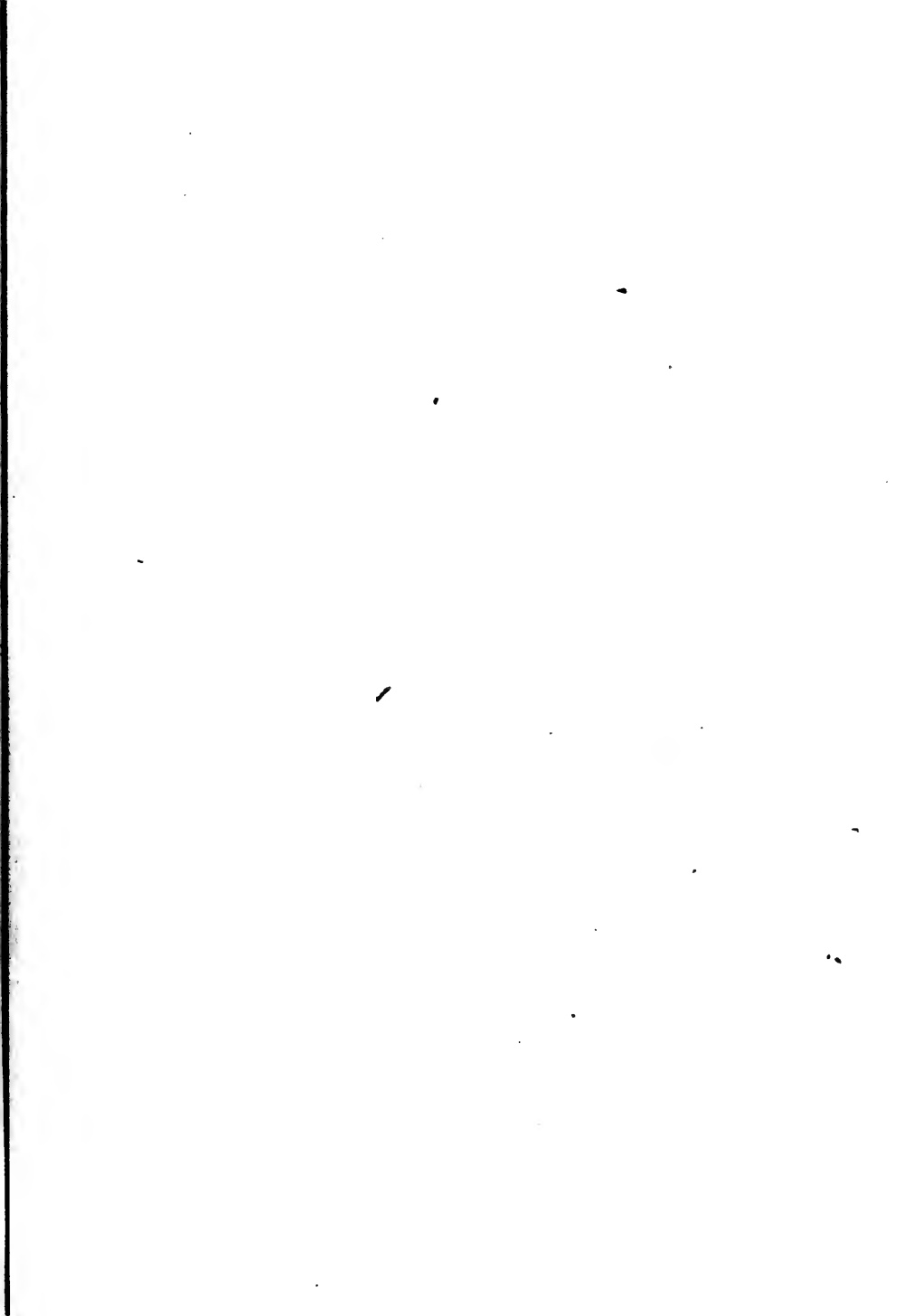


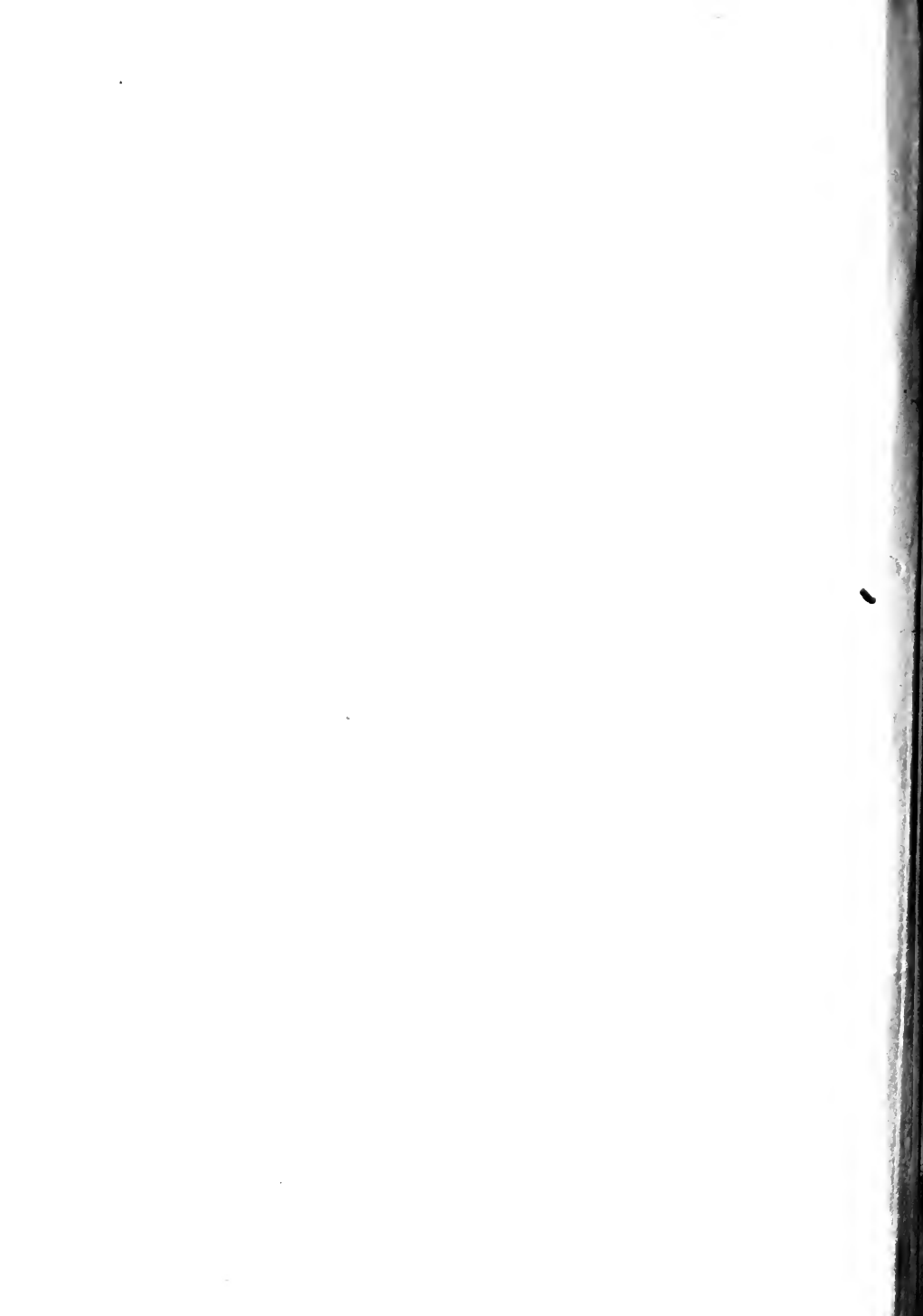
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Epitaphes, Epigrams, 3867
SONGS AND SONETS,

with a Discourse
of the Friendly affec-
tions of *Tymetes*
to *Pyndara*
his Ladie.

Newly corrected, with addi-
tions, and fet out by
George Turberville,
Gentleman.

Anno Domini
1567.

IMPRINTED AT
London, by Henry
Denham.

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To the Right Noble and his singular
good Lady, Lady Anne, *Countesse War-*

NOTICE.

WE have here reproduced the earliest known edition of Turbervile's "Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets": of that only a single copy remains, and no public or private library contains any exemplar prior to it. Even that single copy is deficient of a leaf, which, however, we have supplied from the same old printer's edition of 1570; and in order that no mistake may be made, we have included the contents of the leaf within brackets.

J. P. C.

hope it shal not faile) then should I hercafter not once so

PR

2384

To the Right Noble and his singular
good Lady, Lady Anne, *Countesse War-*
wick, &c. George Turberville wifheth
increase of honor with all good
happes.

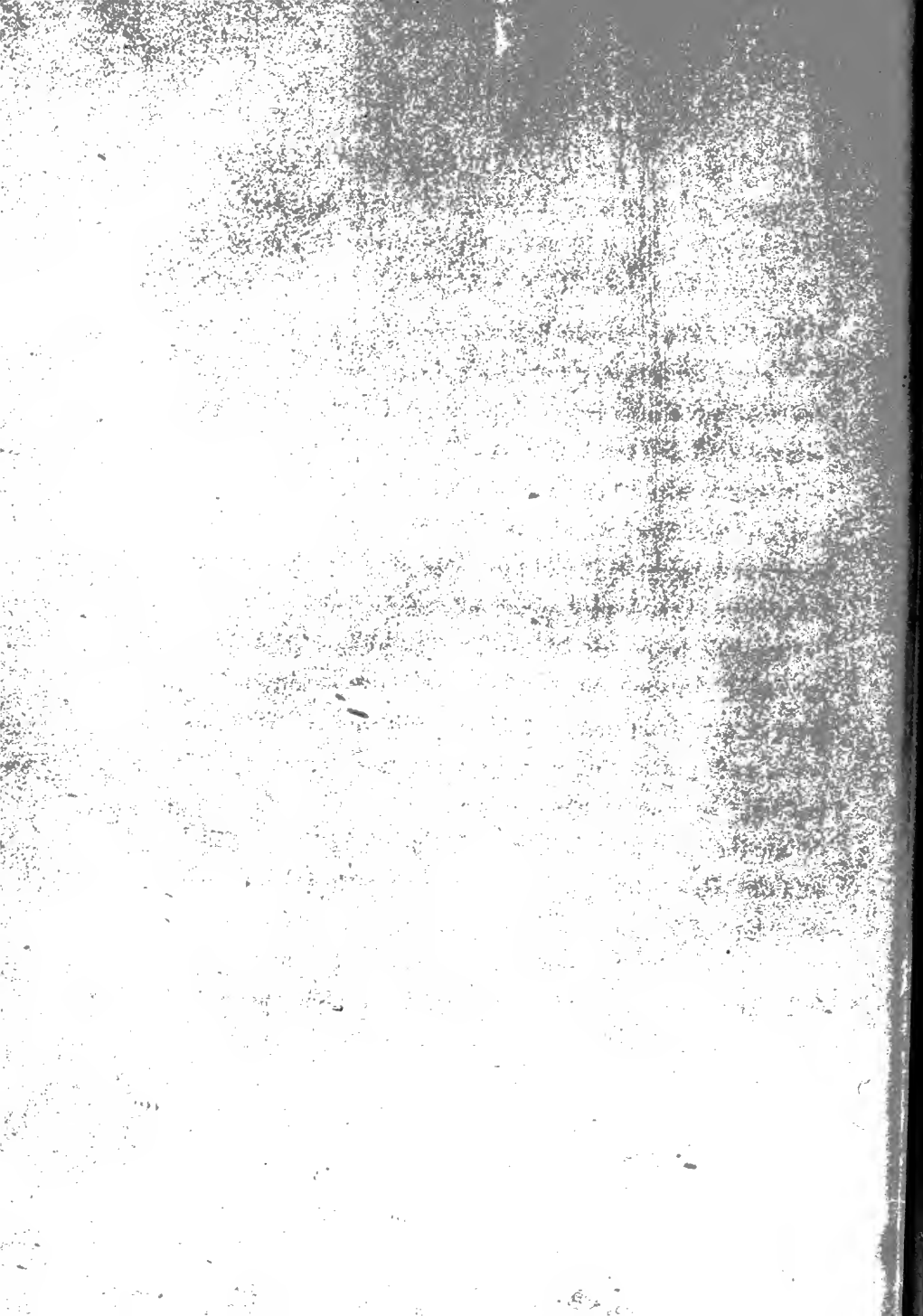
*AS at what time (Madame) I first published this foud
and slender treatise of Sonets, I made bolde with you in
dedication of so unworthy a booke to so worthie a Ladie, so
have I now also rubde my browe, and wiped away all shame
in this respect, adventuring not to cease, but to increase my
former follie, in adding moe Sonets to those I wrote before:
so much the more abusing, in mine owne conceite, your Ladi-
shippes patience, in that I had pardon before of my rash
attempt. But see (madame) what presumption raignes in
retchlesse youth! You accepted that my first offer, of honor-
able and meere curtesie, and I, thereby encouraged, blush not
to procede in the like trade of follie, alwayes hoping for the
lyke acceptance at your hands; which if should faile me (as I
hope it shal not faile) then should I hereafter not once so*

much as dare as to set pen to paper for feare of controlment and check; which howe grievous it is to a yong man, nowe (as it were) but tasting with his lippe the brim of learnings fountaine, and saluting the Muses at the doore and threshold, neyther is your Ladiship ignorant, and I my selfe presume to know. Wherfore, as I have (Madame) by a little inlarging this booke, enlarged not a little my follie, so is my humble sute to you a little to inlarge your bounteous curtesie; I meane in well accepting the increase of these my follies, proceeding not so much upon any light affection, as desire to acknowledge a greater dutie. It shall not be long (I hope) but that my hande shall seeke, in some part, the requitall of your bountie by some better devise, though not more learned treatise. But what shoulde I stande upon termes of skill? knowing that it is not the worke that your Ladiship doth so much regarde as the writer, neyther the worthinesse of the thing, as the good will and meaning of the deviser therof, offering his dutie in such wise as best aunsweres his abilitie and power. For as if subiectes shoulde have respect more to the unworthinesse of such things as they give their princes, than regard the worthie mindes and good naturcs of their soveraignes in well accepting such slender trifles at their vassels handes, they should quyte be discouraged from ever offering the like and

slender giftes : so, if I should cast an eie rather to the basenesse of my booke than account of your noble nature and accustomed curtesie in well receyving the same, neither should I heretofore emboldned my selfe so farre as to have offred you this trifling treatise, nor now have the hart to adventure anew, although somewhat purged of his former faults and scapes. I cannot leave to molest your noble eies with survey of my rashe compiled toys. It may please your Ladyship to wey my well meaning hart, at what time occasion ministers you the perusing of my booke, and this to deeme, that desire alone to manifest my dutie to you was the onely cause of this my enterprise. Which done, I have at this time no more to trouble your Ladyship, but ending my Epistle, to crave the Gods your happie preservation of present honor, and luckie increase of blessed happes in all your life.

Your Ladiships daily Orator,

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.



TO THE READER.

HERE have I (gentle Reader) according to promise in my Translation, given thee a fewe Sonets, the unripe feedes of my barraine braine, to pleasure and recreate thy wearye mind and troubled hed withal; trusting that thou wylte not loth the bestowing thy time at vacant houres in perusing the same, waying that for thy solace alone (the bounden dutie which I owed the noble Cowntesse reserved) I undertoke this slender toyle, and not for anye pleasure I did my selfe in penning thereof. As I deeme thou canst not, so do I hope thou wilt not, mislike it at all; but if there be any thing herein that maye offend thee, refuse it: reade and peruse the reast with pacience. Let not the misliking of one member procure thee rashlye to condemne the whole: I stand to thy judgement; I expect thy æquitie. Reade the good, and reject the evill: yea, rather condemne it to perpetuall silence; for so woulde I wyshe thee to deale wyth unworthye bookes. But assuredlye there is nothing in thys whole slender volume that was ment amisse of me, the writer, howsoever the letter goe in

thy judgement that arte the reader. Whatsoever I have penned, I write not to this purpose, that any youthlie head shoulde folow or pursue such fraile affections, or taste of amorous bait ; but by meere fiction of these fantasies, I woulde warne (if I myghte) all tender age to flee that sonde and filthie affection of poysoned and unlawful love. Let this be a glasse and myrror for them to gaze upon : the soner may I (I trust) prevayle in my perswasion, for that my selfe am of their yeares and disposition. And as I am not the first that in this sort hath written and imployde his time, so shall I not be the last, that without defarte (perhaps) shalbe misdeemed for attempting the same. But let those curious knightes cast an eye to home, and looke well about, whether they them selves are blamelesse, or as well worthie reproche as others.

This done and my intent considered, hoping of thy courtesie, I ende, alwayes readie to pleasure thee by my pains, wishing unto thee, that arte the patient reader, as to my self, the writer, and thy very friend.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

To the rayling Route of Sycophants.

IF he that once encountred with his foes
In open field at found of blasted trumpe,
Doe dare to yeelde his hewed head to bloes,
And go again to heare the canons thumpe,
With dreadlesse hart and unappalled brest,
Not fearing till he be by foes opprest :

If such as earst in cutting of the furge,
By passing to the straunge and forraine lande,
Bode bitter blast and scornewfull Neptunes scourge,
Dreade not to take the lyke attempt in hande,
But rashly runne like sturdie ventrous wights,
Not fearing wind nor wave when Borias fights :

If these (I say) doe nothing doubt at all,
But valiantly give fresh assault anew,
Not dreading daunger that is like to fall,
As they long earst by proufe and practife knew ;
Then why should I, of yore that have affayde
The force of Zoylls mouth, be ought dismayde ?

Then why should I, like one that fearde to fight,
 Or never crusht his head with helmets heft,
 Now shew my selfe a weake and coward wight
 As long as life or lym uncut is left ?
 For Ovid carst did I attempt the like,
 And for my selfe now shall I stick to strike ?

No, no ; I martch gainst Momus once againe.
 My courage is not quailde by cruell fo :
 Though Zoyll did his best my flag to gaine,
 Twas not his hap to have the conquest fo ;
 And since it was my luck to scape his might,
 I here affaile the beaft with novell fight.

Thou Sycophant, unsheath thy shamefull blade,
 Pluck out that bloudie fawchon (dascard thou)
 Wherewith thou hast full many a skirmish made,
 And scocht the braines of many a learned brow :
 Now dee thy worst ; I force not of thy stroke :
 Thou shalt not bring my neck to servage yoke.

Though thou affirme with rash and railing jawes
 That I *invita* have Minerva made
 My other booke, I gave thee no such cause
 By any deede of mine to drawe thy blade :
 But since thou hast shot out that shamelesse worde,

I here gainst thee uncote my cruell sworde.

I know thou wilt eche worde and sentence wrie
 That in this slender booke of me is write,
 And wilt the same unto thy sence applie,
 Hoping for love thereby to breede dispite :
 And looke, what I amisse did never meane,
 Thou wilt mistake and eke misconfter cleane.

Thou wilt the wylie braine, that ought is bent
 To fowle suspect and spot of fell distrust,
 Perswade that here something of him was ment,
 And jealous coales into his bosom thrust ;
 Thincking thereby thy purpose to aspire
 In setting of his boyling breast a fire.

But as thou art in all thy other deedes
 Deserving no beleefe or trust at all,
 Likewise what so from thy vile jawes proceedes
 Is lothsome lie, fowle fitton, bitter gall.
 Beleve him not, but reade the treatise through :
 He sowes debate with helpe of hatefull plough.

The modest mind that meanes but vertues trade,
 And shunnes the shamefull shop of bawdie sect,
 This spitefull beast will (if he may) perswade
 That these are toyes, for that he should reject

And not peruse the meaning of the fame :
Thus Zoyll seekes but blòt of black defame,
 But thou that vewfte this stile with staid brow,
Marke erie worde, unjoint eche verse of mine,
Thy judgement I, and censure will allow,
Nor once will feeme for rancour to repine :
Thou art the man whose sentence I expect ;
I scorne the scoffes of Zoylls shamefull sect.

FINIS.

EPITAPHES, EPIGRAMS, SONGS
AND SONETS.

In prayfe of the renowned

Ladie Anne, Ladie Cownteffe Warwicke.

WHEN Nature firft in hande did take
The clay to frame this Counteffe corfe,
The Earth a while fhee did forfake,
And was compelde of verie force,
With mowlde in hande, to flee to fkies,
To ende the worke fhee did devies.

The Gods that tho in counfell fate,
Were halfe amazde (againft their kinde :)
To fee fo neere the ftoule of ftate
Dame Nature ftande, that was affignde
Among hir worldly impes to wonne,
As fhee untill that day had donne.

Firft Jove began : What (daughter deere)
Hath made thee fcorne thy fathers will ?
Why doe I fee thee (Nature) heere,
That oughtft of dutie to fulfill
Thy under taken charge at home :
What makes thee thus abroade to rome ?

Disdainefull dame, how didst thou dare
 So retchlesse to depart the grownde
 That is allotted to thy share?
 (And therewithall his Godhead frownde.)
 I will [quoth Nature] out of hande
 Declare the cause I fled the lande.

I undertooke of late a peece
 Of claye, a featurde face to frame
 To match the courtly dames of Greece,
 That for their beautie beare the name;
 But (Oh good father) now I fee
 This worke of mine it will not bee.

Vicegerent since you mee assignde
 Belowe in Earth, and gave me lawes
 On mortall wightes, and willde that kind
 Should make and marre, as shee sawe cause,
 Of right (I think) I may appeale
 And crave your helpe in this to deale.

When Jove sawe how the case did stande,
 And that the worke was well begonne,
 Hee prayde to have the helping hande
 Of other Gods till hee had donne:
 With willing mindes they all agreede,
 And set upon the clay with speede.

First Jove eche limme doth well dispose,
 And makes a creature of the clay:
 Next Ladie Venus she bestowes
 Hir gallant gifts as best shee may:
 From face to foote, from top to toe,
 Shee let no whit untoucht to goe.

When Venus had donne what she coulde
 In making of hir (carcas) brave,

Then Pallas thought shee might be bolde
Among the reaft a share to have :
A passing wyt shee did conuaye
Into this passing peece of claye.

Of Bacchus shee no member had,
Save fingars five and feate to see :
Hir head with heare Apollo clad,
That Gods had thought it golde to bee :
So gliftring was the tresse in sight
Of this newe formde and featurde wight.

Diana helde hir peace a space,
Untill those other God had doune :
At laft (quoth shee) in Dians chafe
Wyth bowe in hande this nymph shall rounde ;
And chiefe of all my noble traine
I will this virgin entertaine.

Then joyfull Juno came and fayde :
Since you to hir fo friendly are,
I doe appoint this noble mayde
To match with Mars his peere for warre :
She shall the Cowntesse Warwick bee,
And yeelde Dianas bowe to mee.

When to fo good effect it came,
And every member had hys grace,
There wanted nothing but a name :
By hap was Mercurie then in place,
That fayde, Pray you all agree
Pandora graunt hir name to bee.

For since your Godheads forged have
With one affent this noble dame,
And eche to hir a vertue gave,

This terme agreeth to the fame.
 The Gods that heard Mercurius tell
 This tale did lyke it passing well.

Report was sommonde then in haft,
 And wilde to bring his trumpe in hande,
 To blowe therewith a fownding blast
 That might be heard through Brutus lande :
 Pandora ! streight the trumpet blewe
 That eche this Cowntesse Warwicke knewe.

O felie Nature borne to paine,
 O wofull wretched kinde (I fay)
 That to forsake the foyle were faine
 To make this Cowntesse out of claye !
 But oh, most friendly Gods, that woulde
 Vouchsafe to fet your handes to mowlde !

¶ The Argument to the
whole discourse and
 Treatise following.

BY fedaine fight of unacquainted shape
 Tymetes fell in love with Pyndara,
 Whose beautie farre excelde Sir Paris rape,
 That poets cleape the famous Helena.

His flame at first he durst not to displaye,
 For feare he should offended Pyndara ;
 But covert kept his torments many a daye,
 As Paris did from worthie Helena.

At length the coale so fierie redde became
Of him that so did fanfie Pyndara,
That fuming smoke did wrie the hidden flame
To hir that farre exceeded Helena.

Which when shee saw, shee seemde with friendly cie
To like with him that lyked Pyndara :
And made as though shee would eftfoone applie
To him, as to hir guest did Helena.

Tymetes (looving man) then hoped well,
And moovde his sute to Ladie Pyndara :
He plide his penne and to his writing fell,
And fude as did the man to Helena.

Within a while, difpayring wretched wight !
He found his loue (the Ladie Pyndara)
So straunge and coye, as though she tooke delight
To paine hir friend, as did faire Helena.

Another time hir cheere was such to see,
That poore Tymetes hoapte that Pyndara
Woulde yeelde him grace ; but long it woulde not bee :
She kept aloofe as did Dame Helena.

Thus twixt dispaire and hope the doubtfull man
Long space did live that loved Pyndara,
In wofull plight. At last the nymph began
To quite his love, as did faire Helena.

Then joyed he, and cherefull ditties made
In praife of his atchived Pyndara ;
But sone (God wote) his pleasure went to glade :
Another tooke too wife this Helena.

Thus ever as Tymetes had the cause
Of joy or smart, of comfort or refuse,
He glad or griefull woxe, and ever drawes
His present state with pen, as here ensues.

To a late acquainted Friende.

IF Vulcan durft perfume
 that was a Gnuffe to see,
 And strake with hammer on the stithe
 a cunning smith to bee,
 Whose chiefe and whole delight
 was aye to frie at forge,
 And listen to that melodie
 smithes sorrowes to disgorge :
 If Vulcan durft (I saye)
 Dame Venus to assaile,
 That was the worthyfte wight of all,
 if witnesse may prevaile,
 Then may you muse the lesse,
 though fancie force me wright
 To you a fecond Venus (friende)
 and Helen in my sight :
 For what he saw in hir,
 a goddesse by hir kinde,
 That I in you (my chofen friende)
 And somewhat else doe finde.
 And as that felie smith
 by Cupid was procurde
 To fawne on hir, to whome in fine
 hee firmly was affurde ;
 So by none other meanes
 my senses are in thrall,
 But by procurement of the God
 that conquers Gods and all.

Tis hee that make[s] mee bolde,
tis hee that willes me fue
To thee (my late acquainted friende)
loves torment to eschue.
Not to this day was feene
that any durst rebell
Or kicke at Cupid, Prince of Love,
as learned poets tell ;
But rather would with free
and uncoacted minde
Applie to please in any case
what so the God assignde.
What neede I here displaye
the spoyles by Cupid wonne ?
Not I, but you (my friende) woulde faint
ere half the tale were donne.
His banner doth declare
what harts have beene subdude,
Where they are all in fabels fet,
with blood and gore imbrude.
Not mightie Mars alone,
nor Hercules the stoute,
But other Gods of greater state,
There standing in a route :
There may you plainely see
how Jove was once a swanne
To lure faire Leda to his lust
when raging loue beganne :
Some other when a bull,
Some other time a showre
Of golden drops, as when he coyde
the closed Nunne in towre.

Appollos love appeares,
 and ever will be knowne,
 As long as lawrell leaves shall last,
 and Daphnes brute be blowne.
 May brainfick Bacchus brag,
 or boast himselfe as free?
 Not I, but Aryadnas crowne
 shewes him in love to bee.
 Since these and other mo,
 that Gods were made by kinde,
 Might not avoyde that guilefull God
 that winged is and blinde,
 Should I have hope to scape
 by force, or else by flight,
 That in respect of those his thralls
 am of so slender might?
 As they did yeelde to love
 for feare of Cupids yre,
 Euen so am I become his thrall
 by force of flaming fyre.
 What time I first displayde
 mine eies upon thy face,
 (That doth allure eche lookers hart)
 I did the[e] P. imbrace;
 And since that time I feele
 within my breast such joye,
 As Paris never felt the like
 when Helen was at Troye.
 How coulde so barraine foyle
 bring forth so good a graffe,
 To whome the reast, that seeme good corne,
 are in respect but chaffe?

(O God) that Cupid woulde
upon thy breast bestowe
His golden shaft, that thou the force
of lyking love mightst knowe :
Then should I stande in hope,
and well assured bee,
That thou wouldst be as friendly (P.)
as I am now to thee.
Whome (till thy friendship fayle,
and plighted hest doe swerve)
I vaunt and vowe by mightie Jove
with hart and hande to serve.
My senses all take heede,
and yee, my wits, beware
That you attentive be on hir
and for no other care.
You eyes, that wonted were
light loving lookes to cast,
I give commaundment on hir here
that yee be ankred fast.
Mine eares, admit no founde,
ne womans words at all ;
Be shut against such Syrens songs
replete with lurking gall.
Tongue, see that thou be tyde,
and use no wanton stile :
By lawe of love I thee conjure
such toys to exile.
Legges, looke that yee be lame
when you should reache a place
To take the vewe of Venus nymphes
Pees beautie to deface.

For fuch a one is fhee
 whome I would will you ferue,
 As to be plafte for Pallas peere
 for wifedome may deferue.
 So conftant are hir lookes,
 and eake as chafte a face,
 As if that Lucrece living were
 fhee Lucrece would difgrace :
 So modeft is hir mirth
 in erie time and tyde,
 As they that prick moft nearfte of all
 their fhiverde shafts are wyde.
 Paufe, pen, a while therefore,
 and ufe thy woonted meane :
 For Boccas braine, and Chaucers quill
 in this were foyled cleane.
 Of both might neither boaft
 if they did live againe ;
 For P. would put them to their fhifts
 to pen hir vertues plaine.
 Yet one thing will I vaunt,
 and after make an ende,
 That Momus can not for his lyfe
 devife one jote to mende.
 Thus to conclude at length,
 * fee thou (my friend) perufe
 This flender verfe, till leyfure ferue
 abrode to bring my Mufe ;
 For then you fhall perceive
 by that which you fhall fee,
 That you have made your choife, as well
 As I by choofing P.

*The Lover extolleth the fingular beautie of
his Ladie.*

LET Myron muse at natures passing might,
And quite resigne his pievish painters right,
For sure he can not frame hir featurde shape,
That for hir face excels the Greekish rape.

Let Zeuxis grapes not make him proude at all,
Though fowles for them did skyr against a wall ;
For if hee should affay my love to paint,
His art would fayle, his cunning fist would faint.

Let Praxitell perfume with pensill rude
Base things to blaze the people to delude :
Hir featurde limmes to drawe let him not dare,
That with the fayre Diana may compare.

Though Venus forme Apelles made so well,
As Greece did judge the painter to excell,
Yet let not that enbolde the Greeke to grave
Hir shape, that beauties praise deserves to have.

For nature, when she made hir, did entende
To paint a peece that no man might amende :
A paterne for the reaft, that after shoulde
Be made by hande, or cast in cunning mould.

*The Lover declareth how first he was taken, and enamoured
by the sight of his Ladie.*

I HAVING never earft
the craft of Cupid tride,

Ne yet the wylie wanton wayes
 of Ladie Venus spide,
 But spent my time in sporte
 as youth is woont by kinde,
 Not forcing fanfies pinching powre
 that other wights did blinde,
 By fortune founde a face
 that lykte my hart so well,
 As by the fodaine vewe thereof
 to fanfies frame I fell.
 No fooner had mine eies
 upon hir beautie stayde,
 But wit and will without respect
 were altogither wayde.
 Unwarely so was none
 in such a snare before :
 The more I gazde upon hir face,
 I lykte my love the more.
 Forthwith I thought my hart
 out of his roome was rapt,
 And wits (that woonted were to wayte
 on reason) were intrapt.
 Downe by mine eies the stroke
 descended to the hart,
 Which Cupid never crazde before
 by force of golden dart.
 My blood that thought it bounde
 his maisters part to take,
 No longer durst abide abroade,
 but outwarde limmes forfake.
 Which having beene in breast,
 and frostie colde difmayde,

It hafted from the hart againe
 externall partes to ayde,
And brought with it fuch heate
 as did enflame the face,
Diftayning it with scarlet redde
 by rafhneffe of the race.
And fince that time I feele
 fuch pangues and inwarde fits,
As now with hope, and then with feare,
 encombred are my wits.
Thus muft I, mifer, live
 till thee by friendly ruth
Doe pittie mee hir loving thrall,
 whofe deedes fhall trie his truth.
Thrife luckie was the day,
 thriftie happie eake the place,
And yee (mine eies) thristie blessed were
 that lighted on hir face.
If I in fine may force
 hir pittie by my plaint,
I fhall in cunningft verfe I may
 hir worthie prayfe depaint.
There is one thing makes me joy,
 and bids me think the beft ;
That cruell rigor can not lodge
 where beautie is poffeft.
And fure unleffe ſhe falve
 and heale this cankred wounde
By yeelding grace, it muft in time
 of force my corps confounde :
For long it may not laft
 that in fuch anguish lies ;

Extreames in no case can endure,
 as fages did devise.
 No tyger gaue hir teate,
 she is no lyons whelpe ;
 Ne was she bred of cruell rocks,
 nor will renounce to helpe
 Such as she paines with love,
 and doth procure to wo :
 She is not of the currish kinde,
 hir nature is not fo.

Maister Googe his sonet of the paines of Loue.

TWO lynes shall tell the grieſe
 that I by loue ſustaine :
 I burne, I flame, I faint, I freeze,
 of hell I feele the paine.

Turberviles aunſwere and diſtich to the ſame.

TWO lynes shall teach you how
 to purchaſe eaſe anewe :
 Let reaſon rule where love did raigne,
 and ydle thoughts eſchewe.

¶ *An Epitaphe on the death of Dame Elyzabeth Arhundle.*

HERE graved is a good and godly wight,
 That yeckled hath hir cynders to the foyle,

Who ran hir race in vertues tylt aright,
And never had at Fortunes hand the foyle :
The guide was God whome shee did aye enfue,
And Vertue was the marke whereat she throe.

Descending of a house of worthie fame,
Shee linckt at length with one egall state,
Who though did chaunge hir firft and former name,
Did not enforce hir vertues to rebate ;
For Dannat shee Dame Arhundle was hight,
Whose feere was knowne to be a worthy knight.

Hir beautie I not blaze ne brute at all,
(Though with the best she might therein compare)
For that it was to age and fortune thrall :
Hir thewes I touch, which were so passing rare,
As being earthde and reaft hir vitall breath,
Hir chiefeft part doth live and conquer death.

Let spite not spare to speake of hir the wurft,
Let envie feede upon hir godly life,
Let rancour rage, let hatreds bellie burft,
Let Zoill now unsheath his cutting knife ;
For death hath closde hir corse in marble grave,
Hir soule is fled in skies his feate to have.

Let Leyfter laugh that such a mirrour bred,
Let matrons mourne for losse of their renowne,
Let Cornwall crie since Dannat now is ded,
Let Vertue eke doe on hir mourning gowne ;
For she is reft that was at Vertues beck,
Whome Fortune had no powre to give the check.

To Picro of Pride.

FRIEND Picro, pride infects a friendly minde ;
 The haughtie are purfude with deadly hate :
 Wherefore eschue the proude peacocks kinde,
 That greedie are to sit on stoole of state :
 The lowly hart doth winne the love of all,
 But pride at last is sure of shamefull fall.

Picro to Turbervile.

GOOD is the counsell (Turbervile) you give :
 It is a vertue rare well to advife,
 But if your selfe in peacocks fort doe live
 Men deemen may you are not perfite wise ;
 Whose chiefest point in act consisteth aye :
 Well doing farre excelleth well to saye.

Verse in prayse of Lorde Henrye Howarde, Earle of Surrey.

WHAT should I speake in prayse of Surreys skill,
 Unlesse I had a thousand tongues at will ?
 No one is able to depaint at full,
 The flowing fountaine of his sacred skull ;
 Whose pen approovde what wit he had in mue,
 Where such a skill in making Sonets grue.
 Eche worde in place with such a sleight is coucht,
 Eche thing whereof he treates so firmly toucht,
 As Pallas seemde within his noble breast

To have fojournde, and beene a daylie gueft.
Our mother tongue by him hath got fuch light,
As ruder fpeech thereby is banisht quight :
Reprove him not for fanfies that he wrought,
For fame thereby and nothing elfe he fought.
What though his verfe with pleafant toyes are fright,
Yet was his honours life a lampe of light :
A mirrou he the fimple fort to traine,
That ever beate his brayne for Britans gaine.
By him the nobles had their vertues blazde,
When fpitefull death their honors lives had razde :
Eche that in life had well deferved aught,
By Surreys meanes an endles fame hath caught.
To quite his boone and aye well meaning minde,
Whereby he did his fequell feeme to binde,
Though want of fkill to filence me procures,
I write of him whose fame for aye endures ;
A worthie wight, a noble for his race,
A learned lorde that had an Earles place.

Of Faloufic.

A STRAUNGE difeafe, a grieffe exceeding great,
A man to have his hart in flame inolde,
In fort that he can never choofe but sweate,
And feele his feete benumbe with frofty colde.
No doubt, if he continue in this heate,
He will become a cooke hereafter olde ;
Of fuch difeafes fuch is the effect,
And this in him we may full well fufpect.

*To his Ladie, that by hap when he kissed hir and made hir
lip bleed, controlld him and tooke disdain.*

DISCHARGE thy dole,
 Thou subtile soule,
 It standes in little steede
 To curffe the kisse
 That caufer is
 Thy chirrie lip doth bleede.
 Thy bloud ascends
 To make amends
 For damage thou haft donne ;
 For by the same
 I felt a flame
 More scorching than the funne.
 Thou restst my harte
 By secret arte,
 My sprites were quite subdude :
 My fenfes fled
 And I was ded ;
 Thy lippes were scarce imbrude.
 The kisse was thine,
 The hurt was mine,
 My hart felt all the paine ;
 Twas it that bled
 And lookte so red,
 I tell thee once againe.
 But if you long
 To wreake your wrong
 Upon your friendly so,

Come, kiffe againe,
And put to paine
The man that hurt you fo.

Mayster Googe his Sonet.

ACCUSE not God, if fanſie fonde
doe moove thy fooliſh braine
To wayle for love; for thou thy ſelfe
art cauſe of all the paine.

Turberviles anſwere.

NOT God (friend Googe) ye lover blames,
as worker of his woes;
But Cupid that his fierie flames
fo frantickly beſtowes.

*A comparifon of the Lovers eſtate with the Souldiars
paineſfull lyfe.*

IF fouldiers may, for ſervice done,
and labours long fuſtainde,
For wearie watch, and perils paſt,
and armes with armour painde,
For puſh of pike, for holbers ſtroke,
for ſtanding in the frunt,
If they expect rewarde (I fay)
for byding battayles brunt,

Then what shall Cupids captaines crave,
 what recompence desire,
 That warde the day, and wake the night,
 confumde with fretting fire?
 No roome of rest, no time of truce,
 no pleading for a peace:
 When Cupid founds his warlike trumpe,
 the fight will never cease.
 First shall you see the shivering shafts,
 and vewe the thirled darts,
 Which from their eies they cast by course
 to pierce their enmies harts.
 But if the foe doe stande aloofe,
 (as is the lovers guise)
 Then canons with their cruell cracks
 as thick as thunder flies.
 Sweete wordes in place of powder stande
 by force which think to win,
 That loving lookes of late had lost
 when fight did first begin.
 But on the breast to beare the brunt
 and keepe them from the hart,
 A fure and privie cote is worne,
 repelling pellats smart.
 They stop their eares against the sound,
 which is the surest shielde
 Against the dreadfull shot of wordes
 that thousandes had beguilde.
 But when Cupidians flatly see
 nor gunne, nor bowe prevaile,
 They then begin their friendly foes
 with other fight tassaile.

Then fet the daskardes dreade aside,
and to the walles they run,
As though they woulde subdue the forte
or ere the fight begun.

Forthwith the scaling ladders come,
and to the walles are fet ;

Then fighes and fobs begin to clime,
but they are quickly met.

Thus Cupid and his fouldiers all
the sharpe repulse sustaine,

Whome Beauty batters from the walles,
whose captaine is Disdaine.

When all are gone and yeeld it lost,

comes Hope and whote Desire,

To see where they can have the hap
to fet the forte afire :

But nought prevailes their lingring fight ;

they can not Beautie win,

Yet doe they skirmish still behinde
in hope to enter in.

At length, when Beautie doth perceyve
those fouldiers are so true,

That they will never from the walles
till they the holde subdue,

She calles to Pittie for the keyes,
and bids hir let them in,

In hope they will be true to hir
as they to Love had bin.

The gates no fooner are unlockt,
but fouldiers all retire,

And enter into Beauties forte
with Hope and hote Desire.

Now judge by this that I have faide
of these two fightes aright,
Which is the greateft toyle of both
when warlike tents are pight :
For Mars his men fometime have ease,
and from their battaile blin,
But Cupids fouldiers ever ferue,
till they Dame Beautie win.

*The Lover againft one that compared his Miftrefse with
his Ladie.*

A MADNESSE to compare
the pipler with the pine,
Whereof the mariner makes his maft,
and hanges it all with line !
A follie to preferre
a lampe before the Sunne,
Or brag that Balams lumpifh affe
with Bucephall fhall runne !
Then, ceafe for fhame to vaunt,
and crowe in craking wife
Of hir that leaft deserves to have
hir beauties fame arife.
Thou, foolifh dame, beware
of haughtie peacocks pride ;
The fruite thereof in former age
hath fundrie times bene tride.
Arachne can exprefse
how angric Pallas was,

When shee in needle worke would seeme
the heavenly wight to passe :
The spider shewes the spite
that shee (good wench) abid ;
In token of hir pride shee hangs
at roufe by rotten thrid.
No foode shee hath allowde,
lesse fortune sende the flie ;
The cobwed is hir costly couch
appointed hir to lie.
With venim ranck and vile
hir wombe is like to burst,
A token of hir inwarde hate,
and hawtie minde at furst.
And thou that surely thinkst
thy ladie to excell,
Example take of others harme
for judgement that befell.
When Pan, the pastors Prince,
and Rex of rustick route,
To passe Apollo in his play
and musick went aboute,
Mount Tmolus was the judge
that there the roome posselt,
To give his verdite for them both,
which uttered musick best.
First came the rustick forth
with pipe and puffed bag,
That made his eies to run like streames,
and both his lips to wag.
The noyse was somewhat rude,
and ragged to the care ;

The simplest man alive would gesse
 that pievish Pan was there.
 Then Phœbus framde his frets,
 and wrested all his pinnes,
 And on his curious strings to strike
 the skilfull God beginnes :
 So passing was his play
 as made the trees to daunce,
 And stubborne rocks in deepest vales
 for gladfome joy to praunce.
 Amphyon blusht as red
 as any glowing flame ;
 And Orpheus durst not shew his face,
 but hide his head for shame.
 Ynough ! quoth Tmolus tho,
 my judgement is that Pan
 May pipe among the ruder fort
 that little musick can :
 Apollos playe doth passe
 of all that ere I hearde ;
 Wherefore (as reason is) of mee
 the Luter is preferde.
 Meanewhile was Mydas prest,
 not pointed judge in place,
 But (lyke a dolt that went about
 Apollo to deface).
 Tushe, Tmolus, tushe ! quoth hee,
 Pan hath the better skill ;
 For hee the emptie bagge with winde
 and strouting blast doth fill.
 Apollo waggess his joints
 and makes a jarring founde ;

Lyke pleasure is not in the lute
as in the bagpipe founde.
No fooner had hee spoke
those witleffe wordes and fed,
But Phœbus graft on asses eares
upon his beaftly hed.
In prooffe of judgement wrong
that Mydas did maintaine,
Hee had a paire of fowling eares
to fhilde him from the raine.
Wherefore (my friende) take heede
of afterclaps that fall :
And deeme not hir a dearling that
deserves no prayfe at all.
Your judgement is beguilde,
your fenfes suffer shame :
That fo doe feeke to blaze hir armes,
and to advaunce hir fame.
Let hir go hide hir head
in lothfome lurking mue,
For crabbed crowfoote marres hir face,
and quite distaines hir hue.

*The Lover to a Gentlewoman that, after great friendship,
without defart or cause of mistyking, refused him.*

HAVE you not heard it long ago
of cunning fawknars tolde,
That haukes which love their keepers call
are worth their weight in golde ?

And such as knowethe luring voice
 of him that feedes them still,
 And never rangle farre abroad
 against the keepers will,
 Doe farre exceede the haggarde hauke
 that stoopeth to no stale,
 Nor forceth on the lure awhit,
 but mounts with every gale.
 Yes, yes, I know you know it well,
 and I by proufe have tride,
 That wyld and haggard hawkes are worfe
 than such as will abide.
 Yet is there eke another kinde,
 farre worfer than the rest ;
 And those are they that flie at check,
 and stoupe to erie gest.
 They leave the lawe that nature taught,
 and shun their woonted kinde,
 In fleeing after erie foule
 that mounteth with the winde.
 You know what I doe meane by this ;
 if not, give eare a while,
 And I shall shewe you my conceyte
 in plaine and simple stile.
 You were sometime a gentle hawke,
 and woont to feede on fist,
 And knew my luring voice right well,
 and would repaire at list :
 I could no sooner make a beck,
 or token with my hand,
 But you would quickly judge my will,
 and how the case did stand.

But now you are become so wylde,
and rammage to be feene,
As though you were a haggard hawke ;
your maners altred cleene.
You now refuse to come to fist,
you thun my woonted call,
My luring lyketh not your eare,
you force me not at all.
You flee with wings of often change
at random where you please ;
But that in time will breede in you
some fowle and fell diseafe.
Live like a haggard still, therefore,
and for no luring care,
For best (I see) contents thy minde
at wishe and will to fare.
So some, perhaps, will live in hope
at length to light on thee,
That earst reclaimde so gentle werte,
and loving birde to mee ;
But if thou chaunce to fall to check,
and force on erie fowle,
Thou shalt be worse detested then,
than is the nightish owle.
This counsell take of him that once
did keepe thee at his beck,
But now gives up in open field,
for feare of filthie check.

*The Lover obtayning his wishe by all likelyhode, yet not able
to attaine his desire, compares himself to Tantalus.*

OF Tantalus plight
 The poets wright,
 Complayning
 And fayning
 In forowfull fownding fonges :
 Who feeles (they faye)
 For apples gaye
 Such payning,
 Not gayning
 The fruite for which he longes :
 For when he thinkes to feede therone,
 The fickle flattring tree is gone ;
 And all in vaine hee hopes to have,
 his famine to expell,
 The flitting fruite that lookes so brave
 and likes his eie so well :
 And thus his hunger doth increase,
 And hee can never finde release.
 As want of meate
 Doth make him freate
 With raging,
 And gaging,
 To catch the fruite that flees :
 Even so for drythe,
 The miser erythe,
 Not fwaging,
 But waging,
 For licour that hee fees :

For to his painefull parched mouth,
The long defired water flouth ;
 And when he gapes full greedilie,
 unthriftie thirst to flake,
The river wasteth speedilie,
 and awaywarde goes the lake ;
That all the licour from his lips
And dryed chaps away it flips.
This kinde of paine
Doth he sustaine,
 Not ceasing,
 Increasing,
 His pittifull pining wo :
In plenties place,
Devoide of grace,
 Releasing,
 Or ceassing
 The pangs that pinch him so :
Of all the fretting fits of Hell
This Tantals torment is most fell :
 For that the reast can have no hope
 their freedome to attaine,
And he hath graunted him such scope
 as makes the myser faine :
 But all for nought in fine it serves,
 For he with dryth and hunger sterves.
Even so fare I
That am at nie
 My pleasure,
 My treafure,
 As I might wish to bee,

And have at will
 My ladie still
 At leasure,
 In measure,
 As well it liketh mee.
 The amorous blincks flee to and fro,
 With sugred words that make a show,
 That fanſie is well pleaſde withall,
 and findes it ſelfe content :
 Eche other friendly friend doth call
 and eche of us conſent ;
 And thus we ſeeme for to poſſeſſe
 Eche others hart and have redreſſe.
 We coll, we clip,
 We kiſſe with lip,
 Delighted,
 Requighted,
 And merily ſpend the day :
 The tales I tell
 Are fanſide well,
 Recited,
 Not ſpited,
 Thus weares the time away.
 Looke, what I like ſhee doth imbrace,
 Shee gives good eare unto my caſe,
 And yeeldes mee lawfull libertie
 to frame my dolorus plaint,
 To quite hir friend from jeopardie
 whome Cupid hath attain ;
 Reſpecting nought at all his welth,
 But ſeeking meane to worke his helth.

I feeme to have
The thing I craue ;
 Shee barres not,
 Shee jarres not,
 But with a verie good will
Shee heares my fute ;
And for the frute
 Shee warres not,
 But dares not
 To let me feede my fill.
Shee would (I know) with hart agree ;
The fault is neyther in hir nor mee,
 I dare avowe full willinglie
 fhee would consent thereto,
 And gladly would me remedie
 too banish away my woo :
 So thus my with I doe possesse,
 And am a Tantal naythelesse.
For though I stande
And touch with hande,
 Allured,
 Procured,
 The faint I doe desire :
And may be bolde
For to enfolde,
 Affured,
 Indured,
 The corps that I require ;
Yet by no meanes may I attaine
To have the fruite I would so faine
 To rid me from extremitie,
 and cruell oppressing care :

Even thus with Tantals penaltie
 my deftnie may compare ;
 Who though endure excessive paine,
 Yet mine is not the leaft of twaine.

*The Lover to the Themis of London, to favor his Ladie
 paffing thereon.*

THOU ftately ftreamē y^t with the fwelling tide
 Gainft London walles inceffantly doft beate,
 Thou Themis (I fay) where barge and bote doth ride,
 And fnowwhite fwans do fiſh for needefull meate ;

When fo my loue of force, or pleaſure ſhall
 Flit on thy floud, as cuſtome is to do,
 Seeke not with dread hir courage to appall,
 But calme thy tyde, and ſmoothly let it go,
 As ſhee may joy, arrivde to fiker ſhore
 To paſſe the pleaſant ftreamē ſhe did before.

To weltre up and furge in wrathfull wife,
 (As did the floud where Helle drenched was)
 Would but procure defame of thee to riſe :
 Wherefore let all ſuch ruthleſſe rigor paſſe,
 So wiſh I that thou mayſt with bending ſide
 Have powre for aye in woonted goulfe to glide.

*To his Ring given to his Ladie, wherein was graven this
 verſe : My hart is yours.*

THOUGH thou (my ring) be ſmall,
 and ſlender be thy price,

Yet haft thou in thy compaffe coucht
a lovers true device.
And though no rubie red,
ne Turkeffe trim thy top,
Nor other Juell that commends
the golden Vulcans fhop,
Yet mayft thou boldlye vaunt,
and make a true report
For mee, that am thy mayfter yet
in fuch a femblant fort,
That aye (my hart is hirs)
of thee I afke no more :
My pen and I will fhew the reaft,
which yet I keepe in ftore.
Be mindefull of thy charge,
and of thy mayfters cafe :
Forget not that (my hart is hirs)
though I be not in place.
When thou haft tolde thy tale,
which is but fhort and sweete,
Then let my love conjeft the reaft,
till she and I doe meete ;
For as (my hart is hirs)
fo shall it be for aye :
My hart, my hand, my lyfe, my limmes,
are hirs till dying daye.
Yea, when the fpirite gives up
and bodie breathes his laft,
Say, naytheleffe (my hart is hirs)
when life and all is pafte.
Sit faft to hir finger,
But doe thou not wring her.

*The dispairing Lover craves eyther mercie in time at his
Ladies hands, or cruell death.*

LIKE as the fearefull foule
 within the fawcons foote
 Doth yeelde himselfe to die,
 and fees none other boote,
 Even so dread I (my deare)
 least ruth in thee will want,
 To me that am thy thrall,
 who, fearing death, doe pant.
 So fast I am in gyve
 within your beauties gayle,
 As thence to make a breach
 no engin may prevaile.
 The hart within my breast
 with trembling feare doth quake,
 And fave your love (my deare)
 nought can my torment flake.
 To flea a yeelding pray
 I judge it not your kinde :
 Your beautie bids mee hope
 more ruth in you to finde ;
 Where Nature hath performde
 such featurde shape to showe,
 There hath she clofde in breast
 a hart for grace to growe.
 Wherefore my lingring paines
 redresse with ruthfull hart,
 And doe in time become
 physition to my smart.

Oh! shoue thy felfe a friende
and natures impe to bee:
As thou a woman art by kinde,
to womans kinde agree.
But if you can not finde
in hart my lyfe to fave,
But that you long to see
your thrall lye deade in grave,
Sende mee the fatall toole
and cruell cutting knife,
And thou shalt see me rid
my wretched limmes of life,
No leffe to like thy minde
than to abridge my smart;
Which were an yll rewarde
for fuch a good defart.
Of both I count it leaft
by curfed death to fall,
Than ruthleffe here to live,
and aye to be a thrall.

To his Friende, to be constant after choise made.

WHAT made Ulyffes wife
to be renowned so?
What forced Fame hir endleffe brute
in blasting trumpe to blow?
What Cleopatra caufde
to have immortall prayfe?
What did procure Lucrecias laude
to laften to our dayes?

Cause they their plighted heftes
 unbroken aye refervde,
 And planted conftance in their harts
 from whome they never fwervde.
 What makes the marble ftone
 and diamond fo deare ?
 Save that the[y] longeft laft of all,
 and alwayes one appeare ?
 What makes the waxen forme
 to be of slender price,
 But caufe with force of fire it melts,
 and wafte with a trice ?
 Then, if thou long for prayfe,
 or blafted fame to finde,
 (My friend) thou muft not change thy choyce,
 or turne lyke cock with winde :
 Be conftant in thy worde,
 and ftable in thy deede :
 This is the readieft way to win
 and purchafe prayfe with fpeede.

Counfell returned by Pyndara to Tymetes of Conftancie.

WHAT made the Troyan duke,
 that wandring prince, to have
 Such yll report, and foule defame
 as him Carthago gave ?
 What faythleffe Jafon forcde
 a traytors name to gaine,
 When he to Colchos came, and did
 the golden Fleefe attaine ?

What Theseus caufde to bee
 reported of fo yll,
As yet record thereof remaynes
 (I think) and ever wyll?
Cause they their faithfull friendes,
 that favde their doubtfull lyves,
Forfooke at last, and did difdaine
 to take them to their wyves.
They brake their vowed hestes;
 by ship away they went,
And so betrayde those fiely foules
 that craft nor falsehood ment.
Wherefore if you (my friend)
 the like report will flee,
Stand ever to the promise made,
 and plighted troth to mee.
Those dames of whome you spake
 were constant (as you say),
But fure these lovers I alleadge
 unfaithfull parts did play.
More cause have I to doubt
 of you (Tymetes) then,
For (as you see) we women are
 more trustie than you men.

*The Lovers must not dispaire, though their Ladies
 seeme straunge.*

THOUGH Neptune in his rage
 the swelling seas doe tosse,

And crack the cables in difpite,
 to further fhipmens loffe ;
 Though ancker holde doe fayle,
 and myffon go to wrack,
 Though fayles with bluftring blaft be rent,
 and keale begin to crack ;
 Yet thofe that are a boorde,
 and guide the fhip with fteare,
 Although they fee fuch daungers preft
 and perils to appeare,
 Yet hope to light at laft
 upon fome harbour holde,
 And finde a porte where they to caft
 their anckers may be bolde.
 Though theeves be kept in gayle
 faft bound in fureft gyves,
 They lay not all good hope afide
 for faving of their lives :
 They trust at length to fee
 fuch mercie in the judge,
 As they, in open prefence quit,
 may from the prifon trudge.
 And thofe for greedie gaine,
 and hope of hidden golde,
 In deepeft mynes and dungeon darck
 that byde the bitter colde,
 In fine, doe looke to light
 upon fome golden vaine,
 Which may be thought a recompence
 for all their paffed paine.
 The ploughman eke that toyles
 and turnes the ground for graine,

And fowes his feede (perhaps to losse)
yet standes in hope of gaine :
He will not once dispaire,
but hope till harvest fall,
And then will look assuredly
to stufte his barnes withall.
Since these in perils point
will never once dispaire,
Then why should louers stand in dread
of stormes in weather faire ?
Why should they have mistrust
some better hap to finde,
Or think that women will not change,
as is their woonted kinde ?
Though straunge they seeme a while,
and cruell for a space,
Yet see thou hope at length by hap
to finde some better grace ;
For tygers will be tame,
and lyons that were woode,
In time their keepers learne to knowe
and come to them for foode.
What though they scorne as now
to listen to thy sute,
Yet thou in time, when fortunes serues,
shalt reape some better frute.
And though thy fighes they scorne,
and mock thy welling teares,
Yet hope (I say), for after stormes
the shining sunne appears.
And never cease to sue,
nor from lamenting stint ;

For often drops of falling raine
 in time doe pierce the flint.
 Was never stone so strong,
 nor womans hart so harde,
 But thone with toole, and thother with teares
 in proceffe might be scarde.

*A Letter sent by Tymetes to his Ladie Pyndara at the
 time of his departure.*

OF pennes I had good store,
 ne paper did I want,
 When I began to write to thee,
 but inck was somewhat scant ;
 Yet Loue devisde a fetch,
 a friendly sleight at neede,
 For I with pointed penfill made
 my middle finger bleede :
 From whence the bloud, as from
 a cloven conduite, flue,
 And these fewe rude and skilleffe lines
 with quaking quill I drue.
 Now, friend, I must depart,
 and leave this lyked lande :
 Now canckred hap doth force me take
 a new found toyle in hande.
 Shee spites that I should live,
 or leade a quiet life,
 Aye seeking how to breede my bale,
 and make my forrowes rife.

From whence I passe I knowe,
 a place of pleafant bliffe,
But wither I shall I wote not well,
 I know not where it is ;
Where she by sea or lande
 me (cruell) will compell
To passe, or by the defart dales,
 were verie hard to tell.
But needes I must away,
 the wefterne winde doth blowe
So full against my back that I
 of force from hence doe go :
Yet naythelesse in pawne
 (O friend) I leave with you
A faithfull hart, that lasting lyfe
 will shewe it selfe as true,
As looving earst it hath :
 and if mee trust you dare,
Fill up the emptie place with yours,
 if you the same may spare.
Inclose it in my breast ;
 in safetie shall it lie,
And thou shalt have thy hart againe,
 if I doe chaunce to die.
Thus dubble is your gaine,
 a dubble hart to have,
To purchase thee another hart,
 and eke thine owne to save.
Live mindefull of thy friend,
 forget not promise past ;
Be stoute against the stubborne strokes
 of frowarde Fortunes blast.

Penelope, be true
 to thy Ulyffes still :
 Let no newe chofen friend breake off
 the threed of our good will.
 Though I on feas doe paffe,
 the furge will have no powre
 To quench the flame that in my breaft
 increafeth day and howre.
 And thus (the hart that is
 your owne) doth wifh thee well,
 With good increafe of bleffed haps
 finifter chaunce to quell.
 Aduē, my chofen friend :
 if Fortune fay Amen,
 From hence I go thine owne, and will
 thine owne returne agen.

*Pyndaras aunfwere to the Letter which Tymetes ſent hir
 at the time of his departure.*

When firft thy letters came
 (O loving friend) to mee,
 I leapt for joy, in hope to have
 receyvde good newes of thee.
 I never ſtayde upon
 thoſe lines that were without ;
 But raſhly ript the ſeale, to rid
 my minde from dreadfull doubt.
 Which done (Oh cruell grieſe !)
 I ſaw a mournfull fight :

This verfe (of pennes I had good ftore)
with purple bloud ywright.
With flouds of flowing teares
ftraight drowned were mine cics ;
On eyther cheeke they trickled faft,
and raine in river wies.
My minde did yll abode,
it yrkt to read the reft ;
For when I faw the inck was fuch,
I thought I faw the beft.
Long ftood I in a dumpe,
my hart began to ake ;
My liver leapt within my bulck,
my trembling hands did fhake :
My fenfes were bereft,
my bowing knees did bende ;
Out from my nofe the bloud it brake,
much like the letter pende.
Up ftart my ftaring locks,
I lay for dead a fpace ;
And what with bloud and brine I all
bedewde the dreerie place.
From out my feeble fift
fell needle, cloth and all ;
I knewe no wight, I faw no funne,
as deafe as ftone in wall.
At laft, when ftanders by
had brought my fenfe againe,
And force of life had conquered grieffe
and banifht deadly paine,
I thought the worft was pafte ;
I deemde I could abide

No greater torment than I had,
 unlesse I should have dide.
 To vewing then againe
 of bloudie lynes I go,
 And ever as I read the words,
 mee thought I saw the blo
 Which pointed penfell gave,
 from whence that dolefull inck
 As from a cloven conduit flue :
 remembrance make me shrinck.
 Oh, friend Tymetes, why
 so cruell were thou than ?
 What didst thou meane to hurt thy flesh,
 thou rash and retchlesse man ?
 What ! didst thou deeme that I
 could vew that gorie scrole
 Withouten anguish of the minde ?
 or think vpon the hole
 Of that thy friendly fist
 and finger that did bleede ?
 No, no ; I have a womans hart,
 I am no tygers seede.
 As great a griefe it was
 for me to think in hart
 Of thy mishap, as if my selfe .
 had felt the present smart.
 O cruell curfed want
 of fitter inck to write !
 Good fayth, that lycour was unmeete
 such loving lines tindite.
 But yet in some respect
 it fitted with the case :

For (out alas) I read therein
that thou hast fled the place,
Where friendly we were wont
like faithfull friends to bee ;
Where thou moughtst chat with me thy fill,
and I conferre with thee.
Oh spitefull cruell chaunce !
oh curfed canckred fate !
Art thou a goddeffe (monster vile)
deserving stoole of state ?
O blinde and muffled dame !
couldst thou not see to spare
Two faithfull harts, but reaving thone
must breede the others care ?
No woonder tis that thou
doft stande on whirling wheele ;
-For by thy deedes thou doft declare
thou canst doe nought but reele.
Art thou of womans kinde
and ruthfull goddeffe race,
And hast no more respect unto
a fielie womans case ?
Avaunt, thou froward fiend !
thou so my friend doft drive
From shore well knowne to forraine coast
our sugred joyes to rive.
If so thy minde be bent
that my Tymetes shall
Depart the presence of his friend,
yet so doe guide the ball
As he at lande may live,
not trying surge of seas ;

Nor ship him from the havens mouth
to breede him more uneafe.
(Good friend) adventure not
so rashly on the fload,
As earst thou didst in writing of
this letter with thy blood.
Seeke not tincrease my cares,
or dubble griefe begoon ;
Think of Leanders bolde attempt
the like distresse to shoon.
What suretie is in ship ?
what trust in oken plancks ?
What credit doe the windes deserve,
at lande that play such prancks ?
If houses strongly built,
and towers battled hie,
By force of blast be overthrowne
when Æols impes doe flie :
In puffing windes the pine
and aged oke doe teare,
And from the bodies rent the boughes
and loftie lugges they beare :
Then, why shouldst thou affie
in keale or cable so,
Or hazard thus thy selfe upon
the tossing seas to go ?
Hast thou not heard of yore
how good Ulyffes was
With stormie tempest chased fore
when he to Greece did did passe ?
A wearie travaile hee
for ten yeares space abid,

And all the while this noble Greeke
on waltring wallow flid.
Haft thou not read in bookes
of fell Charybdis goulfe,
And Scyllas dogs, whome ships doe dread
as lambes doe feare the woulfe ?
Nor of the raggie rocks
that underlurck the wave,
And rent the barcks that Æols blafts
into their bofome drave ?
Not of the monfters huge
that belch out frothie fleame,
And finging firens that doe drowne
both man and fhip in ftream ?
Alas! the thought of feas,
and of thy paffage paines
(If once thou gage thy felfe to furge)
my hart and members ftaines.
The prefent fits of feare
of afterclaps to cum,
Amaze my loving tender breaft,
and fenfes doe benum.
But needes thou muft away,
(oh friend) what hap is this
That ere thou flie this friendly coaft
thy lips I can not kiffe :
Nor with my folded armes
imbrace that neck of thine,
Nor clap unto thy manly breaft
theſe loving duges of mine :
Not fhed my trilling teares
upon thy moiſted face,

Nor say to thee (Tymet, adue)
 when thou departst the place.
 O that I had thy forme
 in waxen table now,
 To represent thy lively lookes
 and friendly loving brow !
 That mought perhaps abridge
 some part of pinching paine,
 And comfort me, till better chaunce
 did fend thee home againe.
 Both winde and wave atonce
 conspire to worke my wo,
 Or else thou shouldst not so be forst
 from me (thine owne) to go.
 O wayward westerne blast !
 what didst thou meane so full
 Against Tymetes back to blow,
 and him from hence to pull ?
 Haft thou bene counted earst
 a gentle gale of winde,
 And dost thou now at length bewray
 thy fierce and frowarde kinde ?
 I thought the northern blast,
 from frostie pole that came,
 Had bene the worst of all the windes
 and most deserved blame ;
 But now I plainly see
 that poets did but faine
 When they of Borias spake so yll,
 and of his cruell raigne :
 For thou of Æols brats
 thy selfe the worst dost showe ;

And having no iust cause of rage
to foone beginst to blowe.
If needes thou wouldst have usde
thy force and fretting moode,
Thou shouldst have broyld among the trees
that in the mountaines stoode,
And let us friends alone
that livde in perfite blisse ;
But to request the windes of ruth
but labor lost it is.
Well (friend) though cruell hap
and windes did both agree,
That thou on sodaine shouldst forgo
both countrie coast and mee,
Yet have I founde the pawne
which thou didst leave behinde :
I meane thy loving faithfull hart,
that never was unkinde.
And for that firme behest
and plighted truth of youre,
Wherein you vow that love begoon
shall to the death endure,
To yeelde thee thy demaunde
my written lines protest ;
Inclose my hart within thy bulck
as I will thine in brest.
Shrine up that little lump
of friendly flesh (my friend)
And I will lodge in loving wife
the gwest that thou didst fend.
I joy at this exchange :
for I assured stande,

Thy tender hart that I doe keepe
 shall fafelie lie at lande.
 Nor doe I doubt at all
 but thou wilt have regarde
 Of that thy charge, and womans hart
 committed to thy warde.
 Why doft thou write of death?
 I trust thou fhalt not die,
 As long as in thy manly breaft
 a womans hart doth lie:
 To cruell were the cafe,
 the Sifters eake were fhroes,
 If they woulde feeke the death of us,
 that are fuch friendly foes.
 But if the worft fhould fall,
 and that the cruell death
 Doe ftop the fpindles of our life,
 and reave us both of breath,
 Yet this doth make me joy,
 that thou fhalt be the grave
 Unto my hart, and in my breft
 that hart [h]is hierce fhall have.
 For fure a funder fhall
 thefe members never go,
 As long as life in lims doth lodge
 and breath in lungs bylow.
 I mindefull live of thee,
 and of my promife paf; ;
 I will not feeke to change my choife,
 my love is fixed faft.
 To my Tymetes I
 as faithfull will be found,

As to Ulyffes was his wife,
 whilst Troie was laide on ground.
As for new choise of friends,
 presume upon thy P.
Thou knowst I have thy hart in breast,
 and it will none but thee.
Abandon all distrust,
 and dread of mistie minde ;
For to the hart (that is mine owne)
 I will not be unkinde.
Aduē, my chofen friend,
 Aduē to thee agen ;
Remaine my love, but pray the write
 no more with bloudie pen.
Thine owne in life, thine owne in death,
Thine owne whilst lungs shall lende me breath ;
Thine owne whilst I on earth doe wonne,
Thine owne whilst I shall see the sonne.

*To his absent Friend the Lover writes of his unquiet
and restlesse state.*

THOUGH curious skill I want to wel endite,
And I of sacred Nymphs and Muses nine
Was never taught w^t poets pen to write,
Nor barrain braine to learning did incline
To purchase prayse, or with the best to shine,
Yet cause my friend shall finde no want of will
I write : let hir accuse the lack of skill.
No lesse deserves the lambe to be imbraft

Of lowring Jove at sacred altar flaine,
 If with good zeale it offred be at last
 By Irns, than doe Cræfus bullocks twaine :
 For no respect is to be had of gaine
 In such affayres; but to the givers hart,
 And his good will, our senses must convert.

Wherefore to thee (my friend) these lines I fend
 As perfitte proufe of no difsembling minde,
 But of a hart that truly doth intend
 To shew it selfe as loving and as kinde,
 As woman woulde hir lover wish to finde :
 And more than this my paper can declare ;
 I love thee (friend) and wish thee well to fare.

I would thou wist the torment I sustaine
 For lack of hir that should my wo redresse,
 And that you knew some parcell of my paine,
 Which none may well by deeming judgement gesse,
 Nor I with quill have cunning to expresse :
 I know thou couldst but rue my wofull chaunce,
 That by thy meanes was brought into this traunce.

The day doth breede my doole, and ranckling rage
 Of secret smart in wounded breast doth boyle ;
 No pleasant pangue my sorrowes may asswage,
 Nor give an ende unto my wofull toyle :
 The golden Sunne that glads the earthly foyle,
 And erie other thing that breeds delight
 Of kinde, to mee are forgers of my spite.

I long for Phæbus glade and going downe,
 My drearie teares more covertly to shed ;
 But when the night with uglye face doth frowne,
 And that I am yplaste in quiet bed,

In hope to be with wished pleasure fed,
A greater grieffe, a worfer paine ensues.
My vaporde eies their hoped sleepe refuses.

Then rowle I in my deepe difpayring brest
The sweete disdaines, and pleasant anger past,
The lovely strifes : when stars doe counsell rest
Incroaching cares renue my grieffe as faste,
And thus desired night in wo I waste ;
And to expresse the harts excessiue paine,
Mine eies their deawie teares distill amaine.

And reason why they should be moysted fo
Is, for they bred my hart this bitter bale ;
They were the onely cause of cruell wo
Unto the hart, they were the guilefull stale.
Thus day and night, ytoft with churlish gale
Of fighes in fea of farging brine, I bide,
Not knowing how to scape the scowring tide.

At last the shining rayes of hope to finde
Your friendship firme, these cloudy thoughts repels,
And calmed skie returnes to mistie minde,
Which deepe dispaire againe estfoone compels
Too fade, and ease by dolours drift expels :
That gods themselves (I judge) lament my fate,
And doe repine to see my wofull state.

Wherefore to purchase prayse, and glorie gaine,
Do ease your friend that lives in wretched plight,
Doe not to death a loving hart constrain,
But seeke with love his service to requight,
Doe not exchange a fawcon for a kite :
Refuse him not for any friendship nue,
A worfe may chaunce, but none more iust and true.

Let Cressed myrror bee, that did forgo
 Hir former faythfull friend, King Priams sonne,
 And Diomed the Greeke imbraced fo,
 And left the love fo well that was begonne :
 But when hir cards were tolde and twift yfponne,
 She found hir Trojan friend the best of both,
 For he renounst hir not, but kept his oth.

This don, my griping griefs will fomwhat fwage,
 And forrow ceafe to grow in pensive breast,
 Which otherwise will never blin to rage,
 And crush the hart within his carefull cheaft.
 Of both for you and mee it were the best,
 To save my life and win immortall fame,
 And thus my muse shall blafe your noble name
 For ruine on my wofull cafe.

*The aunfwere of a woman to hir Lover, supposing his
 complaint to be but fayned.*

YOU want no skill to paint
 or shew your pangues with pen :
 It is a worlde to see the craft
 that is in subtile men !
 You seeme to write of woes
 and wayle for deadly smart,
 As though there were no grieffe but that
 which gripes your faythlesse hart.
 Though we but women are,
 and weake by lawe of kinde,
 Yet well we can discerne a friende :
 we winke, but are not blinde.

Not every thing that gives
 a gleame and glittering showe,
Is to be counted gold in deede;
 this proverb well you knowe:
Nor every man that beares
 a faire and fawning cheere,
Is to be taken for a friend,
 or chofen for a feere:
Not everie teare declares
 the troubles of the hart;
For some doe weepe that feele no wo,
 some crie that taste no smart.
The more you seeme to me
 in wofull wise to playne,
The fooner I perswade my selfe
 that you doe nought but fayne.
The crocodile by kinde
 a floud of teares doth shed,
Yet hath no cause of cruell crie;
 by craft this fiend is led:
For when the fiely foule,
 that ment no hurt at all,
Approcheth neere, the flipper ground
 doth give the beaft a fall,
Which is no fooner done,
 but straight the monster vyle,
For forrow that did weepe so fore,
 for joy beginnes to smyle.
Even so you men are woont
 by fraude your friends to traine,
And make in wise you could not sleepe
 in carefull couch for paine:

When you in deede doe nought
 but take your nightly nap,
 Or having slept, doe set your snare
 and tulle your guilefull trap.
 Your braynes as busie bee
 in thinking how to snare
 Us women, as your pillowes soft
 and bowsters pleafant are.
 As for your dayes delights,
 our selves can witnesse well
 To fundrie women fundrie tales
 of fundrie jestes you tell :
 And all to win their loves,
 which when you doe attaine,
 Within a while you shew your kindes,
 and give them up in plaine.
 A fawcon is full hard
 amongst you men to finde,
 For all your maners more agree
 unto the kytish kinde ;
 For gentle is the one,
 and loves his keepers hande,
 But thother bufferdlike doth scorne
 on fawckners fist to stande.
 For one good turne the one
 a thousand will requite ;
 But use the other nere so well,
 he shewth himfelse a kite.
 If Cresyd did amiffe
 the Troian to forsake,
 Then Dyomedes did not well
 that did the ladie take.

Was never woman false,
but man as false as shee,
And commonly the men doe make
that women flipper bee.
Wherefore leave off your plaints,
and take the sheete of shame
To shrowde your cloking harts from colde,
and fayning browes from blame.
Yf she that reades this rime
be wise as I could wishe,
She will avoyde the bayted hooke
that takes the biting fishe ;
And shoon the lymed twig,
the flying foule that tyes :
Tis good to feare of erie bush
where threed of thraldome lyes.

The Lover exhorteth his Ladie to take time, while time is.

THOUGH brave your beautie be,
and feature passing faire,
Such as Apelles to depaint
might utterly dispaire,
Yet drowfie drouping age,
incroching on apace,
With pensive plough will raze your hue
and beauties beames deface.
Wherefore in tender yeares
how crooked age doth hafte
Revoke to minde, so shall you not
your minde consume in wafte.

Whilft that you may, and youth
in you is fresh and greene,
Delight your felfe ; for yeares to fit
as fickle clouds are feene.
For water flipped by
may not be callde againe,
And to revoke forepaffed howres
were labour loft in vaine :
Take time whilft time applies ;
with nimble foote it goes,
Nor to compare with paffed prime
thy after age fuppoes.
The holtes that now are hoare,
both bud and bloume I fawe :
I ware a garlande of the bryer
that puts me now in awe.
The time will be, when thou
that doft thy friends defie,
A colde and crooked beldam shalt
in lothfome cabbie lie :
Nor with fuch nightlie brawles
thy pofterne gate shall founde,
Nor rofes ftrawde afront thy dore
in dawning shall be founde.
How foone are corpfes (Lorde)
with filthie furrowes fild !
How quickly beautie, brave of late,
and feemely fhape, is fpild !
Even thou that from thy youth
to have bene fo, wilt fwear,
With turne of hand in all thy head
shalt have graye powdred heare.

The snakes with shifted skinned
their lothsome age dooway ;
The buck doth hang [h]is head on pale
to live a longer day.
Your good without recure
doth passe, receive the flowre :
Which, if you pluck not from the stalke,
will fall within this howre.

*The Lover wisheth to be conjoyued and fast linckt with his
Ladie, never to sunder.*

I READE how Salmacis sometime with sight
On fodaine loovde Cyllenus sonne, and fought
Forthwith with all hir powre and forced might
Too bring to passe hir close conceyved thought :
Whome, as by hap she saw in open mead,
She fude unto, in hope to have bene spead.

With fugred words she wood, & sparde no speach,
But bourded him with many a pleasant tale,
Requesting him of ruth to be hir leach,
For whome she had abid such bitter bale ;
But hee, replete with pride and scornfull cheare,
Disdainde hir earnest sute and songs to heare.

Away shee went, a wofull wretched wight,
And shrowded hir not farre from thence a space :
When that at length the stripling saw in sight
No creature there, but all were out of place,
Hee shifts his robes and to the river ran,
And there to bath him bare the boy began.

The nymph in hope as then to have attainde
 Hir long desired love, retirde to flood,
 And in hir armes the naked noorie strainde:
 Whereat the boy began to strive a good,
 But strugling nought availed in that plight,
 For why, the nymph surpast the boy in might.

O Gods! (quoth tho the girle) this gift I crave,
 This boy and I may never part againe,
 But so our corpes may conjoynd have
 As one we may appeare, not bodies twaine.
 The gods agreed, the water so it wrought,
 As both were one: thy selfe would so have thought.

As from a tree we fundrie times espie
 A twissell grow by Natures subtile might;
 And being two, for cause they grow so nie,
 For one are tane, and so appeare in fight.
 So was the nymph and noorie joynde yfere,
 As two no more, but one selfe thing they were.

O ladie mine! howe might we seeme ybest;
 How friendly mought we gods account to bee,
 In semblant fort if they woulde breede my rest
 By lincking of my carkasse unto thee!
 So that we might no more a funder go,
 But limmes to limmes, & corse to carkasse grow.

O! where is now become that blessed lake
 Wherein those two did bath to both their joy?
 How might we doe, or such provision make
 To have the hap as had the maiden boy?
 To alter forme and shape of either kinde,
 And yet in proufe of both a share to finde?

Then should our limmes w^t lovely linck be tide.

And harts of hate no taste sustaine at all,
 But both for aye in perfite league abide,
 And eche to other live as friendly thrall :
 That thone might feele the pangues the other had,
 And partner be of ought that made him glad.

O bleffed nymph! O Salmacys! I faye,
 Would thy good luck unto hir lot would light,
 Whome I imbrace, and loven shall for aye,
 By force of flood to change hir nature quight :
 And that I might have hap, as had the boy,
 To never part from hir that is my joy.

I would not strive, I would not stirre awhit,
 (As did Cyllenus sonne, that stately wight) ;
 But well content to be hermaphrodit,
 Would cling as close to thee as ere I might,
 And laugh to thinke my hap so good to bee,
 As in such fort fast to be linckt with thee.

*The Lover, hoping assuredly of attaining his purpose after
 long sute, begins to joy renouncing dolours.*

BE farre from mee, you wofull woonted cries,
 A due, dispaire, that madste my hart agries :
 Ye sobbing sighes farewell, and pensive plaint,
 Resigne your roomes to joy, y^e long restraint
 Without defart endure.

Reject those ruthfull rymes yⁿ (quaking quill)
 Which both declarede my wo and want of skill :
 (Mine eies) that long have had my love in chafe,
 With teares no more imbrue your mystresse face,
 But to your springs retyre.

And thou (my hart) that long for lack of grace
 Forepinde haft bene and in a doolefull cafe,
 Lament no more ; let all fuch gripings go
 As bred thy bale, and nurft thy cankred wo

With milke of mournfull dug.

To Venus doe your due (you fenfes all)
 And to hir fonne to whome you are in thrall :
 To Cupid bend thy knce, and thanks repay
 That after lingred fute, and long delay,

Hath brought thy fhip to fhore.

Let crabbed fortune now exprefse hir might,
 And doe thy worft to me, thou ftinging fpite ;
 My hart is well defenft againft your force,
 For fhe hath vowde on mee to have remorce

Whome I have loovde fo long.

Henceforth exchange thy cheere, and wofull voice
 That haft yfounde fuch matter to rejoice :
 With mirrie quill, and pen of pleafant plight,
 Thy blisfull haps and fortune to endight,

Enforce thy barraine skull.

The Lover to his carefull bed, declaring his refllefse ftate.

THOU that wert earft a reftfull place
 doft now renue my smart,
 And woonted eake to falve my fore
 that now increafeft wo,
 Unto my carefull corfe an eafe,
 a torment to my hart,
 Once quieter of minde perdie,
 now an unquiet fo :

The place fometime of flumbring sleepe
 wherein I may but wake,
Drenched in sea of faltifh brine,
 (O bed) I thee forfake.
No ife of Apenynus top
 my flaming fire may quent,
Ne heate of brighteft Phœbus beames
 may bate my chillie colde :
Nought is of ftately strength ynough
 my forrowes to relent,
But (fuch is hap) renewed cares
 are added to the olde :
Such furious fits and fonde affects
 in mee my fanfies make,
That bathed all in trickling teares,
 (O bed) I thee forfake.
The dreames that daunt my dazed hed
 are pleafant for a fpace :
Whilft yet I lie in flumbring sleepe
 my carkaffe feeles no wo,
For caufe I feeme with clasped armes
 my lover to imbrace ;
But when I wake and finde away
 that did delight me fo,
Then in comes care to pleafures place,
 that makes my limmes to quake ;
That all besprent with brackifh bryne,
 (O bed) I thee forfake.
No fooner ftirres Auroras ftarre,
 the lighteft lampe of all,
But they that roufted were in reft,
 not fraught with fearefull dreames,

Do pack apace to labours left,
 and to their taske doe fall :
 When I, awaking all inragde,
 doe baine my breast with streames,
 And make my smokie sighes to skies
 their upward way to take :
 Thus with a surge of teares bedewde,
 (O bed) I thee forsake.
 Thus hurld from hungrie hope by hap
 I die, yet am alive :
 From pangues of plaint to fits of fume
 my restlesse minde doth runne,
 With rage and fansie reason fights,
 they altogether strive :
 Resistaunce vayleth naught at all,
 for I am quickly wunne.
 Thus seeking rest no ruth I finde
 that gladfome joy may make,
 Wherefore, consume with flowing teares
 (O bed) I thee forsake.

*An Epitaph and wofull verse of the death of Sir John
 Tregonwell, Knight, and learned Doctor
 of both Lawes.*

AND can you cease from plaint,
 or keepe your conduits drie ?
 May saltish brine within your breasts
 in such a tempest lie ?
 Where are your scalding sighes,
 the fittest foode of paine ?

And where are now thy welling teares,
I aske thee once againe ?
Hast thou not heard of late
the losse that hath befell ?
If not, my selfe (unhappie wight)
will now begin to tell :
(Though griefe perhaps will grutch,
and stay my foltring tongue)
From whence this ragged roote of ruth
and mourning moode is sprong.
Was dwelling in this sheere
a man of worthie fame,
A justicer for his defart,
Tregonwell was his name :
A doctor at the lawes,
A knight among the mo ;
A Cato for good counsell callde,
as he in yeares did grow :
A patrone to the poore,
a rampire to the rest ;
As leefe unto the simple forte,
as friendly to the best.
No blinde affect his eie
in judgement blearde at all,
Whose righteous verdit and decree
was quite devoyde of gall.
If he in hatefull hartes
(where roote of rancour grew)
Of faythfull friendship feedes might fow,
no paines he would eschew.
Minerva thought of like,
and Nature did consent

To prove in him by skilfull arte
 what eyther could invent.
 A plot of such a price
 was never framde before ;
 To show their powre the heavens had
 Tregonwell kept in store.
 The prince did him imbrace,
 and fought him to advaunce,
 And better former state of birth
 by furthering of his chaunce :
 He still was readie bent
 his service to bestowe,
 Thereby unto his native foyle
 if gratefull gaine might growe.
 If sage advise were scarce,
 and wholesome counsell scant,
 Then should you see Tregonwels helpe,
 ne wifedome would not want.
 When Legats came from farre
 (as is their woonted guife)
 To treat of truce, or talke of warre,
 as matters did arise,
 Tregonwell then was calde
 his verdit to expresse,
 Who for the most part in the case
 of fruitfull things could geffe.
 Or if himselfe were sent
 (which hap Tregonwell had)
 Into a farre and forraine lande,
 then was Tregonwell glad ;
 For so he might procure
 wealepublick by his paine :

It was no corrie to this knight
 long travaile to sustaine.
But what? undaunted death
 that seekes to conquer all,
And Atropos that goddesse sterne
 at length have spit their gall,
And rest us such a one
 as was a Phœnix true,
Save that now of his cindrie corfe
 there rifeth not a nue.
Where may you see his match?
 where shall you find his lecke?
None, though you from the farthest east
 unto the ocean seeke.
O house without thy head!
 O ship without a steare!
Thy Palynurus now is dead,
 as shortly will appeare.
In daunger of distresse
 this knight was ever woont
To yeelde himselfe to perils prest,
 and bide the greatest broont.
No tumults tempest could
 subdue his constant hart,
Ne would the man by any meanes
 once from his countrie start.
But (oh) it naught availes,
 for death doth strike the stroke
In things humaine; no worldly wealth
 his friendship may provoke.
Let Trojans now leave off
 by mourning to lament

The losse of Priam and his towne,
 when ten yeares warre was spent.
 Yee Romaines lay your hoods
 and black attire away :
 Bewaile no more your Fabians fall,
 nor that smifter day
 That rest a noble race
 which might have florisht long ;
 For neither losse is like to this
 our not deserved wrong.
 Now Cornwall thou mayst crake,
 and Dorset thou mayst crie,
 For thone hath bred, and thother lost
 Tregonwell sodainelie.
 Whose corps, though earthed bee
 in lothsome lumps of foyle,
 His peerelesse prayse by vertue woon
 shall never feare the foyle.
 Who so therefore shalt see
 this marble where he lies,
 With that Tregonwels soule may finde
 a place above the skies,
 And reach a rowme of rest
 appointed for the nones ;
 For in this tombe interred is
 but flesh and bared bones.

*The Lover confesseth himselfe to be in love, and enamored
 of Mistresse P.*

If banisht sleepe, and watchfull care,
 If minde affright with dreadfull dreames,

If torments rife, and pleafure rare,
If face befmearde with often freames ;
If chaunge of cheare from joy to fmart,
If altred hue from pale to red,
If foltring tongue with trembling hart,
If fobbing fighes with furie fed ;
If fodaine hope by feare oppreff,
If feare by hope fuppreff againe,
Be proves that love within the brest
Hath bound the hart with fanfies chaine :

Then I of force no longer may
In covert keepe my pierfing flame,
Which ever doth it felfe bewray,
But yeelde my felfe to fanfies frame.
And now in fine to be a thrall
To hir that hath my hart in gyve,
Shee may enforce me rife or fall,
Till death my limmes of life deprive.
P. with hir beautie hath bereft
My freedome from my thralled minde,
And with hir loving lookes ycleft
My reafon through both barke and rinde ;
Yet well therewith I am content
In minde to take it patiently,
Since, fure I am, fhe will relent,
And not enforce hir friende to die.

So I in recompence may have
Naught but a faithfull hart againe ;
Then other friendship will I crave,
But think my loue ylent to gaine.

*That all things have release of paine save the Lover, that
hoping and dreading never taketh ease.*

WHAT so the golden funne
 beholdes with blazing light,
When paine is past, hath time to take
 his comfort and delight.
The oxe with lumpish pace
 and leasure that doth drawe,
Hath respite, after toyle is past, =
 to fill his emptie mawe.
The lolearde asse that beares
 the burden on his back,
His dutie done, to stable plods,
 and reacheth to the rack.
The deere hath woonted foyle
 his fervent heate to swage :
When woorke hath ende, to respite runnes
 the peasant and the page.
The owle that hates the day,
 and loves to flee by night,
Hath queachie bushes to defende
 him from Apollos fight.
Eche cunnie hath a cave,
 eche little foule a nest
To shrowde them in at needefull times
 to take their needefull rest.
Thus vewing course of kinde,
 it is not on the grounde,
That at some time doth not resort
 where is his comfourt founde.

Save me (O curfed man)
whome neither funne ne fhade
Doth ferve the burthen of my breaft
and forrowes to unlade.
Eche fport procures my fmart,
eche feemely fight annoy ;
Eche pleafant tune torments mine eafe,
and reaves my hoped joy.
No mufick foundes fo fweete
as doth the doolefull drum,
For fomewhat neare unto my fmart
that mournefull founde doth cum.
A gally flave I feeme
unto my felfe to bee :
The mayfter that doth guide the fhip
hath neare an eie to fee.
You know where fuch a one
as Cupid is doth feare :
Amid the goulfe of deepe difpaire
great perill muft appeare.
In fteade of freaming fayles,
hee wifhes hanges aloft,
Which if in tempeft chaunce to teare,
the barck will come to nought.
For winde are fcaolding fighes,
and fecret fobbings preft,
Mixt with a cloude of stormie teares
to baine the lovers brest.
Though Cupid neare fo well
his beaten barck doe guie,
By fleeing flats and finking fandcs
that in the wallow lie,

Yet those that are a boorde
 must ever stande in awe,
 For cause a buffard is their guide,
 not forcing any flawe ;
 That followes none advice,
 but bluntly runnes on hed,
 As proude as peacock over those
 that in his chaine ar led.
 Thus may you plainly see
 that eche thing hath release
 Of pensive paine, save Cupids thralls,
 whose torments aye increafe.

*A poore Ploughman to a Gentleman for whome he had
 taken a little paines.*

YOUR culter cuts the foyle that earst was fowne,
 Your haruest was forereaped long agoe,
 Your sickle sheares the medowe y^t was mowne,
 Ere you the toyle of tilmans trade did knowe :
 Good fayth you are beholding to the man
 That so for you your husbandrie began.
 He craves of you no silver for his feede,
 Ne doth demaunde a penny for his graine ;
 But if you stande at any time in neede,
 (Good maister) be as bolde with him againe.
 You can not doe a greater pleafure than
 To choose you such a one to be your man.

*To his Friende P: of Courting, Travailing, Dyfing,
and Tenys.*

To live in Court among the crue is care,
Is nothing there but dayly diligence ;
Nor cap nor knee, nor money muft thou spare,
The prince his haule is place of great expence.

In rotten ribbed barck to paffe the seas,
The forraine landes and ftraungie fites to fee,
Doth daunger dwell : the paffage breedes uneafe,
Not fafe the foyle, the men unfriendly bee.

Admit thou fee the ftraungeft things of all,
When cie is turnde the pleafant fight is gone :
The treasure then of travaile is but fmall,
Wherefore (friende P.) let all fuch toyes alone.

To fhake the bones, and cog the craftie dice,
To carde in care of fodaine loffe of pence,
Unfeemely is, and taken for a vice :
Unlawfull play can have no good pretence.

Too band the ball doth caufe y^e coine to waft,
It melts as butter doth againft the funne ;
Naught fave thy paine, when play doth ceafe, y^u haft :
Too studie then is beft when all is donne ;
For studie ftayes and brings a pleafant gaine,
When play doth paffe as glare w^t guffhing raine.

*The Lover declares that unlesse he utter his sorrowes by
fute, of force he dyeth.*

LYKE as the gunne that hath to great a charge,
And pellet to the powder ramde so fore,
As neyther of both hath powre to go at large,
Till shiverd flaws in founding skies doe rore :

Even so my carefull breast, that fraughted is
With Cupids ware, and cloide with lurcking love,
Unlesse I shoulde disclose my drerines,
And out of hande my troubled thoughts remove,

A sunder woulde my cumbred carcasfe flee :
The hart would breake the overcharged chace
Of pensive breast ; and you (my love) should see
Your faythfull friende in lamentable cafe.

Wherefore doe what you may in gentle wyes
The gunner to assift in time of neede,
And when you see the pellet pierce the skyes,
And powder make a proufe of hidden gleede :

Rue on his case, and seeke to quite his wo,
Leaft in short time his gunne to peeces go .

*The Lover to a Friende that wrote him this sentence :
Yours assured to the death.*

O FAITHFULL friend ! thrife happy was the fist
In so few words to such effect that wrought :
O friendly hart ! a thousand folde yblift
That hath conceivde so just and joyfull thought,
As not till death from pawned love to bende,
But friend at first, and frind to be at ende.

Wherefore to countervaile those woords of thine,
And quit thy love with faithfull hart againe,
I vow that I will never once decline
A foote from that I am for losse or gaine :
If thou be mine *till death*, I the[e] assure
To be thy friend *as long as life shall dure*.

*Of certaine flowers, sent him by his Love upon suspicion
of chaunge.*

YOUR flowers for their hue
were fresh and faire to see,
Yet was your meaning not so true
as you it thought to bee.
In that you sent me bame,
I judge you ment thereby,
That cleane extinct was all my flame
from whence no sparckes did flie.
Your fenell did declare
(as simple men can show)
That flattrie in my breast I bare,
where friendship ought to grow.
A dayfie doth expresse
great follie to remaine :
I speake it not by roate or geffe,
your meaning was so plaine.
Rosemarie put in minde
that bayes weare out of thought ;
And Loveinydle came behinde
for love that long was fought.

Your cowflips did portende
 that care was layde away ;
 And eglantyne did make an ende
 where sweete with fower lay ;
 As though the leaves at furft
 were sweete when love began,
 But now in prooffe the pricks were curft,
 and hurtfull to the man.

The Aunfwere to the fame.

PERDIE I neede no bame,
 ne forced heate by charme,
 To fet my burning breaft in flame
 whom Cupids gleames do warme.
 On bayes is my delight,
 Remembrance is not paf ;
 Though dayfie hit the nayle aright,
 my friendship aye fhall laft.
 Though love in ydle bee,
 yet will I not forgoe,
 Ne caft off care as you fhall fee,
 and time the trouth fhall fhowe.
 So I may tafte the sweete,
 I force not on the fowre :
 The more is joy when friends doe meete,
 that Fortune earft did lowre.
 Your fenell failed quight
 where fuch good fayth is ment ;
 For bayes are onely my delight,
 though I for bayes be fhent.

Of a Foxe that woulde cate no Grapes.

BY fortune came a foxe,
 where grue a loftie vine :
I will no grapes (quoth hee)
 this yarde is none of mine.
The foxe woulde none, bicaufe that hee
Perceivde the highneffe of the tree.
So men that foxlie are,
 and long their lust to have,
But cannot come thereby,
 make wife they would not crave.
Those subtill marchants will no wine,
Bicaufe they cannot reach the vine.

Of the straunge countenaunce of an aged Gentlewoman.

IT makes me laugh a good to see thee lowre,
 and long to looken fad ;
For when thy crabbed countenance is so fowre,
 thou art so seeming glad.
I blame not thee but nature in his case,
That might bestowde on thee a better grace.

To the Roving Pyrat.

THOU winste thy wealth by warre,
 ungodly way to gaine ;
And in a houre thy ship is funck,
 goods drownde, the pirat flaine.

The gunne is all thy trust ;
 it ferves thy cruell fo :
 Then brag not on thy canon shot,
 As though there were no mo.

Of one that had little Wit.

I thee advife,	}	{	Tis rare to get,
If thou be wife,			And farre to fet :
To keepe thy wit,			Twas ever yit,
Though it be small :			Dearfte ware of all.

In commendation of Wit.

WIT farre exceedeth wealth,
 Wit princely pompe excels,
 Wit better is than beauties beames,
 Where pride and daunger dwels.
 Wit matcheth kingly crowne,
 Wit maisters witleffe rage ;
 Wit rules the fonde affects of youth,
 Wit guides the steps of age.
 Wit wants no reafons skill
 a faithfull friend to know :
 Wit wotes full well the way to voide
 the smooth and fleering fo.
 Wit knowes what best becommes,
 and what unfeemely showes :
 Wit hath a wile to ware the worst,
 Wit all good fashion knowes.

Since wit by wifedome can
doe this, and all the rest,
That I imploy my painefull head
to come by wit is best :
Whome if I might attaine,
then wit and I were one ;
But till time wit and I doe cope,
I shall be poft alone.

An Aunfwere in difpraise of Wit.

THE wit you fo commend
with wealth cannot compare ;
For wealth is able wit to win,
when wit is waxen bare.
Wit hath no beauties beames ;
to kingly crowne it yeeldes :
Wit fubject is to wilfull rage,
Rage wit and reafon weeldes.
Wit rules not witleffe youth,
nor aged fteps doth guide ;
Wit knowes not how to win a friende,
wit is fo full of pride.
Wit wots not how to flie
the fmooth and flattering gefl :
Wit cannot well difcerne the thing
that doth become it beft.
Wit hath no wyle to ware
mifhap before it fall ;
Wit knowes not what good fafhion meanes,
Wit can doe naught at all.

Since wit by wifdome can
 doe nothing, as you weene,
 If you doe toyle to come by wit,
 then are you over·feene :
 Whome when you doe attaine,
 though wit and you seeme one,
 Yet wit will to another, when
 your back is turnde and gone.

*The Lover to Cupid for mercie, declaring how first he
 became his thrall, with the occasion of his defying
 Love; and now at last what caused him
 to convert.*

O MIGHTIE lorde of love!
 Dame Venus onely joy,
 Whose princely powre doth farre furmout
 all other heavenly roy,
 I that have swarvde thy lawes,
 and wandred farre astray,
 Have now retyrde to thee againe,
 thy statutes to obey :
 And so thou wouldst vouchsafe
 to let me plead for grace,
 I would before thy barre declare
 a felie lover's case.
 I would depaint at full
 how first I was thy man,
 And shew to that what was the cause
 that I from Cupid ran.

And how I have since that
 yfpent my weerie time,
As I shall tell, fo thou shalt here
 declarede in doolefull rime.
In greene and tender age
 (my Lorde), till xviii years,
I spent my time as fitted youth
 in fchole among my feeares,
As then no bearde at all
 was growne upon my chin,
Which well approovde that mans estate
 I was not entred in.
I neede not tell the names
 of Authors which I read,
Of proes and verfe we had inough
 to fine the dullest head :
- But I was chiefly bent
 to poets famous art ;
To them with all my devor I
 my studie did convert.
Where when I had with joy
 yfpent my time a while,
The reaft refusde, I gave me whole
 to Nasos noble stile.
Whose volumes when I faw
 with pleafant stories fright,
In him (I fay) above the reft
 I laide my whole delight.
What should I here reherfe
 with bafe and barraine pen,
The lincked tales and filed stuffe
 that I perused then ?

In fine, it was my loare
 upon that part to light
Wherein he teacheth youth to love,
 and women win by flight :
Which Treatise when I had
 with judging eie furvayde,
At last I found thy godly kynde,
 and Princely powre displayde.
Of Cupid all that booke
 and of his raigne did ring,
The poet there of Venus did
 in sugred dittie sing.
There read I of thy shafts,
 and of thy golden bow,
Thy shafts which by their divers heads
 their divers kindes did shew.
I saw how by thy force
 thou madest men to stoope,
And grifely gods by secret flight
 and deuilish imps to droope.
There were depainted plaine
 thy quick and quiver wings ;
And what so else doth touch thy powre
 there Ovid sweetely sings.
There I thy conquests sawe,
 and many a noble spoile,
With names annexed to the same
 of such as had the foile.
There matrones marcht along
 and maydens in their roe,
Both Faunes and Satyrs there I saw,
 with Neptuns troupe also.

With other thoufands elfe,
 which Nafō there doth write ;
But not my pen or barraine skull
 is able to recite.
O mighty Prince (quoth I)
 of fuch a fearefull force,
How bleft were I, fo thou of mee
 wouldft daine to take remorse !
And choofe me for thy thrall
 among the reft to bee,
That live in hope, and ferve in truſt
 as waged men to thee.
With that (thy Godhead knowes)
 thou gavſte a freindly looke,
And (though unworthie fuch a place)
 mee to thy fervice tooke.
In token I was thine,
 I had a badge of blue,
With fabels fet, and charge withall
 that I ſhould aye be true.
Thou badſte me follow Hope,
 who tho thy enſigne bare.
And ſo I might not doe amiſſe,
 thus didſt thy ſelfe declare.
Then who rejoyſt but I ?
 who thought himſelfe ybliſt ?
That was in Cupids ſervice plaſt
 as bravely as the beſt ?
And thus in luſtie youth
 I grue to be your thrall,
And was (I witneſſe of thy dame)
 right well content withall.

But now I minde to shewe
 (as promiffe was to doe)
 How first I fled thy tents, and why
 thy campe I did forgoe.
 When I had bene retainde
 well nigh a yeare or more,
 And servde in place of wage and meede
 as in the souldiars lore,
 I chaunst by hap to cast
 my floting eies awrie,
 And fo a dame of passing shape
 my fortune was to spie :
 On whome Dame Nature thought
 such beautie to bestowe,
 As she had never framde before,
 as proufe did plainely showe.
 On hir I gazde a while,
 till use of sence was fled,
 And, colour, paper white before,
 was woxen scarlet red.
 I felt the kindled sparkes
 to flashing flames to growe ;
 And fo on fodaine I did love
 the wight I did not knowe.
 Then to thy pallace I
 with frowarde foote did run,
 And what I saide, I mynde it yet,
 for thus my tale begun.
 O noble Sir (quoth I),
 is this your free assent,
 I should purfue a game unknowne
 within your stately tent ?

If so (quoth I) thou wilt,
 and givste the same in charge,
I mynde of all my brydled lust
 to let the raynes at large.
Then (Hope) did prick mee forth,
 and bad mee be of cheere,
Who said I should within a while
 subdue my noble feere.
He counfelde mee to shun
 no dreadfull daungers place,
But follow him who banner bore
 unto your noble grace.
He would maintaine my right
 and further aye my cause,
And bannish all dispaire that grewe
 by frowarde fortunes flawes.
Tis Cupids will (quoth hee),
 our maister and our lorde,
That thou with manly hart and hand
 shouldst lay the barck aborde :
She fhall not choose but yeelede
 the fruite for passed paines ;
For thee is one of Cupids thralls,
 and bound in Venus chaines.
Thinkst thou our maister will
 his fervant live in woe ?
No, not for all his golden darts,
 ne yet his crooked bowe.
Wherefore with luckie mart
 give charge unto the wight :
Take speare in hande, and targe on arme,
 and doe with courage fight.

With that, I arme me well,
as fits a warring man,
And to the place of friendly fight
with lustie foote I ran.
My foe was there before
I came unto the felde :
I thought Bellona had bene there,
or Pallas with hir shielde.
So well shee was beset
with plate and privie maile,
As for my life my limber launce
might not a whit prevaile :
Yet naythelesse with speare
and shielde, we fought a space,
But last of all we tooke our bowes
and arrowes from the case.
Then dartes we gan to fling
in wide and weightlesse skies ;
And then the fiercest fight of all
and combat did arise.
In stead of shivering shafts,
light loving lookes we cast,
And there I founde my selfe too weake,
hir arrowes went so fast :
But one above the reast
did cleave my breast so farre,
As downe it went where lay my hart,
and there it gave a jarre.
So cruell was the stroke,
so fodaine eke the wounde,
As by the fearefull force I fell
into a senselesse founde.

Thus, having no refuge
to quite my selfe from death,
I made a vowe to love hir well
whilst lungs should lende me breath :
And since that time I have
endevorde with my might
To win hir love, but nought prevailes ;
shee wayes it not a mite.
Shee skornes my yeelding hart,
not forcing on my heft ;
But by disdaine of cloudy browe
doth further my unrest.
Yet ruthlesse though shee were,
and farfed full of yre,
I loovde hir well as hart could think,
or woman might desire.
I fought to frame my speach
and countnance in such fort,
As shee my covert hart might see
by shewe of outwarde port.
To Troilus halfe so true
unto his Creside was
As I to hir, who for hir face
did Trojane Creside passe.
At length, when Reason saw
me fotted so in love,
As I ne would, ne might at all
my fanfie thence remove,
Shee causde hir trumpe be blowne
to cyte hir servants all
Into the place, by whose advise
I might be rid from thrall.

Then Plato first appearede
with sage and solemne sawes,
And in his hand a golden booke
of good and Greekish lawes,
Whose honnie mouth such wise
and weightie wordes did tell
Gainst thee and all thy troupe at once,
As Reason likte it well.
When Platoes tale was done,
then Tullie prest in place,
Whose filed tongue with sugred talke
would good a simple case.
With open mouth I heard,
and jawes ystrecht awyde,
How he gainst Venus dearlings all
and Cupids captives cryde.
Then Plutarch gan to preach,
and by examples prove
That thousand mischiefes were procurde
by meane of guilefull love ;
Whole cities brought to spoyle,
and realmes to shamefull sack,
Where kings and rulers good advice
by meane of love did lack.
Next Plutarch Senec came,
severe in all his sawes,
Who cleane defide your wanton tricks,
and scornde your childish lawes.
I neede not name the reast
that stode as then in place,
But thousandes more there were that fought
your godhead to deface.

When all the hall was hufht,
and fages all had donne,
Then Reason that in judgement fate
hir skilfull talke begonne.
Gramercie, friends, (quoth thee)
your counsell lykcs me well,
But now lend eare to Reasons wordes,
and liften what I tell.
What madneffe may be more
than fuch a lorde to have,
Who makes the chieftaine of his bande
a ruke and raskall flave?
Who woonted is to yeelde
in recompence of paine,
A ragged recompence, God wote,
that turnes to meere difdaine.
Who gladly would enfue
a conduct that is blinde,
Or thrall himfelfe to fuch a one
as fhewes himfelfe unkinde?
What ploughman would be glad
to fowe his feede for gaine,
And reape, when harveft time comes on,
but travaile for his paine?
What madman might endure
to watch and warde for nought,
To ride, to runne, and laft to loofe
the recompence he fought?
To wafte the day in wo,
and reftleffe night in care,
And have in ftead of better foode
but fobbing for his fare?

To bleare his eies with brine
 and salted teares yfhead,
 To force his fainting flesh to fade,
 his colour pale and dead ?
 And to foredoe with carke
 his wretched witherde hart,
 And so to breede his bitter bale
 and hatch his deadly smart ?
 I speake it to this fine,
 that plainely might appere,
 Cupidos craft and guilefull guife
 to him that standeth here ;
 Whose eies with fantasies mist
 and errors cloudes are dim,
 By meane that hee in Venus lake
 and Cupids goulfe doth swim ;
 And hath, by sodaine sight
 of unacquainted shape,
 So fixt his hart, as hope is past
 for ever to escape,
 Unlesse to these my wordes
 a listning care hee lende,
 Which oft art wont the lovers minde
 and fantasie to offende.
 But he that would his health
 sowre srops must assay ;
 For erie grieffe hath cure againe
 by cleane repugnaunt way :
 And who so mindes to quite
 and rid himselfe from wo,
 Must seeke in time for to remove
 the thing that hurtes him so.

For longer than it lastes
it frets the farder in,
Untill it grow to curelesse maine
by passing fell and skin.
The pyne that beares his head
up to the haughtie skie,
Would well have beene remoovde at first,
as daylie prooffe doth trie,
Which now no force of man
nor engine may subvert,
So wyde the creeping rootes are run
by Natures subtill art.
So love by slender sleight
and little paine at first
Would have beene stopt ; but hardly now
though thou wouldst doe thy wurft.
The woonted saw is true,
shun love, and love will flee ;
But follow love, and spite thy nose,
then love will follow thee :
And though such graffed thoughts
on sodaine may not die,
Ne be forgone, yet proceffe shall
their farther growth destrie.
No giaunt for his lyfe
can cleave a knarrie oke,
Though he would seeke to doe his wurft
and utmost at a stroke ;
But let the meanest man
have space to fell him downe,
And he will make him bende his head,
and bring his boughes to grownde.

No force of falling howre
 can pierce the marble stone,
 As will the often drops of raine
 that from the gutters gone.
 Wherefore, thou retchleffe man,
 my counsell with the mo
 Is, that thou peecemeale doe expell
 the love that paines thee fo.
 Renounce the place where shee
 doth make sojourn and stay ;
 Force not hir trayning truthleffe eies,
 but turne thy face away.
 Thinke that the hurtfull hooke
 is coverde with such baite ;
 And that in such a pleafant plot
 the serpent lurcks in waite.
 Waie well hir scornfull cheere,
 and think shee seekes thy spoyle ;
 And though thy conquest were atchivde,
 may not acquite thy toile.
 Not ydle see thou bee,
 take aye some charge in hande :
 And quickly shalt thou quench the flame
 of careleffe Cupids brande.
 For what (I pray you) bred
 Ægisthus fowle defame,
 And made him spoken of so yll ?
 what put him to the shame ?
 What forde the foole to love ?
 his beaftly ydle lyfe
 Was cause that he befotted was
 of Agamemnons wyfe.

If he had fought in field,
 encoutring with his foe
On stately steede, or else on foote
 with glave had given the bloe ;
If he, that lecher lewde,
 had warlick walles affailde
With cannon shot, or bownfing ram,
 his fenced enemies quailde,
He had not felt such force
 of vile and beastly sin,
Cupidos shafts had fallen short,
 if he had busie bin.
What Myrrha made to love,
 or Byblos to desire,
To quench the heate of hungrie lust
 and flames of filthy fire ?
-What Canace enforced
 to frie with frantick brands,
In fort as up to yeeld hir selfe
 unto hir brothers hands ?
And others thousand mo
 of whome the poets wright,
Nought else (good fayth) but for they had
 in ydle thoughts delight.
They spent their youthfull yeares
 in foule and filthie trade ;
They busied not their ydle braines,
 but God of Pleasure made.
Wherefore if thou (I say)
 doft covet to avoyde
That bedlam boyes deceitfull bowe
 that others hath anoyde ;

Eschewe the ydle lyfe,
 flee, flee from doing nought,
 For never was there ydle braine
 but bred an ydle thought.
 And when those stormes are past,
 and cloudes remoovde away,
 I know thou wilt on (Reason) thinke,
 and minde the words I say,
 Which are that loove is roote
 and onely crop of care,
 The bodies foe, the harts annoy,
 and cause of pleasures rare.
 The sicknesse of the minde,
 the fountaine of unrest,
 The goulfe of guile, the pit of paine,
 of grieffe the hollow cheft.
 A fierie frost, a flame,
 that frozen is with ife,
 A heavie burden light to beare,
 a vertue fraught with vice.
 It is a warlike peace,
 a safetie fet in dred,
 A deepe dispaire annex to hope,
 a famine that is fed :
 Sweete poyson for his taste,
 A Porte Charybdis leeke,
 A Scylla for his safetie thought,
 a lyon that is meeke.
 And (by my crowne I sweare)
 the longer thou dost love,
 The longer shalt thou live a thrall,
 as tract of time will prove.

Discomodities
of Love.

Wherefore retire in haste,
 and speede thee home againe,
And pardned shall thy trespassse bee,
 and thou exempt from paine.
Take Reason for thy guide,
 as thou hast done of yore,
And spite of Love thou shalt not love,
 ne be a thrall no more.
Repaire to Platos schoole,
 and Tullies true advice ;
Let Plutarch be and Seneca
 thy teachers to be wife.
This long and learned tale
 had broofed so my braine,
As I forthwith to Reason ran,
 and gave thee up in plaine.
Fie, fie on Loue ! quoth I,
 I now perceiue his craft ;
For Reason hath declarde at large
 how hee my freedome raft.
I see his promise is
 farre fayrer than his paie :
I finde how Cupid blearde mine eies,
 and made me run astraie.
I wrote how hungrie Hope
 hath led mee by the lip,
And made mee mooue an endleffe sute,
 well worth an oken chip.
Hee trainde mee all by trust ;
 I farde as hounde at hatch,
The lesser fruite I founde, the more
 I was procurde to watch.

Thus (mightie Lorde) I left
 thy lawes and statutes strong
 For rayling Reasons trifling talke,
 and offerd thee a wrong.
 But now Dame Venus knowes,
 and thou, hir sonne, canst tell
 That I within my covert hart
 doe love thee passing well.
 Now fully bent to be
 (fo thou wilt cleane put out
 Of mind my passed injuries)
 thy man and fouldier stout :
 Prest to obey thy will,
 and never swarve againe,
 As long as Venus is of force,
 and thou shalt keepe thy raigne.
 I weigh not Tullies tale,
 ne prating Platos talke ;
 Let Plutarch vouch what Plutarch can,
 let skurvey Senec walke.
 Olde Ovid will I reade,
 whose pleafant wit doth passe
 The reaft, as farre as stubborne steele
 excells the brittle glaffe.
 In him thy deedes of armes
 and manly Marts appeere ;
 In him thy stately spoyles are feene
 as in a mirrour cleere :
 Thy mothers prayse and thine
 in him are to be founde,
 For conquestes which you had in heaven,
 and here bylow on grounde.

Forgive my former guilt,
forget my passed toys,
And graunt I may aspire againe
unto my woonted joyes.
If ever man did love,
or serve in better steede,
Then shape my wageffe to the fame,
and doe restraine my meede ;
But so I fight in fieldes
as fiercely as the best,
I hope that then your Godhead will
reward me with the rest.

After misadventures come good haps.

I NEVER thought but this, that luck in fine
Would to my will and fansie well incline ;
For dayly prooffe doth make an open shew
That commen course of things would have it so.
When stormie clouds from darkned skyes are fled,
Then Phœbus shewes his gay and golden hed :
His princely pride appeares when showers are past,
And after day the night enfues as fast.
When winter hath his trembling carkas showne,
And w^t his frostie foote the spring downe throwne,
Then in leapes Æstas gay with gladsome gleames,
That harveft brings and dries up winter streames.
The barck that broylde in rough and churlish seas
At length doth reach a port and place of ease :
The wailefull warre in time doth yeelde to peace.

The larums lowde and trumpets found doth cease.
 Thus may we see that chaunce is full of change.
 And Fortune feedes on foode that is full straunge.
 Wherefore doe not despaire, thou loving wight,
 For seas doe ebbe and flow by Natures might:
 From worfe to good our haps are chaunged oft,
 And basest things sometimes are rayfde aloft.
 So Gods would have, and Fortune doth agree,
 Which proufe appeeres, and is exprest, by mee.

To his Love, that Controlde his Dogge for fawning on hir.

IN deede (my Deare) you wrong my dog in this,
 And shew your selfe to be of crabbed kinde,
 That will not let my fawning whelp to kisse
 Your fit, y^t faine would shew his maisters minde:
 A mastife were more fit for such a one,
 That can not let hir lovers dog alone.

He, in his kinde, for mee did seeme to sue,
 That earst did stande so highly in your grace:
 His maisters minde the wittie spanell knewe,
 And thought his woonted mistresse was in place;
 But now at last (good faith) I plainly see
 That dogs more wise than women friendly bee.

Wherefore, since you so cruelly entreate
 My whelp, not forcing of his fawning cheere,
 You shew your selfe with pride to be replete,
 And to your friend your nature doth appeere:
 The proverbe olde is verrifide in you,
 Love mee, and love my dog; and so adue.

Both I and he that fiely beaft sustaine

For loving well and bearing faithfull harts,
Defpitous checks, and rigorous difdaine,
Where both have well deserved for our parts,
For friendship I, for offred service hee,
And yet thou neyther loovfte the dog nor mee.

*Upon the death of the aforementioned Dame Elizabeth Arhundle,
of Cornewall.*

What tongue can tell the wo ?
 what pen expresse the plaint ?
Unlesse the Muses helpe at neede,
 I feele my wits to faint.
Yee that frequent the hilles
 and highest holtes of all,
Assist mee with your skilfull quilles,
 and listen when I call.
And Phœbus, thou that sitst
 amidst the learned route,
Doo way thy bowe, and reach thy lute,
 and fay to founde it oute.
Helpe (learned Pallas) helpe
 to write the fatall fall
of hir, whose lyfe deserves to be
 a mirrour to us all :
Whose parents were of fame,
 as Leyster well can showe,
Where they in worship long had livde,
 with yeares did worship growe.
Of worship was the house
 from whence shee tooke hir line,

And she, a Dannat by discent,
 to worship did incline.
 What neede I pen the prayse
 of hir that livde so well ?
 That of it selfe doth yeelde a founde,
 we neede not ring the bell.
 Whilst Dannat did ensue
 Diana in the race,
 A truer nymph than Dannat was
 was never earft in place :
 With beautie so adrest,
 with vertue so adornde,
 Was none that more imbrafte the good,
 nor at the wicked scornde.
 When fleeing Fame with trumpe
 and blasted brute had brought
 This Dannats thewes to courtlike ea[r]
 (which Dannat never fought)
 To court she was procurde
 on Princeffe to attende ;
 A service fit for such a one
 hir flowring yeares to spende.
 Where when she had remainde
 and servde the Princeffe well,
 Not rashly, but with good advice
 to Junos yoke she fell.
 A Wolfe by hap espide
 this felie lambe in place,
 And thought hir fittest for his pray :
 not gastly was his face,
 Not woulflike were his eies,
 ne harrish was his voice,

Nor such as lambes might feare to heare,
but rather might reioice.
A hart not bent to hate,
or yeelding pray to spill,
Unto Licaon farre unlike,
whose pleafure was to kill.
Arhundle was his name,
his stock of great difcent,
Whose predeceffors all their lives
in vertues path had fpend.
Hee, not unlike the reft,
behavde himfelfe fo well,
As he in fine became a Knight,
fo to his share it fell.
Thus was this ladie faft
conjoynde in facred knot,
Whose prime and tender yeares were fpend
devoide of flauders blot.
The match no fooner made,
when marriage rites were donne,
But Dannat ranne hir race as right
as fhee hir courfe begonne :
And footh it is, fhee livde
in wively bond fo well,
As fhe from Collatinus wife
of chaftice bore the bell.
Ulyffes wyfe did blush
to heare of Dannats prayfe
Admetus make (the good Alceft)
did yelde up all hir kayes.
The Greekes might take in grieffe
of fuch a one to heere,

Who for hir well deferved fame
 could have no Greekish peere.
 Thus many yeares were spent
 with good and foothfast life,
 Twixt Arhundle, that worthie knight,
 and his approved wife ;
 Of whome such impes did spring,
 such fruite began to growe,
 Such iffue did proceede, as we
 them by their braunches knowe.
 The oke will yeelde no grapes,
 the vine will beare no hawes :
 Ech thing must follow kindly course
 by Natures fixed lawes.
 Even so that worthie tree
 such fruite is seene to beare,
 As yet commends the withred stocks,
 and them to welkin reare.
 Thus did they live in joy,
 till chaunce and spitefull death
 These loving turtles did devide,
 and rest the cock his breath :
 Then first the bale began,
 then black attyre came on,
 And Dannats dreerie doole was seene
 with never stinting mone.
 Nought might hir forrow swage,
 but still she did bewaile
 The cinders of her severd make
 with teares of none availe.
 Seaven yeares she spent in wo,
 refusing other make ;

For such is turtles kinde you know,
they will none other take.
I doubt where Dido felt
the like tormenting rage,
When that the guilefull guest was gone
that laid his fayth to gage.
This Dannats vertues were
so rife, and eke so rare,
As few with hir for honest life
and wifdome might compare.
Minerva did fojourne
within that wively brest ;
Hir deedes declarde that in hir head
Dame Pallas was a guest.
But what we covet most,
or chiefest holde in price,
With greedie gripe of darting death
is reaved with a trice.
The cruell Sisters three
were all in one agreede
To let the spindle run no more,
but shrid the fatall threede :
And fortune, (to expresse
what swing and fway she bare)
Allowde them leave to use their force
upon this jewell rare.
Thus hath the welkin woon,
and we a losse sustainde,
Thus hath hir corse a vaute founde out,
her sprite the heavens gainde.
Since sobbing will not serve,
ne shedding teares availe

To bring the foule to corps againe,
 his olde and woonted gaile,
 Leave off to bath hir stone
 with Niobs teares to long,
 For thou shalt aide hir naught at all,
 but put thy selfe to wrong.
 With that hir foule may reach
 the place from whence it came,
 And she be guerdond for hir life
 with never dying fame :
 For fure she well deservde
 to have immortall prayse,
 And lawde more light than clearest Sunne,
 or Phœbus golden rayes.
 If ought my slender skill
 or writing were of powre,
 No proceffe of ingratefull time
 hir vertues should devoure.

Dispraysse of Women, that allure and love not.

WHEN so you vew in verse,
 and poets rimes report,
 Of Lucrece, and Ulysses wife,
 that lives in honest fort ;
 When Hippo commes by hap,
 or good Alcest yfeare,
 And other some that by desert
 with fame renowned were,
 Then you with hastie doome,
 and rashfull sentence straight,

Will vaunt that women more and lesse
were all with vertue fraught.
And, for those fewe that livde
in wively bonde so well,
You will esteeme the reast by those
that onely bare the bell :
But follow sound advice,
let eche receyve hir doome,
As ech in vertue did surmount,
or fit in highest roome.
So cleane was never feede
yfifted, but among,
For all their paynes, were weedes that grew
to put the graine to wrong.
That troupe of honest dames,
those Grifels all are gone ;
No Lucrece now is left alive,
ne Cleopatra none.
Those dayes are all ypast,
that date is fleted by ;
They myrrors were Dame Nature made
hir skilfull hande to try.
Now course of kinde exchaungde
doth ycelde a woofser graine,
And women in these latter yeares
those modest matrones staine.
Deceit is their delight ;
great fraude in friendly lookes :
They spoyle the fish for friendshipes sake
that hover on their hookes.
They buye the baite to deare
that so their freedome loze,

And they the more deceitfull are
 that so can craft and gloze.
 With beautie to allure,
 and murder with disdaine,
 What more may be gainst womens kind
 where ruth of right should raigne ?
 So Memphite crocodile,
 (as we in poets fine)
 Where Nylus with his sevenfold streame
 to seaward doth incline,
 With ruthlesse trickling teares
 and lamentable founde,
 The fiely beast, with pittie moovde,
 doth cruelly confounde.
 So marmaydes in the flood,
 and fyrens sweetly sing,
 Till they the musing mariner
 to speedie death doe bring.
 Now Helen for hir traine
 with Dian may compare,
 Such fundric Helens now are found,
 and Dians nymphes so rare :
 Who if by craft espie
 thy senses once to bende,
 And bow by Cupids subtile breach
 that burning gleames doth fende,
 Then will they seeke in haste
 by force of friendly blinck,
 And wrested looke into thy breast
 their beauties shape to finck.
 Which if be brought to passe,
 then have they their desire,

And standing farre doe smile to see
the flaming of the fire.
Then looke they on a loofe,
and never once repaire
To ende the strife that they have stirrde
twixt lover and dispaire.
As shepheards, when they see
the ganders foe in snare,
Rejoyce, that from their foldes of late
their fiely cattle bare :
Or boy that knowes the foule
to be in pithole caught,
That woonted was to steale the stale,
and set the snare at naught :
So wily women woont
to laugh, when so they spie
The loving wight, ytraynde by trust,
in poynt and pinch to die.
But if such chaunce doe chaunce
(as often chaunce we see)
The fish that earst was hangde on hooke
by better chaunce be free ;
If he by happie hap
doe cast off Cupids yoke,
Not fetting of their love a leeke
that gave the cruell stroke,
Then are remoovde the cloudes
of hir disdainfull brow,
And friendships flood, that earst was drie,
afresh begins to flow.
Then wresteth shee hir grace,
and makes a seeming show,

As though she ment no chaunge at all,
ne would hir heftes forgo.
Thus are they fright with wiles
whome Nature made so plaine,
Thus Sinons shifts they put in ure
their purpose to attaine.
Wherefore let be our care
Ulyffes trade to trie,
And stop our eares againft the founde
of fyrens when they crie.
Think when thou feest the baite
whereon is thy delite,
That hidden hookes are hard at hande
to bane thee when thou bite.
Think well that poyfon lurckes
in fhape of fugar fweete,
And where the fresheft flowres are fecne
there moft beware thy feete :
But chiefly women fhoonne,
and follow mine advice,
If not, thou mayft perhaps in proufe
of folly beare the price.
To trust to rotten boughes
the daunger well is feene ;
To treade the tyllid trap unwares
hath alwayes perill beene.
Have Medea ftill in minde ;
let Circe be in thought,
And Helen, that to utter fack
both Greece and Troie brought ;
Let Creſide be in coumpt
and number of the mo,

Who for hir lightnesse may perfume
with falsest on the row ;
Else would she not have left
a Trojan for a Greeke.
But what ? by kinde the cat will hunt ;
hir father did the like.
As wylie are their wits,
so are their tongues untrue,
Unconstant and aye fleeting mindes
that most imbrace the nue.
When fixed is their fayth,
it restes on brittle sande ;
And when thou deemste them surste of all,
they beare thee but in hande.
Though Argus were alive,
whose eies in number were
As many as the peacock proude
in painted plume doth beare,
Yet women, by their wyles
and well acquainted drifts,
Would soone deceive his waking head,
and put his eies to shifts.
Nought have they neede at all
Cyllenus pipe to blow
To forge their fraude, their tongues will serve,
as learned writers shew.
First trie and then tell
Where I have sayd well ;
For without a triall
There vailes no deniall.

Of a Phisition and a Soothfayer.

MARCKE felt himfelfe diseafde :
 the Soothfayer fayd, There bee
 Sixe yet remainder daies of life,
 no mo (friende Marcke) to thee.
 Then skilfull Alcon came,
 he felt the pulfes beate,
 And out of hande this Marcus did :
 there phifick wrought his feate.
 This shoves Phisition doth
 the Soothfayer farre exceede ;
 For thone can make a short dispatch,
 when thother makes no fpeede.

*A Controverfie of a conquest in Love twixt Fortune
and Venus.*

WHILST fifsher kept his line
 the hovering fish to hooke,
 By hap a rich mans daughter on
 the fifsher kept hir looke.
 Shee fryde with frantick love,
 they maride eke at laft ;
 Thus fifsher was from lowe eftate
 in top of treafure plaft.
 Stoode Fortune by and fmylde :
 how fay you (dame) quoth shee
 To Venus ? was this conquest yours,
 or is it due to mee ?

Twas I (quoth Vulcans wife)
with helpe of Cupids bowe,
That made this wanton wench to rage,
and match hir selfe fo lowe.
Not fo : twas Fortune I
that brought the trull in place ;
And Fortune was it that the man
stoode fo in maydens grace.
By Fortune fell their love,
twas Fortune strake the stroke ;
Then detter is this man to mee
that did the match provoke.

*The Lover voweth, how so ever he be guerdoned, to love
faithfully.*

UNTHANKFULL though she were,
and had disdainefull browe,
Regarding nought my constant hart,
ne forcing of hir vowe,
Since fowen is the feede
of faithfull friendships lore,
Unconstant will I never be,
ne breake my heft therefore.
Let Fortune use hir force,
so Cupide stande mine ayde,
And Cyprid laugh with loovely looke,
I will not be afrayde.
By mee the noble kinde
of man shall not be shande,

Recorde through mee shall never force
 our sequell be defamde.
 Albe that I consume
 my greene and growing youth,
 Yea age and all, without rewarde,
 yet nill I fwarve my truth.
 Eche that shall after come,
 and live when I am duft,
 This loving hart shall well defcrie
 the key of perfite trust.
 Hir, while my vitall breath
 theſe fainting limmes shall moove :
 Yea, after death in hollow vawte
 ytombed, will I loove.
 Force ſhee my ſervice true,
 I force it not at all,
 Rue ſhe by ruth my dreerie life,
 or it to mercy call,
 In ftay my love shall ſtand,
 I will not falſe my fayth,
 Ne breake my former plighted heft
 or promiſe to the death.
 Diſdaine ſhall never force
 my frienſhip once awrie :
 Ere that I crave, immortall Gods,
 that ye will let me die.
 Let Dido ſtill complaine
 Æneas broken heft,
 Of all that came to Carthage coaſt
 the moſt unfaythfull gueſt :
 Untruſtic Theſeus eke,
 Let Ariadne cleepe,

Escaping from his friendly feere
yled in flumbring sleepe.
So let Medea blame
the knight that woon the flise,
That forced naught at all in fine
hir cleapings and hir cries.
Have thou the faythfull hart
of thine affured friend,
Ere he be of that retchlesse race
the funne awrie shall wende :
Where so thou yeelde him grace,
or as an outcast shoon,
Expect his former plighted heft
as thou tofore haft doon.
Love will hee never blame,
ne Venus lawes forgo,
-Life sooner shall than love decrease,
his faith is fixed fo.

He sorrowes the long absence of his Ladic, P.

NOW once againe (my Muse) renue the woes
Which carst thou haft in doolefull dittie soong,
For greater cause of forrow not arose
To mee at all, than now of late is sproong :
As you shall heare, in sad and solemne verse,
A wofull wight his haplesse hap rehearse.
Come (Clio) come, with pensive pen in hande,
And cause thy sisters chaunge their cheerefull voice :
Ye furies fell that lurcke in Plutos lande,
Come skip to skies, and raise a doolefull noice :

Helpe to lament the lovers wofull chaunce,
And let Alecto leade the lothfome daunce.

All ye that ladies are of Lymbo Lake,
With hissing haire, and snakie bush bedect,
Your beddes of steele and dankish dennes forsak,
And Stix with stinking sulpher all infect :
Doe what you may to ayde my carefull quill,
And helpe to ring a lovers latter knill.

And time (I trow) sith she from hence is fled,
Who was the guide and giver of my breath,
By whome I was with wished pleasure fed,
And have escapte the ruthlesse hande of death,
Who was the key and cable of my life,
That made me scape Charybdis carefull clife.

A starre whereby to steare my bodies bark,
And ship of soule to shoare in safetie bring,
To quite my corse from painefull pining cark,
And fierie force of craftie Cupids sting :
Even she that me from Syllas shelve did shroude,
That light is lost, that lodestarre under cloude.

Whose absence breedes the tempest I sustaine,
And makes my thoughts so cloudie black to bee,
And brackish teares from swollen eies to raine,
And churlish gale of furing sighes to flee :
That ancor scarce, ne harbour I may have
From deepe dispaire my broken ship to save.

The rubie from the ring is rest I finde,
The foile appeeres that underneath was set :
The saint is gone, the shrine is left behinde,
The fish is scape, and here remains the net ;
That other choise for me is none but this,

To waile the want of hir that is my bliffe.

I curffe the wight that caufde hir hence to go,
I hate the horfe that hence hir corfe conuaide,
The bit, the faddle, all I curffe aroe,
And ought that else might this hir journey ftaide :
I curffe the place where fhe doth now fojourne,
And that whereto fhe mindes to fhape retourne.

My mouth, that kift hir not before fhe went,
Mine eies, that did not feeke to fee hir face ;
My head, that it no matter did invent ;
My hande, that it in paper did not place ;
My feete, that they refufde to travell tho,
My legges I curffe that were fo loth to go.

My tongue, that it to parle did then procure
To utter all my clofe and covert minde,
To hir who long hath had my woundes in cure,
In whome fuch ruth and mercie I did finde :
My hart I curffe, that fought not to bewray
It felfe to hir, or ere fhe went hir way.

And laft my felfe and erie thing befide,
My life, my limmes, my carrion corfe I curffe :
Save hir for whome thefe torments I abide,
That of my lyfe is onely well and fourfe.
Jove shroude hir falfe, and keepe hir from annoy,
And fende hir foone to make retourne with joy.

To his Love long absent, declaring his torments.

O LINGRING love! O friende
that absent art fo long,
Where fo thou be, the Gods thee guide,
and quit thy corfe from wrong!

And fende thee harmeleffe health,
 and safety to revert,
 How soone your selfe may deeme full well,
 to save a dying hart.
 For since your parture I
 have lead a lothsome state;
 And save the hope of your returne
 nought might my woes abate.
 And will you know the time
 how I have spent away?
 And doe you long in ruthfull rime
 my torments to surway?
 Though but with weeping eies
 I may the same recite,
 Yet naythelesse the truth herein
 to thee (my friend) I write.
 When flickring fame at first
 unto mine eares had brought
 That you to travell were adrest,
 and fixed was your thought
 In London long to lodge,
 and flee our friendly foile,
 Then dolour first in daunted corps
 and wounded breast did boile.
 I felt how grieffe did give
 the onfet on my hart;
 And sorrow sware that pensive pangues
 should never thence depart.
 With clinching claws there came,
 and talents sharply fet,
 A flock of greedie griping woes
 my grunting hart to fret.

The more I fought the meane
by pleafaunt thought to ease
My growing grieffe, the more I felt
increase my new disease.
When other laught for joy,
it brought to minde my woe ;
When musick slakte their forrowes, then
my secreet fore did growe.
When they at meate were set
their daintie foode to taste,
In stead of viands, hartie fishes
I had for my repaste :
When Bacchus came to boorde,
and eche to other drincks,
My swollen floud of salted teares
did overflow his brincks,
And out did gush amaine,
of drinke to stande in steede
To me, that of such monstrous meate
as forrow was did feede.
From boorde to bed I go
in hope to finde reliefe,
And by some pleafaunt nap to rid
my troubled ghoft from grieffe :
But slumbring sleepe is fled,
and Morpheus shewes his spight,
That will not yeelde on minuts reaft
in all a winters night.
O Lorde ! what fundrie kindes
of care doe then begin
Tassault my wearie waking head,
and trembling hart within :

A thousande thoughts arise,
 eche thought his torment brings,
 And thus the lothed night I spend,
 and feele how forrow springs.
 And if in dawning chaunce
 some drouping sleepe to light
 Upon the carefull corse that thus
 hath spent the waking night,
 It standes in little steade :
 so dreadfull are my dreames
 As they by force of wo procure
 mine eies to runne with streames.
 Then bathe I bed with brine,
 and cloy my couch with teares,
 And mid my sleepe thy grieisly ghoft
 in straungie fort appeares.
 Not with such friendly face
 and brow of gladfome cheare
 As earst thou hadst : those lovely lookes
 and blincks are all areare :
 More grimmer is your grace,
 more coye your countnance eake,
 More lowring lookes than were of yore,
 and brow more bent to wreake.
 In hande, mee thinkes, I see
 thee holde the hatefull knife
 To flea thy friend, and for good will
 to reave deferved lyfe.
 Wherewith I wake afright
 and straine my pillowe fast,
 To garde me from the cruell toole
 untill your wrath be past.

At length I fee it plaine
that fanſie did enforce
Unto his ugly monſtrous dreame
my weake and flumbring corſe.
I vewe thy ſecret hart,
and how it longs to bee
With him, that for unfayned love
impawnde his faith to thee.
For mercie then I call
of you that judge ſo yll,
Whoſe pleaſure is to garde your friend,
and not your foe to kyll.
Of dreames a thouſand ſuch
eche night I have a ſhare,
To banniſh ſleepe from pining corſe
and nurſe my canckred care.
Thus day and night I live,
thus night and day I die :
In death I feele no ſmart at all,
in life great wo I trie.
Wherefore to rid my griefes
and banniſh all annoie,
Retire from Greece, and doe ſojourne
here with thy friend in Troie ;
Who longs to ſee thy face
and witneſſe of thy ſtate,
And partner be of thy delights
his furious fits to bate.

To Browne, of light beliefe.

BEWARE, my Browne, of light beliefe ;
 trust not before you trie,
 For under cloke of great good will
 doth fained friendship lie.
 As wylie adder lurcks in leaves
 and greenest graffe of all,
 And stings the stalking wight that thought
 no daunger would befall ;
 So is the plaine unplayted man
 by subtile dealing gilde,
 And sooneft snarde by subtile shifts
 of him that smoothly smilde.
 Wee never see the frowning friend
 that frets to outwarde showe,
 Beguile or seeke to false his friend,
 as dothe the fleeing foe.
 The mastife dog is voyded well,
 that barcks or ere he bite ;
 But (oh) the cur is cruell that
 doth never barck a whit.
 Deale thou as courtyers daylie doe,
 in wordes be franck and free,
 Speake fayre and make the weather cleere
 to him that gybes with thee ;
 For so thou shalt assured stande
 from hurt to be as farre,
 As from the grounde of true good will
 those glosing marchaunts are.

A wifedome to beware of woulfes,
and foxes guilefull guife,
For tone is craftie by his kinde,
the other passing wife ;
So that it is a matter harde
their double drifts to flee :
But yet thou shalt avoyde the wurst,
if thou be rulde by mee. (qd) *G. T.*

*That Death is not so much to be feared, as daylie
diseases are.*

WHAT ! yst not follie for to dread
and stande of Death in feare,
That mother is of quiet reast,
and griefes away doth wear ;
That brings releafe to want of welth,
and poore oppressed wightes ?
He comes but once to mortall men,
but once for all he fnites :
Was never none that twife hath felt
of cruell death the knife.
But other griefes and pining paines
doe linger on the life,
And oftentimes on felfe fame corse
with furious fits molest,
When death, by one dispatch of life,
doth bring the foule to rest.

The Epicures counsell : Eate, drinke, and plaic.

MY friend, where as thou feest thy selfe
 to be a man in deede,
 Eate, quaffe, and play, with present joyes
 thy greedie fansie feede ;
 For I (thou feest) am dust become
 that earst fo welthie was :
 I have that I alive did eate,
 the reast away did passe.
 What fo I poorde in pampred paunch
 and to my guts convaide,
 To gaping grounde with me I bore,
 the reast behinde is staide.
 My haughtie buildings, huge to see,
 my turrets and my traine,
 My horse, my houndes, my cofred coine
 for others doe remaine.
 Wherefore a myrroure make of mee,
 and drowne thee in delight ;
 For death will sweeppe away thy welth,
 and reave thy pleasures quight.

*The Aunfwere to the vile and canckred counsell of the
outragious Epicure.*

MY friend, for that I see my selfe
 to be a man in deede,
 Thy quassing counsell I refuse,
 unlesse to ferve my neede.

I muse no whit that thou art duff :
thy beastly lyving heere
Was meane to bring thee to thy bane,
the sooner for thy cheere.
Thou thoughts to pamper by thy paunch,
but thou didst feede ywis
The greedie wormes that gnaw thy guts,
for them a daintie dish.
Good reason that thouldst forgo
and leave thy goods behinde,
For that a beast so lyke a beast
didst live against thy kinde :
A man in name, no man in deede,
thou art that counfelst mee
To live as thou hast livde, and die
a monster like to thee.
For since thy lyfe so lothsome was,
and shamefull eake thy death,
I will beware, and make a glasse
of thee whilst I have breath,
To shunne thy fluttish sinfull sect,
thy tipling and thy toyes ;
For after death those pleasures passe,
as did thy fickle joyes.

Of Homer and his birth.

THE poet Homer Chius claimes,
Colophon doth the leeke ;
And Smyrne sweares that he is hirs
that was the learned Greeke.

Of Salamine some fay he was,
 of Iö other some ;
 And divers make report that he
 of Theffale line did come.
 Thus fundred and devided are
 the peoples mindes of thee,
 (Thou princely poet) but my thought
 with neyther doth agree ;
 For I affuredly fuppose
 and deeme the heavenly fpeare
 Thy foyle, and Pallas lap the wombe
 that did thy body beare.
 Hir breaft (the dug) that thou didft fuck
 in cradle when thou layft ;
 With haughtie ftile fo much (thou Greeke)
 thy mazed head difmayft.

That Time conquereth all things, fave the Lovers paine.

WAS never bull fo fell
 with wrinckle fronted face,
 But time would make him yeeld to yoke
 and toyle the ground apace.
 The horfe ybred in holte
 and fed in luftie leafe,
 In time will champe the fomie bit,
 his riders will to pleafe.
 The lions that are woode
 and raging in their kinde,
 By trackt of time their keepers know
 in whome they friendship finde.

Thofe beaftes that come from Inde,
and fartheft partes of all,
In time doe fwerue their savage feft,
and to their dutie fall.
Time makes the grape to growe
and vine to fpreade at large,
So that the skin fcarfe able is
to holde his inwarde charge :
So Ceres fruite doth fproute
by force of growing time,
Which makes the ftrength of hidden feede
into the ftalke to clime.
Time makes the tender twig
to boufteous tree to grow ;
It makes the oke to overlooke
the slender shrubs bylow.
It frets the culter keene
that cuts the froting foyle ;
It forceth hardeft flint of all
and marble to recoyle.
Time wreakefull wrath fubdues,
it breaketh angers gall,
And eche difeafe in time hath helpe :
thus time doth conquer all.
Though thefe and others like
by proceffe are procurde,
Yet naytheleffe my feftred wounde
can not in time be curde ;
For that which fendeth falve
and comfort to the reaft,
Doth caufe my ranckling fore to rage,
and dubble in my breaft.

As springs that from a mount
 doe take their downwarde fource,
 To whome there may no barre be founde
 to stop their headlong course ;
 So lordlike love, yftaulde
 and ceazde in yeelding minde,
 May not be difpoffeft againe :
 fuch is his ftately kinde.

To his Friend riding to Londonwarde.

As Troylus did reioice
 When Crefid yeelded grace,
 And dained him from fervice true
 fo neere hir hart to place,
 So have I joyde (my deare)
 for friendship which I founde,
 And love requited with the like,
 which curde my carefull wounde.
 And he full shrilly shrighr,
 and doolde his wofull chance,
 On Greekish steede from Trojan towne
 when Crefid gan to prance,
 And leave the lyked foyle
 where did fojourne hir joie,
 I meane the worthy Troylus
 and lovingft youth in Troie.
 Even fo I waile at thy
 departure, would thou wift,
 And out I crie a wretched wight
 that thought himfelfe yblift.

O London! lothfome lodge,
 why dost thou now procure
My love to leave this pleafant foyle
 that hath my hart in cure?
Since needes it muft be fo,
 gainfend hir home in haft:
Let hir retire with harmeleffe health,
 that fickleffe hence is paft.
Yeelde mee a good account
 of hir that is my joie,
And fend hir to hir Troylus
 that longs for hir in Troie.

*Of the raine and cloudy weather at the time of his Friends
 departure from Troie.*

No mervaille though the funne do hide his hed,
And under cloude do keepe his lowring lookes;
No woonder that the skie his teares doth fhed,
And with his streames increafe the water brookes:
The caufe is knowne, the prooffe is paffing plaine,
My love and I be fundred to our paine.

Now fhe is gone that did fustaine my breath,
And favde my fhip of bodie from the wrack,
By whome I fcapte the cruell hande of Death,
Which thought to bring my corfe to utter fack:
The welkin weepes, and helpes me to bewaile
With gushing fhowres the losse of mine availe.

Wherefore, O heavenly ftates! that rulers bee
Of ftarric skies from whence thefe teares difcende,

And flush so fast as mortall wights doe see,
 Of ruth in needefull time my woes to ende,
 Procure my love to make returne in poft,
 To gard from grieffe hir friends afflicted ghost.

If not, with flasching flame and thunder dint,
 By Vulcan forgde and hammerd for the nones,
 Confume to duft my flesh my wo to ftint,
 And with thy mace (O Jove) unjoint my bones :
 That by fuch fcath and losse of vitall breath,
 I may avoide a worfe and ftraunger death.

For like the teene, that now my hart fustaines,
 Was never felt, nor fuch oppreffing care :
 Of force my life muft yeelde to pinching paines
 Of hafting death, the fits fo furious are :
 Which though be fo, when I am wrapt in clay,
 (My foule) to hir thou fhalt repaire and fay :

That whilst the lyfe would suffer mee to woonne
 With mortall wights, my hart was hers at will,
 And now my fpindle hath his courfe yroonne
 And twift is none yleft, thou wilt fulfill
 The dutie which thy maifter ought of right,
 And which he would accomplifh, if he might.

Of a covetous Niggard, and a needie Moufe.

ASCLEPIAD, that greedie carle,
 by fortune found a moufe,
 (As he about his lodgings lookte)
 within his niggifh houfe :
 The chiding chuffe began to chaufe,
 and (fparefull of his cheere)

Demanded of the fiely beast,
 and fayde, what makfte thou heere?
 You neede not stand in feare (good friend)
 the smiling moufe replide:
 I come not to devoure your cates,
 but in your houle to hide.
 No man this miser I account
 that chid this hurtleffe else;
 No moufe the moufe, but wifer than
 the patch that owde the pelfe.

*A pretie Epigram of a Scholler, that having read Vergils
 Æneidos, married a curst wyfe.*

A SCHOLLAR skillde in Vergils verfe,
 and reading of his booke
 (*Arma virumque*) that begins,
 was caught in Cupids hooke.
 At length to mariage flat he fell:
 when wedding day was doon,
 To play hir prancks, and bob the foole
 the shrowish wife begoon.
 The husband daylie felt the fiftes
 and buffets of his wife,
 Untill at last he thus began
 to plaine of painefull life.
 (Oh caitiffe mee!) the schollar cryde,
 well worthy of this wo,
 For *arma I virumque* read
 in Vergill long ago;

Yet could not see to scape the plague
 whereof the poet spake.
 No doubt that noble poet for
 a prophet I will take.
 For *arma* now *virumque* I
 both day and night sustaine
 At home, I neede not runne to schoole
 to reade the verse againe.
 Would (*virum*) were away, and then
 let (*arma*) doe their wurft ;
 But when I matcht with such a fhrew,
 I think I was accurft.

To a yong Gentleman, of taking a Wyfe.

LONG you with greedie minde to leade a lyfe
 That pleasaunt is in deede, and voyde of care ?
 I never wishe you, then, to take a wyfe,
 Nor set your foote in craftie Cupids snare.
 A filthie trull is yrkesome too the eie,
 A gallant girle allures the lookers minde :
 A wanton wench will have the head too die,
 An a ed trot to lyke is hard to finde.
 A bearing wyfe with brats will cloy thee fore,
 A greater carcke than childrens care is none ;
 A barraine beast will greeve thee ten times more :
 No joy remaines when hope of fruite is gone.
 Wherefore let wyving go, lyve single aye,
 Apply the booke, and bande the ball among.
 A fhrew (we see) is wedded in a day,
 But ere a man can shift his handes tys long.

The Aunfwere, for taking a Wyfe.

LONG you with greedie minde to bleare mine eie,
And make mee thinke of marige thus amiffe?
I cannot deeme fo yll of wyving I:
To love and wed for love is perfite bliffe.
A filthy trull (you fay) is lothfome fight:
Put case ſhe be not paſſing faire to vewe;
If ſhe with vertue doe the want requight
Of comely ſhape, thou haſt no cauſe to rue.
A gallant girle allures the lookers minde,
What ſhall we fay the womans is the ſhame?
Bicauſe the cleereſt eies by courſe of kinde
Can not abide the funne, is hee to blame?
A wanton wench to die will have the hed:
Canſt thou not ſee before thou wade ſo farre?
His be the hurt that lookes not ere he wed;
The husband may the woman make or marre.
Put case an aged trot be ſomewhat tough:
If coyne ſhee bring the care will be the leſſe.
If ſhee have ſtore of muck and goods ynough,
Thou needſte not force ſo much of handſomneſſe.
A bearing wyfe doth make the husband glad;
A greater joye than childrens may not bee:
A barraine wench ſometime muſt needes be had;
There doth not fruite ſpring out of every tree.
So that I finde no reaſon, none at all,
In that thou wilt a man to ſingle lyfe,
And quite to ſhun the comfort that may fall,
And daylie doth, to him that hath a wyfe.

For sure though some be shrewes, as some there be,
 (As of the sheepe are some that beare no wull)
 Yet must we praise the match whereby we see
 The earth maintaine with men, and stored full.
 But if you thinke so yll to take a wyfe,
 Let others wed, leade you the single lyfe.

(qd) *G. T.*

*Of a deafe Plaintife, a deafe Defendant, and a
 deafe Judge.*

BY hap a man that could not heare,
 but borne deafe by kinde,
 Another cited to the court,
 much like himselfe to finde,
 Whose hearing sence was quight bereft :
 the judge, that of the case
 Should give his verdict, was as deafe
 as deafest in the place.
 To court they came : the plaintife praide
 to have the unpaid rent.
 Defendant faide, in grinding I
 this wearie night have spent.
 The judge behelde them both a while :
 is this at last (quoth hee)
 Of all your stirred strife the cause ?
 you both hir children bee :
 Then reason willes, and law allowes
 your mother should have aide
 At both your handes that are hir sonnes.
 When thus the judge had faide,

The people laught a good to heare
 this well discuffed cafe
Twixt two deafe men, and thought him fit
 to fit in judges place
Upon fo blinde a matter that
 was deafe as any rock :
And thus the simple men were shamde,
 the iustice had a mock.

*A promise of olde good will, to an olde friend at the
beginning of new yere.*

THE chuffes for greedie gaine
 and lucers loove expende
Their new yeares gifts upon their lords
 as erie yeare hath ende :
But I, in token that
 the yeare his course hath roon,
And proufe that joyfull Janus hath
 a novell yeare begoon :
(As love and dutie willes)
 the herauld of my hart,
Here fend to you, to make a shew
 that friendship shall not start.
Though yeares doe change by course,
 and alter by their kinde,
My olde good will and faith to slip
 I trust you shall not finde.
Timetes will be true,
 his love shall never blin ;
But gather strength, and grow to more
 than when it did begin.

A Vow to serve faithfully.

IN greene and growing age, in lustie yeeres,
 In latter dayes when silver bush appeeres ;
 In good and gladfome hap when fortune serues,
 In lowring luck when good aventure swerves ;
 By day when Phœbus shewes his princely pride,
 By night when golden starres in skies do glide,
 In winter when the groves have lost their greene,
 In fommer when the longest dayes are seene ;
 In happie helth when fickleffe limmes have lyfe,
 In grieffull state, amidst my dolours ryfe,
 In pleasant peace when trumpets are away,
 In wreekfull warre when Mars doth beare the sway ;
 In perillous goulfe amid the sinking fande,
 In safer foyle and in the stable lande ;
 When so you laugh, or else with grimmer grace
 You beare your faithfull friend unfriendly face,
 In good report and time of woofers fame,
 I will be yours, yea, though I loofe the game.

*Funerall Verse upon the Death of Sir John
 Horfey, knight.*

THAT welth assigned is to waste away,
 And stately pompe to vanish and decrease ;
 That worship weares and worldly wights decay,
 And fortunes gifts, though nere so brave, do cease,
 May well appeere by Horfey's hatefull heirce,
 Whose corse (alas) untimely death did pierce.

Who thought thereby as nature to subdue
By reaving breath and rowne in worldly stage,
So blasted brute to blot, and fame that flue
Of him that well deservde, in all his age,
For worship and renowne to have his share
Among the reast that prayse for vertue bare.

But seeking waies to wrong this worthy wight,
Shee fowly myft hir purpose in the fine :
For Horfey gaines by death's outrageous spight,
And endlesse fame, whereat his foes repine :
But eche man else laments and cries alowde,
That Horfey was to soone ywraapt in shrowde.

The rich report that ruth in him did raigne,
And pittie lodgde within his looving breaft ;
The simple say that for no meaner gaine,
He hath at any time the poore opprest :
Thus both estates his worthy life commende,
And both lament his overhasting ende.

Then cease (I fay) such flushing teares to shed ;
Doo way thy doole, repreffe thy ruthfull mone,
For Horfey lives, his foule to skies is fled,
The onely corse is closde in marble stone.
So that thou hast no cause to waile his chauce,
Whome spitefull death by hatred did advaunce.

*To his Friend T. having bene long studied and well
experienced, and now at length loving a
Gentlewoman that forced him
naught at all.*

I THOUGHT, good faith, and durst have gagde my hand,
For you (friend T.) that beautie should now hight

Have rasde your hart, nor Cupid with his brand
Have brought thy learned breast to such a plight.

I thought Minerva's gift had beene of powre
By holefome reade to roote this fanfie out ;
But now I see that Venus in an howre
Can bend the best, and dawnt the wife and ftoute.

Why shouldst thou seeke to make the tiger tame ?
To win a woulfe so cruell by his kinde ?
To suffer Æsop's snake thou art to blame,
That stoong the man where he reliefe did finde.

Is naught in hir but womans name alone ?
No woman sure she is, but monster fell,
That scornes hir friend, and makes him die with mone.
Who makes an idoll of a divell of hell.

Shee was cut out of some sea-beaten rock,
Or taken from the cruell lyons tet,
That feedes hir friend for friendship with a mock,
And smiles to see him macht in follies net.

If thou wert wife (as thou art full of love)
Thou wouldst account hir beautie but a glasse,
And from thy hart such fanfies fond remove :
I loth to see the lyon wer an affe.

If so she were thy faithfull friend in deede,
And fought a salve to cure thy cruell fore,
(As now shee seekes to make thy hart to bleede)
Good fayth thou couldst account of hir no more.

But waying now hir great abuse to thee,
A friend to hir, but to thyselfe a foe,
Why shouldst thou love, or so enamoured bee ?
Leave off be time ; let all such dotage goe.

Should I imbrace the man that hates my life ?

Should I account of him that fettes me light ?
Should I yeeld up my throate to murthring knife,
Or seeke for to reclaime a haggard kite ?

Haft thou not read how wise Ulyffes did
Enstufte his eares with waxe, and close them up,
Of Cyrce's filthie love himselfe to rid,
That turnd his mates to swine by witches cup ?

And how he did the lyke upon the fease,
The pleasant noysome fyrens songs tendure,
That otherwise had wrought him great unease,
If once they mought his mates and him allure ?

Put thou the Greekes devise againe in ure ;
Stop up thine eares this fyren to beguile,
Seale up those wanton eies of thine, be sure
To lend no eare unto hir flattring stile :

For all hir talke but to deceite doth tende ;
A canckred hart is wrapt in friendly lookes :
Shee all hir wittes to thy decay both bende ;
Thou art the fish, she beares the byting hookes.

No savage beast doth force a man a whit
That loves him not : we see the dogged curre
Fawnes not one him that with y^e whip doth smite ;
The horse hates him y^t pricks him with the spurre.

And wilt thou love, or place within thy brest
The cruell dame that weaves thy web of woe ?
Wilt thou still fawne upon so false a guest ?
In stead of dove wilt thou retaine a crowe ?

Beware in time, ere beautie pierce to farre ;
Let fantasies go, love where is love againe ;
For doubtlesse now to much to blame you arre,
To fowe good will, and reape but fowle disdain.

I counsaile thus that may thee best advise,
 For that my selfe did serue a cruell dame :
 The blinde recurde can iudge of bleared eies,
 The criple healde knowes how to heale the lame.

Shake thou betimes the yoke from off thy neck,
 For feare the print thereof remaine behind :
 A happie man is he that feares no check,
 But liues at freedome with contented minde.

*An Epitaph upon the death of the worshipfull Maister
 Richarde Edwardes, late Maister of the Children
 in the Queenes Majesties Chappell.*

IF teares could tell my thought,
 or plaints could paint my paine,
 If dumbled sighes could shew my smart,
 if wayling were not vaine :
 If gripes that gnawe my brest
 coulde well my grieffe expresse,
 My teares, my plaints, my sighes, my way-
 ling never should surceffe.
 By meane whereof I might
 unto the world disclose
 The death of such a man (alas)
 as chaunced us to lose.
 But what avayles to mone ?
 if life for life might bee
 Restorde againe, I woulde exchange
 my lyfe for death with thee :
 Or if I might some way
 to pay thy rawnfome know,

(O Edwards)! then beleve me sure,
thou shouldst not lie so low;
That O thou cruell death!
fo fierce with dint of dart,
Due curfes on my knees I yeelde
to thee with all my hart,
For that it lift thee trie
thy foule and cankred spite
On that so rare a peece, on that
fo wife and worthy wight.
Suffide thee (since thou must
be mad) the fimple fort
To flea, or on the brutish blood
of beastes to take the sport,
And not in furious wife,
with hafte and headlong rage
To kill the flowre of all our realme
and Phænix of our age?
The fact doth crie revenge,
the Gods repay thine hire,
Deepe darckned Lake of Lymbo lowe,
and still confuming fire.
His death, not I, but all
good gentle harts doe mone:
O London! though thy griebe be great,
thou dost not mourne alone.
The feate of Mufes nine
where fiftene welles doe flowe,
Whofe fprinckling fprings and golden ftreames
ere this thou well didst knowe,
Lament to loofe this plant,
for they shall fee no more

The branch that they so long had bred,
 whereby they set such store.
 O happie house! O place
 of Corpus Christi! thou
 That plantedst first, and gavste the roote
 to that so brave a bow :
 And Christ Church, which enjoydste
 the fruite more ripe at fill,
 Plunge up a thousande fighes, for griefe
 your trickling teares distill.
 Whilst Childe and Chappell dure,
 whilst Court a Court shall bee,
 (Good Edwards) eche estate shall much
 both want and wishe for thee.
 Thy tender tunes and rimes
 wherein thou woontst to play,
 Eche princely dame of Court and towne
 shall beare in minde alway.
 Thy Damon and his friend,
 Arcyte and Palemon,
 With moe full fit for princes eares,
 though thou from earth art gone,
 Shall still remaine in fame,
 and lyke so long to bide
 As earthly things shall live, and God
 this mortall globe shall guide.
 For loe! thus vertue list,
 hir pupils to advance,
 Yet for my part I would that God
 had given thee better chauce ;
 A longer time on earth,
 thy hastned death before ;

But, Edwardes, now farewell, for teares
will let me write no more.
Well may thy bones be lodgde,
thy fame abroade may flie,
Thy facred foule possesse a place
above the starrie skie!

(qd) *Tho. Twinc.*

*To his Love, that sent him a Ring wherein was grave
Let Reason rule.*

SHALL reason rule where reason hath no right,
Nor never had? shall Cupid loose his landes,
His claim, his crown, his kingdome, name of might,
And yeeld himselfe to be in reasons bandes?
No, (friend) thy ring doth wil me thus in vaine;
Reason and love have ever yet beene twaine.

They are by kinde of such contrarie mould,
As one mislikes the others lewde devise:
What reason willes Cupido never would;
Love never yet thought reason to be wife.
To Cupid I my homage earst have donne:
Let reason rule the harts that she hath wonne.

*To his Friend Francis Th., leading his lyfe in the Countrie
at his desire.*

MY Francis, whilst you breath your foming steede
Athwart the fields, in peace to practise warre,
In countrie whilst your keneld hounds doe feede,

Or in the wood for taken pray doe jarre ;
 Whilst you with haukes the felie foule doe flaye,
 And take delight a quick retriue to haue,
 To flee to marke, and heare the spanels baye,
 Wafting your age in pleasure passing brave ;
 In citie I my youthfull yeares doe spende,
 At booke, perhaps, sometime to weare the day,
 Where man to man, not friend to friend, doth lende,
 With us is nought but pitch (my friend) and pay.
 Great store of coyne, but fewe enjoy the fame :
 The owners holde it fast with lymed handes ;
 We live by losse, we play and practife game :
 Wee by and sell, the streate is all our landes.
 Well storde we are of erie needefull thing ;
 Wood, water, coale, fleshe, fish we haue ynow :
 (What lack you ?) wyues and maides doe daylie sing,
 The horne is rife, it sticks on many a brow.
 But yet (I say) the countrie hath no peere ;
 The towne is but a toyle, and wearie lyfe :
 We like your countrie sportes (friend Francis) heere.
 The citie is a place of bate and strife :
 Wherefore I thinke thee wise and full of thrift
 That fledst the towne, and hast that blessed gift.

*To a Gentlewoman that alwayes willed him to weare
 Rosemarie (a tree that is alwayes greene) for hir
 sake, and in token of his goodwill to hir.*

The greene that you did wish mee weare
 aye for your looue,
 And on my helme a braunch to beare
 not to remooue,

Was ever you to have in minde,
Whome Cupid hath my feere affignde.

As I in this have done your will,
and minde to doo ;
So I request you to fulfill
my fanfie too :
A greene and loving hart to have,
And this is all that I doe crave.

For if your flowring hart should change
his colour greene,
Or you at length a ladie straunge
of mee be feene,
Then will my braunch, against his use,
His colour change for your refuse.

As winters force can not deface
this braunch his hue,
So let no change of love difgrace
your friendship true :
You were mine owne, and so be still,
So shall we live and love our fill.

Then may I thinke my selfe to bee
well recompent,
For wearing of the tree that is
so well defent
Against all weather that doth fall,
When waywarde winter spits his gall.

And when wee meete, to trie me true
 looke on my hed,
 And I will crave an othe of you,
 where faith be fled?
 So fhall we both assured bee,
 Both I of you, and you of mee.

An Epitaph of the Ladie Br.

STAIIE (gentle friend) that paffest by,
 and learne this lore of mee,
 That mortall things doe live to die,
 and die againe to bee:
 For daylie proufe hath daylie taught,
 and yet doth teache it plaine,
 That all our substance comes to naught,
 and worldly welth is vaine.
 No rawnfome may redeeme thy fleshe
 from lothsome lumpes of foyle;
 The wormes will soone thy beautie freshe
 with greedie gripe difpoyle.
 I, that was earft of gentle bloud
 that never sufferd ftaine,
 Have nothing but a winding shrowde
 in stead of all my gaine.
 I twife was bound by solemne oth
 unto a loving make;
 Yet twas my luck to burie both,
 and eke a thirde to take.
 The joy that fourtie yeares had growne
 by thofe two husbands dayes,

In two yeares space was overthrowne,
and altred fundrie wayes.
As luck would not allow my choice,
so death mislikte the same :
Those two agreed with common voyce
my bondage to unframe.
The Lady (Br) quoth Fortune tho,
hir worship shall not loofe :
Then shee (quoth Death) shall have no mo,
nor other husbände choofe.
Thus did they both contend at once
who mought the friendlist bee ;
Thus Death and Fortune for the nonce
did make my body free.
Pray, gentle friend, therefore for me
to mightie Jove on hic ;
For as I am so thou shalt bee,
since thou dost live to die.
Trust never Fortunes fickle fate,
but Vertue still retaine :
Thou mayst in time exchange estate,
yet Vertue will remaine.

*Of the time he first began to love, and after how he
forewent the same.*

HOWE may it be that snow and ise
ingender heate ?
Or how may glare and frost intise
a fervent sweate ?

Or how may fommer feafon make
of heate a colde ?
[How may the fpring the leaves downe fhake,
and trees unfolde ?
Though thefe too others feeme full rare,
To me no newes at all they are.

For I my felfe in winter tide,
when colde was rife,
Whote gleames of Cupid did abide,
and ftormes of strife.
In froftie weather I was warme,
and burning whot,
But when the bees and birds did fwarme,
full colde God wot :
In winter time began my loove,
Which I in fommer did remoove.

The affured promise of a constant Lover.

WHEN Phenix fhall have many makes,
And fifhes fhun the filver lakes ;
When woulfes and lambes yfeare fhall play,
And Phœbus ceafe to fhine by day ;
When graffe on marble ftone fhall groe,
And everie man imbrace his foe ;
When moles fhall leave to dig the grounde,
And hares accorde with hatefull hounde ;
When lawrell leaves fhall loofe their hue,
And men of Crete be counted true ;
When Vulcan fhall be colde as ife,

- 12 Corœbus eake approved wife ;
When Pan shall passe Appollos skill,
And fooles of fanfies have their fill ;
When hawkes shall dread the felie fowle,
And men esteeme the nightish owle ;
When pearle shall be of little price,
And golden vertue friend to vice ;
When fortune hath no chaunge in store,
20 Then will I false and not before.
Till all these monsters come to passe,
I am Timetes as I was.
- 23 My love as long as lyfe shall last,
Not forcing any fortunes blast.
No threat, nor thraldome shall prevaile
To caufe my fayth one jote to faile,
But as I was, so will I bee,
A-lover and a friend to thee.

The Pine to the Marincr.

O MAN of little wit !
What meanes this frantick fit,
To make thy ship of mee
That am a slender tree,
Whome erie blast that blowes
Full lightly overthrowes ?
Doth this not moove thy minde,
That rage of roring winde]
Did beate my boughes agood
When earst I grue in wood ?
How can I here avoyde
The foe that there anyode ?

Thinkst thou now I am made
 a vessell for thy trade,
 I shall be more at ease
 Amid the flasshing seas ?
 I feare, if Æole frowne,
 Both thou and I shall drowne.

Againe, otherwise.

A VASSELL to the winde
 when earst I grew in wood,
 How shall I favour finde
 now fleeting in the flood ?
 For there whilst reaching rootes did holde
 I thought I mought be somewhat bolde.
 But now that I am cut,
 and framde another way,
 And to this practife put
 in daunger erie day,
 I feare the force of cruell foe,
 my ribbes are thin, my sides be lowe.
 But if thou venter life,
 then I will hazard lim :
 For thee is all my grieffe,
 for lightly I shall swim :
 Though top and tackle all be torne,
 yet I aloft the surge am borne.

To an olde Gentlewoman that painted hir face.

LEAVE off, good Beroe, now
 to flecke thy thrivled skin,

For Hecubes face will never be
as Helens hue hath bin.
Let beautie go with youth,
renownc the glosing glasse,
Take booke in hande : that seemely rose
is woxen withred graffe.
Remoove thy pecocks plumes,
thou cranck and curious dame :
To other trulls of tender yeares
resigne the flagge of fame.

Of one that had a great Nose.

STANDE with thy nose against
the funne with open chaps,
And by thy teeth we shall discern
what tis a clock, perhaps.

Of one whose Nose was greater than his hand.

O PROCLUS ! tis in vaine
that thou about dost stande,
For well I see thou mindste to wipe
thy nares with thy hande.
Truth is, that though thou be
fowle fitted out of frame,
Yet doth this tossing nose of thine
in bigneffe passe the fame.
When neezing thou on Jove
for succour seemste to crie,

Thou canst not heare ; the nose debarres
 the noyse to eare to flie,
 It beateth back the sounde :
 it standes in middle place
 Twixt eare and mouth, but sure it castes
 a shade to all the face.

Of a Nightingale that flue to Colche to sit abroode.

THOU felie foule, what meanes this foolish paine,
 To flie to Colche too hatch thy chickins there ?
 A mother thou mayst hap returne againe,
 Medæa will destroie thy broode I feare ;
 For shee that spared not to spoile hir owne,
 Wil she stand friend to fowles that are unknowne ?

Againe of the Nightingale.

WHAT (Philomela) meanes this fond intent,
 To hatch thy broode in fell Medæas lap ?
 What ! doste thou hope hir rigor will relent
 Towarde thy babes, that gave hir owne no pap,
 But flue them all at once, and at a clap ?
 I wote not what thou meanste : unlesse that shee
 Should kill thy brats too make the mother free.

Of a contrarie mariage.

AN aged trot and tough
 did marrie with a lad :

Againe, a gallant girle, to
 hir spouse a graybeard had :
A monstrous match (God wote) !
 for others she doth wed :
And he bestowes his feede on ground
 that lets it take no hed.
In fayth, a foolish choyce,
 for neither hath his wilhe ;
For tone doth lack his wife, and to-
 ther feedes on filthie fishe.

Of Dronkenesse.

AT night, when ale is in,
 like friends we part to bed ;
In morrow gray, when ale is out,
 then hatred is in hed.

Againe of Dronkenesse.

MEN having quaft
 are friendly overnight ;
In dawning drie,
 a man too man a spright.

Of the picture of a vaine Rhetorician.

THIS Rufe his table is,
 can nothing be more true :
If Rufus holde his peace, this peece
 and he are one to vewe.

*Of the fond discord of the two Theban brothers,
Oeteocles and Polynices.*

IN death you part the fire,
 you cut the cruell flame ;
 If so you had devided Thebes,
 you might enjoyde the fame.

Of a marvellous deformed man.

To draw the minde in table to the fight
 Is hard ; to paint the lims is counted light :
 But now in thee these two are nothing so,
 For Nature splayes thy minde to open show.
 We see by prooffe of thy unthriftie deedes,
 The covert kinde from whence this filth proceedes ;
 But who can paint those shapelesse lims of thine,
 When eche to vewe thy carcaffe doth repine ?

A Myrrour of the fall of Pride.

SOMETIME the giants did rebell
 against the mightie Jove ;
 They thought in Olymp Mount to dwell,
 and long for that they strove.
 A hundred handes eche monfter had
 by course of curffed kinde :
 A stock so stubborne and so mad
 I no where else can finde.
 Dame Tellus was their mother thought
 of pleafant poets all,

By whome they would have brought to nought
the feate Olympicall.
First Briareus began the broyle,
who tooke a hill in hand,
And layde it on another foyle
that thereabout did stand ;
Still calling on his monstrous mates,
exhorting them the fame,
And with the reast the gnuffe debates
how stately Gods to tame.
Offa was layde on Pyndus back,
and Pelion on hie :
And thus they thought to bring to sack
in time the starrie skie.
They did envie the Gods the place
by nature them assignde,
And thought it meeter for a race
which Tellus bred by kinde.
They would have had the highest throne
that Jove had long posselt ;
And downe they would the Gods have throwne
and princely powre repest.
At length the route began to rore
in making dreadfull found,
The like was never heard before
to heaven from the ground.
Then Jupiter began to gaze
and looke about the skie,
And all the Gods were in a maze,
the monsters were so nie.
They callde a counsaile then in haste,
the Gods asssembled tho,

And common sentence was at last,
 that mightie Jove should throw
 His thunderbolt that Vulcan lame
 prepared for the nonce,
 Whereby he might eftfoone make tame
 the haughtie giants bones.
 Then might you see the mountaines fall,
 and hill from hill depart,
 And monsters in the valley crawl
 whome thunder did subvert.
 The mountaines were not rayfde fo quick,
 but downe they fell as fast;
 And giants in a cluster thick
 to Tellus fell at last.
 Such plagues had pride in former time,
 the Gods abhorred fo
 That mortall men should dare to clime
 the heavens hie to know.
 And not alone the heavenly route
 the loftie lookes correct
 Of fuch as prowdly go about
 their empire to reject;
 But other Gods of meaner state
 (of whome the poets write)
 Such pievish pecocks pride doe hate,
 and feeke revenge by might.
 The grisly God whome flouds obey,
 and drenching seas imbrace,
 Who in the waters beares the fway
 where Nereus shewes his face;
 Whome forceth he by furge of seas
 into Charybdis clives,

Or whome doth Neptune most diseafe,
or whome to Scylla drives ?
Not him that beares his failes alowe,
nor him that keeps the shoare,
Ne yet the bargeman that doth rowe
with long and limber oare :
Not those that haunt the haven sure
and port of perill voide,
They cannot Neptunes wrath procure
the chanell that avoide,
But those that voide of carck and care
and feare of Neptunes yre,
Doe hoise their failes, and never spare
to further their defyre,
And doe receive whole gales of winde
from mighty Æole sent :
- Those, those are they by course of kinde
that Neptune makes repent.
He spoiles the failes, and tackle teares,
the mast it goes to wrack ;
The ribbes they rent, the shipmen feares
when gables gin to crack.
Then whereto serves the pilats pride
that hoyft his failes so hie ?
And where is he that fearde no tide,
nor threatning from the skie ?
His pride procurde his fearefull fate,
and fortune that befell,
Which Neptune most of all doth hate,
as shipmen know right well.
Let giants fall and shipmens cafe
a myrrour be, therefore,

To such as seeke to hie a place,
 for like shall be their lore.
 Narciffus may example bee
 and myrroure to the prowde,
 By whome they may most plainly see
 how pride hath beene allowde.
 His beautie brave such loftie cheere
 in him did breede in time,
 That gods themselves agreed were
 with such a haynous crime.
 No looving lasse might him allure,
 nor Dians nymphes at all,
 By ought his friendship might procure :
 but note ye well his fall.
 In sommer time, as fortune would,
 his fortune was to bee
 In open felde, where no man could
 his blazing beautie see.
 At length, in raunging to and fro,
 his fortune was to finde
 A fountaine freshe that there did flow,
 as Gods (I think) affinde.
 He thought forthwith his thirst to quent
 by pleasant trouvaile gote,
 But there he found, or ere he went,
 a greater droughth, God wote.
 In stooping downe to take the taste
 of christall waters there,
 (Unhappie boy) had spide at last
 a little boy appeare ;
 Whose beautie brave, and liking looke,
 his fanfie pleasde so well,

That there himfelfe the boy forfooke,
and to a frenfie fell.
He had that he fo fondly loovde,
and yet it was not fo ;
And from himfelfe he was remoovde
that thence did never go.
He was the boy that tooke the vewe,
he was the boy epide,
And being both he neither knewe ;
fuch was the ende of pride.
Then gan he fhed his teares adowne,
then gan he make his plaint,
And then at length he fell to grounde.
fore feebled all with faint.
His fpirite, that earft fo prowde was feene,
converted into winde,
But of his corps a flower greene
ftill there abode behinde.
Narciffus callde (as poets tell)
as Narciffe was before ;
In token that to Narciffe fell
this moft unhappie lore.
I could recite the histories
of many other moe,
Whome pievifh pride the miferies
of fortune forft to knowe.
But I of purpofe will let paffe
Apollos baftard sonne,
Who Phaeton ycleped was
when firft his fame begonne :
I minde not to rehearfe at all
the charge he tooke in hande ;

I wittingly omit his fall
into Eridan fande ;
But this I fay affuredly,
had it not beene for pride,
The charret had not gone awrie
though Phaeton were guide :
But glorie vaine and want of skill
enforste his haughtie hart,
Of Phœbe to crave to worke his will
in ruling Phœbus cart.
The like attempt tooke Icarus,
from Creta that did flie
By wings of wax with Dedalus,
when Icar flue to hie.
His fathers words prevailed not,
nor leffon taught before,
Till fained fethers were fo whot,
as he could flie no more.
For want of wings then gan he clap
his breaft with open armes,
Till downe he fell ; fuch was his hap,
whofe pride procurde his harmes.
When wraftling windes, from Æole fent,
befight themfelves fo long,
That Eaft againft the Weft is bent,
and North puts South to wrong,
Then may you heare the pine to crack
that beares his hed fo hie,
And loftie lugs go then to wrack
which feeme to touch the skie.
When Jove flings downe his thundring bolts
our vices to redrefse,

They batter downe the higheft holts,
and touch not once the leffe.
The cotte is furer than the hall
in prooffe we daylic fee ;
For higheft things doe fooneft fall
from their felicitee.
What makes the Phaenix flame with fire,
a birde fo rare in fight ?
What caufeth him not to retire
from Phæbus burning light ?
In faith, if he woulde live belowe,
as birds Dame Nature taught,
The Efterslings should never knowe
their Phœnix burnt fo oft.
All ye, therefore, that furetie loove,
and would not have a fall,
From you the peacocks pride remoove,
and trust not Fortunes ball.
Let Phætons fate be fearde of you,
and Icars lot alfo :
Remember that the pine doth rue
that he fo high doth grow.

Of the Clock and the Cock.

GOOD reafon thou allow
one letter more to mee,
Than to the cock ; for cocks doe sleepe
when clocks doe wake for thee.

Of a Tayler.

THOUGH taylor cut thy garment out of frame,
 And strie thy stufte by fowing it amis,
 Yet must we say the taylor makes the same :
 To make and marre is one with them ywis.

*The Lover, finding his Love flitted from wonted troth,
 leaves to write in prayse of hir.*

THOUGH cleane contrarie be my verse
 to those I wrote before,
 Yet let not retchleffe doome accuse
 my wandring wits the more.
 As time doth shape and shew (they say)
 so ought our stile to frame ;
 In sommer funne we neede no fire,
 yet winter asketh flame :
 So I that earst found cause of sport
 and matter to rejoyce,
 If force by fansie was procurde
 to use a gladsome voyce.
 And now since deepe dispaire hath drencht
 my hope, I will affay
 To turne my tune and chaunge my cheere,
 and leave my woonted lay.
 Not farre unlike the chirping foule
 in sommer that doth sing,
 And during winter hides his head
 till next returne of spring.

They say, when alfred is the cause
of force effect doth fue,
As new repaire of better blood
doth cause a hawke to muc.
Though Ætna burne by kindly course
and belke out fire with fume,
When sulpher vaine is cleane extinct
the fire will consume.
Whereby I may conclude aright
that eche effect must bee
As is his cause: so fruite ensues
the nature of the tree.
Then I of force must shape my stile;
as matter is I write,
Unlesse I would be thought to match
a fawcon with a kite.
When winde and wave at sea doe rore,
that barch is in distresse,
Then time requires that shipmen should
their tackles all addresse:
Then crooked ancors must be cast
the shaken ship to stay
From sincking sands, and ruthlesse rocks
that shipmen oft affray.
No sooner Triton blowes his trumpe,
and swollen waters quales,
And Æole makes his windes retire,
but hoyse they up the failes:
Then fleete they forward in the fload,
then cut they waves in twaine,
Then launch they on (as earst they did)
with all their might and maine.

So I hereafter must assay
 my woonted tune to chaunge
 As time requires, and I, in love,
 shall finde my ladie straunge.
 If she be one of Cresids crue
 and swarve hir former heft,
 No Lucrece must I terme hir then,
 for that were but a jest :
 Or if she false hir fixed fayth,
 Ulyffes wives renowne
 Unfitting is for hir whose love
 endureth but a stowne.
 Wherefore, I will as time shall shape,
 and she hir love prolong,
 Applie my pen, and tell the troth
 as best I may in song.

He sorrowes other to have the fruites of his service.

SOME men would looke to have
 a recompence of paine,
 And reason wills it so to be,
 unlesse we list to faine :
 Some would expect for love
 to have unfained hart,
 And think it but a fit reward
 for such a good defart :
 But I (unhappie wight)
 that spend my love in vaine,
 Doe seeke for succour at hir hands
 while other get the gaine.

As thirftie ground doth gape
to swallow in the shoure,
Even so fare I, poore Harpalus,
whome Cupids paines devoure.
I holde the hive in hande,
and paine my felfe thereby,
While other eate the hidden foode
that are not halfe so dry.
I plough the foyle with paine,
and cast my feede thereon,
And other come that sheare the sheaves,
and laugh when I am gon.
Mine is the winters toile,
and theirs the fommers gaine ;
The harveft falles out too their share
that felt no part of paine.
I beare the pinching yoke
and burden on my back,
And other drive when I must draw,
and thus I go to wrack.
I fast when other feede,
I thirft when other drinck ;
I mourne when they triumph for joy,
they swim when I must finck.
They have the hoped gaine,
whiles I the losse indure ;
They whole at hart, whilst I my griefe
by no meanes can recure.
They shrowd themselves in shade,
I sit in open funne ;
They leape as lambes in lustie leaze,
I lie as one undunne.

They taste their nightly rest,
 my troubled head doth wake ;
I tosse and turne from side to side,
 while they their pleasure take.
I would, but they enjoy ;
 I crave that is debard ;
They have : what will you more I say ?
 their service is prefard.
Thus I procure my woe
 by framing them their joy ;
In seeking how to salve my fore,
 I breede my chiefe annoy.
So sheepe with wooll are clad,
 their maisters have the gaine ;
So birds doe builde their nests on brakes,
 and put themselves to paine,
But other taste the fruite
 when so their broode is hatcht :
The nest remaines, the birds are gone,
 the chickens are dispatcht.
So bees for honnie toile
 in fleeing too and fro,
And fillie wretches take great paines
 for whome they little know.
I think it is procurde
 by griefly Gods above,
That some should gape, and other gaine
 the fruit of others love.
But fure if womans will
 be forger of my wo,
And not the mightie Gods ordaine
 my destnie to be so,

Then must I needes complaine,
and curffe their cruell kinde,
That in requitall of good will
doe shew themselves unkinde.
But whether be the cause,
hereafter I intende
To fawne on them that force on mee,
and bowe when other bende.
This one abufe shall make
me take the better heede
On whome I fixe my fanfie fast,
or make a friend in deede.

The Lover, seeing himselfe abusde, renounceth Love.

- THOUGH men account it shame
and folly to repent,
Or grutcht good will that was bestowde
when nought save faith was ment,
Yet can they not denie
but if the knot be burst,
Then may we shew our selves unkinde
that friendly were at first.
He runnes an endlesse race
that never turnes againe,
And he a fonded lover is
that wastes his love in vaine.
Nought can he judge of hues,
that can not see when guile,
In place of friendship, cloakes hir selfe
in forme of forged wile :

And he that plainly fees
the trap before his eie,
And will not shun from perill, tis
no matter though he die.
I tell my tale by proufe,
I speake it not by rot :
To love a subtile lasse of late
was fallen to my lot ;
On whome I fet such store,
such comfort and delight,
As life it was to see hir face,
a death to want hir sight.
So I might doe the thing
that might abridge hir smart,
And bannish all annoy that grue
by froward fortunes art,
What daunger would I dread,
or perill seeme to shun ?
None that is here bylow on earth,
or subject to the sun.
To shew my selfe a friend
to hir, I was my foe ;
She was the onely idoll whome
I honorde here belowe.
This is (thought I) the same
that was Ulysses wife,
Who, in the absence of hir make,
did leade a dolefull life :
Or else tis she at least
whome Tarquyn did enforce,
By beaftly rape with piercing sworde,
so to fordoe hir corse.

But such is hir abuse,
 so frowarde eke hir grace,
As love it may no longer last,
 since friendship hides his face.
I did not well advise,
 I built on sincking sande,
And when I thought she loovde me best,
 shee bore me but in hande :
Where I had thought a porte
 and haven sure to bee,
There found I hap and dreadfull death,
 as gazers on may see.
As moufe that treads the trap
 in hope to finde repast,
And bites the bread that breeds his banck,
 and is intrapped fast,
- Like was my dolefull case
 that fed upon my wo,
Till now repentance willes mee all
 such fantasies to forgo.
And (thanked be good hap)
 now once againe I fleete
And swim aloft, that sank of late
 fast hampered by the feete.
Now is my fortune good,
 so fortune graunt it last
And I as happie as the best
 now stormie cloudes are past.
I finde the bottom firme
 and stable where I passe,
There are no haughtie rocks at hande,
 ne yet no ground of glasse.

Good ancor holde I have,
 fo I may use it still,
 I am no more a bounden thrall,
 but free I live at will.
 But that which most torments
 my minde, and reaves my joy,
 Is, for I servde a fickle wench
 that bred mee this annoy ;
 But, Gods, forgive my guilt
 and time mispent before,
 And I will be a fillie fot
 of Cupids crue no more.

*Against the jelous heads that alwayes have Lovers
in suspect.*

WHEN jelous Juno saw hir mightie make
 Had Iö turnde into a brutish kinde,
 More covertly of hir his lust to take,
 To work hir will, and all his frawde to finde,
 She cravde the cove in gift at Jove his hande,
 Who could not well his sisters fute withstande.
 When yeilded was hir boone, and heft fulfillde,
 To Argus charge committed was the cove,
 For he could wake so well, him Juno willde
 To watch the beast with never sleeping browe :
 With hundreth eies that hatefull hierds hed
 Was deckt ; som watcht when som to sleepe were led.
 So warded he by day, so wakte by night,
 And did Dame Junos will accomplish fo,
 As neither Jove might once delude his fight,

Nor Iö part hir pointed pasture fro :
His staring eies on Iö still were bent,
He markt hir march, and fude hir as she went.

Till Iove at length, to ruth and pittie moovde
To see the spitefull hate that Argus bare
To hir whome he so fervently had loovde,
And who for him abode such endlesse care,
His fethred sonne Cylenus sent from skies
To reave the carefull clowne his watchfull eies.

Who, to fulfill his lorde and fathers heft,
Tooke charmed rod in hande and pipe to play,
And gyrt him with a sworde as lykte him best,
And to the felde he flue, where Argus laye,
Disguised like a shepherd in his weede,
That he his purpose might the better speede.

When eche had other salued in his fort,
To-brag upon his pipe the clowne begoon,
And sayde, that for that noyse and gallant sport
All other mirthes and maygames he would shoon :
His only joy was on his pipe to playe ;
And then to blow the rustick did affaye.

In fine, when Argus had his cunning showde,
And eche to other chatted had a space
Of this and that as was befallne abrode,
Mercurius tooke his pipe from out his case,
And thereon playde hee so passing well,
As most of Argus eies to slumber fell.

And as they slept with charmed rod he stroke
The drowfie dolt to keepe him in that plight,
And playde so long till time he did provoke
All Argus eies to byd the beast god night :

Whome when he fawe in such a slumber led,
He stole the cowe, and swapt of Argus hed.

Such was the fine of his dispitous hate,
Such was the boone and guerdon of his hire,
And all the good the carefull coward gate
For seeking to debarre the Gods desire ;
A fit reward for such a good defart :

The cowarde might have playde a wiser part.

God fende the lyke, and worfe, to such as use
(As Argus did) with ever waking eie
The blamelesse fort of lovers to abuse ;
That alwayes readie are and prest to prie
The purpose to bewray, and covert toyes
Of faithfull friends, and barre their bliffes joyes.

I trust there will be found, in time of neede,
A Mercurie with charmed twig in hand,
And pleasaunt pipe, their waking eies to feede
With drowfie dumps, their purpose to withstand ;
That jealous heads may learne to be wies,
For feare they lose (as Argus did) their eies.

For Cupid takes disdaine and scorne to see
His thralls abuse in such unseemely fort,
Who seeke no greedie gaine nor filthie fee,
But pleafant play, and Venus fugred sport :
A slender hire (God wote) to quite the paine
That lovers bide, or they their love attaine.

*That it is hurtfull to conceale secrets from our
Friends.*

A SMART in silence kept
(as Ovid doth expresse)

Doth more torment the payned man
than him that seekes redresse.
For then it respite takes,
and leyfure to procure
Such mischiefe as for want of helpe
the longer doth endure.
As if thou fet no falve
where ranckleth swelling fore,
It will in further processe paine,
and thee torment the more.
I fundrie times have seene
a wound that earft was small,
In time for want of furgions fight
to greater mischiefe fall :
And eke the balefull blowe,
fo grievous that was thought,
Full quickly curde by furgions sleight,
if he were quickly fought.
So fareth it by man,
that keepes in covert breast
The pinching paine that breedes within,
increasing great unreaft :
That never will difclose
the secret of his hart,
But rather suffer fervent fits,
and deeper piercing smart.
For why was friendship founde
and quickly put in ure,
But that th' one of thothers helpe
should thinke himselfe full sure ?
Why are they like in minde,
and one in erie part ?

Why are they twoo in bodies twaine,
 possessing but one hart ?
 And why doth one mislike
 that so offendes his feere,
 But that they two are one in deede
 it plainely might appeere ?
 Did Tullie ever dreade
 his secrets to disclose
 To Atticus, his loving friende,
 in whome he did repose
 Such credit and such trust,
 and in himselfe he might,
 To whome full oft with painfull pen
 this Tullie did indight ?
 What ever Theseus thought
 Perythous coulede tell,
 With wearie travell that persude
 his loving friende to hell.
 Was Damon daintie founde
 to Pythias at all,
 For whome he woulde with Tyran staide,
 as pledge to live in thrall ?
 In Pylades was nought
 but that Orestes knewe,
 Who privie was from time to time
 how care or comfort grewe.
 Gysippus felt no grieffe
 but Titus boade the fame,
 And where that Titus founde reliefe,
 their Gysippe had his gaine.
 When Lælius did laugh,
 then Scipio did joy ;

And what Menetus sonne mislikte,
Achylles did annoy.
Æurialus his thoughts
and secrets of his hart
To Nysus would declare at large,
were they of joy or smart.
All these conjoined were
in surest league of loove ;
Whome neyther fortune, good or bad,
nor death might once remoove.
They would not thinke in minde,
nor practife that at all,
But to that same their trustie friends
they would in counsell call.
All those, therefore, that wishe
their inward paines redresse,
Must to their most assured friend
it outwardly expresse.
So may they chaunce to finde
a falve for secret fore,
Which otherwise, in covert kept,
will soone increafe to more.

*Of the divers and contrarie passions and affections
of his Love.*

To phisick those that long have gone
and spent their time in griefe,
Affirme that patients in their paines
will shun their best reliefe.

They will refuse the tyfants taste,
and wholesome drinckes despise,
Which to recure diseases fell
phifitions did devise :
But when they be debarred the same,
which so they shunde before,
They crie and call for tyfants then,
as soveraigne for their fore.
Such is the wayward guife of those
with pangues that are opprest ;
They wish for that they never had,
and shun that they posselt.
I may to them right well compare
the lovers divers thought,
That likes, and then mislikes againe
that they long earst had fought.
They will not, when they may, enjoy
their hearts desired choise :
They then desie, they then detest
with lowde and lothsome voice.
They will refuse when time doth serve ;
but when such time is gone,
They sigh and schreach with mournfull crie,
and make a ruthfull mone.
They little think that time hath wings,
or knoweth how to flie ;
They hope to have it still at hande
that swiftly passeth bie.
They thinke that time will tarie them,
and for their fanfie stay,
But time in little time is gone ;
it fleeteth fast away.

So standes the foole by fleeting fload,
and looketh for a turne ;
But river runnes and still will run,
and never shape returne.
What! doe they hope that beauties glaffe
will still continue bright ?
Nay, when the day is gone and past,
by course appeeres the night.
For crooked age his woonted trade
is for to plough the face
With wrinckled furrowes, that before
was chiefe of beauties grace.
Perhaps they thinke that men are mad,
and once intrapt in love,
Will never strive to breake the snare,
nor never to remove.
No fowler that had wylie wit,
but will forefee such hap,
That birds will alway buske and bate,
and scape the fowlers trap.
And if their fortune favor so,
then who doth mount so hie
As those that guilefull pitfall tooke
prepared for to die ?
What fish doth fleete so fast as that
which lately hangde on hooke ?
By happie hap if he escape,
he will not backwarde looke.
Take time, therefore, thou foolish feeme,
whilst time doth serve so well ;
For time away as fast doth flee
as any found of bell :

And thou, perhaps, in after time,
 when time is past and gone,
 Shall lie lamenting losse of time,
 as colde as any stone.
 Yet were thou better take thy time
 whilst yet thy beautie serves ;
 For beautie as the flower fades
 whome lack of Phœbus sterves.

Of Dido and the truth of hir death.

I, DIDO, and the queene of Carthage ground,
 Whose lims thou seeest so lively fet to fight,
 Such one I was, but never to be found
 So farre in love as Vergill seemes to wright,
 I livde not so in lust and fowle delight.

For neither he that wandring Duke of Troie
 Knewe mee, nor yet at Lybie lande arivde ;
 But to escape Iarbos that did noie
 Mee fore, of lyfe my carcasfe I deprivde,
 To keepe my heft that he would tho have rivde.

No storme of love, or dolour made me die :
 I flue my selfe to save my sheete of shame
 Wherein good Sycheus wrapped me perdie.
 Then, Vergill, then, the greater be thy blame,
 That so by love doft breede my fowle defame.

Of Venus in Armour.

IN complete [armour] Pallas saw
 the ladie Venus stande :

Who said, let Paris now be judge ;
 encounter we with hande.
Replide the Goddesse: what !
 scornste thou in armour mee,
That naked earst in Ida Mount
 fo foylde and conquerde thee ?

Of a Hare complayning of the hatred of Dogs.

THE scenting hounds pursude
 the hastie hare of foote :
The siclie beast to scape the dogs
 did jumpe upon a roote.
The rotten frag it burst,
 from cliffe to seas he fell ;
Then cride the hare: unhappie mee !
 for now perceiue I well,
Both lande and sea pursue
 and hate the hurtlesse hare ;
And eake the dogged skies aloft,
 if fo the dog be thare.

To one that painted Echo.

THOU witles wight, what meanes this mad intent
To draw my face and forme, unknowne to thee ?
What meant thou fo for to molestee mee,
Whome never eie behelde, nor man could see ?
 Daughter to talking tongue and ayre am I ;
My mother is nothing when things are waide :

I am a voyce without the bodies aide.
 When all the tale is tolde and sentence faide,
 Then I recite the latter worde afrefhe
 In mocking fort and counterfayting wies :
 Within your cares my chiefest harbour lies ;
 There doe I woonne, not seene with mortall eies.
 And more to tell and farther to proceede,
 I Eccho height of men below in grounde :
 If thou wilt draw my counterfait in deede,
 Then must thou paint (O painter) but a found.

To a cruell Dame for grace and pittie.

AS I doe lack the skill
 to show my faithfull hart,
 So doe you want good will
 too rue your lovers smart.
 The greater is my fire,
 the lesser is your heate ;
 The more that I desire,
 the lesse you seeme to sweate.
 O ! quench not so the coale
 of this my faithfull flame
 With nayes, thou frowarde soule,
 let yeas increase the fame.
 Let us at length agree,
 whome Cupid made by law
 Eche others friend to bee
 in fanfies yoke to draw.
 If I doe plaie my part
 at any time amis,

Then doe bestowe thy hart
 where greater friendship is :
But if in true good will
 I beare my selfe upright,
Let mee enjoy thee still,
 my service to requight.
Go thou, my fierie dart
 of scalding whote desire,
To pierce hir yfie hart,
 and fet hir brest on fire,
That I may both prolong
 my painefull pyning dayes,
And eke avendge hir wrong
 that paine for pleafure payes.
I never sawe the stone
 but often drops would waft,
Nor dame but daylie mone
 would make hir yeelede at laft.

To a Gentlewoman from whome he tooke a Ring.

WHAT needes this frowning face ?
 what meanes your looke so coye ?
Is all this for a ring,
 a trifle and a toye ?
What though I reft your ring,
 I tooke it not to keepe ;
Therefore you neede the lesse
 in such dispite to weepe :
For Cupid shall be judge
 and umpire in this case,

Or who by hap shall next
 approche into this place.
You tooke from mee my hart,
 I caught from you a ring ;
Whofe is the greateft loffe ?
 where ought the grieffe to spring ?
Keepe you as well my hart,
 as I will keepe your ring,
And you shall judge at laft
 that you have loft nothing.
For if a friendly hart,
 fo ftuff with ftaide loove,
In value doe not paffe
 the ring, you may reprove
The reaving of the fame :
 and I of force muft fay
That I defervde the blaine
 who tooke your ring away.
But what if you doe wreake
 your malice on my hart ?
Then give mee leave to thinke
 you guiltie for your part ;
And when fo ere I yeelde
 to you your ring againe,
Reftore me vp my hart
 that now you put to paine.
For fo we both be pleafde,
 to fay we may be bolde
That neyther to the loffe
 of us hath bought or folde.

*The Lover blames his Tongue, that failed to utter his fute
in time of neede.*

FORCAUSE I still preferde the truth before
Shameleffe untruth, and lothfome leefings lore,
I finde my felfe yll recompenft therefore
Off thee my Tongue.

For good defert and guiding thee aright,
That thou for aye mightft live devoide of fpight,
I reape but fhame, and lack my chiefe delight
For filence kept.

When happie hap by hap advaunft my cafe,
And brought mee to my Ladie, face to face,
Where I hir corps in safetie might imbrace,
Thou heldft thy peace.

Thou madfte my voyce to cleave amidst my throte,
And fute to ceafe unluckylic (God wote)
Thou wouldft not fpeake, tho you hadft quite forgote
My harts behest.

My hart by thee fufpected was of guile,
For caufe thou ceaft to ufe a loving file,
And wordes to forge and frame with fineft file
As lovers woot.

Thou madfte my blood fro paled face to start,
And flie to feeke some fuccor of the hart,
That wounded was long earft with dreadfull dart
Off Cupids bowe.

And thou, as colde as any marble ftone,
When from my face the chillie blood was gone,
Couldft not devife the way to make my mone
By wordes appeere.

And (yee my teares) that woonted were to flowe
 And streamed adowne as fast as thawed snowe,
 Were stopt, as then yee had no powre to showe
 A lovers fute.

My fighes that earst were woont to dim the Skie,
 And caufe a fume by force of flame to flie,
 Were tho as slack, as Welles, of weeping drie
 Too showe my love.

The hart that laie incombred all within
 Had fainted quite, had not by lookes ybin:
 For they declarde the case my hart was in
 By tongues unthroth.

That all things are as they are used.

Was never ought, by Natures art
 Or cunning skill, so wifely wrought,
 But man by practice might conuert
 Too worser use then Nature thought:
 Ne yet was ever thing so ill,
 Or may be of so small a prise,
 But man may better it by skill,
 And change his fort by founde advife.
 So that by prooffe it may be seene
 That all things are as is their use,
 And man may alter Nature cleene,
 And things corrupt by his abuse.
 What better may be founde than flame,
 Too Nature that doth succor paie?
 Yet we doe oft abuse the same
 In bringing buildings to decaie.

For those that minde to put in ure
Their malice, moovde to wrath and ire,
To wreake their mischiefe, will be fure
Too spill and spoyle thy house with fire.
So Phisick, that doth serve for ease
And to recure the grieved soule,
The painefull patient may diseafe,
And make him sick that earst was whole.
The true man and the theefe are leeke,
For sworde doth serve them both at neede,
Save one by it doth safetie seeke,
And th' other of the spoile to speede.
As law and learning doth redresse
That otherwise would go to wrack,
Even so doth it oft times oppresse
And bring the true man to the rack.
Though poyson paine the drinker fore
By boyling in his fainting breast,
Yet is it not refusde therefore,
For cause sometime it breedeth reast ;
And mixt with medicines of prooffe
According to Machaons arte,
Doth serve right well for our behoofe,
And succor sends to dying harte.
Yet these and other things were made
By Nature for the better use,
But we of custome take a trade
By wilfull will them to abuse.
So nothing is by kinde so voide
Of vice, and with such vertue fraught,
But it by us may be anoide,
And brought in trackt of time too naught.

Againe there is not that so ill
 Bylowe the lampe of Phœbus light,
 But man may better, if he will
 Applie his wit to make it right.

*The Lover excuseth himselfe for renouncing his Love and
 Ladie, imputing the same to his fate and constellation.*

THOUGH Dydo blamde Æneas truth
 for leaving Carthage shore,
 Where he well entertainde had beene,
 and like a Prince before :
 Though Theseus were unthrifitie thought
 and of a cruell race,
 That in rewarde of death escapte
 by Aryadnas lace,
 Amid the defart woods so wilde
 his looving lasse forfooke,
 Whome by good hap and luckie lore
 the drowfie Bacchus tooke.
 Yet if the Judges in this case
 their verdit yeelde aright,
 Nor Theseus nor Æneas fact
 deserue such endlesse spight,
 As wayward women, stirde to wrath,
 beare fixed fast in minde,
 Still seeking wayes to wreake their yre
 upon Æneas kinde ;
 For neither lack of liking love,
 nor hope of greater gaine,

Nor fickle fanfies force us men
to breake off friendships chaine.
They loth not that they loovde before,
they hate not things possfest ;
Some other weightie cause they have
of change, as may be gefit.
And waying with my felfe eche one,
I can none fitter finde,
Than that to men fuch blessed hap
is by the Gods affignde.
The golden ftarres that guide their age,
and planets will them fo,
And Gods (the rulers of their race)
procure them to forgo
Their forged faith and plighted truth,
with promife made fo fure,
That is too feeming ftrong as fteele,
and likely to endure.
For did not mightie Jove himfelfe
the fwift Cyllenus fende,
To will the Troyan Prince in hafte
into Italia bende,
And leave the lyked lande fo well,
and Carthage queene forfake,
That made him owner of hir hart,
and all that fhee could make ?
And fuch was Thefeus lot, perdic,
fo hard the maydens hap,
That fhee in defart fould be left
and caught in Bacchus trap.
Should Jafon be proclaimde and cride
a traitor to the skies,

For that he Medea left at laſt,
 by whome he wan the Flife?
 No; ſuch was Oetes daughters chance
 in cradle hir aſſignde,
 And Jafons birthſtarre forſt the Greeke
 to ſhowe himſelfe vnkinde.
 For if rewardes might binde ſo faſt,
 and knit the knot ſo ſure,
 Their faith (no doubt) and lincked love
 ſhould then of force endure:
 For Dido gave him Carthage kayes,
 the wealth, and foile withall:
 Thoſe other two preſervde their lives
 that elſe had livde in thrall.
 Then ſithens ſtreaming ſtarres procure,
 and fatall powers agree,
 And ſtawled Gods doe condeſcend
 that I my frienſhip flee,
 And reave your bells, and caſt you off
 to live in haggards wies,
 That for no private ſtale doe care,
 but love to range the ſkies,
 I muſt not ſeeme then to rebell,
 nor ſecret treaſon forge,
 But change my choyce, and leave my loove,
 and fanſies ſonde diſgorge.
 I crave of Cupid, lorde of love,
 a pardon for the ſame,
 For that I now reject his lawes,
 and quite renounce his game.

Of Ladie Venus, that having lost hir sonne Cupid, God of Love, and desirous to understand of him againe, declares, by the way, the nature of Love and Affections of the same, by pretie discription as followeth.

WHAT time the ladie Venus fought hir little sonne,
 That Cupid hight, and found him not, she thus begonne.
 My friends (quoth she) if any chaunce in open streete,
 Or crossing pathes, that wandring amorous elfe to meete,
 That runnagate (I say) is mine: who so by hap
 Shall first bring tidings of the boy, in Venus lap
 Is sure to sit, and have, in price of taken paine,
 A sugred kisse. But he that brings him home againe,
 A buffe. Yea, not a buffe alone doubtlesse shall have,
 But like a friend I will entreate him passing brave.
 I tell you tis a proper youth. Marke every lim
 And member of my straid sonne that is so trim.
 Not fallow white his bodie is, but like to flame;
 A fierce and fierie roling eie sets out the fame:
 A mischievous wylie hart in breast the boy doth beare,
 But yet his wordes are honnie like and sweete to care.
 His talking tongue and meaning minde afunder goe:
 Smooth filed stile for little cost he will bestowe,
 But being once inflamde with ire and raging wrath,
 A cruell canckred dogged hart the urchin hath.
 Falso foxely subtile boy, and glosing lying lad,
 He sports to outward sight, but inward chafes like mad.
 A curled sponce he hath, with angrie frowning brow;
 A little hand, yet dart a cruell way can throwe.

To shadie Acheron sometime he flings the fame,
And deepest damp of hollow hell those impes to tame.
Upon his carkasse not a cloth, but naked hee
Of garments goes; his minde is wrapt, and not to see.
Much like a fettered foule he flies, and wags his wings,
Now here now there: ye man somtime this miser wrings.
Sometimes againe the lasse to love he doth enforce:
Of neither kind, nor man nor maid, he hath remorse.
A little bow the boy doth beare in tender hande,
And in the same an arrow nockt to string doth stand:
A slender shaft, yet such a one as farre will flie,
And being shot from Cupids bow will reach the skie:
A pretie golden quiver hangs there albehinde
Upon his back, wherein who so doth looke, shall finde
A sort of sharpe and lurching shafts, unhappie boy,
Wherewith his ladie mother eke he doth annoy
Sometimes: but most of all the foolish fretting elfe
In cruell wife doth cruelly torment and vex himselfe.
Doe beate the boy, and spare him not at all, if thou
On him doe chaunce to light: although from childish brow
And moysted eies the trickling teares like fouds distill,
Beleeve him not, for chiefly then beguile he will.
Not if he smile unlose his pyniond armes, take heede,
With pleasant honie words though he thine eares doe feede,
And crave a kisse: beware thou kisse him not at all,
For in his lips vile venom lurcks, and bitter gall.
Or if with friendly face he seeme to yeelde his bow
And shafts to thee, his proferde gifts (my friend) forgo:
Touch not with tender hand the subtile flattring Dart
Of Love, for feare the fire thereof doe make thee smart.

Where this that I have fayde be true,
Yee Lovers, I appeale to you :
For ye doe knowe Cupidos toyes,
Yee feele his smarts, yee taste his joyes.
A fickle foolish God to serue
I tearme him, as he doth deserue.

Of the cruell hatred of Stepmothers.

THE Sonne in lawe, his Stepdame being dead,
Began hir hierce with garlands to commende :
Meanewhile there fell a stone upon his head
From out the tombe that brought the boy abed ;
A prooffe that Stepdames hate hath never ende.

Againe.

GLAD was the Sonne of frowning Beldams death,
To witnesse joy to deck hir tomb gan trudge :
A peece of marbell fell and reft his breath,
As he (good Lad) stoode strewing flowres beneath ;
A signe that Death dawnts not the mothers grudge.

*To Cupid, for revenge of his unkind and cruell Love.
Declaring his faithfull service, and true hart
both to the God of Love and his Ladie.*

IF I had beene in Troyan ground,
When Ladie Venus tooke hir wound ;

If I in Greekiſh campe had beene,
Or clad in armour had beene ſeene ;
If Heſtor had by mee beene ſlaine,
Or Prince Æneas put to paine ;
If I the machin huge had brought,
By Grecian guile ſo falſely wrought,
Or rayfed it above the wall,
Of Troie that procurde the fall ;
Then could I not thee (Cupid) blame,
If thou didſt put mee to this ſhame.
But I have alwaies beene as true
To thee, and thine in order due,
As ever was there any wight,
That fayth and truth to Cupid plight.
I never yet deſpiſe thy lawe,
But aye of thee did ſtand in awe :
I never callde thee buffard blinde,
I no ſuch fault in thee did finde,
But thought my time well ſpent to bee
That I imploide in ſerving thee.
I wiſte thou wert of force and powre
To conquere Princes in an howre :
When thou retaindeſt mee as thy man,
I thought my ſelfe moſt happie than.
Since this is true that I have ſaide,
Good Cupid let mee have thy aide ;
Helpe mee to wreake my wrath aright,
And ſuccor mee to worke my ſpight.
To thee it appertaines of due
Him to aſſiſt that is ſo true ;
And thou of reaſon ſhouldſt torment

Such as by wilfull will are bent
To triumph over those that serue
Thee in the field, and never swerue.
Go bend thy bowe with hastie speede,
And make hir tigers hart to bleede :
Cause hir that little fets by mee,
Yet still to stand in awe of thee.
Let hir perceiue thy fervent fire,
And what thou art in raging ire :
Now showe thy selfe no man to bee,
Let hir a God both feele and see.
She forceth not my cutting paine,
Hir vowed othes shee wayes as vaine :
Shee sits in peace at quiet rest,
And scornes at mee so dispoessest.
Shee laughes at thee, and mocks thy might ;
Thou art not Cupid in hir fight.
Shee spites at mee without cause whie.
Shee forceth not although I die.
I am hir captive, bounde in give,
And dare not once for lyfe to strive.
The more to thee I call and crie,
To rid mee from this crueltie,
The more shee seekes to worke hir ire,
The more shee burnes with scalding fire.
And all for Cupids fake I bide,
From whose decrees I doe not glide :
Wherefore (I say) go bende thy bow,
And to hir hart an arrow throw :
That dart which breaketh harts of flint,
And gives the cruell crafing dint,

Upon hir crabbed breast bestow,
 That thee thy force and power may know ;
 That thee a myrrour may be knowne
 To such as be thy deadly fone.
 So shall they good example take,
 How to abuse men for thy sake.
 Let hir (good Cupid) understande,
 That I am thine, both hart and hande ;
 And to play quittance force a fire,
 That thee may frie with whote desire
 Of me, whome earst she put to paine :
 And this is all that I would gaine.

*An Answer to his Ladie, that willed him that absence
 should not breede forgetfulnesse.*

THOUGH noble Surrey sayde
 that absence woonders frame,
 And makes things out of sight forgot,
 and thereof takes his name :
 Though some there are that force
 but on their pleasures prest,
 Unmindefull of their plighted truth,
 and falsely forged heft ;
 Yet will I not approve
 mee guiltie of this crime,
 Ne breake the friendship late begoon,
 as you shall trie in time.
 No distance of the place
 shall reave thee from my breast ;

Not fawning chaunce, nor frowning hap,
 shall make mee swarve my left.
As soone may Phœbus frame
 his fierie steades to roon
Their race from path they woonted were,
 and ende where they begoon ;
As soone shall Saturne cease
 his bended broowes to show,
And frowning face to friendly starres
 that in their circles go ;
As soone the tiger tame
 and lion shall you finde,
And brutish beastes that savage were
 shall swarve their bedlam kinde ;
As soone the frost shall flame,
 and Ætna cease to burne,
And restlesse rivers to their springs
 and fountaines shall returne :
As absence breede debate,
 or want of sight procure
Our faithfull friendships with awrie
 whilst lively death indure.
As soone I will commit
 my selfe to Lethes lake,
As the (sweete friend) whome I a friend
 have chose for vertues sake.
How may a man forget
 the coale that burnes within,
Augmenting still his secreet fore
 by piercing fell and skin ?
May martirs cease to mourne,
 or thinke of torments prest,

Whilft paine to paine is added aie,
to further their unrest ?
May shipmen in distresse,
at pleasure of the winde
Toft to and fro by furge of seas
that they in tempest finde,
Forget Neptunus rage,
or blustering Borias blast,
When cables are in funder crackt,
and tackle rent from mast ?
Ne may I (friend) forget
(unlesse I would but faine)
The salve that doth recure my fore
and heales the scarre againe.
I fend thee by the winde
ten thousand sighes a day,
Which dim the skies with clowdie smoke
as they doe passe away.
Oft gazing on the funne,
I count Apollo blest,
For that he vewes thee once aday
in passing to the west.
Oh! that I had his powre
and blasing lampe of light,
Then thou, my friend, should stand asurde
to never see the night.
But since it is not so,
content thy selfe a while,
And with remembrance of thy friend
the lothsome time begile ;
Till Fortune doe agree
that we shall meete againe,

For then shall preface breede our joies
 whome absence put to paine.
 And of my olde good will
 (good friend) thy selfe assure :
 Have no distrust, my love shall last
 as long as life shall dure.

Of a Thracyan that was drownde by playing on the Ise.

A THRACYAN boy, well tipld all the day,
 Upon a frozen spring did sport and play ;
 The flipper ise with hieft of bodies sway
 On fodaine brake, and swapt his head away :
 It swam aloft, bylowe the carcas lay.
 The mother came and bore the head away ;
 When shee did burie it thus gan shee fay :
 This brought I foorth in flame his hierce to have,
 The rest amids the flood to finde a grave.

*{ The Lover hoping in May to have had redresse of his woos,
 and yet fowly missing his purpose, bewailes his
 cruell hap.*

YOU that in May have bathde in blis,
 And founde a falve to ease your fore,
 Do May observaunce : reason is
 That May should honord be therfore.
 Awake out of your drowfie sleepe,
 And leave your tender beds of downe,
 Of Cupids lawes that taken keepe,
 With fommer flowers deck your crowne.

As foone as Venus starre doth showe,
 That brings the dawning on his back,
 And cheereful light begins to growe,
 By putting of his foe to wrack,
 Repaire to heare the wedded makes,
 And late ycoupled in a knote,
 The nightingale that fits in brakes,
 And telles of Tereus truth by note ;
 The thruffell, with the turtle dove,
 The little robin eke yfeare,
 That make rehearfall of their love,
 Make hafte (I fay) that yee were theare.
 Into the fieldes where Dian dwels,
 With nimphes environd round about,
 Hafte yee to daunce about the wels,
 A fit pastime for such a rout.
 Let them doe this that have receivde
 In May the hire of hoped grace ;
 But I, as one that am bereavde
 Of bliffefull state, will hide my face,
 And doole my daies with ruthfull voice,
 As fits a retchleffe wight to doe,
 Since now it lies not in my choise
 To quite mee from this curfed woe.
 I harbour in my breast a thought
 which now is turned another way,
 That pleafant May would mee ybrought
 From Scylla to a better bay.
 Since all (quoth I) that Nature made,
 And placed here in earth bylowe,
 When Spring returnes, of woonted trade
 Doe banish grieffe that carft did growe,

And chaungeth eke the churlish cheere
And frowning face of Tellus hewe,
With vernant flowers that appeere
To clad the foile with mantell newe :
Since snakes doe cast their shriveled skinnes,
And bucks hang up their heads on pale ;
Since frisking fishes lose their finnes,
And glide with new repaired scale,
Then I of force with greedie eie
Must hope to finde to ease my smart.
Since eche annoy in Spring doth die,
And cares to comfort doe convert,
Then I (quoth I) shall reach the port,
And fast mine ancker on the ground,
Where lyes my pleasure and disport,
Where is my furetie to be found.
There shall my beaten barke have rode,
And I for service done be paid ;
My forrowes quite shall be unlode.
Even thus unto my selfe I said,
But (out alas !) it falles not so,
May is to mee a month of mone,
In May, though others comfort gro,
My feedes of grieve are surely fowne.
My bitter teares for water serve,
Wherewith the garden of my brest
I moist, for feare the feedes should sterfe,
And thus I frame mine owne unrest.
Let others, then, that feelen joy
Extole the merrie month of May,
And I that tasted have annoy,
In praise thereof will nothing say ;

But with returne of winters warre,
 And bluftring force of Borias force againe,
 Thefe fower feedes of wo to marre,
 By force of winde and wifking raine :
 And fo, perhaps, by better fate,
 At next returne of fpring, I may,
 By chaunging of my former ftate,
 Caft off my care, and change my lay.

To a fickle and unconstant Dame, a friendly warning.

WHAT may I thinke of you (my fawlcon free)
 That having hood, lines, buets, bells of mee,
 And woonted carft, when I my game did fpring,
 To flie fo well and make fuch nimble wing,
 As might no fowle for weightneffe well compare
 With thee, thou wert a bird fo pafling rare :
 What may I deeme of thee (fayre fawlcon) now,
 That neyther to my lure nor traine wilt bow.
 But this, that when my backe is turnde and gon,
 Another gives thee rumpes to tyre upon.
 Well, wanton, well ; if you were wife in deede,
 You would regard the fift whereon you feede :
 You would the horfe devouring crow refufe,
 And gorge your felfe with flefhe more fine to chufe.
 I wifhe thee this for woonted olde good will
 To flie more hie, for feare the ftowping will
 Breede him, that now doth keepe thee, out of love,
 And thinke his fawlcon will a buffard prove.
 Which if he deeme, or doe fufpect at all,
 He will abate thy fleft, and make thee fall.

So that of force thou shalt enforced bee
Too doe by him as nowe thou dost by mee :
That is, to leave the keeper, and away.
Fawlcon, take heede, for this is true I fay.

The Lover to his Ladie, that gazed much up to the Skies.

My girle, thou gazeft much
upon the golden skies :
Would I were Heauen ! I would behold
thee then with all mine eies.

*The Penitent Lover, utterly renouncing love, craves
pardon of forepassed follies.*

IF fuch as did amiffe,
and ran their race awrie,
May boldely crave at judges hand
some mercie ere they die,
And pardon for their guilt
that wilfully transgrest,
And fawe the bownds before their eies
that vertue had adrest :
Then I, that brake the bancks
which reafon had affignde
To fuch as would purfue hir traine,
may ftande in hope to finde
Some favour at hir hand,
fince blinde forecast was caufe,
And not my wilfull will in fault,
that I have fwerde hir lawes.

Misguided have I beene,
 and trayned all by trust,
 And love was forger of the fraude,
 and furtherer of my lust :
 Whose vele did daze mine eies,
 and darckned so my sight
 With errors foggie mist at first,
 that reason gave no light.
 And as those wofull wightes
 that faile on swelling seas,
 When windes and wrathfull waves conspire
 to banish all their ease ;
 When heavenly lamps are hid
 from shipmens hungrie eies,
 And lodestarres are in covert kept
 within the cloudie skies ;
 As they without respect
 doe follow Fortunes lore,
 And run at randome in the flood
 where Æols impes doe rore,
 Till golden crested Phebe,
 or else his sisters light,
 Have chafde away those noysome clouds,
 and put the same to flight :
 So I (unhappie man)
 have followde love a space,
 And felt the whottest of his flame,
 and flashing fierie blafe.
 In darknesse have I dwelt,
 and errours uglie shade,
 Unwitting how to raise a starre
 from perill to evade.

Few daies came on my head
 wherein was cause of joy,
But day and night were readie both
 to haften mine anoy.
Short were my sleepes (God wot)
 moft dreadfull were my dreames,
Mine eies (as conduits of the hart)
 did gush out faltish streames :
Tormented was my corse,
 my minde was never free,
But both repleate with anguish aye,
 differverde fought to bee.
No place might like mee long,
 no pleasure could endure,
In stead of sport was smart at hande,
 for pastime paine in vre :
A bondman to my selfe,
 yet free in others fight,
Not able to resist the rage
 of winged archers might.
Thus haue I spent my time
 in fervage as a thrall,
Till reason of hir bountie lift
 mee to hir mercie call.
Now haue I made returne,
 and by good hap retirde
From Cupids camp and deepe dispaire,
 and once againe aspirde
To Ladie Reasons stawle,
 where wifedome throned is,
On promise of amends releaft,
 is all that was amis.

To Plato now I flie,
 and Senecs found advice :
 A fatch for love ! I force not now
 what chaunce fall on the dice.

*To his Friend that refused him without cause why, but
 onely upon delight of chaunge.*

YOU shoue your selfe to bee
 a woman right by kinde :
 You lyke and then mislyke againe,
 where you no cause doe finde.
 I can not thinke that love
 was planted in your brest,
 As did your flattring lookes declare,
 and perjurde tongue protest.
 Thou swarste alone that I
 thy fanfie did subdue,
 Then why should frensie force thee now
 to show thy selfe untrue ?
 Fie, faithlesse woman, fie !
 wilt thou condemne the kinde
 Bicause of iust report of yll,
 and blot of wavering minde ?
 Too playne it now appears
 that lust procurde thy loue,
 Or else it would not so decay
 and causelesse thus remove.
 I thought that I at first
 a Lucrece had subdude,

But nowe I finde that faufie fonde
my fenfes did delude :
I deemde that I had got
a fawlcon to the fist,
Whome I might quickly have reclaimde ;
but I my purpose mist,
For (oh) the worfer hap,
my fawlcon is fo free,
As downe she stoupes to ftraungers hire,
and forceth leaft of mee.
Good shape was yll bestowde
upon fo vile a kite,
That haggard wife doth love to live,
and doth in chaunge delight.
Yeeld me thy flanting hood,
shake off thofe belles of thine,
Such checking buffards yll deserve
or bell or hood fo fine.
With fowles of baser fort
how can you brooke to flie,
That earft your nature did to hawkes
of ftately kinde applie ?
If want of pray enforfte
this chaunge, thou art too blame,
For I had ever traines in ftore
to make my fawlcon game.
I had a taffell eke,
full gentle by his kinde,
Too flie with thee, in ufe of wing
the greater joy to finde.
No ; doubtleffe wanton luft
and flefhly fowle defire

Did make thee loath my friendly lure,
 and fet thy hart on fire.
 Too trie what mettall was
 in buffards to be founde,
 This, this was it that made thee stowpe
 from loftie gate to grounde :
 Wherefore if ever luck
 doe let me light on thee,
 And Fortune graunt me once againe
 thy keeper for to bee,
 Thy diet shall be fuch,
 thy tiring rumpes so bare,
 As thou shalt know thy keeper well,
 and for none other care.
 Meanwhile on carren feede,
 thy hungrie gorge to glut,
 That all thy lust in daylie change
 and diet new dost put.
 Diseases must of force
 fuch feeding fowle ensue :
 No force to me ; thou wert my bird,
 But (fawlcon) now adue.

*To one that, upon surmise of aduersitie, forewent
 hir Friend.*

As too the whyte, and lately lymed houfe
 The doves doe flock in hope of better fare,
 And leave their home of culvers cleane and bare :
 As to the kitchin postes the peeping moufe,

Where vittailles fine and curious cates are drest,
 And shoons the shop where livelyhood waxeth thin,
 Where he before had filde his emptie skin,
 And where he chofe him first to be a gueft :
 As lyfe unto the lyving carcaffie cleave,
 But balke the fame made readie to the beare,
 So you that earft my friend to seeming weare,
 In happie ftate, your needie friend doe leave.
 Unfriendly are thofe other, dove and moufe,
 That doe refuse olde harbour for a newe,
 And make exchange for lodge they never knewe :
 Unfriendly eke the flowe and lumpifh lowfe,
 But more uncivill you that wittie arre
 To judge a friend, your friendship to forgo
 Without a caufe and make exchanges fo ;
 For friendes are needed moft in time of warre.
 Put cafe that chaunce withdrew hir olde good will,
 And frownde on mee to whome fhee was a friend,
 Is that a reason why your love should end ?
 No, no, you should a friend continue ftill ;
 For true good will in miferie is tride,
 For then will none but faithfull friends abide.

*To Maifter Googes fansie that begins : Give monie mee,
 take friendship who fo lift.*

FRIEND Googe, give me the faithfull friend to trust,
 And take the fickle coine for mee that luft ;
 For friends in time of trouble and distrefse
 With help, and found advife will foone redrefse

Eche growing grieffe that gripes the penfive brest.
 When monie lies lockt up in covert chest.
 Thy coine will caufe a thousand cares to grow,
 Which if thou hadft no coine thou couldft not know.
 Thy friend no care but comfort will procure,
 Of him thou mayft at neede thy felfe assure.
 Thy monie makes the theefe in waite to lie,
 Whofe fraude thy friend and falshood will defcrie.
 Thou canft not keepe unlockt thy carefull coine,
 But fome from thee thy monie will purloine:
 Thy faithfull friend will never ftart afide,
 But take his fhare of all that fhall betide.
 When thou art dead thy monie is bereft,
 But after life thy trustie friend is left:
 Thy monie ferves another maifter than,
 Thy faythfull friend lincks with none other man.
 So that (friend Googe) I deeme it better I
 To choofe the friend, and let the monie lie.

The Lover abused renounceth Love.

FOR to revoke to penfue thought,
 And troubled head my former plight,
 How I by earnest fute have fought
 And griefull paines a loving wight,
 For to accoy, accoy,
 And breede my joy,
 Without anoy, makes faltifh bryne
 To fluth out of my vapord eyne.
 To thinke upon the fundrie fnares

And privie panthers that were led
To forge my daylie dolefull cares,
Whereby my hoped pleafures fled,
 Doth plague my hart, my hart,
 With deadly smart,

Without defart, that have indurde
Such woes, and am not yet recurde.

Was never day come on my hed
Wherein I did not sue for grace,
Was never night but I in bed
Unto my pillow tolde my cafe,
 Bayning my brest, my brest,
 For want of rest,

With teares opprest, yet remedie none
Was to be found for all my mone.

If she had dained my good will,
And recompensd me with hir love,
I would have beene hir vassell still,
And never once my hart remove :

 I did pretend, pretend,
 To be hir friend

Unto the end ; but she refusde
My loving hart, and me abusde.

I did not force upon the spite
And venemous ftings of hissing snakes ;
I wayed not their words a mite,
That such a doe at lovers makes :

 I did rejoyce, rejoyce,
 To have the voyce

Of such a choyce, and fmiild to see
That they reported fo of mee.

Oh mee! moft luckie wight (quoth I)
 At whome the people fo repine :
 I truſt the rumor that doth flie
 Will force hir to my will incline,
 And like well mee, well mee,
 Whome ſhee doth fee,
 Hir love to bee, unfainedly,
 In whome ſhee may full well affie.
 But now at length I plainly vew
 That woman never gave hir breſt ;
 For they by kindly courſe will rue
 On ſuch as ſeeme to love them beſt :
 And will relent, relent,
 And be content,
 When nought is ment, ſave friendly hart,
 And love for never to depart.
 Some cruell tiger lent hir tet
 And foſtred hir with ſavage pap,
 That can not finde in hart to let
 A man to love hir; ſince his hap
 Hath ſo affignde, affignde
 To have his minde
 To love inclinde, in honeſt wife
 Whome ſhee ſhould not of right deſpiſe.
 But ſince I ſee hir ſtonie hart
 Cannot be pierſt with pitties launce ;
 Since nought is gainde but wofull ſmart,
 I doe intende to breake the daunce,
 And quite forgo, forgo
 My pleaſant fo,
 That paines mee fo, and thinkes in fine

To make me like to Circes swine.
I cleane defie hir flattering face,
I quite abhorre hir luring lookes :
As long as Jove shall give mee grace,
Shee never comes within my bookes.
 I doe detest, detest
 So false a guest,
That breedes unrest, where she should plant
Hir loue, if pittie did not want.
 Let hir go seeke some other foole,
Let hir inrage some other dolt ;
I have beene taught in Platos schoole
From Cupids banner to revolt,
 And to forsake, forsake,
 As fearefull snake,
Such as doe make a man but smart
For bearing them a faithfull hart.

*The forsaken Lover laments that his Ladie is matched
with an other.*

AS Menelaus did lament
When Helena to Troie went,
And to the Teucrian guest applide,
And all hir cuntrye friends defide ;
Even so I feele tormenting paine
To lurck in erie little vaine,
And ranfack all my corse to see
That shee hath now forsaken mee,

The faithfull friend that she could finde ;
 But fickle dames will to their kinde.
 A simple change in fayth it was
 To leave the lyon for the affe :
 Such chopping will but make you bare,
 And spend your lyfe in carck and care,
 You might have taken better heede
 Then left the graine, and chose the weede :
 Your harvest would the better beene,
 If you had to your bargin eene,
 But to recant it is to late ;
 Go too, a Gods name, to your mate.
 Tis muck that makes the pot to play,
 As men of olde were wont to fay ;
 And women marrie for the gaine,
 Though oft it fall out to their paine,
 And, as I geffe, thou hast ydoon.
 When all thy twist is throughly spoon,
 It will appeere unto thy foes,
 Thou pluckst a nettle for a rose :
 In fayth, thy friend would loth to see
 Thy curfed luck fo yll to bee.

Of one that was in reversion.

ANOTHER hath that I did bie,
 and I enjoy that hee imbrafte :
 I reape the graine, and pluck the peare,
 but he had peare and corne at laste.
 Which fithens Fortune hath allowde,
 let eyther well contented bee :

I hate him not for his delights ;
 then let him doe the lyke to mee.
 For so we both be pleasde, I say,
 this bargaine was devised well :
 Let him with present good delight
 as I what time to mee it fell.
 If ever he by hap forgo,
 I trust my hope is not in vaine ;
 I hope the thing I once enjoyde
 will to his owner come againe.
 Which if be so, then happie I
 that had the first, and have the laste.
 What better fortune may there bee
 than in reversion to be plasde ?

*That all hurts and losses are to be recovered and recured.
 save the cruell wound of Love.*

THE surgeon may devise
 a salve for erie fore,
 And to recure all inwarde griefes
 phifitions have in store
 Their simples to compownde,
 and match in mixture so,
 As ech diseafe from sicklie corse
 they can enforce to go.
 The wastfull wrack of welth
 that merchants doe sustaine,
 By happie vent of gotten wares
 may be supplide againe.
 A towne by treason lost,
 a forte by falsehood woon,

By manly fight is got againe,
and helpe of hurtfull goon.
Thus eche thing hath redresse,
and sweete recure againe :
Save onely love, that farther frets,
and feedes on inward paine.
No Galen may this grieffe
by phisicks force expell ;
No reafons rule may ought prevaile
where lurking love doth dwell.
The patient hath no powre
of holesome things to taste ;
No drench, no drug, nor sirop sweete,
his hidden harme may waste.
No comfort comes by day,
no pleafant sleepe by night,
No needefull nap at noone may ease
the lovers painefull plight :
In deepe dispaire he dwels
till in comes hope of ease,
Which somewhat lessens paines of love,
and calmes the surge of seas.
His head is fraught with thoughts,
his hart with throwes replete,
His eies amazde, his quaking hand,
his stomack lothing meate.
This bale the lover bides
and hatefull hagge of hell,
And yet himselfe doth deeme that he
in Paradyce doth dwell.

Of the choise of his Valentine.

WITH others I to choose a valentine
 Addrest my felfe : ech had his dearest friend
 In scrole ywrit, among the reast was mine.
 See now the luck by lot that chaunce doth fend
 To *Cupids* crewe, marke Fortune how it falls,
 And mark how *Venus* imps are Fortuns thralls.
 The papers were in couert kept from sight :
 In hope I went to note what hap would fall ;
 I choze, but on my friend I could not light,
 (Such was the Goddesse wil that wildes the ball).
 But see good luck : although I mist the same,
 I hapt on one that bare my ladies name.
 Unegall though their beauties were to looke,
 Remembrance yet of hir well featurd face
 So often seene, thereby my senses tooke,
 Unhappie though she were not then in place.
 Long you to learne what name my ladie hight ?
 Account from U. to. A. and spell aright.

Of an open Foe and a fayned Friend.

NOT he so much anoies
 that faves, I am thy fo,
 As he that beares a hatefull hart,
 and is a friend to sho.
 Of tone we may beware,
 and flie his open hate,
 But tother bites before he barck,
 a hard avoyded mate.

Againe.

OF both give mee the man
 that fayes, I hate in deede,
 Than him that hath a knife to kill,
 yet weares a friendly weede.

Of a ritche Miser.

A MISERS minde thou haft,
 thou haft a princes pelfe ;
 Which makes thee welthy to thine heire,
 a beggar to thy felfe.

Of a Painter that painted Favour.

THOU (painter fond) what means this mad devise
 Favour to drawe ? sith uncouth is the hed
 From whence it comes, and first of all was bred.
 Some deeme that it of beautie doth arise,
 Dame Fortunes babie and undoubted sonne,
 Some other do furmife this favour was :
 Againe, some think by chaunce it came to passe ;
 Another faies of vertue it begonne.

What mate is he that daylie is at hand ? *Ques.*

Faire speaking he and glofing flattrie hight. *Auns.*

What he that slowly comes behind ? *Auns.* Despight. *Ques.*

What they (I pray) that him inviron stand ? *Ques.*

Wealth, honor, pride, and noble needefull lawes. *Auns.*

And leading lust that drives to thousand illis.

What meane those wings, & painted quivering quills? *Ques.*
 Cause upward aie Dame Fortune favour drawes. *Auns.*
 Why blinde is favour made? (*Auns.*) for cause that he *Ques.*
 That is unthriftie once yplast amount
 From bafer step, not had in any count,
 Can not discerne his friends, or who they be.
 Why treads he on the tickle turning wheele? *Ques.*
 He followes fortunes steps and giddie gate, *Auns.*
 Unftaied chances aie unftedfast mate,
 And when that things are well, can never feele.
 Then tell me one thing else to pease my minde,
 My laft demaund. What meanes his swelling fo? *Ques.*
 How chaunft that favour doth so proudly go? *Auns.*
 Good haps by course us men doe maken blinde.

The Lover whose Lady dwelt fast by a Prison.

ONE day, I hide me fast unto the place
 Where logde my love, a passing propre dame
 For head, hand, leg, lim, wealth, wit, comly grace;
 And being there my fute I gan to frame:
 The smokie fighes bewrayde my fire flame;
 But cruell thee, disdainefull, coy, and curst,
 Forst not my words, but quaild her friend at surst.
 Whereat I lookt me up a wofull wight,
 And threw mine eis up to the painted skie,
 In minde to waile my hap; and saw in sight
 Not far from thence a place where prifners lie,
 For crimes forepast the after paines to trie:
 A laberinth, a loathfome lodge to dwell,
 A dungeon deepe, a dampe as darke as hell.

Oh happie you (quoth I) that feel the force
 Of girding gyve, thirst, cold and stonie bed,
 Respect of mee, whose love hath no remorse !
 In death you live, but I in life am ded,
 Your joy is yet to come, my pleasure fled.
 In prifon you have mindes at freedome aye,
 I free am thrall, whose love seekes his decaye.

Unworthy you to live in such distresse
 Whose former faults repentance did bewaile :
 More fitter were this ladie mercileffe
 At grate to stand, with whome no tears prevaile :
 More worthy she to live in loathsome gaile,
 That murders such as sue to hir for lyfe,
 And spoyles hir faithfull friends with spiteful knyfe.

*Complaint of the Long Absence of his Love, upon the
 first Acquaintance.*

O curfed, cruell, canckred, chauce !
 O fortune full of fpight !
 Why haft thou so on sodaine reft
 from mee my chiefe delight ?
 What glorie shalt thou gaine, perdie,
 or purchase by the rage ?
 This is no conquest to be callde :
 wherefore thy rage affwage.
 To soone eclipsed was my joy,
 my dolors grow to fast ;
 For want of hir that is my life,
 my life it cannot last.
 Is this thy fickle kind so soone
 to hoife a man to joy,

And ere he touch the top of bliffe
to breede him fuch anoy ?
Nowe doe I plaine perceive and see
that poets faine not all,
For churlifh chaunce is counted blinde,
and full of filthy gall.
I thought there had bene no fuch dame
ne goddeffe on a wheele,
But now too well I know her kinde,
too foon hir force I feele ;
And that which doth augment my fmart,
and maketh more my woe,
Is for I felt a fodaine joy
where now this grieve doth grow.
If thou hadft ment (unhappie hap)
thus to have nipt my joy,
Why didft thou fhow a fmyling cheere
that fouldft have lookt acoy ?
For griefes doe nothing grudge at all,
but where was bliffe before :
None wailes the want of wealth fo much
as he that had the ftore.
Not he that never faw the funne
complaines for lack of light,
But fuch as faw his golden gleames,
and knew his cheerefull might.
Too late I learne, through spitefull chaunce,
that joy is mixt with wo,
And eche good hap hath hate in hoorde ;
the courfe of things is fo.
So poyfon lurcks in fuger sweete,
the hooke fo hides the bayte ;

Even so in greene and pleafant grasfe
the ferpent lies in wayte.
Ulyffes wife, I learne at laft
thy forrow and diftrefse,
In abfence of thy lingring love,
that fhould thy woes redrefse.
Great was your grieffe (ye Greekiſh Girlles)
whilfte ſtately Troie ſtood,
And kept your husbands from your laps
in perill of their blood.
All ye, therefore, that have affayde
what torments lack procure
Of that you love, lament my lack
which overlong endures.
Ye winds, tranſport my foking ſighes
to my new choſen friende ;
So may my forrow ſwage, perhaps,
and dreerie ſtate have ende.
Ye ſighes, make true report of teares,
that ſo beraine my brest,
As Helens husbands never were
for treaſon of his gueſt.
If thou (my letter) maiſt attaine
the place of hir abode,
Doe thou, as herauld of the hart,
my forrowes quite unlode.
In thee, as in a myrrour cleere
or chriſtall, may ſhe vewe
My pangues, my paynes, my ſighes and teares,
which tigers could but rewe.
There ſhall ſhee ſee my ſecret parts
encombred all with mone,

My fainting lims, my vapord eien,
with hart as colde as stone.
I know thee can but rue my case
when thou presents my sute,
Wherefore play thou thy part so well
that I may reape the frute.
And if (when thee hath read thee through)
thee place thee in hir lap,
Then chaunge thy cheere, thy maister hath
his long desired hap.

*The ventrous Lover, after long absence, craves his Ladie
to meete with him in place to cuterparle of
hir adventures.*

IF fo Leander durft
from Abydon to Seft
To swim to Herô, whome he chose
his friend above the rest,
And gage his comely corse
unto the sowing tyde,
To lay his water beaten lims
fast by hir tender side ;
Then I (my deare) whose gleames
and ardor doth surpasse
The scorching flame and blasing heate
that in Leander was,
May well presume to take
the greatest toyle in hande,
To reach the place where thou dost lodge
the chiefe of Venus bande.

For not Leanders love
my friendship doth excell,
Nor Herô may compare with hir
that beares dame Beauties bell.
There resteth nought for thee
but to assigne the place,
The mirrie day, the joyfull houre
when I may see thy face.
Appoint the certaine tide
and fixed stem of stay,
And thou shalt see thy faithfull friend
will quickly come his way,
Not dreeding any doubt,
but ventroufly will go
Through thick and thin, to gaine a glimfe
of thee his fugred fo.
Where when by hap we meete,
our long endured woes
Shall ftint by force of friendly thoughts
which we shall then discloes.
Then eyther may unfolde
the secrets of the hart,
And show how long dislodge hath bred
our cruell cutting smart.
Then may we freely chat
of all forepaffed toyes,
And put those pensive pangues to flight
with new recourse of joyes.
Then pleasure shall possesse
the lodge where dolour lay,
And mirrie blincks put cloudes of care
and lowring lookes away :

Then kissing may be plide
 and clipping put in ure,
And lingred fores by Cupids falves
 aspire to quick recure.
Oh! dreede thou not at all,
 fet womans feare a part,
And take the courage of a man
 that haft a manly hart,
In hoftage aie with thee,
 to use at thy devife,
In all affaires and needefull houres,
 as matter shall arife.
Revoke to loving minde
 how ventrous Thisbe met
In fearefull night with Pyramus
 where Nynus tombe was fet :
So hazard thōu to come
 unto the pointed place,
To thwart thy friend, and meete with him
 that longs to see thy face ;
Who better will attend
 thy friendly comming there,
Than Pyramus of Thysbe did
 his difappointed feere.
For (oh !) their meeting was
 the reaver of their breath,
The crop of endleffe care, and caufe
 of either lovers death.
But we fo warely will
 our fixed time attende,
As no mishap shall grow thereby ;
 And thus I make an ende

With wishing well to thee,
 and hope to meete in place
 To enterparle with thee (my friend)
 and tell my dolefull case.

To Maister Googe his Sonet out of sight out of thought.

THE lesse I see, the more my teene,
 The more my teene the greater griefe,
 The greater griefe, the lesser seene,
 The lesser seene, the lesse reliefe ;
 The lesse reliefe the hevier spright,
 When P. is farthest out of sight.

The rarer seene, the rarer fobs,
 The rarer fobbes, the sadder hart,
 The sadder hart, the greater throbs,
 The greater throbs, the worser smart ;
 The worser smart procedes of this
 That I my P. so often misse.

The neerer too, the more I smile,
 The more I smile, the merier minde ;
 The mirrie minde doth thought exile,
 And thought exilde, recourse I finde
 Of heavenly joyes : all this delight
 Have I when P. is once in sight.

*The Lover, whose Mistresse feared a Mouse, declareth that he
 would become a Cat, if he might have his desire.*

If I might alter kinde,
 what thinke you I would bee ?

Nor fish, nor foule, nor fle, nor frog,
 nor squirrell on the tree.
 The fish the hooke, the foule
 the lymed twig doth catch,
 The fle the finger, and the frog
 the buffard doth dispatch.
 The squirrell thincking nought
 that featly cracks the nut,
 The greedie gaschauke wanting pray
 in dread of death doth put.
 But scorning all these kindes,
 I would become a cat,
 To combat with the creeping mouse,
 and scratch the screeking rat :
 I would be present aye,
 and at my ladies call,
 To gard hir from the fearefull mouse
 in parlour and in hall.
 In kitching for his life
 he should not shew his hed,
 The peare in poke should lie untoucht,
 when shee were gone to bed :
 The mouse should stand in feare,
 so should the squeaking rat.
 All this would I doe, if I were
 converted to a cat.

*The Lover driven to absent him from his Ladie,
 barwayles his estate.*

WHEN angrie Greekes with Troians fought,
 In minde to sack their welthie towne,

King Agamemnon needefull thought
 To beate the neighbour cities downe ;
 And by his princely power to quell
 Such as by Priams realme did dwell.

Thus forth he travailde with his traine
 Till he unto Lyrnefus came,
 Where cruell fight he did maintaine,
 And flue fuch wights as were of fame :
 Downe went the walles and all to wrack,
 And fo was Lyrnes brought to fack.

Two noble dames of paffing fhape
 Unto the prince were brought in fine,
 That might compare with Paris rape,
 Their glimring beauties fo did fhine :
 The prince chofe faireft of the twaine,
 And Achyll tother for his paine.

And thus the warlike chiefetaines livde
 Eche with his ladie in delight,
 Till Agamemnon was deprivde
 Of hir that golden Chryfes hight ;
 For Gods did will as (poets faine)
 That he fhould yeelde hir up againe.

Which done, he reft Achilles mate
 To ferve in Chryfis place at neede,
 Not forcing on the fowle debate
 That followde of that cruell deede :
 For why, Achylles grutged fore
 To lofe the laffe he wan before.

And what for griefe and great difdaine
 The Greeke his helmet hoong afide,
 And fworde that many a knight had flaine,
 And fhield that Trojan darts had tride :

Refusing to approach the place
Where he was wont his foes to chafe.

His manly courage was appalld,
His valiant hart began to yeelde,
His brawned armes, that earft were galld
With clattering armour in the field,
Had loft their force; his fift did faint,
His gladfome fongs were growne to plaint.

His mouth refusde his woonted foode,
His tongue could feele no taste of meat,
His hanging cheekes declarde his moode,
His feltred beard with haire unfet,
Bewraid his fodaine chaunge of cheere
For loofing of his loving feere.

His eares but forrowes founde could heare,
The trumpets tune was quite forgot,
His eies were fraught with many a teare,
Whome carcking care permitted not
The pleafant flumber to retaine
To quite the felie mifers paine.

The thoufande part of penfive care
The noble Greeke endured than
In Bryfeis abfence, to declare
It farre furmounts the wit of man;
But fure a martyr right he livde
Of Bryfeis beautie once berivde.

If thus Achylles valiant hart
Were wrapt in web of wailefull wo,
That was inurde too dint of dart,
His loving Bryfeis to forgo;
If thus the fturdie Greeke (I fay)
Bewaild the night and wept the day,

Then blame not mee, a loving wight
 Whom Nature made to Cupids bow,
 To live in such a piteous plight,
 Bewasht with waves of woorfer wo
 Than ever was the Greekish peere
 Dispoiled of his darling deere.

For I of force am faine to flee
 The preffe, the prefence and the place
 Of you my love, a braver B
 Than Bryseis was for foote and face ;
 For head, for hande, for carkaffe eeke,
 Not to be matcht of any Greeke.

Whose troth you have full often tride,
 Whose hart hath beene unfolded quight,
 Whose faith by friendship was descride,
 Whose joy consisted in your sight,
 Whose paine was pleasure if in place
 He might but gaze upon thy face.

O dolefull Greeke ! I would I might
 Exchange my trouble for thy paine,
 For then I hope I should acquite
 My grieffe with gladfome joyes againe ;
 For Bryseis made return to thee :
 Would B. might doe the like to mee !

But to exchange my love for thine,
 Or B. for Bryseis I ne would :
 To labour in the leaden mine,
 And leave the ground where growes the golde,
 I minde it not : it follie were
 To choose the paie, and leave the peare.

*That Lovers ought rather, at first acquaintance, to shew
their meanings by Pen then by Mouth.*

IF all that feele the fits of love
And flanckring sparkes of Cupids fire,
By tatling tongues should fay to move
Their ladies to their fonde desire,
No doubt, a number would but gaine
A badge of follie for their paine.

For ladyes eyther would suspect
Those fugred wordes, so sweete to eare,
With secrete poyfons baite infect,
Or else would wisely stand in feare,
That all such flame as so did burne
To dustie cinders soone would turne.

For he that bluntly doth presume,
On small acquaintance, to display
His hidden fire by casting fume
Of wanton words, doth misse the way
To win the wight he honours so,
For of a friend he makes a fo.

For who is shee that may endure
The dapper tearmes that lovers use?
And painted proems to procure
The modest matrons minde to muse?
No; first let writings go to tell
Your ladies that you love them well.

And when that time hath triall made
Of perfite love and faithfull brest,
Then boldly may you further wade:

This counfell I account the best ;
 And this (my deare) procurde my quill
 To write, and tongue to be fo still.

Which now at first shall flatly showe,
 As faithfull herauld of the hart,
 The perfite love to thee I owe,
 That breedst my joy, and wilt my smart,
 Unlesse at last (remembrance) rue
 Upon hir (thought) that will be true.

Wherefore I say, go slender scrole
 To hir the felie mouse that shonnes :
 Salute in friendly fort the foule
 Among those pretie beastes that wonnes,
 That bit the pocat for the peare,
 And bred the foule to such a feare.

An Epitaph of Maister Win, drowned in the sea.

WHO so thou art that passest by this place,
 And runst at random on the slipper way,
 Recline thy listning eare to mee a space ;
 Doe stay thy ship, and hearken what I saye :
 Cast ankor here untill my tale be donne,
 So maist thou chaunce the lyke mishaps to shonne.

Learne this of mee ; that men doe live to die,
 And death decayes the worthiest wightes of all.
 No worldly welth or kingdomes can supplie,
 Or garde their princes from the fatall fall :
 One way to come unto this lyfe we see,
 But to be rid thereof a thousand bee.

My gallant youth and frolick yeares beight
Mee longer age, and silver haire to have ;
I thought my day would never come to night,
My prime provokte me to forget my grave :
I thought by water to have scape the death
That now amid the seas doe lose my breath.

Now, now the churlish chanell me doth chock,
Now furgung seas conspire to breede my carke,
Now fighting flouds enforce me to the rock,
Charybdis whelps and Scyllas dogs doe barke ;
Now hope of life is past, [and] now I see
That W. can no more a lives man bee.

Yet I do well affie for my defart
(When cruell death hath done the worst it may)
Of well renowned Fame to have a part
To save my name from ruine and decay :
And that is all that thou or I may gaine,
And so adue : I thanke thee for thy paine.

Againe.

O NEPTUNE, churlish chuff, O wayward wolfe !
O god of seas by name, no god in deede !
O Tyran, ruler of the gravell goolfe
Where greater fish on lesser spawne doth feede,
Why didst thou drench with deadly mace a wight
That well deservde to run his course aright ?

O cruell curfed tide ! O weltring wave
That W. wrought this detestable care !
O wrathfull furge ! why wouldst thou not vouchsafe
A mid thy rage so good a youth to spare,

And suffer him in luckie bark to reach
The pleafant port of eafe and blifsfull beach?

But what though furling fees and toffing tide
Have done their worft, and uttered all their force
In working W. wrack, that fo hath tride
The cruellft rage that might befall his corfe,
Yet naytheleffe his ever during name
Is faft ingravde within the houfe of Fame.

Let fifhes feede upon his flefh apace,
Let crawling cungers creepe about his bones,
Let wormes awake and W. carkaffe race,
For why it was appointed for the nones :
But when they have done all the fpite they can
His good report fhall live in mouth of man.

In ftead of ftonie tombe and marble grave,
In lieu of a[ny] lamentable verfe,
Let W. on the fandie cheafell have
This dolefull rime in ftead of better hierfe :
Lo! here among the wormes doth W. woon
That well defervde a farther race to roon.

But fince his fate allotted him to fall
Amid the fowfing fees and troublous tide,
Let not his death his faithfull friends appall,
For he is not the firft that fo hath dide,
Nor fhall be feene the laft: as nie a way
To heaven by waters as by land they fay.

Praife of his Love.

APPELLES, lay the pensill downe,
and fhun thy woonted skill,

Let brute no more with flattring trumpe
the Greekiſh eares fulfill :
Clayme not to thee ſuch painters praife
as thou haſt done of yore,
Leaſt thou in fine be foiled flat,
and gained glorie lore.
So ſeeke not to diſgrace the Greekes,
thy loving native land,
But rather from depainting formes
withdraw thy ſkilleft hand :
For ſo thou ſtiffely ſtand and vaunt
that thou wilt frame hir like,
Whome I extoll above the ſtarres,
thou art a ſtately Greeke.
As ſoone with might thou mayſte remove
the rock from whence it growes,
- As frame hir featurde forme in whome
ſuch floods of graces flowes.
If I might ſpeake, unhurt of hate,
I would avault that kinde,
In ſpite of roſe and lillie both,
had hir in earth affignde
To dwell among the daintie dames
that ſhee hath placed heere,
Cauſe, by hir paſſing feature might
Dame Natures ſkill appeere.
Hir haire ſurmounds Apollos pride,
in it ſuch beautie raines ;
Hir gliſtring eies the criſtall farre
and fineſt ſaphire ſtaines ;
A little mouth with decent chin,
a corall lip of hue,

With teeth as white as whale his bone,
 eche one in order due.
 A body blamelesse to be found,
 armes rated to the fame,
 Such hands with azure deckt, as all
 that warre with hir doe shame.
 As for the partes in covert kept
 and what is not in fight,
 I doe esteeme them by the reaft,
 not forcing on dispight.
 If I were foreman of the quest,
 my verdit to expresse,
 Forgive mee (Phœbus) of thy place
 shée should thee dispossesse.
 P. should be raifed to the cloudes,
 and Phœbus brought alow,
 For that there should live none in earth
 but might hir vertue know.
 Thus to conclude and make an ende ;
 to vouch I dare be bolde,
 As soone as Nature hir had made,
 all Natures ware was folde.

The complaint of a Friend of his having lost his Dove.

WHAT! should I shed my teares to show mine inward paine
 Since that the jewell I have lost may not be had again?
 Yet bootlesse though it bee to utter covert smart,
 It is a meane to cure the grieffe, and make a joyfull hart.
 Wherefore I say to you that have enjoyde your love,
 Lament with me in wofull wife for loosing of my dove.

You turtle cocks, that are your loving hennes bereft,
And do bewaile your cruell chaunce that you alive are left,
Come hither, come I fay, come hie in hafte to mee,
Let eyther make his dolefull plaint amid this drearie tree.
A fitter place than this may no where elfe be found,
For friendly echo here wil caufe ech cry to yeeld a found.
In youth it was my luck on fuch a dove to light,
As by good nature wan my love, she was my whole delite;
A fresher fowle than mine for shape and beauties hue,
Was never any man on earth that had the hap to vewe.
Dame Nature hir had framde fo perfite in hir kinde,
As not the spiteful man himself one fault in hir could finde:
Her eie fo passing pure, hir beake fo brave and fit,
The stature of her lims fo small, hir head fo full of wit,
Hir neck of fo good fyfe, hir plume of colour white,
Hir legs and feete fo finely made, though feldom fene in
fight:

Eche part fo fitly pight as none mought chaunge his place,
Nor any bird could lightly have fo good and brave a
grace.

But moft of all that I did fanfie was hir voyce,
For fwete it was unto mine eare, and made the hart rejoyce.
No fooner could I come in place where fhe was fet,
But up the rofe, and joyfull would hir make and lover met:
About my tender neck fhe would have clasped tho,
And laid hir beake betwixt my lips, sweete kiffes to befto;
And ought besides that mought have pleasurde me at all,
Was never man that had a birde fo fit to play withall.
When I for joy did fing, fhe would have fong with mee,
When I was wo, my grief was hers, fhe wold not plefant be.
But (oh!) amid my joyes came cruell canckred death,

And spiting at my pleasures reft my loving bird hir breath :
 Who finding me alack, and abfent on a day,
 Caught bow in hand, and ftrak hir down; a breeding as
 ſhe lay.

Since I have caufe to waile the death of fuch a dove,
 (Good turtles) help me to lament the loffe of my true love.
 The tree whereon ſhe fat ſhall be the place where I
 Will ſing my laft, and end my life, for (turtles) I muſt die.
 You know it is our kinde, we can not live alone,
 More pleaſant is the death to us then life when love is gone.
 To tell a farther tale my fainting breath denies,
 And ſelfe ſame death that flue my dove begins to cloſe
 mine eies.

*That Lovers ought to ſhunne no paines to attaine
 their Love.*

IF marchaunts in their warped keales
 commit themſelves to wave,
 And dreadfull daunger of the goulfe
 in tempeſt that doth rave,
 To fet from farre and forraine lands
 ſuch ware as is to fell,
 And is not in their native foile
 where they themſelves doe dwell :
 If ſouldiars ſerve in perills place
 and dread of cannon ſhot,
 Ech day in daunger of their lives
 and countrie loffe, God wot,
 Whoſe muſick is the dreadfull drum
 and dolefull trumpets founde,

Who have, in stead of better bed,
the colde and stonie grounde,
And all tattaine the spoile with speede
of such as doe withstande,
Which slender is sometime we see
when so it comes to hande :
If they for lucre light sustaine
such perill as ensues,
Then those that serve the lorde of love
no travaile ought refuse ;
But lavish of their lively breath
all tempest to abide,
To maintaine love and all his lawes
what fortune so betide :
And not to shrink at erie shoure
or stormie flaw that lights,
Ne yet to yeelde themselves as thrall
to such as with them fights.
Such are not fit for Cupids campe,
they ought no wages win,
Which faint before the clang of trump,
or battels broile begin :
They must not make account of hurt,
for Cupid hath in store
Continually within his compe
a falve for erie fore.
Their ensigne bearer is so stoute,
ecleaped Hope by name,
As if they follow his advice,
each thing shall be in frame ;
But if for want of courage stoute
the banner be bereft,

If Hope by hap be stricken downe,
 and no good hope yleft,
 Tis time with trump to blow retreat,
 the field must needs be woon :
 So Cupid once be captive tane,
 his souldiars are undoon.
 Wherefore, what so they are that love,
 as waged men doe serve,
 Must shun no daunger drift at all,
 ne from no perill swerve :
 Keepe watch and warde the wakefull night,
 and never yeelde to rest,
 For feare leaft thou, a waiting nought,
 on fodaine be opprest.
 Though hunger gripe thy emptie maw,
 endure it for a while,
 Till time doe serve with good repast
 such famine to beguile :
 Be not with chilly colde dismaide,
 let snow nor ise procure
 Thy lustfull lims from painefull plight,
 thy ladie to allure.
 That is the spoile that Cnpid gives,
 that is the onely wight,
 Where at his thralls are woont to rove
 with arrowes from their sight.
 My selfe, as one among the moe,
 shall never spare to spend
 My life, my lims, yea, hart and all,
 Loves quarrell to defend ;
 And so in recompence of paines,
 and toile of perills past,

He yeelde mee but my ladies love,
I will not be agaft
Of Fortune, nor hir frowning face :
I nought shall force hir cheere,
But tend on erie turne on hir
that is my loving feere.

A request of Friendship to Vulcans Wyfe, made by Mars.

THOUGH froward Fortune would that you, who are
So brave a dame, with Vulcan shoulden linck,
Yet may you love the lustie God of warre,
And bleare his eies that no such fraud will thinck.
Tis Cupids charge ; and all the Gods agree,
That you be feere to him, and friend to mee.

*The Lover that had loved long without requitall
of good will.*

LONG did I love, and likte hir passing well,
Whose beautie bred the thraldom of my thought ;
Long did I fue to hir for to expell
The foule disdaine that beauties beames had wrought :
Long did I ferve, and long I would have doon,
My minde was bent a thorow race to roon.

Long when I had loovde, fude, and served so,
As mought have likte as brave a dame as shee,
Hir friend she forced not, but let him go :
Shee loovde at least besides him two or three.

Hir common cheare to erie one that fude,
Bred me to deeme shee did hir friend delude.

Great was my grieffe at first to be refusde,
That long had loovde with true unfained hart;
But when I sawe I had beene long abusde,
I forcde the lesse from such a friend to part:
Yet, ere I gave hir up, I gainde a thing
That grieffe to hir, and ease to me did bring.

To a Friend that wold him to beware of Envie.

This found advise and counsell fent from you,
With friendly hart that you (my friend) doe give,
With willing minde I purpose to ensue,
And to beware of envie whilst I live:
For spitefull it doth nought but malice brue,
Aie seeking love from faithfull harts to rive,
And plant, in place where perfit friendship grue,
A mortall hate, good nature to deprive:
And those that nip mee by the back behinde,
I trust you shall untrue reporters finde.

Of Misreporters.

I HOPE (mine owne) this fixed love of thine
Is so well staid and rooted deepe in brest,
That not, unlesse thou see it with thine eie
That I from thee my love and friendship wrest,
Thou wilt untie the knot of thy behest.

I trust your selfe of envie will beware,
That wild your friend take heede of envies snare.

That no man should write but such as doe excell.

SHOULD no man write (fay you)
but such as doe excell ?
This fonde devise of yours deserves
a bable and a bell.
Then one alone should doe,
or verie few in deede,
For that in erie art there can
but one alone excede.
Should others ydle bee,
and waste their age in vaine,
That mought, perhaps, in after time
the prick and price attaine ?
By practife skill is got,
by practife wit is woon :
At games you see how many doe
to win the wager roon ;
Yet one among the moe
doth beare away the bell :
Is that a cause to say the rest
in running did not well ?
If none in phisick should
but onely Galene deale,
No doubt a thousand perishe would,
whome phisick now doth heale.
Eche one his talent hath,
to use at his devise,

Which makes that many men, as well
 as one, are counted wise.
 For if that wit alone
 in one should rest and raine,
 Then God the skulls of other men
 did make but all in vaine.
 Let eche one trie his force,
 and doe the best he can,
 For thereunto appointed were
 the hand and leg of man.
 The poet Horace speakes
 against thy reason plaine,
 Who sayes tis somewhat to attempt,
 although thou not attaine
 The scope in erie thyng :
 to touch the highest degree
 Is passing hard, too doe the best
 sufficing is for thee.

*To his Friend, declaring what vertue it is to stick to
 former plighted friendship.*

The sage and silver haired wights doe thinke
 A vertue rare not to be proude of mind,
 When fortune smiles ; nor cowardly to shrink
 Though chaunged chaunce do shew hir self unkind ;
 But chiefest praise is to imbrace the man,
 In welth and wo, with whome your love began.

Of two desperate Men.

A man in deepe dispaire, with hemp in hand,
Went out in hafte to ende his wretched daies,
And where he thought the gallo tree should stand,
He found a pot of gold : he goes his waies
Therewith eftfoone, and in exchange he left
The rope wherewith he would his breath bereft.

The greedie carle came within a space
That owde the good, and faw the pot behind
Where ruddocks lay, and in the ruddocks place
A knottie cord, but ruddocks could not find :
He caught the hemp and hoong himfelfe on tree,
For grieffe that he is treasure could not see. -

Of the torments of Hell, and the paines of Love.

Though they that wanted grace,
and whilome lived heere,
Sustaine fuch pangues and paines in hell
as doth by bookes appeere ;
Though restlesse be the rage
of that infernall route,
That voide of feare and pitties plaint
doe fling the fire aboute,
And toffe the blasing brands
that never shall confume,
And breath on felie soules that fit
and suffer furious fume ;
Though Tantall, Pelops sonne,
abide the dropsie dry,

And fterve with hunger where he hath
both foode and water by ;
Though Tytius doe indure
his liver to be rent
Of vultures tyring on the fame
unto his spoile ybent ;
And Syfiphe though with paine
and never ftinting drift
Doe role the ftone from mountaines top
and it to mountaine lift ;
Though Belydes doe broile
and suffer endleffe paine,
In drawing water from the deepe
that falleth downe againe ;
Though Agamemnons fonne
fuch retchleffe rage indure,
By meane of furies that with flame
his griefull smart procure ;
Though Mynos hath affignde
Prometheus to the rack,
With hand and foote yftretch awide
till all his lims doe crack,
To leade a lothfome life
and die a living death,
Amid his paines to wafte his winde,
and yet to want no breath ;
Though other ftand in Stix
with fulpher that doth flame,
And other plunge in Phlegiton
fo gaffly for the name ;
Though Cerberus, the kaie
of Plutos denne that beares,

With hungrie throte and greedie gripe
the newcome straunger teares ;
Though these condemned ghoftes
fuch dreadfull paine indures,
Yet may they not compare at all
with pangues that love procures.
His tiring farre exceedes
the gnawing of the gripes,
And with his whip fuch lashes gives
that paffe Megeras ftripes.
He lets the liver lie,
tormenting aie the hart,
He strikes and wounds his bounden thrall
with dubble hedded dart.
His fire exceedes the flame
of deepe Avernus lakes,
And where he once pretendes a plague,
a spitefull spoile he makes.
His foes doe wake by day,
they dread to sleepe the night ;
They ban the funne, they curfe the moone,
and all that else gives light.
They paffe their lothfome lives
with not contented minde ;
Their dolefull daies drawe flow to date,
as Cupid hath affignde.
To Tantall like, but yet
their cafe is worfe than his ;
They have that they imbrace, but straight
are quite bereft of blis :
They wafte their winde in fighes,
they bleare their cies with brine,

They breake their bulcks with bowncing grieffe,
their harts with lingring pine.
Though Orpheus were alive
with musick that appeasde
The uglie God of Lymbo Lake,
and foules so fore diseasde,
By arte he mought not ease
the lovers fervent fits,
Ne purchace him his harts desire,
so troubled are his wits.
No place of quiet rest,
no roome devoide of ruth,
No fwaging of his endlesse paine,
whose death doth trie his truth.
His chamber serves for nought
but witnesse of his plaint,
His bed and bolster to bewaile
their lorde with love attaint.
The man for murther caught,
and clodgde with yron colde,
To sweare that he more happie is
than lovers may be bolde ;
For he in little space
his dreadfull day shall see,
But Cupids thralls in daylie griefes
tormented daylie bee.
A thousand deaths they bide
whilst they in life remaine,
And onely plaints and stormie thoughts
they are the lovers gaine.

An Epitaph on the death of Maister Tufton of Kent.

HERE may wee see the force of spitefull death,
And what a fwayne it beares in worldly things;
It neyther spares the one nor others breath,
He slayes the keasers and the crowned kings.

Nothing prevailes against his hatefull hande,
He heares no futers when they pleade for lyfe,
The richmans purfe cannot deaths powre withstand,
Nor souldiars fworde compare with fatall knyfe.
He recketh not of well renowned fame,
He forceth not a whit of golden see,
His greatest joy is to obscure the name
Of such as seeke immortall aie to bee.

For if that wealth, bloud, lynage, or defart,
Love, pittie, zeale, or friendship mought prevaile;
If life well led, if true unfayned hart
Mought purchase lyfe, then death had not affaile.

This Tuftons lyfe with curft and cruell blade,
Breaking the course of him that ran so right
A race as he no stop at all had made,
Had death not tript this Tufton for despight.

The poore have lost, the ritch have nothing gaind,
The good have cause to mourne, the yll to plaine,
For Tufton was to all a friend unfaind.
Let Kent cry out that death hath Tufton flaine,
Yet this there is, whereof they may rejoyce,
That his good lyfe hath woon the peoples voyce.

Againe.

LET never man presume of worldly wealth,
 Let riches never breede a loftie minde,
 Let no man boast to much of perfite health,
 Let Natures gifts make no man over blinde,
 For these are all but bladders full of winde.

Let friendship not enforce a retchleffe thought,
 Let no defart or life well led before,
 Let no renowne or glorie greatly fought,
 Make man forget his present state the more ;
 For death is he that keepes and rids the store.

If eyther health, or goods had beene of powre,
 If Natures giftes, or friendship and good will,
 If lyfe forepast, if glories golden bowre
 Mought have prevailld, or stopt the dolefull knill
 Of Tufton, then had Tufton lived still.

But now you see that death hath quight undoon
 His last of lyfe, and put him to the foile,
 Yet lives the vertue that alive he woon,
 The times alone are shrowded in the foile :
 Thus death is ende of all this worldleffe toile.

In praise of Ladie P.

P. SEEMES of Venus stock to bee
 for beauties comely grace,
 A Gryfell for hir gravitie,
 a Helen for hir face :
 A second Pallas for hir wit,
 a goddesse rare in fight ;

A Dian for hir daintineffe,
 fhee is fo chafte a wight.
Doe vew hir corfe with curious eie,
 eche lim from top to toe,
And you fhall fay I tell but truth
 that doe extoll hir fo.
The head, as chiefe, that ftands aloft
 and over looketh all,
With wifedome is fo fully fraught,
 as Pallas there did ftall.
Two cares that trust no trifling tales,
 nor credit blazing brute,
Yet fuch againe as readie are
 to heare the humbles fute.
Hir eies are fuch as will not gaze
 on things not worthy fight,
And where fhe ought to caft a looke
 fhe will not winke in fpight.
The golden graines that greedie queftes
 from forraine countries bring,
Ne fhining Phœbus glittering beames
 that on his godhead fpring ;
No auncient amber, had in price
 of Roman matrons olde,
May be comparde with fplendant haire
 that paffe the Venys golde.
Hir nofe adorns hir countnance fo
 in middle juftly plaffe,
As it at no time will permit
 hir beautie be defafte.
Hir mouth fo fmall, hir teeth fo white
 as any whale his bone,

Hir lips without so lively red
that passe the corall stone.
What neede I to describe hir cheekes,
hir chin, or else hir pap?
For they are all as though the rose
lodge in the lillies lap.
What should I stand upon the rest
or other parts depaint,
As little hand with fingers long?
my wits are all to faint.
Yet this I say in hir behalfe,
if Helen were hir leeke,
Sir Paris neede not to disdaine
hir through the seas to seeke;
Nor Menelaus was unwise
or troupe Troians mad,
When he with them, and they with him,
for hir such combat had.
Leanders labour was not lost
that swam the surging seas,
If Hero were of such a hue
whome so he sought to please.
And if Admetus darling deere
were of so fresh a face,
Though Phœbus kept Admetus flock,
it may not him disgrace;
Nor mightie Mavors waye the floutes,
and laughing of the rest,
If such a one were free with whome
he lay in Vulcans nest.
If Bryseis beautie were so brave,
Achylles needes no blame,

Who left the campe and fled the field
 for loofing fuch a dame.
 If fhee in Ida had bene feene
 with Pallas and the reft,
 I doubt where Paris would have chofe
 Dame Venus for the beft ;
 Or if Pygmalion had but tane
 a glimfe of fuch a face,
 He would not then his idoll dumbe
 fo fervently imbrace.
 But what fhall neede fo many wordes
 in things that are fo plaine ?
 I fay but that I doubt where kinde
 can make the like againe.

*The Lover in utter difpaire of his Ladies returne, in
 eche refpect compares his estate with Troylus.*

My cafe with Troylus may compare,
 For as he felt both forrow and care,
 Even fo doe I, moft mifer wight,
 That am a Troylus outright.
 As ere he could atchieve his wifh,
 He fed of many a dolefull difh,
 And day and night unto the skies
 The felie Troian keft his eies,
 Requesting ruth at Crefids hande,
 In whome his life and death did ftande,
 So night and day I fpent in wo,
 Ere the hir pittic would beftow

To quight me from the painefull plight
That made me be a martir right.
As when at laft he favour founde,
And was recured of his wounde,
His grutching griefes to comfort grue,
And torments from the Troian flue ;
So when my ladie did remooove
Hir rigour, and began to loove
Hir vaffell in fuch friendly fort,
As might appere by outward port,
Then who began to joy but I,
That ftoode my miftrefse hart fo nie ?
Then (as the Troian did) I foong,
And out my ladies vertues roong
So lowde, as all the world could tell
What was the meaning of the bell.
And as that pleafant tafte of joy
That he endured had in Troy,
From fweete to fower did conuart,
When Crefida did thence depart,
So my forepaffed pleasures arre
By fpitefull fortune put a farre
By hir departure from the place,
Where I was woont to view hir face,
So angelike that fhone in fight
Surpaffing Phœbus golden light.
As when that Diomed the Greeke
Had given the Troian foe the gleeke.
And reft him Crefids comely hue
Which often made his hart to rue,
The wofull Troylus did lament,

And dolefull dayes in mourning spent,
So I, bereft my looving make,
To sighs and fobbings mee betake,
Repining that my fortune is
Of my desired friend to misse,
And that a guilefull Greeke should bee
Esteemde of hir in such degree.
But though my fortune frame awrie,
And I, dispoylde hir companie,
Must waste the day and night in wo,
For that the gods appointed so,
I naythelesse will wish hir well
And better than to Crefid fell :
I pray she may have better hap
Than beg hir bread with dish and clap,
As shee, the felie miser, did,
When Troylus by the spittle rid.
God shield hir from the lazars lore,
And lothsome leapers stincking fore,
And for the love I earst hir bare
I wish hir as my selfe to fare :
My selfe that am a Troian true
As shee full well by triall knue.
And as King Priams worthie sonne
All other ladies seemde to shonne,
For love of Crefid ; so do I
All Venus dearlings quight desie,
In minde to love them all aleeke,
That leave a Troian for a Greeke.

*The Lover declareth what he would have, if he might
obtaine his wish.*

If Gods would daine to lend
 a listning eare to mee,
 And yeelde me my demaunde at full,
 what think you it to bee ?
 Not to excell in feate,
 or wield the regall mace,
 Or sceptor in such stately fort
 as might commende the place :
 For as their hawte is hie,
 so is their ruine rough,
 As those that earst hath felt the fall
 declare it well ynough.
 Ne would I wish by warre
 and bloudie blade in fist,
 To gore the grounde with giltlesse bloud
 of such as would resist :
 For tirants though a while
 doe leade their lives in joy,
 Yet tirants trie, in trackt of time,
 how bloudshed doth annoy.
 I would none office crave,
 ne consulship request,
 For that such rule is full of rage,
 and fraught with all unrest.
 Ne would I wish for welth
 in great excesse to flow,
 Which keeps the keyes of discords denne,
 as all the world doth know ;

But my desire should farre
such base requests excell,
That I might hir enjoy at will
whome I doe love so well.
O mightie God of gods !
I were assured than
In happie hap him to surpasse,
that were the happiest man :
Then might I march in mirth
with well contented minde,
And joy to thinke that I in love
such bliffefull hap did finde.
What friendly wordes would we
together then recite ;
More than my tongue is able tell,
or this poore pen to write :
Then should my hart rejoyce
and thereby comfort take,
As they have felt that earst have had
the use of such a make.
If Fortune then would frowne,
or fought me to disgrace,
The touching of hir cherrie lip
such sorrowes would displace.
Or if such griefe did growe
as might procure my smart,
Hir long and limber armes to mee
might soone reduce my hart.
For as by foming flouds
the fleeting fishes lives,
To salamanders as the flame
their onely comfort gives,

So doth thy beautie (P.)
 my forrowes quite expell,
 And makes me fare where I should faint,
 unlesse thou loovdste mee well.
 And as by waters want,
 fish falleth to decay,
 And salamander cannot live
 when flame is tane away,
 So absence from hir sight
 whole seas of forrowes makes,
 Which prefence of that paragon
 by secret vertue flakes.
 Would Death would spare to spoyle,
 and crooked age to rafe
 (As they are woont by course of kinde)
 Pees beautie in this case ;
 Yet though their rigor rage,
 and powre by prooffe be plaine,
 If P. should die to morrow next,
 yet P. should live againe ;
 For phœnix by his kinde
 to phœnix will returne,
 When he by force of Phœbus flame
 in scalding skies doe burne.
 Then P. must needs revive
 that is a phœnix plaine,
 And P. by lack of lively breath
 shall be a P. againe.

*Of a Gentlewoman that wilde hir Lover to weare greene
Bayes, in token of hir stedfast love towards him.*

B. TOLDE me that the bay would aye be greene,
And never change his hue for winters thret ;
Wherefore (quoth shee) that plainely may be seene
What love thy ladie beares, the lawrell get.

A braunch aloft upon the helmet weare,
Prefuming that, untill the lawrell die
And loze his native colour, I will beare
A faithfull hart, and never fwerve awrie.

I (fiely foule) did smile with joyfull brow,
Hoping that Daphnis would retaine hir hue,
And not have chaungde ; and lykewife that the vow
My ladie made would make my ladie true.

O-Gods! beholde the chaunce : I wore the tree,
And honor it as stay of stedfast love,
But sodainely the lawrell might I fee
To looke as browne as doth the browneft dove.

I marveld much at this unwoonted sight :
Within a day or two came newes to mee
That shee had chaungde, & fwarvde hir friendship quight,
Wherefore affie in neither trull nor tree.

For I perceive that colours lightly change,
And ladies love on sodaine waxeth straunge.

*An Epitaph of Maister Edwards, sometime Maister of the
Children of the Chappell, and Gentleman of
Lyncolns Inne of Court.*

YE learned Mufes nine,
and sacred Sisters all,

Now lay your cheerefull cithrons downe,
 and to lamenting fall.
 Rent off thofe garlands greene,
 do lawrell leaves away,
 Remoove the myrtell from your browes,
 and ftint on ftrings to play ;
 For he that led the daunce,
 the chiefest of your traine,
 (I meane the man that Edwards height)
 by cruell death is flaine.
 Yee courtiers change your cheere,
 lament in wailefull wife,
 For now your Orpheus hath refigne ;
 in clay his carcas lyes.
 O ruth ! he is bereft
 that whilft he lived heere
 For poets pen and paffing wit
 could have no Englifh peere.
 His vaine in verfe was fuch,
 fo ftately eke his ftile,
 His feate in forging fugged fongs
 with cleane and curious file,
 As all the learned Greekes
 and Romaines would repine,
 If they did live againe, to vewe
 his verfe with fcornefull eie.
 From Plautus he the palme
 and learned Terence wan :
 His writings well declare the wit
 that lurked in the man.
 O Death ! thou ftoodfte in dread
 that Edwards by his art

And Wifedome would have scape thy shaft,
 and fled thy furious dart.
 This feare enforste thy fist
 thy curfed bow to bende,
 And let the fatall arrow flie
 that Edwards life did ende.
 But spite of all thy spite,
 when all thy hate is tride,
 (Thou curfed Death !) his earned praise
 in mouth of man shall bide.
 Wherefore (O Fame !) I fay
 to trumpe thy lips applie,
 And blow a blast that Edwards brute
 may pierce the golden skie.
 For here bylow in earth
 his name is so well knowne,
 As eche, that knew his life, laments
 that hee so foone is gone.

*An Epitaph on the death of Maister Arthur Brooke,
 drownde in passing to New Haven.*

AT point to ende and finishe this my booke,
 Came good report to mee, and wild me write
 A dolefull verse in praise of Authur Brooke,
 That age to come lament his fortune might.
 Agreede (quoth I) for fure his vertues were
 As many as his yeares in number few:
 The muses him in learned laps did beare,
 And Pallas dug this daintie bab did chew.

Apollo lent him lute, for solace fake
 To sound his verse by touch of stately string,
 And of the never fading baye did make
 A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling ;

In proufe that he for myter did excell,
 As may be iudge by Julyet and hir mate ;
 For there he shewde his cunning passing well,
 When he the tale to English did translate.

But what ? as he to forraine realme was bownd
 With others moe, his soveraigne queene to serve,
 Amid the seas unluckie youth was drownd ;
 More speedie death than such one did deserve.

Aye mee ! that time (thou crooked delphin) where
 Waft thou, Aryons help and onely stay,
 That safely him from sea to shore didst beare ?
 When Brooke was drownd why waft you then away ?

If found of harp thine eare delighted fo,
 And causer was that he bestrid thy back,
 Then doubtlesse thou moughtst wel on Brooke bestow
 As good a turne, to save him from the wrack.

For sure his hande Aryons harp exceld,
 His pleasant pen did passe the others skill :
 Who so his booke with judging eie beheld
 Gave thanks to him, and praifde his learned quill.

Thou cruel goulf, what meanst thou to devowre
 With sipping seas a jewell of such fame ?
 Why didst thou so with water marre the flowre
 That Pallas thought so curiously to frame ?

Unhappie was the haven which he fought,
 Cruell the seas whereon his ship did glide,

The winds to rough that Brooke to ruine brought,
Unskilfull he that undertooke to glide [guide].

But fithens teares can not revoke the ded,
Nor cries recall a drowned man to lande,
Let this fuffice textall the life he led,
And print his prayse in house of Fame to stande,

That they that after us shall bee and live
Deferved praife to Arthur Brooke may give,
(qd) G. T.

Of the renowned Lady, Lady Anne Countesse Warwick.

AN earle was your fire, a worthie wight ;
A cownteffe gave you tet, a noble dame ;
An earle is your feere, a Mars outright ;
A cownteffe eke your selfe of bruted fame ;
A brother lorde, your father earles sonne :
Thus doth your line in lordes and earles ronne.

You were well knowne of Ruffels race a childe,
Of Bedfords blood that now doth live an earle,
Now Warwicks wife, a warlike man in field,
A Venus peere, a ritche and orient pearle :
Wherefore to you, that sifter, childe, and wife
To lorde and earles are, I wish long life.

You Alpha were when I this booke begoonne,
And formost, as became your state, did stande ;
To be Omega now you will not shoonne,
(O noble dame!) I trust ; but take with hande
This ragged rime, and with a courteous looke,
And cownteffe eie, peruse this tryfling booke.

The Authours Epiloge to his Booke.

THE countnance of this noble cowntesse marck,
When she, thy verfe with eie that faphire like
Doth shine, furvayes ; let be thy onely carck
To note hir lookes : and if she ought mislike,
Say that thou shouldst have hid it from hir sight :
Thy authour made the best for hir delight.

The woorst he wilde in covert scrole to lurke,
Untill the beare were overlickt afresh ;
For why, in deede this hastie hatched wurke
Refembleth much the shapelesse lump of flesh
That beares bring forth : so, when I lick thee over,
Thou shalt (I trust) thy perfite shape recover.

FINIS.

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FINIS.

[Under a wood-cut of a Ecar and ragged staff, and a Lion.]

The Lyon stout, whom never earst
could any beast subdue,
Here (Madame) as you see doth yeelde
both to your Beare and you.

Imprinted at London

by Henry Denham
dwelling in Pater-
noster Rowe, at
the signe of
the Starre.



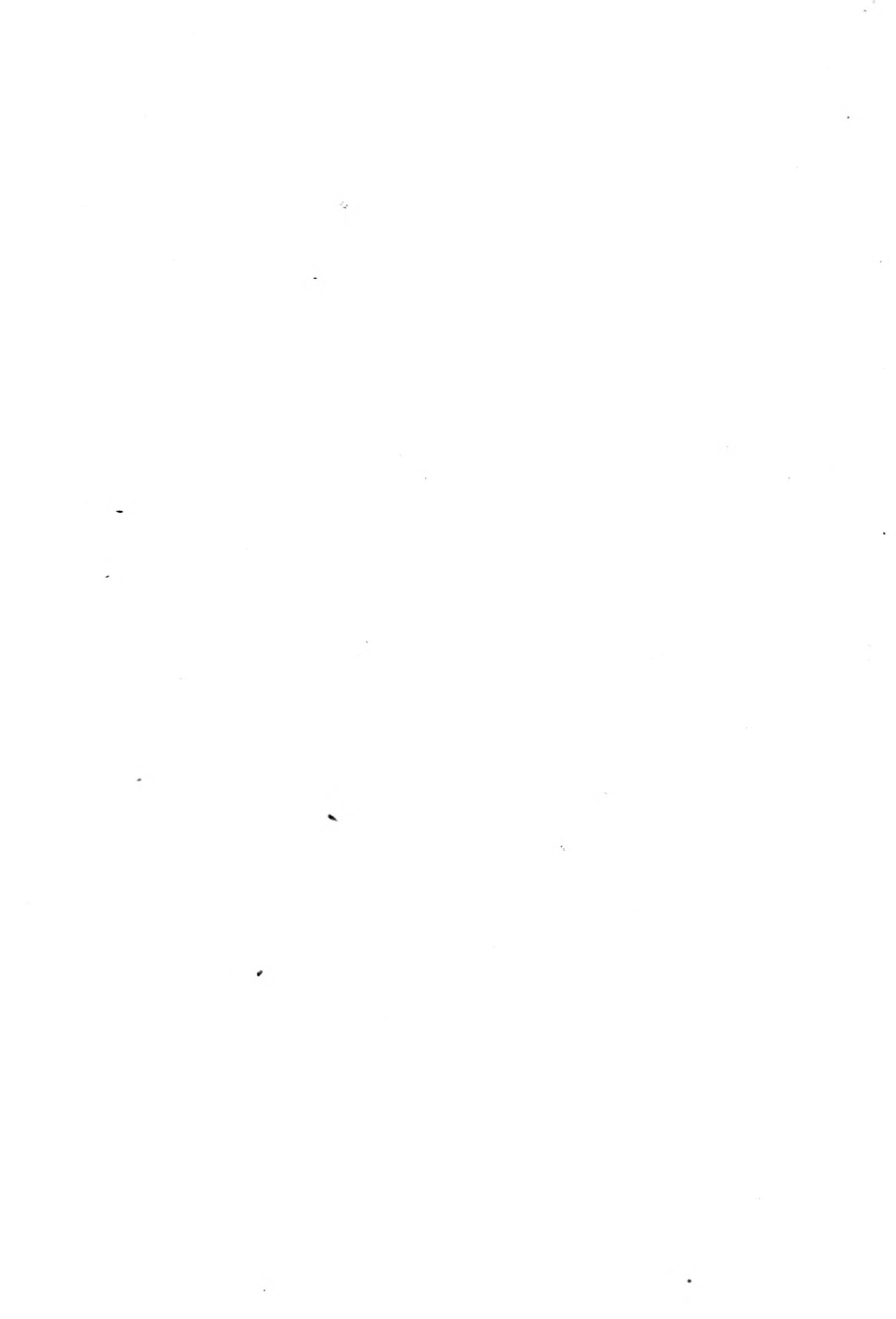
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