
No
CHAS. MEIGH.

It is reasonable to suppose, (says Warton) that the Publication of the Mirrour of Magistrates enriched the Stores, and extended the limits, of our Drama – These lives are so many tragical Speeches in character We have seen, that they suggested scenes to Shakespeare – Some Critics imagine, that Historical Plays owed their origin to this collection

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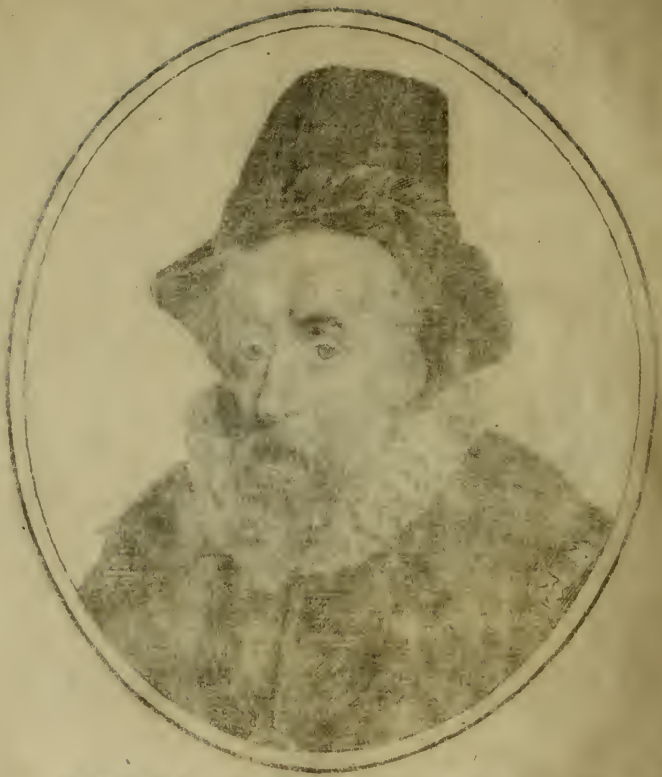
Thomas Sackville Earl of Dorset.

From the Original at Knowle.

His Seal & Autograph from the original Letters in the Possession of
John Thane



Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

From a photograph taken from the original picture.

MIROUR for Magistrates Newly enlarged with a last Part, called A Winters Nights Vision, with a Poem annexed, called England's Eliza. *Woodcuts*, bound in 3 vols. 4to. *brown calf extra, gilt edges.* VERY FINE COPY, *with the 2 very scarce Dedicatory Sonnets,* £3. 13*s* 6*d* *LILLY 1849.* 1610

This copy was formerly priced Twelve Guineas.

A MIROVR FOR MAGISTRATES:

BEING A TRVE CHRONICLE HISTORIE OF THE VNTIMELY falles of ſuch vnfortunate Princes and men of note, *as haue happened ſince the firſt entrance of Brute* into this Iland, vntill this our latter Age.

NEWLY ENLARGED WITH A LAST part, called *A Winter nights Viſion*; being an addition *of ſuch Tragedies, eſpecially famous, as are exempted* in the former Hiſtorie, with a Poem annexed, called *Englands Eliza.*

Thomas Hinton

AT LONDON
Imprinted by *Felix Kyngſton.*
1610.

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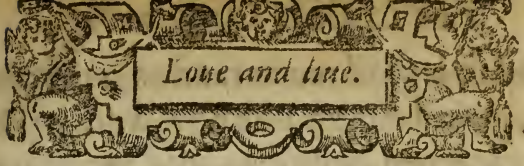


TO THE NOBILITIE AND ALL OTHER IN OFFICE, GOD GRANT ENcreaſe of wiſdome, with all things neceſſarie ſor preſeruation of their eſtates. *Amen.*

AMongſt the wiſe (right Honorable) whoſe ſentences (for the moſt part) tend either to teach the attaining of vertue or eſchewing of vice, *Plotinus* that wonderful and excellent Philoſopher hath theſe words: The property of Temperance is to couet nothing which may be repented: not to exceed the bands of meaſure, and to keepe Deſire vnder the yoke of Reaſon. Which ſaying if it were ſo well knowne, as it is needfull; ſo well embraced, as is wiſhed; or ſo ſurely fixed in mind, as it is printed in his works: then certes many Chriſtians might by the inſtruction of an Ethnicke Philoſopher, ſhun great and dangerous perils. For to couet without conſideration, to paſſe the meaſure of his de-

Plotinus.

gree, and to let will run at randon, is the only destruction of all estates. Else how were it possible, so many learned, politicke, wise, renowned, valiant, and victorious personages, might euer haue come to such vtter decay? For example, we haue *Alexander* the Great, *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Cyrus*, *Hannibal*, &c. All which (by desire of glorie) felt the reward of their immoderate and insatiable lusts: for if *Alexander* had bin content with Macedonie, or not been pust vp with pride after his triumphes, he had neuer been so miserablie poisoned. If *Cæsar* and *Pompey* had been satisfied with their victories, and had not fell to ciuill dissension, the one had not been slaine in the Senate with daggers, nor the other abroad, by their friends procurement. If *Cyrus* had bin pleased with all Persia, & Media, and not thirsted for blood, he had neuer come to so infortunate a fal. So if *Hannibal* had not so much delighted in glory of warfare, his coũtry had neither fel in ruine, nor he bin miserably forced to poyson himselfe. But you will say, desire of fame, glorie, renowne, and immortalitie (to which all men well nigh by nature are inclined, especially those which excell or haue any singular gift of fortune or the bodie) moued them to such dangerous, great, and

Quintus Curtius.

Iustinus lib. 1.

Plutarchus. Liuius. Polybius.

and hardy enterprises, which must needs be confessed as an infallible veritie: and therefore I surely deeme those Princes aboue specified (considering their fortunes, fame, and exploits) had neuer come to such end, but for want of temperance. And now sith there are three other Cardinal vertues which are requisit in him that should be in authoritie: that is to say, Prudence, Iustice, and Fortitude, which so wonderfully adorne and beautifie all estates (if Temperance be with them adioyned, that they moue the very enemies with admiration to praise them) some peraduenture (as affection leads) will commend one, some another: as *Aristotle* the Prince of Philosophers names Prudence, the mother of vertues, but *Cicero* defines her the knowledge of things which ought to be desired and followed, and also of them which ought to be fled and eschewed; yet you shall finde that for want of Temperance, some which were counted very wise, fell into wonderfull reproch and infamie. But Iustice that incomparable vertue, (as the ancient Ciuilians define her) is a perpetual and constant wil which giueth to euery man his right, yet if shee be not constant, which is the gift of Fortitude; nor equal in discerning right from wrong, wherein is Pru-

Aristot.
Cicero.
Prudence.

dence, nor vse proportion in iudgement and sentence, which pertaineth to Temperance: she can neuer be called equitie or iustice, but fraud, deceit, iniustice and iniurie. And, to speak of Fortitude, which (*Cicero* defineth, a considerate vndertaking of perils, and enduring of labours; if he whom we suppose stout, valiant, and of good courage, want Prudence, Iustice, or Temperance, he is not counted wise, righteous and constant, but sottish, rude and desperate. For Temperance (saith *Cicero*) is of reason in lust and other euill assaults of the mind, a sure and moderate dominion and rule. This noble vertue is diuided into three parts, that is, Continencie, Clemencie, and Modesty, which well obserued and kept (if grace be to them adioyned) it is impossible for him that is endued with the aboue named vertues euer to fall into the infortunate snares of calamitie, or misfortune. But Ambition, which is immoderate desire of honor, rule, dominion, and superiority, (the very destruction of nobilitie and common weales, as among the Romans; *Sylla*, *Marius*, *Carbo*, *Cinna*, *Catiline*, *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, are witnesses) hath brought great decay to our countrey, and countrey-men. But I haue heere (Right Honorable) in this booke only reproued folly

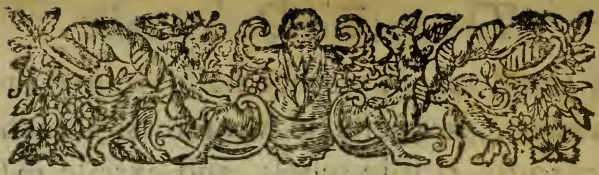
Fortitude.
Cicero.
Cicero.
Temperance.

ly in those which are heedlesse: Iniury in extortioners, rashnesse in venterers, treacherie in traytours, riot in rebels, and excesse in such as suppresse not vnruly affections. Now I trust you will so thinke of it (although the stile deserue not like commendation) as you thought of the other part. Which if you shall, I doubt not but it may pleasure some; if not, yet giue occasion to others which can do better, either to amend these, or to publish their owne. And thus wishing your Prudence to discerne what is meet for your callings, Iustice in the administration of your functions, Fortitude in the defence of your Countrey, and Temperance in moderation of all your affections, with encrease of honors, and euerlasting felicity:

I bid you in Christ Iesus farewell. At Winceham the 7. day of December. 1586.

Your most humble in the Lord,

IOHN HIGINS.



TO THE READER.

TO acquaint you in briefe with what is done in this impreßion: know that the verse is in proportion by measure, and in symphonie or rithmos, in diuers places amended; the storie in some places false and corrupted, made historically true; the tragedies wrongly inserted, disposed in their proper places, according to iust computation of time; those neuer before collected in one volume, published in this impreßion: for the forme and frame of the whole historie I did intend to haue reduced it into the same order, which I haue obserued in my Additions; but preuented by other occasions, I haue thus digested it. The tragedies from the time of Brute *to the Conquest I haue left, with dependencie vpon that Induction written by M.* Higins: *Those from the Conquest to this our last age, that is, to the fall of the Lord* Cromwell, *excellently well penned by M.* Drayton, *hath reference to that golden Preface called M.* Sackuils *Induction. After these I haue placed my Additions, the falles of such Princes as were before omitted, and my Poem or Hymne of the late dead Queene of famous memorie. In all which I require no other gratification for my paines, but a gentle censure of my imperfections.*

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THOMAS NEWTON TO THE Reader, in the behalfe of this *booke.*

AS when an arming ſword of proofe is made,
Both ſteele and iron muſt be tempred well:
(For iron giues the ſtrength vnto the blade,
And ſteele, in edge doth cauſe it to excell)
As each good Blade-ſmith by his Art can tell:
For, without iron, brittle will it breake,
And without ſteele, it will be blunt and weake:

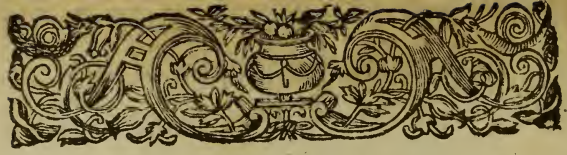
So bookes, that now their faces dare to ſhow,
Muſt mettald be with nature and with skill:
For nature cauſeth ſtuffe enough to flow,
And Art the ſame contriues by learned quill
In order good, and currant method ſtill.
So that, if Nature frowne, the caſe is hard:
And if Art want, the matter all is mar'd.

The worke, which heere is offred to thy view,
With both theſe points is full and fitly fraught;
Set forth by ſundrie of the learned Crew:
Whoſe ſtately ſtiles haue Phœbus *garland caught,*
And Parnaſſe mount their worthy worke haue raught:
Their words are thundred with ſuch maieſtie,
As fitteth right each matter in degree.

Reade it therefore, but reade attentiuely,
Conſider well the drift whereto it tends:
Confer the times, perpend the hiſtory,
The parties ſtates, and eke their dolefull ends,
With odde euents, that diuine iuſtice ſends.
For things forepaſt are preſidents to vs,
Whereby we may things preſent now diſcuſſe.

Certes this world a Stage may well be call'd,
Whereon is plai'd the part of euery wight:
Some, now aloft, anon with malice gal'd,
Are from high ſtate brought into diſmall plight.
Like counters are they, which ſtand now in ſight
For thouſand or ten thouſand, and anone
Remoued, ſtand perhaps for leſſe then one.

Thomas Newtonus,
Ceſtreſhyrius.



THE AVTHORS Induction.

WHen Sommer ſweet, with all her pleaſures paſt,
And leaues began to leaue the ſhadie tree,
The winter cold encreaſed on full faſt,
And time of yeare to ſadnes moued me:
For moiſtie blaſts not halfe ſo mirthfull be,
As ſweet *Aurora* brings in ſpring-time faire,
Our ioyes they dimme, as winter damps the aire.

The nights began to grow to length apace,
Sir *Phœbus* to th'Antarctique gan to fare:
From *Libraes* lance to th'Crab he tooke his race
Beneath the line, to lend of light a ſhare.
For then with vs the daies more darkiſh are,
More ſhort, cold, moiſt, and ſtormie cloudie clit,
For ſadnes more then mirths or pleaſures fit.

Deuiſing then what bookes were beſt to reade,
Both for that time, and ſentence graue alſo,
For conference of friend to ſtand in ſtead:
When I my faithfull friend was parted fro,
I gate me ſtraight the Printers ſhops vnto,
To ſeeke ſome worke of price I ſurely ment,
That might alone my carefull mind content.

Amongſt the reſt, I found a booke ſo ſad,
As time of yeare or ſadneſſe could require:
The Mirour nam'd for Magiſtrates he had,
So finely pen'd, as heart could well deſire:
Which when I read, ſo ſet my heart on fire,
Eftſoones it me conſtrain'd to take the paine,
Not left with once, to reade it once againe.

And

And as againe I view'd this worke with heed,
And marked plaine each partie paint his fall:
Me thought in mind, I faw thoſe men indeed,
Eke how they came in order Princely all;
Declaring well, this life is but a thrall,
Sith thoſe on whom for Fortunes gifts we ſtare,
Oft ſooneſt ſinke in greateſt ſeas of care.

For ſome perdie, were Kings of high eſtate,
And ſome were Dukes, and came of regall race:
Some Princes, Lords, and Iudges great that ſate
In counſell ſtill, decreeing euery caſe:
Some other Knights that vices did embrace,
Some Gentlemen, ſome poore exalted hie:
Yet euery one had plai'd his tragedie.

A Mirrour well it might be call'd, a glaſſe
As cleare as any cryſtall vnder Sun:
In each reſpect the Tragedies ſo paſſe,
Their names ſhall liue that ſuch a worke begun.
For why, with ſuch *Decorum* is it done,
That *Momus* ſpight with more then *Argus* eies,
Can neuer watch, to keepe it from the wiſe.

Examples there for all eſtates you find,
For Iudge (I ſay) what iuſtice he ſhould vſe:
The noble man to beare a noble mind,
And not himſelfe ambitiouſly abuſe;
The Gentleman vngentleneſſe refuſe:
The rich and poore, and eu'ry one may ſee,
Which way to loue, and liue in due degree.

I wiſh them often well to reade it than,
And marke the cauſes why thoſe Princes fell:
But let me end my tale that I began.
When I had read theſe Tragedies full well,
And paſt the winter euenings long to tell,
One night at laſt I thought to leaue this vſe,
To take ſome eaſe before I chang'd my Muſe.

Wherefore away from reading I me gate,
My heauie head waxt dull for want of reſt:
I laid me downe, the night was waxed late,
For lacke of ſleepe mine eyes were ſore oppreſt:
Yet fancie ſtill of all their deaths encreaſt,
Me thought my mind from them I could not take,
So worthie wights, as cauſed me to wake.

At laſt appeared clad in purple blacke
Sweet *Somnus*, reſt which comforts each aliue;
By eaſe of mind, that weares away all wracke,
That noyſome night from wearie wits doth driue,
Of labours long the pleaſures we atchieue.
Whereat I ioy'd, ſith after labours paſt,
I might enioy ſweet *Somnus* ſleepe at laſt.

But he by whom I thought my ſelfe at reſt,
Reuiued all my fancies fond before:
I more deſirous, humblie did requeſt
Him ſhew th'vnhappie Albion Princes yore:
For well I wiſt, that he could tell me more,
Sith vnto diuers, *Somnus* erſt had told
What things were done in elder times of old.

Then ſtraight he forth his ſeruant *Morpheus* call'd,
On *Higins* heere thou muſt (quoth he) attend;
The Britaine Peeres to bring (whom Fortune thral'd)
From Lethean lake, and th'ancient ſhapes them lend;
That they may ſhew why, how, they tooke their end.
I wil (quoth *Morpheus*) ſhew him what they were;
And ſo me thought I ſaw them ſtraight appeare.

One after one, they came in ſtrange attire,
But ſome with wounds and blood were ſo diſguis'd,
You ſcarcely could by reaſons aid aſpire,
To know what warre ſuch ſundrie deaths deuis'd;
And ſeuerally thoſe Princes were ſurpris'd.
Of former ſtate, theſe States gaue ample ſhow,
Which did relate their liues and ouerthrow.

The Authors Induction.

Of ſome the faces bold and bodies were
Diſtain'd with woad, and Turkiſh beards they had:
On th'ouer lips mutchatoes long of haire,
And wilde they ſeem'd, as men deſpairing mad;
Their lookes might make a conſtant heart full ſad:
And yet I could not ſo forſake the view,
Nor preſence, ere their minds I likewiſe knew.

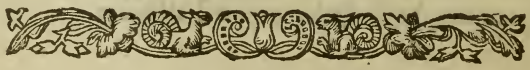
For *Morpheus* bad them each in order tell
Their names and liues, their haps and hapleſſe daies,
And by what meanes from Fortunes wheele they fell,
Which did them erſt vnto ſuch honors raiſe.
Wherewith the firſt not making moe delaies,
A noble Prince broad wounded breſt that bare
Drew neere, to tell the cauſe of all his care.

Which when me thought to ſpeak he might be bold,
Deepe from his breſt he threw an vnquoth ſound:
I was amaz'd his geſtures to behold:
And blood that freſhly trickled from his wound,
With echo ſo did halfe his words confound,
That ſcarce a while the ſenſe might plaine appeare:
At laſt, me thought, he ſpake as you ſhall heare.

HOW

Faults escaped.

PAge 555. lin. 17. browes, reade bowes. p. 566. l. 10. left, r. let. p. 579. l. 3. sh r. shore. p. 583. l. 13. speele, r. steele. p. eadem l. 15 vaines flow, r. vaines did flow. p. 588. l. 3. nor, r. not. p. 599. l. 28. approth, r. approch. p. 600. l. 11. t'abate, r. to abate p. 629. l. 23. this, r. his. p. 636. l. 5. foe, r. woe. p. 657. l. 16. foee, r. foare. p. 671. l 32. with Austrian, r. with th'Austrian. p. 682. l. 7. let, r. lets. p. 683. l. 37. to obtaine, r. t'obtaine. p. 706. l. 15. I, r. O. p. 728. l. 15. But, r. *Blunt*, in some copies. p. 793. marg. *Anno Reg.* 51. r. 15. p. 834. l. 13. recoil'd r. recoile. p. 855. l. 30. throne, r. chaire. 866. l. 25. house tops, r. houses tops.



HOW KING ALBANACT THE YOVNGEST SONNE OF BRVTVS, AND FIRST KING OF Albany (now called Scotland) was *ſlaine by king Humber, the yeere before Chriſt,* 1085.

SIth flattering Fortune ſlily could beguile
Mee firſt, of Britaine Princes in this land:
And yet at firſt on mee did ſweetely ſmile,
Behold mee here, that firſt in preſence ſtand.
And when thou well my wounded corps haſt ſcand,
Then ſhalt thou heare my hap to penne the ſame
In ſtories called Albanactæ by name.

Lay feare aſide, let nothing thee amaze,
Ne haue deſpaire, ne ſcuſe the want of time:
Leaue off on mee with fearefull lookes to gaze,
Thy pen may ſerue for ſuch a tale as mine.
Firſt I will tell thee of my fathers line,
Then why he flying from the Latin land
Did ſaile the ſeas and found the Briton ſtrand.

And laſt I minde to tell thee of my ſelfe,
My life and death, a Tragedy ſo true
As may approue your world is all but pelfe,
And pleaſures ſweete, whom ſorrowes aye enſue.
Hereafter eke in order comes a crue,
Which can declare, of worldly pleaſures vaine
The price we all haue bought, with pinching paine.

When Troy was sackt, and brent, and could not stand,
Æneas fled from thence, *Anchises* sonne,
And came at length to King *Latinus* land:
He *Turnus* slew, *Lauinia* eke he wonne.
After whose death, *Ascanius* next his sonne
Was crowned King, and *Siluius* then his heire,
Espoused to a Latine Lady faire.

By her had *Siluius* shortly issue eke,
A goodly Prince, and *Brutus* was his name.
But what should I of his misfortune speake,
For hunting, as he minded strike the game,
He strook his father, that beyond it came.
The quarrell glaunst, and through his tender side
It flew, where through the noble *Siluius* dide.

Lo thus by chance though princely *Brutus* slew
His father *Siluius*, sore against his will,
Which came too soone, as he his arrow drew,
Though he in chace the game, did mind to kill,
Yet was he banisht from his countrey still,
Commanded thither to returne no more,
Except he would his life to lose therefore.

On this, to Greece Lord *Brutus* tooke his way,
Where Troians were, by Grecians, captiues kept:
Helenus was by *Pirrhus* brought away
From death of Troians, whom their friends bewept.
Yet he in Greece this while no busines slept,
But by his facts, and feates obtain'd such fame,
Seuen thousand captiue Troians to him came.

Assaracus a noble Grecian eke,
Who by his mother came of Troian race,
Because he saw himselfe in Greece too weake,
Came vnto him to aide him in this case,
For of his brother he could finde no grace,
Which was a Greeke by both his parents sides.
His Castles three the Troian *Brutus* guides.

While

While he to be their Captaine was content,
And as the Troians gathered to his band,
Ambassage to the Grecian King he sent,
For to entreate they might depart his land.
Which when King *Pandrasus* did vnderstand,
An armie straight he did therefore addresse,
On purpose all the Troians to suppresse.

So as King *Pandrasus* at Spartane towne
Thought them in deserts by, to circumuent,
The Troians with three thousand beate them downe,
Such fauour loe, them Ladie Fortune lent.
By *Mars* his force, their raies and rancks he rent,
And tooke the brother of the Grecian King,
With others moe, as captiues home to bring.

The taken towne from which the King was fled,
Sir *Brutus* with sixe hundred men did man,
Ech prisoner was vnto his keeper led
To keepe in towne, the noble Troians wan:
And into woods the Troiane gate him than
Againe with his, he kept him there by night
To quaile the Grecians if they came to fight.

The King which cal'd to minde his former foile,
His flight, and brother deare by Troians take,
The towne he lost, where *Brutus* gaue the spoile,
He thought not so the field and fight forsake,
But of his men a muster new to make,
And so againe for to besiege the towne
In hope reuenge, or winne his lost renowne.

By night the ambush, that his purpose knew,
Came foorth from woods, whereas they waited by,
The Troians all th'vnarmed Grecians slew,
Went through their campe, none could their force denie,
Vnto the tent where *Pandrasus* did lie,
Whereas Lord *Brutus* tooke their King that night,
And sau'd his life as see'md a worthie wight.

„ This great exploite so wisely well atchiu'd,
„ The Troiane victour did a counsaile call,
„ Wherein might be for their estate contriu'd
„ By counsaile graue, the publike weale of all.
„ Now tell (quoth he) what ransome aske we shall?
„ Or what will you for our auaile deuise?
„ To which *Mempricius* answer'd, graue and wise.

„ I cannot *(Brutus)* but commend thine act
„ In this, thou noble Captaine worthy praise:
„ Which deemest well, it were an heinous fact,
„ T'abridge the Grecian king of vitall daies,
„ And that we ought by clemencie to raise
„ Our fame to skie, not by a sauage guise,
„ Sith Gods and men both, cruelty despise.

„ The cause we fought, was for the freedome all
„ Of Troians taken, we haue freedome won,
„ We haue our purpose, and their king withall,
„ To whom of rigour nothing ought be done:
„ Though he the quarrell with vs first begon.
„ And though we owe the fall of Troyes requite,
„ Yet let reuenge thereof from gods to light.

„ His subiects now bewaile their proude pretence,
„ And weapons laide aside, for mercy crie:
„ They all confesse their plagues to come from thence,
„ Where first from faith of Gods they seem'd to flie.
„ Their Nobles dare not come the case to trie,
„ But euen for peace, with all their hearts, they sue,
„ And meekely grant, whence all their mischiefes grew.

„ The Princesse faire, his daughter, who surmounts
„ For vertues rare, for beautie braue, and grace
„ Both *Helen* fine, of whom they made accounts,
„ And all the rest that come of Grecian race,
„ She for her father sues, bewailes his case,
„ Implores, desires thy grace, and gods aboue,
„ Whose woes may them and thee to mercy moue.

Some

„ Some Troians ſay he ſhould depoſed be
„ From kingdome quite, or elſe be ſlaine he ſhould,
„ And we heere bide, eke this miſliketh me,
„ Nay rather while we ſtay keepe him in hold,
„ Or let him pay a ranſome large of gold,
„ And hoſtage giue, and homage do of right
„ To thee, that wonſt the field by Martiall fight.

„ For kingdomes ſake a captiue king to kill,
„ Our names for aye with foule defame would brand;
„ For vs in Greece to dwell were euen as ill,
„ The force of Greece we cannot ſtill withſtand.
„ Let vs therefore both cruelty aband,
„ And prudent ſeeke both gods and men to pleaſe:
„ So ſhall we find good lucke at land and ſeas.

„ Or ſith the Grecians will thee for to take
„ The noble Ladie *Iunogen* to wife,
„ If thou ſo pleaſe, let him her dowrie make
„ Of gold, ſhips, ſiluer, corne, for our reliefe,
„ And other things, which are in *Græcia* rife.
„ That we ſo fraught may ſeeke ſome deſert ſhore,
„ Where thou and thine may raigne for euermore.

This pleaſ'd both *Brutus* and the Troians all,
Who wil'd forthwith that *Pandraſus* the King
Should reuerently be brought into the hall.
And preſent when they told him of this thing,
So griefe and ſorow great his heart did ſting,
He could not ſhew by countenance or cheere
That he it lik'd, but ſpake as you ſhall heare.

„ Sith that the wrath of gods hath yeelded me,
„ And eke my brother, captiues to your hands,
„ I am content to do as pleaſeth yee,
„ You haue my realme, my life, my goods and lands,
„ I muſt be needs content as Fortune ſtands.
„ I giue my daughter, gold, and ſiluer fine,
„ With what for dowrie elſe you craue is mine.

To make my tale the ſhorter if I may,
This truce concluded was immediately:
And all things elſe performed by a day,
The King reſtor'd that did in priſon lie.
The Troians proud of ſpoiles and victorie,
Did hoiſe vp ſailes, in two daies and a night
Vpon the Ile of Leſtrigons they light.

And leauing of their ſhips at roade, to land
They wandring went the countrey for to view:
Loe there a deſert citie old they fand,
And eke a temple (if report be true)
Where *Dian* dwelt of whom the Troian crew
In ſacrifice their captaine counſell gaue
For good ſucceſſe, a ſeate and ſoile to craue.

And he no whit miſliking their aduice
Went forth, and did before the altar hold
In his right hand a cup to ſacrifice,
Fild both with wine, and white hinds blood ſcarce cold.
And then before her ſtature ſtraight he told
Deuoutly all his whole petition there,
In ſort (they ſay) as is repeated heere.

O goddeſſe great in groues that putſt wilde boares in fearefull feare,
And maiſt go all the compaſſe pathes of euery ayrie ſphere,
Eke of th'infernall houſes too, reſolue the earthly rights,
And tell what countrey in to dwell thou giu'ſt vs Troian wights.
Aſſigne a certaine ſeate where I ſhall worſhip thee for aye,
And where repleat with virgins, I erect thy temples maye.

When nine times he had ſpoken this, and went
Foure times the altar round, and ſtaid agen,
He powr'd the wine and blood in hand he hent
Into the fire. O witleſſe cares of men,
Such folly meere, and blindnes great was then.
But if religion now bids toies farewell,
Embrace that's good, the vice of times I tell.

He

He laid him then downe by the altars ſide,
Vpon the white *Hinds* skin eſpred therefore:
It was the third houre of the night, a tide
Of ſweeteſt ſleepe, he gaue himſelfe the more
To reſt ſurelie. Then ſeemed him before
Diana chaſte, the goddeſſe to appeare,
And ſpake to him theſe words that you ſhall heare.

O Brute, *farre vnder Phœbus fall, beyond of France that raigne,*
An Iland in the Ocean is, with ſea tis compaſt maine,
An Iland in the Ocean is, where Giants erſt did dwell:
But now a deſert place that's fit, will ſerue thy people well.
To this direct thy race, for there ſhall be thy ſeat for aye,
And to thy ſonnes there ſhall be built another ſtately Troye.
Here of thy progenie and ſtocke, ſhall mightie Kings deſcend,
And vnto them as ſubiect, all the world ſhall bow and bend.

On this he woke, with ioyfull cheere, and told
The viſion all, and oracle it gaue:
So it reioyſt their hearts a thouſand fold.
To ſhips they got, away the ſhores they draue,
And hoyſing ſailes, for happie winds they craue.
In thirtie daies their voyage ſo they dight,
Than on the coaſt of Aphrica they light.

Then to *Philanes* altars they attain'd,
(For ſo men call two hilles erected are
In Tuniſe land) two brethren ground that gain'd
For Carthage once, and went tis ſaid too farre,
On Cyren ground for bounds, there buried were.
Becauſe they would not turne againe, but ſtriue
With Cyren men, they buried them aliue.

From thence they ſailed through the middle lake,
Betweene Europa faire and Aphrica the drie:
With winde at will, the doubtfull race they take,
And ſail'd to Tuſcane ſhores, on Europe coaſt that lie.
Where at the laſt amongſt the men they did deſcrie
Foure baniſht bands of Troians in diſtreſſe
To ſaile with them, which did themſelues addreſſe.

Companions of *Antenor* in his flight.
But *Corinæus* was their captaine than,
For counſell graue a wiſe and worthie wight:
In warres the praiſe of valiantneſſe he wan.
Lord *Brutus* liked well this noble man,
With him full oft confer of fates he wold,
And vnto him the oracles he told.

The Troians ſo in number now increaſt,
Set on to ſea and hoyſed ſailes to wind.
To *Hercules* his pillars from the Eaſt.
They caſt by compaſſe readie way to find:
Where through once paſt to Northward race they twind,
To Pirene cleeues, tweene Spaine and France the bound,
Reioycing neere the promiſt Ile ſo found.

Eke vnto Guyne in France they ſailed thence,
Where at the hauen of Loire they did arriue,
To view the countrey was their whole pretence
And victuals get, their ſouldiers to reuiue.
Eke *Corinæus* leſt the Galles ſhould ſtriue,
Led forth two hundred of his warlike band,
To get prouiſion to the ſhips from land.

But when the King *Goffarius* heard of this,
That Troians were arriued on his ſhore,
With Frenchmen and with Guynes their power and his,
He came to take the prey they gate before,
And when they met, they fought it both full ſore,
Till *Corinæus* ruſht into their band,
And cauſ'd them flie: they durſt no longer ſtand.

Firſt might you there ſeene hearts of Frenchmen broke:
Two hundred Troians gaue them all the foile
At home, with oddes, they durſt not bide the ſtroke,
Few Troians beat them in their natiue ſoile,
Eke *Corinæus* followed in this broile,
So faſt vpon his foes before his men,
That they return'd and thought to ſpoile him then.

There

There he alone againſt them all, and they
Againſt him one, with all their force did fight.
At laſt by chance his ſword was flowne away,
By fortune on a battaile axe he light,
Which he did driue about him with ſuch might,
That ſome their hands, and ſome their armes did leeſe,
Some legges, of ſome the head from ſhoulders flees.

As thus amongſt them all he fought with force
And fortune great, in danger of his life,
Lord *Brutus* had on him therewith remorce,
Came with a troupe of men to end the ſtrife.
When Frenchmen ſaw the Troians force ſo rife
They fled away, vnto their loſſe and paine,
In fight and flight nigh all their hoſt was ſlaine.

And in that broile, ſaue *Corinæus*, none
Did fight ſo fiercely, as did *Turnus* then,
Sir *Brutus* coſin with his ſword alone
Did ſlay that time well nigh ſixe hundred men.
They found him dead as they return'd agen,
Amongſt the Frenchmen, wounded void of ſence,
And bare his noble corps with honour thence.

On this they bode awhile reuenge to yeeld,
And to interre the dead, and *Turnus* ſlaine,
They tooke a towne not farre from place of field,
And built it ſtrong, to vex the Galles againe.
The name they gaue it ſtill doth yet remaine,
Sith there they buried *Turnus* yet men call
It Tours, and name the folke Turones all.

Which towne they left at laſt with Troians mand,
When as their ſhips were ſtor'd with what they need
Aboord, they hoiſe vp ſailes and left the land,
By aiding winds they cut the ſeas with ſpeed.
At length the ſhining Albion cleeues did feed
Their gazing eyes, by meanes whereof they fand
Out Totnes hauen, and tooke this promiſt land.

The countrey ſeemed pleaſant at the view,
And was by few inhabited, as yet,
Saue certaine Giants whom they did purſue,
Which ſtraight to Caues in Mountaines did them get:
So fine were Woods, and Floods, and Fountaines ſet,
So cleere the aire, ſo temperate the clime,
They neuer ſaw the like before that time.

And then this Ile that Albion had to name,
Lord *Brutus* cauſde it Britaine cal'd to bee,
And eke the people Britans of the ſame,
As yet in ancient Records is to ſee.
To *Corinæus* gaue he franke and free
The land of Cornwall, for his ſeruice done,
And for becauſe from Giants he it wonne.

Then ſith our Troiane flock came firſt from Troy,
The Chieftaine thought that dutie did him binde,
As Fortune thus had ſau'd him from annoy,
The ancient towne againe to call to minde.
He built new Troy, them Troian lawes aſſignde,
That ſo his race to his eternall fame,
Might keepe of Troy the euerlaſting name.

And ſetled there, in perfect peace and reſt,
Deuoid of warre, of labour, ſtrife, or paine,
Then *Iunogen* the Queene, his ioyes increaſt,
A Prince ſhe bare, and after other twaine.
Was neuer King of noble Impes ſo faine,
Three ſonnes which had ſo ſhortly here begat,
Locrinus, *Camber*, laſt me *Albanact*.

Thus hauing wealth, and eke the world at will,
Nor wanting ought that might his minde content:
T'increaſe his powre with wights of warlike skill
Was all his minde, his purpoſe and intent.
Whereby if foes, inuaſion after ment,
The Britans might not feare of forraine lands,
But keepe by fight, poſſeſſions in their hands.

Eke

Eke when his people once perceiu'd his minde,
(As what the Prince doth often moſt embrace,
To that the ſubiects all, are ſtraight inclinde,
And reuerence ſtill in ech reſpect his grace)
They gat in warre ſuch knowledge in ſhort ſpace,
That after they their force to trie begun,
They car'd for nought by wit or wight not won.

Thoſe mightie people borne of Giants brood,
That did poſſeſſe this Ocean-bounded land,
They did ſubdue, who oft in battell ſtood
Gainſt them in field, vntill by force of hand
They were made ſubiect vnto *Brutes* command.
Such boldnes then did in the Briton dwell,
That they in deedes of valour did excell.

Whereby the King had cauſe to take delight,
And might be bold the leſſe to feare his foes:
Surely ech Prince may recke his en'mies ſpight,
Thereafter as his force in fight he knoes.
¶ A princely heart the liberall gifts diſcloſe.
He gaue to ech ſuch guerdons for their facts,
As might them only moue to noble acts.

No labours great his ſubiects then refuſde,
No trauels that might like his regall minde:
But ech of them ſuch exerciſe well vſde,
Wherein was praiſe, or glorie great to finde.
And to their liege bare faithfull hearts ſo kinde,
That what he wild they all obeyd his heſt,
¶ Nought elſe was currant, but the Kings requeſt.

What Prince aliue might more reioyce then he?
Had faithfull men, ſo valiant, bold, and ſtout:
What pleaſures more on earth could lightly be
Then win an Ile, and liue deuoid of doubt?
An Ile ſaid I? nay nam'd the world throughout
Another world, ſith ſea doth it diuide
From all, that wants not all the world beſide.

What

What ſubiects eke more happie were then theſe?
Had ſuch a King of ſuch a noble heart,
And ſuch a land enioyd and liu'd at eaſe,
Whereof ech man almoſt might chuſe his part.
No feare of foes, vnknowne was treaſons art,
No faining friends, no fauning *Gnatoes* skill,
No *Thraſoes* brags, but bearing ech good will.

But as ech ſummer once receiues an end,
And as no State can ſtable ſtand for aye,
As courſe of time doth cauſe things bow and bend,
As euery pleaſure hath her ending day,
As will can neuer paſſe the power of may:
Euen ſo my father happie daies that ſpent,
Perceiu'd he muſt by ſickneſſe laſt relent.

As doth the ſhipman well foreſee the ſtorme,
And knowes what danger lies in Syrtes of ſand:
Eke as the husbandman prouides beforne,
When he perceiues the winter cold at hand:
Euen ſo the wiſe, that courſe of things haue ſcand,
Can well the end of ſicknes great preſage,
When it is ioyn'd with yeeres of ſtooping age.

His ſonnes and Counſell all aſſembled were,
For why he ſent for vs and them with ſpeed.
We came in haſt, this newes did cauſe vs feare,
Sith ſo he ſent, we thought him ſick indeed.
And when we all approcht to him with ſpeed,
Too ſoone alas, his Grace right ſick we found,
And him ſaluted as our duties bound.

And caſting of his wofull eyes aſide,
Not able well to moue his painfull head,
As ſilent we with teares his minde abide,
He wild himſelfe be reared in his bed.
Which done, with ſight of vs his eyes he fed,
Eke pauſing ſo a while for breath he ſtaid,
At length to them and vs, thus wiſe he ſaid.

No

No maruaile ſure, though you herewith be ſad
(You noble Britaines) for your *Brutus* ſake.
Sith whilom me your captaine ſtout you had,
That now my leaue and laſt farwell muſt take,
Thus nature willes me once an ende to make,
And leaue you here behinde, which after mee
Shall die, as me depart before you ſee.

„ You wot wherefore I with the Grecians fought,
„ With dint of ſworde I made their force to flie:
„ *Antenors* friends on Tuſcane ſhores I ſought,
„ And did them not my promiſt land denie.
„ By Martiall powre I made the Frenchmen flie,
„ Where you to ſaue, I loſt my faithfull frend
„ For you; at Tours my *Turnus* tooke his end.

„ I need not now recite what loue I bare,
„ My friendſhip you, I truſt, haue found ſo well,
„ That none amongſt you all which preſent are,
„ With teares doth not record the tale I tell.
„ Eke whom I found for vertues to excell,
„ To them I gaue the price thereof, as due
„ As they deſeru'd, whoſe facts I found ſo true.

„ Now muſt I proue, if paines were well beſtow'd,
„ Or if I ſpent my gratefull gifts in vaine,
„ Or if theſe great good turnes to you I ow'd,
„ And might not aske your loyall loues againe.
„ Which if I wiſt, what tongue could tell my paine?
„ I meane, if you vngratefull mindes doe beare,
„ What meaneth death to let me linger here?

„ For if you ſhall abuſe your Prince, in this
„ The gods on you for ſuch an hainous fact,
„ To take reuenge, be ſure will neuer miſſe.
„ And then too late you ſhall repent the act,
„ When all my Realme, and all your wealths are ſackt:
„ But if you ſhall as you begun, proceed,
„ Of kingdomes fall, or foes, there is no dreed.

And

„ And to auoid contention that may fall,
„ Because I wish this Realme the Britans still:
„ Therefore I will declare before you all
„ Sith you are come, my whole intent and will.
„ Which if you keepe, and wrest it not to ill,
„ There is no doubt but euermore with fame
„ You shall enioy the Britans Realme and name.

„ You see my sonnes, that after me must raigne,
„ Whom you or this haue lik'd and counsail'd well.
„ You know what erst you wisht they should refraine,
„ Which way they might all vices vile expell,
„ Which way they might in vertues great excell.
„ Thus if you shall, when I am gone insue,
„ You shall discharge the trust repos'd in you.

„ Be you their fathers, with your counsell wise.
„ And you my children take them euen as me.
„ Be you their guides in what you can deuise,
„ And let their good instructions teach you three:
„ Be faithfull all: as brethren ought agree:
„ For * concord keepes a Realme in stable stay:
„ But discord brings all kingdomes to decay.

„ Record you this: to th'eldest sonne I giue
„ This middle part of Realme to hold his owne,
„ And to his heires that after him shall liue.
„ Also to Camber, that his part be knowne,
„ I giue that land that lies welnigh oregrowne
„ With woods, Northwest, and mountaines mightie hie,
„ By South whereof, the Cornish sea doth lie.

„ And vnto thee my yongest sonne, that art
„ Mine *Albanact*, I giue to thee likewise
„ As much to be for thee and thine a part,
„ As North beyond the arme of sea there lies,
„ Of which loe heere a Mappe before your eies.
„ Loe heere my sonnes my kingdome all you haue,
„ For which (remember) nought but this I craue:

First,

» First, that you take these fathers graue for me,
» Imbrace their counsell euen as it were mine:
» Next, that betweene your selues you will agree,
» And neuer one at others wealth repine.
» See that yee bide still bound with friendly line.
» And last, my subiects with such loue retaine,
» As long they may your subiects eke remaine.

» Now faint, I feele my breath begins to faile,
» My time is come, giue each to me your hand,
» Farewell, farewell, to mourne will not preuaile,
» I see with Knife where *Atropos* doth stand.
» Farewell my friends, my children and my land,
» And farewell all my subiects, farewell breath,
» Farewell ten thousand times, and welcome death.

And euen with that he turn'd himselfe aside,
Vpyeelding gasping gaue away the ghost:
Then all with mourning voice his seruants cri'd,
And all his subiects eke, from least to most.
Lamenting fil'd with wailing plaints each coast,
And so the Britans all as nature bent,
Did for their King full dolefully lament.

But what auailes, to striue against the tide,
Or else to driue against the streame and winde?
What booteth it against the Cliues to ride,
Or else to worke against the course of kind?
Sith Nature hath the end of things assign'd,
There is no nay, we must perforce depart,
Gainst dint of death, there is no ease by art.

Thus raign'd that worthie King, that found this land,
My father *Brutus*, of the Troian blood,
And thus he died when he full well had man'd
This noble Realme with Britans fierce and good.
And so a while in stable state it stood,
Till we diuided had this Realme in three,
And I too soone receiu'd my part to mee.

Then ſtraight through all the world gan Fame to flie,
A monſter ſwifter none is vnder Sun
Encreaſing: as in waters we deſcry
The circles ſmall, of nothing that begun,
Which at the length vnto ſuch breadth doe come,
That of a drop which from the skies doth fall,
The circles ſpread, and hide the waters all:

So fame in flight increaſeth more and more:
For at the firſt ſhe is not ſcarcely knowne,
But by and by ſhe fleetes from ſhore to ſhore,
To clouds from th'earth her ſtature ſtraight is growne:
There whatſoeuer by her trumpe is blowne,
The ſound that both by ſea and land out flies,
Rebounds againe, and verberates the skies.

They ſay, the earth that firſt the Giants bred,
For anger that the gods did them diſpatch,
Brought forth this ſiſter, of thoſe monſters dead,
Full light of foote, ſwift wings the winds to catch;
Such monſter erſt did nature neuer hatch.
As many Plumes ſhe hath from top to toe,
So many eyes them vnderwatch, or moe.

And tongues doe ſpeake, ſo many eares doe harke,
By night tweene heauen ſhe flies and earthly ſhade,
And ſhrieking, takes no quiet ſleepe by darke
On houſes roofes; on towres as keeper made
She ſits by day, and Cities threats t'inuade:
And as ſhe tels what things ſhe ſees by view,
She rather ſhewes that's fained falſe, then true.

She blazde abroad perdy a people ſmall,
Late landed here, and found this pleaſant Ile,
And how that now it was diuided all,
Made tripartite, and might within a while
Be won by force, by treaſon, fraud, or guile.
Wherefore ſhe moues her friends to make aſſay
To win the prize, and beare our pompe away.

A thou-

A thousand things besides, she bruits and tels,
And makes the most of euery thing shee heares,
Long time of vs she talkes, and nothing els,
Eke what she seeth, abroad in haste she beares,
With tatling toies and tickleth so their eares,
That needs they must to flattering fame assent,
Though afterwards they do therefore lament.

By East from hence a countrey large doth lye,
Hungaria eke of Hunnes it hath to name,
And hath *Danubius* floud on South it bye,
Diuiding quite from *Austria* the same.
From thence a King was named *Humber* came:
On coasts of Albany arriued he,
In hope to be the King of Britanie.

When by report of subiects I did heare
How foe-men were arriued on my shore,
I gathered all my souldiers void of feare,
And backe the Hunnes by force and might I bore.
But in this battell was I hurt so sore,
That in the field of deadly wounds I dide,
My souldiers lost their noble Prince and guide.

Such was my fate to venture on so bold,
My rashnesse was the cause of all my woe:
Such is of all our glorie vaine the hold,
So soone we pompe and pleasures all forgo,
So quickly are we reft our kingdomes fro:
And such is all the cast of Fortunes play,
When least we thinke, to cut vs quite away.

I deem'd my selfe an heauenly happie wight,
When once I had my part to raigne within:
But see the chance what hap did after light,
Or I could scarce t'inioy my glee begin.
This *Hunne* did seeke from me my Realme to win,
And had his will: O flattering fortune, fie,
What meanest thou to make thy selfe so slie?

You worthie warriers by my fall beware,
Let wiſdome worke, lay raſhneſſe all apart,
When as with enemies you encountred are,
You muſt endeuour all your skilfull art
By wittie wiles, with force to make your mart.
Wit nought auailes late bought with care and coſt,
Too late it comes when life and all is loſt.

HOW HVMBER THE KING OF Hunnes minding to conquer Britaine, was *drowned in the arme of ſea now called* Humber, *about the yeare before Chriſt,* 1085.

THough yet no forren Princes in this place
Haue come to tell their hapleſſe great miſhap,
Yet giue me leaue a while to pleade my caſe,
And ſhew how I ſlipt out of fortunes lap.
Perchance ſome other will eſchew the trap
Wherein I fell, and both themſelues beware,
And alſo ſecke the leſſe their countries care.

I am that *Humber* King of Hunnes, that came
To win this Iland, from the Britaines fell:
Was drown'd in Humber, where I left my name.
A iuſt reward for him that liu'd ſo well
At home, and yet thought others to expell
Both from their Realme or right: well ſeru'd was I,
That by ambition thought to clime ſo hie.

But I muſt blame report, the chiefeſt cauſe
Of my decay: beware of raſh report:
Tis wiſdome firſt to take a while a pauſe,
Before to dint of dangers you reſort:
Leſt when you come in haſte to ſcale the fort,
By raſh aſſault ſome engine, ſhaft or fire
Diſpatch you quite, or make you ſoone retire.

For

For vnto me the rumours daily flew,
That heere a noble Iland might be won:
The King was dead: no warres the people knew,
And eke themselues to striue at homē begon,
It were (quoth I) a noble act well don
To win it then: and therewithall did make
Prouision good, this famous Ile to take.

A warlike regall campe prouided was,
And ships, and victuall, for my Hunnes and me,
By sea to Britaine conquest for to passe,
If Gods thereto or heauenly starres agree.
At length we came to shores of Albany,
And there to fight, with Britans, pitch'd our field,
In hope to make them flinch, flie, fall, or yeeld.

They met vs, long we fiercely fought it out,
And doubtfull was the victours part of twaine:
Till with my Hunnes, I rusht among the rout,
And fought till that King *Albanact* was slaine.
Then they to yeeld or pardon craue were faine,
And I with triumphes great receiu'd the pray,
And marched forward, flesht with such a fray.

I past an arme of sea, that would to God
I neuer had bin halfe so bold at first,
I made, to beate my selfe withall, a rod,
When so without their Realme I venture durst.
But marke my tale, thou heard'st not yet the worst:
As sure I thought the rest to circumuent,
By spies before, they knew my whole intent.

And or I wist, when I was come to land,
Not farre from shore two Princes were prepar'd
Their scouts conueyed away my ships they fand,
And of my shipmens flesh they nothing spar'd.
To rescue which, as backe againe I far'd,
The armies twaine were at my heeles behinde,
So closde me in, I wist no way to winde.

On th'East *Locrinus* with an armie great,
By West was *Cambre* with another band:
By North an arme of sea the shores did beat,
Which compast me and mine within their land,
No way to scape was there but Water sand,
Which I must taste, or else the sword of those
Which were to me and mine full deadly foes.

So when I saw the best of all mine hoste
Beat downe with bats, shot, slaine, or forst to swim,
My selfe was faine likewise to flie the coast,
And with the rest the waters entred in,
A simple shift for Princes to begin.
Yet farre I deem'd it better so to die
Then at my foe-mens feet an abiect lie.

But when I thus had swam with hope to scape,
If I might wend the water waues to passe:
The Britans that before my ships had gate
Gan watch me, where amidst the surge I was.
Then with my boats they rowde to me (alas)
And all they cri'd keep *Humber*, keepe their King,
That to our Prince, we may the traytor bring.

So with my boats beset, poore *Humber* I
Wist no refuge, my wearie armes did ake,
My breath was short, I had no power to crie,
Or place to stand, while I my plaint might make.
The water colde made all my ioynts to shake,
My heart did beat with sorow, griefe, and paine,
And downe my cheeks, salt tears they gusht amain.

O must thou yeeld, and shall thy boats betray
Thy selfe (quoth I) no mercie Britans haue:
O would to God I might escape away,
I wot not yet if pardon I may craue,
Although my deeds deserue no life to haue.
I will, I nill, death, bondage, beast am I
In waters thus, in forren soile to die.

With

With that I clapt my quauering hands abroad,
And held them vp to heauen, and thus I ſaid:
O Gods that know the paines that I haue bode,
And iuſt reuengement of my raſhnes paid,
And of the death of *Albanact* betraid
By me and mine, I yeeld my life therefore
Content to die, and neuer greeue yee more.

Then ſtraight not opening of my hands, I bowde
My ſelfe, and ſet my head my armes betweene:
And downe I ſprang with all the force I could,
So duckt, that neither head nor foot were ſeene,
And neuer ſaw my foes againe I weene,
There was I drown'd: the Britans, to my fame,
Yet call that arme of ſea by *Humbers* name.

Take heed by me, let my preſumption ſerue,
And let my folly, fall, and raſhneſſe, be
A glaſſe wherein to ſee if thou do ſwerue:
Thou mai'ſt thy ſelfe perceiue ſomewhat by me.
Let neither truſt, nor treaſon, traine forth ye,
But be content with thine eſtate, ſo ſhall
No wrath of God, procure thy hapleſſe fall.

If thou be forren, bide within thy ſoile
That God hath giuen to thee and thine to hold:
If thou oppreſſion meane, beware the foile,
Beare not thy ſelfe of thee or thine too bold,
Or of the feats thy elders did of old.
For God is iuſt, iniuſtice will not thriue:
He plagues the proud, preſerues the good aliue.

HOW KING LOCRINVS the eldeſt ſon of Brutus liued vitiouſly, *and was ſlaine in battell by his wife, Queene Guendoline, the yeare before Christ,* 1064.

IF euer any noble Prince might rue
My hapleſſe deeds of yore, the ſame may I,
That would to God it were not farre too true,
Or that I iuſtly could my faults denie.
*The truth of things the end, or time, doth trie,
As well by me is ſeene: my hapleſſe fall
Declares whence came my great misfortunes all.

I am *Locrinus*, ſecond Britaine King,
The eldeſt ſonne of him that found this land:
Whoſe death, to me my miſchiefes all did bring,
And cauſ'd why firſt I tooke my death in hand.
He chiefely wil'd me when he gaue this land
I ſhould be rul'd, by all his Counſels will,
And vſe their iudgements in my dealings ſtill.

But what do I accuſe my fathers heſt,
What meane I heere th'unfaultie for to blame?
All he commanded euen was for the beſt,
Though in effect, of beſt the worſt became.
So things oft times well ment, vnfitly frame,
So often times the counſell of our frend
Apparent good, falles faultie in the end.

For as he wiſht, I vſde his Counſels aide,
In each thing that I deem'd was good for me:
I neuer ought that they deſir'd, denaide,
But did to all their minds and heſts agree.
And *Corinæus* ſaw my heart ſo free,
By diuers meanes he ſought this match to make,
That to my wife I might his daughter take.

So I that wist not then what mariage ment,
Did straight agree his *Guendoline* to haue:
Yet afterward suspecting his intent,
My friends to me this point of counsell gaue,
That * whoso doth of Prince alliance craue,
He meanes thereby to worke some point of ill,
Or else to frame the Prince vnto his will.

It may well be he ment no ill at all,
But * wise men alwaies vse to dread the worst.
And sith it was the fountaine of my fall,
From whence the spring of all my sorowes burst,
I may well thinke was some of vs accurst.
For why, * the end doth alwaies proue the fact:
By end we iudge the meaning of the act.

I made no haste to wed my spoused wife,
I wist I could (as yet) without her bide:
I had not tasted ioyes of trained life,
I deem'd them fooles by *Cupids* dart that dide.
I *Venus* vile and all her feats deside,
I liu'd at rest, and rul'd my land so well,
That men delighted of my facts to tell.

My brethren eke long weilded well their parts,
We fear'd no foes, we thought our state would stand:
We gaue our selues to learned skilfull arts,
Wherein we either fruite, or pleasure fand,
And we enioyd too fine a fertile land,
That few in earth might with our states compare,
We liu'd so void of noisome carke and care.

But see the chance: when least we thought of ill,
When we esteem'd our state to be most sure,
Then came a flaw to bridle all our will,
For strangers farre gan vs to warre procure.
And euen when first, they put their pranke in vre,
On Albaine shores my brother there they slew,
Whose death we after made the Hunnes to rue.

When he was dead they hop'd to winne the reſt,
And ouer Aby ſtreame with haſt did hie.
But I, and eke my brother *Camber*, dreſt
Our armies ſtraight, and came their force to trie.
We brake their raies, and forc'd the King to flie
Into the arme of ſea they ouer came,
Where *Humber* drownde the waters tooke their name.

We either ſlew, or tooke them captiues all,
Amongſt the which (O miſchiefe great to tell!)
The Gods to worke mine ouerthrow and fall,
Sent Ladies three, whoſe beauties did excell.
Of which, becauſe I liked one ſo well,
I tooke her ſtraight, nor ſhe did ought denie,
But ech thing granted ſo ſhe might not die.

Thus *Humber* we this hatefull hungrie King,
In Humber drencht, and him depriu'd of pride,
And of his louely Ladies he did bring
He loſt the pray, and all his men beſide,
And we the ſpoiles of all his hoſt diuide.
But I that thought I had the greateſt ſhare,
Had caught the cauſe of all my wofull care.

They cal'd this Ladie, *Elſtride*, whom I tooke,
Whoſe beautie braue did ſo my wits confound,
That for her ſake my promiſe I forſooke,
Whereby I was to *Guendoline* firſt bound.
Me thought no Ladie elſe ſo high renound
That might haue cauſde me change my conflate minde,
So was I caught by ſnares of *Cupid* blinde.

Was neuer none before ſo li'kd mine eye,
I lou'd her more then I could loue my life:
Her abſence ſtill me thought did cauſe me dye,
I ſurely ment to take her for my wife.
But ſee how beautie breedeth deadly ſtrife,
Loe here began my whole confuſion, here
Sprang out the ſhaft from whence this wound I beare.

For

For *Corinæus* had no ſooner heard,
That I did meane his daughter to forſake,
But ſtraight as one that did nought elſe regard,
In haſt his voyage towards me did take.
Where he declar'd what promiſe I did make,
From which he ſaid if once I ſought to ſlide,
It would by dint of ſword, and blood, be tride.

But if I would her take, as erſt I ſaid,
And not this ſtranger chuſe againſt his minde,
His helpe he promiſt at each time, and aide
To be ſo readie, as I wiſht to finde.
He further ſaid my countrey did me binde,
To take ſuch one as all my ſubiects knew,
Sith ſtrangers to their foes are ſeldome true.

I waide his words, and thought he wiſht me well,
But yet becauſe his ſtock ſhould gaine thereby,
I reckt them leſſe: and yet the truth to tell,
I durſt not dare my promiſe made denie.
For well I wiſt if once it came to trie,
It would both weaken all this noble land,
And doubtfull be who ſhould haue th'vpper hand.

Thus needes perforce I muſt his daughter take,
And muſt leaue off to loue where I delight:
I was conſtraind, contented to forſake
The forme that moſt did captiuate my ſight.
What luck had I on ſuch a lot to light?
What ment you Gods that me ſuch fortune gaue,
To caſt my minde on her I might not haue?

To ſhort my tale: his *Guendoline* I tooke,
I was content againſt my will: what then?
Nor quite for this mine *Elſtride* I forſooke.
For why, I wrought by skill of cunning men
A Vault along vnder the ground, a den
Her companie wherein I vſed ſtill,
There we accompliſht our vnhappie will.

There

There I begat my *Sabrine* ſillie childe,
That virgin ſmall, mine *Elſtride* bare to me:
Thus I my wife full often times beguilde,
Which afterward did beare a ſonne to mee,
Nam'd *Madan:* yet we neuer could agree.
And he that was the cauſe ſhe was my Bride,
The while, her father *Corinaus* dide.

Which when I heard, I had my hearts deſire,
I crau'd no more, there was my end of griefe:
At leaſt I thought to quench *Cupidoes* fire,
And eke to worke my luſting loues reliefe,
I ment no more to ſteale it like a thiefe:
But married *Elſtride*, whom I lou'd as life,
And for her ſake I put away my wife.

Likewiſe my *Elſtride* I as Queene ordain'd,
And tooke her as my lawfull wife by right:
But *Guendoline* that ſaw her ſelfe diſdain'd,
Straight fled, and mou'd the Corniſh men to fight.
To them when ſhe declar'd her piteous plight,
In haſt they raiſd an armie, for to be
Reuengers of my new made Queene and me.

And I likewiſe an armie did prepare,
I thought to quaile their courage all by force:
But to my coſt I found too late beware.
There is no ſtrength in armour: men, ne horſe
Can vaile, if *Ioue* on wronged take remorce.
Sith he on whom the deadly dart doth light,
Can neuer ſcape, by ranſome, friend, or flight.

So when our armies met nigh Habrine ſtreame,
The trumpets blew and I denide the peace:
I minded to expell them all the Realme,
Or elſe to make them euer after ceaſe.
And they, except I *Elſtride* would releaſe
(They ſaid) and take my *Guendoline* againe,
They would reuenge the wrong or elſe be ſlaine.

On this we met, and valiantly we fought
On either side, and neither part did yeeld:
So equally they fell it was great doubt,
Which part should haue the better of the field.
But I too bold rusht in with sword and shield,
To breake their raies, so hastie men get smart,
An arrow came, and stroke me to the heart.

Thus was I brought to bale, vnhappie, there,
My bodie pierst that wicked life had led:
When I had raigned all out twentie yeare,
And had my corps with many pleasures fed,
The earth receiu'd my corps as cold as led:
And all my pompe, my princely troupe and traine,
On earth no more shall see their Prince againe.

To all estates let this for wedlocke serue,
Beware of change, it will not hold out long.
For * who so mindeth from his mate to swerue,
Shall sure at length receiue reuenge for wrong,
Tis folly fight with God, h'is farre too strong.
For though yee colour all with coat of right,
No false deceit deceiues or dimmes his sight,
He guides the good, and wrekes the wrongs of might.

HOW QVEENE ELSTRIDE, THE Concubine and second wife of King *Locrinus*, was miserablie drowned by Queene *Guendoline*, the yeere before Christ, 1064.

And must I needs my selfe recite my fall,
Poore Princesse I? must I declare my fate?
Must I the first of Queenes amongst vs all,
Shew how I thrice fell from my princely state?
And from the loftie seate on which I sate?
If needs I must, then well content, I will,
Lest here my place in vaine I seeme to fill.

I am that *Elſtride* whom *Locrinus* lou'd,
A Prince his daughter, came from Germanes land.
My fame of beautie many Princes mou'd
To ſue for grace, and fauour at my hand.
Which bruite once blowne abroad in euery land,
One *Humber* King of Hunnes with all his traine,
To come to me a ſuiter, was full faine.

What need I tell the gifts to me he gaue,
Or ſhew his ſuite, or promiſe he me plight,
Sith well you know a Prince need nothing craue,
May nigh command each thing as twere his right?
For * as the fowle before the Eagles ſight,
Euen ſo we fall, ſubmit, and yeeld vs ſtill
At Prince his call, obeyſant to his will.

And for that time the Hunnes full mightie were,
And did encreaſe by martiall feats of warre:
Therefore our Germane Kings againſt, did beare
Them greater fauour, then was need by farre.
My father durſt not *Humbers* heſt debarre,
Nor I my ſelfe, I rather was content
In hope of crowne, with *Humber* to conſent.

Two Princely dames with me came then away,
He brag'd to win theſe countrie parts all three.
We Ladies rather were this Prince his pray,
Becauſe he promiſt that we Queenes ſhould be.
We came to coſt, theſe countrey coaſts to ſee,
Sith he on whom our hope did wholly ſtand,
Was drown'd, nam'd *Humber* waters, loſt the land.

For as you heard before when he ſuppoſ'd
He had won all, becauſe he won a part,
Straightway he was againe thereof depoſ'd,
Conſtrain'd to flie and ſwim for life poore heart:
Loe heere the cauſe of all my dolefull ſmart:
This noble King with whom I came to raigne,
Was drencht, and drown'd vnto my grieuous paine.

Then

Then were his ſouldiers taken ſlaine, or ſpoild,
And well were they, that could make ſuite for life.
Was neuer ſuch an armie ſooner foild:
O wofull warre, that flowd'ſt in flouds of ſtrife,
And card'ſt not whom thou cut'ſt with cruell knife.
So, had not *Venus* fraught my face with hue,
I had no longer liu'd my forme to rue.

But as I came a captiue with the reſt,
My countenance did ſhine as braue as Sunne,
Ech one that ſaw my natiue hue, were preſt
To yeeld themſelues, by beames of beautie wonne.
My fame ſtraight blowne, to gaze on me they runne,
And ſaid I paſt ech worldly wight, as farre
As *Phœbus* bright excels the morning ſtarre.

Like as you ſee in night, if light appeare,
Straightway to that ech man directs his eye:
Euen ſo among my captiue mates that were,
When I did ſpeake, or make my plaints with crie,
Then all on me they ſtared by and by,
Bemoning of my fates, and fortune, ſo,
As they had bin partakers of my woe.

My forme did praiſe my plea, my ſighes they ſued,
My teares enti'ſt their hearts, ſome ruth to take.
My ſobs in ſight a ſeemely hue renew'd,
My wringing hands, wan ſuiters ſhift to make,
My ſober ſoothes did cauſe them for my ſake
Me to commend, vnto their noble King,
Who wild they ſhould me into preſence bring.

T'whom when I came, in cords as captiue bound,
" O King (quoth I) whoſe power we feele too ſtrong,
" O worthie wight, whoſe fame to skies doth ſound,
" Doe pitie me, that neuer wiſht thee wrong.
" Releaſe me, one, thy captiues all among,
" Which frõ my friends, by fraud am brought away,
" A Prince his daughter, drown'd in deepe decay.

Now

" Now as thou art a Prince thy ſelfe, of might,
" And maiſt do more then I do dare deſire:
" Let me (O King) find fauour in thy ſight,
" Aſſwage ſomewhat thy deadly wrath and ire.
" No part of knighthood tis for to require
" A Ladies death thee neuer did offend,
" Sith that thy foe, hath brought her to this end.

" But let me rather ſafely be conuay'd,
" O gratious King, once home before I die:
" Or let me liue thy ſimple wayting maid,
" If it may pleaſe thy royall Maieſtie.
" Or let me ranſome pay for libertie.
" But if you mind reuenge of vnwraught ill,
" Why ſpare you Britaines my deare blood to ſpill?

With that the King: Good Ladie faire, what iſt
Thou canſt deſire or aske but muſt obtaine?
Eke would to God with all my heart I wiſt
Beſt way to eaſe thee of thy wofull paine.
But if thou wilt, do heere with me remaine.
If not content, conductors ſhalt thou haue,
To bring thee home, and what thou elſe wilt crau.

" O King (quoth I) the gods preſerue thy grace,
" The heauens requite thy mercie ſhew'd to me,
" And all the ſtarres, direct thy regall race,
" With happie courſe, long length of yeares to ſee.
" The earth with fertill fruits enrich ſo thee,
" That thou maiſt ſtill like Iuſtice heere diſpoſe,
" And euermore treade downe thy deadly foes.

The noble King commanded to vnbind
Mine armes, and giue me libertie at will.
With whom ſuch fauour I did after find,
That as his Queene I was at elbow ſtill:
And I enioy'd all pleaſures at my fill.
So that they quite had quenched out my thrall,
And I forgat my former Fortunes all.

Thus

Thus loe by fauour I obtain'd my ſuite,
So had my beautie ſet his heart on fire,
That I could make *Locrinus* euen as mute,
Or pleaſant as my cauſes did require.
And when I knew he could no way retire,
I prai'd he would his fauour ſo extend,
As I might not be blamed in the end.

For if (quoth I) you take me as your owne,
And eke my loue to you hath conſtant beene:
Then let your loue likewiſe againe be ſhowne,
And wed me as you may your ſpouſed Queene.
If ſince in me miſliking you haue ſeene,
Then beſt depart betime, before defame
Begin to take from *Elſtride* her good name.

No wauering heart (ſaid he) *Locrinus* beares,
No fained flatterie ſhall thy faith deface:
Thy beautie, birth, fame, vertue, age and yeares,
Conſtraineth me mine *Elſtride* to imbrace.
I muſt of force, giue thy requeſts a place,
For as they do with reaſon good conſent,
Euen ſo I grant thee all thy whole intent.

Then was the time appointed and the day,
In which I ſhould be wedded to this King.
But in this caſe, his Counſell cauſde a ſtay,
And ſought out meanes at diſcord vs to bring.
Eke *Corinæus* claim'd a former thing,
A precontract was made and full accord
Between his daughter, and my ſoueraigne Lord.

And yet the King did giue me comfort ſtill,
He ſaid he could not ſo forſake my loue:
He euermore would beare me all good will,
As both my beautie and deſerts did moue.
Yet faithleſſe in his promiſe he did proue:
His Counſell at the laſt did him conſtraine
To marrie her, vnto my grieuous paine.

At which I could not but with hate repine,
It vexed me, his mate that ſhould haue beene:
To liue in hate a Prince his concubine,
That euer had ſuch hope to be his Queene.
The ſteps of ſtate are full of woe and teene,
For when we thinke we haue obtain'd the throne,
Then ſtraight our pompe and pride is quite orethrowne.

Lo twice I fell from hope of Princely crowne,
Firſt, when vnhappie *Humber* loſt his life:
And next I laid my peacocks pride adowne,
When I could not be King *Locrinus* wife.
But oft they ſay the third doth end the ſtrife,
Which I haue prou'd, therefore the ſequell view,
* The third paies home, this prouerbe is too true.

The King could not refraine his former minde,
But vſde me ſtill, and I my doubtfull yeares
Did linger on, I knew no ſhift to finde,
But paſt the time full oft with mourning teares.
* A concubine is neuer void of feares,
For if the wife her at aduantage take,
In rage reuenge with death ſhe ſeekes to make.

Likewiſe I wiſt if once I ſought to flie,
Or to intreat the King depart I might:
Then would he ſtraight be diſcontent with me.
Yea if I were purſued vpon the flight,
Or came deflour'd into my fathers ſight,
I ſhould be taken, kept perforce, or ſlaine,
Or in my countrey liue in great diſdaine.

In ſuch a plight what might a Ladie doe,
Was euer Princeſſe poore, in ſuch a caſe?
O wretched wight bewrapt in webs of woe,
That ſtill in dread waſt toſt from place to place,
And neuer foundeſt meane to end thy race,
But ſtill in doubt of death in carking care
Didſt liue a life deuoid of all welfare.

The

The King perceiuing well my chaunged cheare,
To eaſe my heart with all deuiſ'd deceates,
By ſecret wayes I came deuoyde of feare,
In vaults, by cunning Maſons craftie feates.
Whereas we ſafely from the Queene her threats,
So that the King and I, ſo vſde our art,
As after turn'd vs both to paine and ſmart.

By him I had my *Sabrine* ſmall, my childe,
And after that his wife her father loſt.
I meane he died and ſhe was ſtrayght exilde,
And I made Queene vnto my care and coſt.
For ſhe went downe to Cornwall ſtrayght in poſt,
And cauſed all her fathers men to riſe
With all the force and ſtrength they might deuiſe.

My King and hers, with me, gainſt her prepar'd
An army ſtrong: but when they came to fight,
Dame *Guendoline* did wax at length too hard,
And of our King vs both depoſed quight.
For from her campe an arrow ſharp did light
Vpon his breſt, and made him leaue his breath:
Lo thus the King came by vntimely death.

Then I too late, began in vaine to flye,
And taken was preſented to the Queene:
Who me beheld with cruell Tigers eie.
„ O queane (quoth ſhe) that cauſe of warres haſt beene,
„ And deadly hate, the like was neuer ſeene,
„ Come on, for theſe my hands ſhall ridde thy life,
„ And take reuengement of our mortall ſtrife.

„ I longed long to bring thee to this day,
„ And thou likewiſe haſt ſought to ſuck my bloud:
„ Now art thou taken in my ſpoiles, a pray
„ For thee my life full long in daunger ſtood.
„ I will both teach thy ſelfe and others good,
„ To breake the bands of faithfull wedlocke plight,
„ And giue thee that which thou deſerueſt right.

„ O harlot whore, why should I stay my hands?
„ O paynted picture, shall thy lookes thee saue?
„ Nay, bind her fast both hand and foote in bands,
„ And let her some straunge kinde of torments haue.
„ What strumpet, think'st for that thou seemest braue,
„ Or for thy teares, or sighes, to scape my sight?
„ My selfe will rather vanquish thee by fight.

Thou rather should'st my vitall breath depriue
Then euer scape, if none were here but wee.
But now I will not file my hands to striue,
Or else to touch so vile a drab as she.
Come on at once, and bring her after me,
With hand and feete (as I commaunded) bound,
And let mee see her here, as *Humber*, drown'd.

A thousand things beside she spake in rage,
While that a caitiffe did with cords me binde.
No teares, nor sobs, nor sighes, might ought asswage
The ielous Queene, or mollifie her minde.
Occasions still her franticke head did finde,
And when she spake her eies did seeme as fire,
Shee lookt as pale as chalke, with wrathfull ire.

Ne stood she still, but fearcely me deside,
Raung'd vp and downe, and oft her palmes shee strooke.
Locrinus now (quoth she) had not thus dide,
If such an harlot whore he had not tooke.
And therewithall shee gaue a Tigers looke,
That made me quake, what lettes (quoth she) my knife
To ridde this whore, my husbands second wife.
H'is dead, I liue, and shall I saue her life?

O Queene (quoth I) if pitie none remayne,
But I be slaine or drown'd as *Humber* was:
Then take thy pleasure by my pinching payne,
And let me hence as thou appointest passe.
But take some pitie on my childe, alas,
Thou know'st the infant made no fault but hee
That's dead, and I, therefore reuenge on mee.

No

No baſtards here ſhall liue to diſpoſſeſſe
My ſonne,(ſhe ſayd)but ſith thou ſoughteſt fame,
I will prouide for her a kingdome leſſe,
Which ſhall hereafter euer haue her name.
Thou know'ſt whereof the name of *Humber* came,
Euen ſo *Sabrina* ſhall this ſtreame bee cal'd,
Sith *Sabrine* me,as *Humber Locrine* thral'd.

With that my childe was *Sabrine* brought in ſight,
Who when ſhe ſaw mee there in bandes to lie,
Alas(ſhe cri'd)what meanes this piteous plight?
And downe ſhee fell before the Queene,with cry:
O Queene(quoth ſhee)let me more rather die
Than ſhe that's guiltleſſe ſhould:for why,thy king
Did as his captiue her to leaudnes bring.

Which when I ſaw the kindnes of the childe,
It burſt my heart much more then doome of death:
Poore little lambe,with countenance how milde
See pleaded ſtill:and I for want of breath,
(With woefull teares that lay her feete beneath)
Could not put foorth a word our liues to ſaue,
Or if therefore I might a kingdome haue.

Her piteous plaints did ſomwhat death withdraw,
For as ſhee long beheld the Queene with teares,
(Quoth ſhee)let me haue rigour void of law,
In whome the ſigne of all thy wrath appeares.
And let me die,my fathers face that beares.
Sith he is dead,and we are voide of ſtay,
Why ſhould I thee for life or mercy pray?

My mother may to Germany returne,
Where ſhee was borne,and if it pleaſe thy grace:
And I may well lie in my fathers tombe,
If thou wilt grant his childe ſo good a place.
But if thou think my bloud is farre too bace,
(Although I came,by both,of princely line)
Then let me haue what ſhroud thou wilt aſſigne.

With that the Queene replied with milder cheere,
And ſayd the childe was wonderous feate, and wittier
But yet ſhee would not her reuenge forbeare,
For why(quoth ſhee)the prouerbe ſayes,* that pittie
Hath lewdly loſt full many a noble Cittie.
Here *Elſtride* now ile wreke my greefes on thee
To die,take leaue,but talke no more to mee.

On this my leaue I tooke,and thus I ſayd,
Farewell my countrey Germany,farewell:
Adew the place from whence I was conueyd.
Farewell my father, and friends there dwell.
My *Humber* drown'd,as I ſhall be,farewell.
Adew *Locrinus* dead for thee I die:
Would God my corps might by thy coffine lie.

Adew my pleaſures paſt,farewell,adew.
Adew the cares and ſorrowes I haue had.
Farewell my friends that earſt for me did ſue,
Adew that were to ſaue my life full glad.
Farewell my fauning friends I lately had,
And thou my beauty, cauſe of death,farewell,
As oft as heart can thinke,or tongue can tell.

Adew you heauens,my mortall eyes ſhall ſee
No more your lights and planets all farewell,
And chiefly *Venus* faire that paintedſt me,
When *Mercury* his tale to me did tell,
Eke afterwards when *Mars* with vs did dwell.
And now at laſt thou cruell *Mars* adew,
Whoſe dart my life and loue *Locrinus* ſlew.

And muſt I needes depart from thee my childe?
If needs I muſt,ten thouſand times farewell:
Poore little lambe,thy friends are quite exilde?
And much I feare thou ſhalt not long doe well.
But if they ſo with boyling rancour ſwell
As thee to ſlea which neuer wroughteſt ill,
How can they ſtay my ſtayned corps to kill?

With

With that, my *Sabrines* ſlender armes imbraſt
Me round, and would not let me ſo depart.
Let me (quoth ſhe) for her the waters taſt,
Or let vs both together end our ſmart.
Yea rather rip you forth my tender heart:
What ſhould I liue? But they the child withdrew,
And me into the raging ſtreame they threw.

So in the waters as I ſtriu'd to ſwimme,
And kept my head aboue the waues for breath:
Me thought I ſaw my child would venter in,
Which cri'd amaine, O let me take like death.
The waters ſtraight had drawne me vnderneath,
Where diuing, vp at length againe roſe I,
And ſaw my child, and cri'd farewell, I die.

Then as my ſtrength was waſted, downe I went,
Eke ſo I plunged twice or thrice yet more:
My breath departed, needs I muſt relent.
The waters pierſt my mouth and eares ſo ſore,
And to the bottome with ſuch force me bore,
That life, and breath, and mind, and ſenſe was gone,
And I as dead and cold as marble ſtone.

Lo thus you heare the race of all my life,
And how I paſt the pikes of painfull woe:
How twice I thought to be a Princes wife,
And twice was quite depriu'd my honor fro,
The third time Queene, and felt foule ouerthro.
Let Princely Ladies view mine hiſtorie,
Mine haps, and woes, and hatefull deſtinie.

Bid them beware, leſt beautie them abuſe,
Beware of pride, for haue a fall it muſt:
And bid them Fortunes flatterie refuſe,
Her turned wheele is void of ſteadie truſt.
Who reckes no meane, but leaueth all to luſt,
Shall find my words as true as I them tell:
Bid them beware in time, I wiſh them well.

HOW THE LADIE SA-brine, daughter of King *Locrinus* and *Elstride*, was drowned by Queene Guendoline, *the yeare before Christ*, 1064.

Behold me *Sabrine* orphane erst bereft
Of all my friends, by cruell case of warre:
When as not one to treate for me was left,
But ielousie did all their powers debarre.
When as my father eke was slaine in warre,
And when my mother euen before my sight
Was drown'd to death, O wretch in wofull plight.

Trust who so will the staffe of high estate,
And bring me word what stay thereby you haue:
For why, if Fortune once displeasure take,
She giues the foile, though lookes be neu'r so braue.
*'Tis wisdome when you winne, to winne to saue:
For oft who trusts to get a Prince his traine,
Would at the length of beggers life be faine.

This might the Hunne erst *Humber* well haue said,
And this my mother *Elstride* prou'd too true,
When as his life by striuing streames was staid,
And when the tyrants her in waters threw.
What I may say, my selfe reports to you,
Which had more terror shew'd then twice such twaine:
Giue eare, and iudge if I abode no paine.

First when my fathers corps was stricken downe
With deadly shaft, I came to mourne and see:
And as he lay with bleeding brest in sowne,
He cast aside his watring eyes on me.
Flie, flie, (quoth he) thy stepdame seekes for thee,
My wofull child: what flight maist thou to take
My *Sabrine* poore, I must thee needs forsake.

See

See heere mine end, behold thy fathers fall,
Flie hence, thy ſtepdame ſeekes thy ſtayleſſe life:
Thy mother eke ere this is wrapt in thrall,
You cannot ſcape of ielous griefe her kniſe.
Farewell my child, mine *Elſtride* and my wife,
Adue (quoth he) I may no longer bide:
And euen with that he gaſped breath, and dide.

What bird can flie, and ſoare, if ſtormes do rage?
What ſhip can ſaile if once the winds reſiſt?
What wight is that can force of warres aſſwage?
Or elſe what warre can bridle fortunes liſt?
What man is he, that dare an hoaſt reſiſt?
What woman only dare withſtand a field?
If not? what child but muſt to enemies yeeld.

My fathers ſouldiers fled away for feare,
As ſoone as once their Captaines death they ſcand:
The Queene proclaim'd a pardon euery where
To thoſe would yeeld and craue it at her hand:
Excepting ſuch as did her aye withſtand.
For ſo the courſe alwaies of pardons goes
As ſaues the ſouldier, and entraps the foes.

Then wiſt I flight could nothing me preuaile,
I fear'd her pardon would not ſaue my life:
The ſtorme was ſuch I durſt not beare a ſaile,
I durſt not go t'intreate my fathers wife,
Although I neuer was the cauſe of ſtrife:
For ialoſie, deuoid of reaſons raigne,
With frenzies fume enragde her reſtleſſe braine.

But ſee the chance: thus compaſt round with feare
In broiles of blood, as in the field I ſtand,
I wiſht to God my corps were any where
As out of life, or off this hatefull land.
No ſooner wiſht, but there was euen at hand
A ſouldier vile, in haſte (quoth he) come on,
Queene *Elſtride* will before thou come begon.

The rascall rude, the rogue, the clubfist grept
My slender arme, and pluckt me on in hast:
And with my robes the bloodie ground he swept,
As I drue backe he hal'd me on full fast.
Vnder his arme my carefull corps he cast.
Sith that (quoth he) thou put'st me to this paine,
Thou shalt thereby at length but little gaine.

So at the length we came where we descri'd
A number huge of folkes about the Queene:
As when you see some wonder great betide,
Or else the place where some strange sight hath beene:
So might you there the people standing seene,
And gazed all when as they see me brought,
Then sure I deem'd I was not come for nought.

And in the prease, some praisde my comely face,
In beautie *Elstride* which resembled right:
Some said I looked like my fathers grace,
But others said it was a piteous sight
I should so die: the Queene me pardon might.
They said the beast me bore did me abuse,
Which not so rudely ought a Princesse vse.

But what did this redresse my wofull care,
You wot the Commons vse such prouerbs still:
And yet the captiues poore no better are,
It rather helpes their pained hearts to kill.
To pitie one in griefe doth worke him ill.
Bemone his woe, and cannot ease his thrall,
It kils his heart, but comforts none at all.

Thus past we through the prease: at length we came
Into the presence of the iealous Queene,
Who nought at all the rascall rude did blame
That bare me so, but askt if I had seene
My father slaine, that cause thereof had beene.
O Queene (quoth I) God knowes my whole intent
Of slaughter guiltlesse: I am innocent.

With

With that I ſaw the people looke aſide,
To view a mourning voice: I heard thereby
It was my wofull mother by that cri'd,
Lo *Sabrine*, bound at brinke of death I lie.
What pen, or tongue, or teares with weeping eie
Could tell my woes, that ſaw my mother bound
On waters ſhoare, wherein ſhe ſhould be drown'd.

With that I fell before the Queene, and pray'd
For mercie, but with fierie eyes ſhe bent
Her browes on me, out baſtard vile (ſhe ſaid)
Thou wot'ſt not yet wherefore for thee I ſent.
O Queene (quoth I) haue pitie, be content,
And if thou mind of mercie ought to ſhow,
Drowne me, and let my mother harmeleſſe go.

For why, ſhe was a Prince his daughter, borne
In Germany, and thence was brought away
Perforce, by *Humber*, who by warres forlorne
Thy King as captiue tooke her for his pray:
Thou maiſt full well her caſe with reaſon way.
What could ſhe do, what more then ſhe or I
Thy captiues now, thine owne to liue or die?

Take pitie then on Princely race, O Queene,
Haue pitie, if remorce may ought require,
Take pitie on a captiue thrice hath beene,
Let pitie pierce the rage of all thine ire.
But if thy breaſt burne with reuenging fire,
Then let my death quench out that fuming flame,
Sith of thy husbands blood and hers I came.

Much more I ſaid while teares out ſtreaming went,
But nought of eaſe at all thereby I gain'd.
My mother eke, did, as ſhe lay, lament,
Wherewith my heart a thouſand fold ſhe pain'd.
And though the Queene my plaints to fauour fain'd,
Yet at the laſt ſhe bad ſhe ſhould prepare
Her ſelfe to die, and end her courſe of care.

Then

Then all her friends my mother *Elstride* nam'd,
And pleasures past, and bade them all adue
Eke as she thus her last farewell had fram'd,
With losse of him from whom her sorowes grue.
At length to me (which made my heart to rue)
She said farewell my child, I feare thy fall,
Ten thousand times adue, my *Sabrine* small.

And as the cruell caytiffes came to take
Her vp, to cast and drowne her in the floud,
I fast mine armes about her clipt did make,
And cri'd, O Queene let mercie meeke thy mood,
Do rather reaue my heart of vitall blood,
Then thus I liue: with that they slackt my hold,
And drencht my mother in the waters cold.

For loue to aide her, venter in would I,
That saw my mother striue aloft for wind.
To land shee lookt and said farewell, I die,
O let me go (quoth I) like fate to find.
Said *Guendoline*, come on likewise and bind
This *Sabrine* heere likewise, for so shall she
At once receiue, her whole request of me.

Eke as I wish to haue in mind her fame,
As *Humbers* is, which should her father been:
So shall this floud of *Sabrine* haue the name,
That men thereby may say, a righteous Queene
Heere drown'd her husbands child of concubine.
Therefore leaue *Sabrine* heere thy name and life,
Let Sabrine waters end our mortall strife.

Dispatch (quoth she) with that they bound me fast,
My slender armes and feet, with little need:
And sau's all mercie, me in waters cast,
Which drew me downe, and cast me vp with speed,
And downe me drencht the Sabrine fish to feed:
Where I abode till now from whence I came,
And there the waters hold as yet my name.

Lo thus this ielous Queene, in raging ſort,
With bloodie hate bereft her husbands health:
And eke my mother *Elſtrides* life (God wot)
Which neuer ment to hurt this Common-wealth.
And me, *Locrinus* child, begot by ſtealth.
Againſt all reaſon was it for to kill
The child, for that her parents erſt did ill.

But heere you ſee, what time our pompe doth bide,
Hereby you ſee, th'vnſteadie truſt in warre,
Hereby you ſee, the ſtay of States etride,
Hereby you ſee, our hope to make doth marre,
Hereby you ſee, we fall from bench to barre.
From bench (quoth I) yea from the Princely ſeate,
You ſee how ſoone vs Fortune downe doth beate.

And heere you ſee, how lawleſſe loue doth thriue,
Hereby you ſee, how ielous folkes doe fare:
Heere may you ſee, with wiſdome they that wiue,
Need neuer recke *Cupidoes* curſed ſnare.
Heere may you ſee, diuorcement breedeth care,
Heere ſeldome thriue, the children may you ſee,
Which in vnlawfull wedlocke gotten be.

Declare thou then our fall and great miſhap,
Declare the hap, and glory we were in:
Declare how ſoone we taken were in trap,
When we ſuppoſde we had moſt ſafeſt bin.
Declare what loſſe they haue that hope to win.
* When Fortune moſt doth ſweetly ſeeme to ſmile,
Then will ſhe frowne: ſhe laughes but euen a while.

HOW

HOW KING MADAN FOR HIS EVILL LIFE was ſlaine by Wolues, the yeare before *Chriſt*, 1009.

AMong'ſt the reſt that ſate in hautie ſeat,
And felt the fall, I pray thee pen for me
A Tragedie may ſome ſuch wiſdome geat
As they may learne, and ſomewhat wiſer be.
For in my glaſſe when as themſelues they ſee,
They may beware: my fall from Fortunes lap
Shall teach them how t'eſchew the like miſhap.

I am that *Madan*, once of Britaine King,
The third that euer raigned in this land:
Marke well therefore my death: as ſtrange a thing,
As ſome would deeme could ſcarce with reaſon ſtand.
Yet when thou haſt my life well throughly ſcand,
Thou ſhalt perceiue, not halfe ſo ſtrange as true,
* Ill life, worſe death, doth after ſtill enſue.

For when my mother *Guendoline* had raign'd
In my nonage, full 15. yeares, ſhe dide:
And I but yong, not well in vertues train'd,
Was left this noble Iland for to guide:
Whereby when once my mind was puft with pride,
I paſt for nought, I vſde my luſt for law.
Of right, or iuſtice, reckt I not a ſtraw.

No meane I kept, but ruled all by rage,
No bounds of meaſure could me compaſſe in.
No counſell could my meekeleſſe mind aſſwage:
When once to fume I fiercely did begin.
And I exceld in nothing elſe but ſin.
So that my ſubiects all did wiſh my end,
Saue ſuch to whom for vice I was a friend.

In

And pleaſures plung'd I tooke my whole repaſt,
My youth mee led deuoide of compaſſe quite:
And vices were ſo rooted in at laſt,
That to recure the ill, it paſt my might.
For * who ſo doth with will and pleaſure fight,
(Though all his force doe ſtriue them to withſtand)
Without good grace they haue the vpper hand.

* What licour firſt the earthen pot doth take,
It keepeth ſtill the ſauour of that ſame.
Full hard it is a Cramocke ſtraight to make,
Or crooked Logges with wainſcot fine to frame.
Tis hard to make the cruell Tiger tame.
And ſo it fares with thoſe haue vices caught:
* Naught once (they ſay) and euer after naught.

I ſpeake not this as though it paſt all cure
From vices vile to vertue to retire:
But this I ſay, if vice bee once in vre,
The more you ſhall to quite your ſelfe require.
The more you plunge your ſelfe in fulſome mire,
As hee that ſtriues in ſoakte quicke ſirts of ſand,
Still ſinkes, ſcarce euer comes againe to land.

The gifts of grace may nature ouercome,
And God may graunt the time when we repent.
But I did ſtill in laps of lewdnes runne,
At laſt my ſelfe to cruelty I bent.
But who ſo doth with bloudy acts content
His minde, ſhall ſure at laſt finde like againe,
And feele for pleaſures thouſands pangs of paine.

For in the midſt of thoſe vntruſty toyles,
When as I nothing fearde, but all was ſure:
With all my traine, I hunting rode for ſpoiles
Of thoſe, who after did my death procure.
Theſe lewd delights did boldly me allure,
To follow ſtil and to purſue the chaſe,
At laſt I came into a deſert place,

Beſet with hils, and monſtrous rockes of ſtone,
My company behinde mee loſt, or ſtayde:
The place was eke with hautie trees oregrowne,
So vaſt and wilde it made mee halfe afraid.
And ſtraight I was with rauening wolues betraid,
Came out of caues, and dens, and rockes amaine,
There was I rent in peeces, kilde, and ſlaine.

Woe worth that youth (in vayne) ſo vily ſpent
Should euer cauſe a King to feele ſuch ſmart:
Woe worth that euer I ſhould here lament,
Or ſhew the hurt of my poore Princely heart.
I thinke the clowne that driues the mixen cart
Hath better hap then Princes, ſuch as I:
No ſtorme of Fortune caſts him downe ſo hie.

A man by grace and wit may ſhun the ſnare.
Tis ſayd * a wiſe-man all miſhap withſtands:
For though by ſtarres we borne to miſchieues are,
Yet grace and prudence bayles our carefull bands.
* Each man (they ſay) his fate hath in his hands,
And what he marres, or makes to leeſe, or ſaue
Of good or euill, is euen ſelfe doe, ſelfe haue.

This thing is ſeene by me, that led my daies
In vitious ſort, for greedy wolues a pray.
I wiſh, and will, that Princes guide their wayes:
Lo, here by this eſchew like chance they may,
And vices ſuch as worke their whole decay.
Which if they doe, full well is ſpent the time
To warne, to write, and eke to ſhun the crime.

HOW

HOW KING MALIN WAS SLAINE BY HIS BROther King Mempricius, the yeare before *Christ*, 1009.

IF Fortune were ſo firme as ſhee is fraile,
Or gloſing glorie were ſtill permanent:
If no miſhap mens doings did aſſayle,
Or that their acts and facts were innocent:
If they in hope no hurt nor hatred ment,
Or dealings aye were done with duty due,
They neuer neede their great miſfortunes rue.

If pompe were paine, and pride were not in price,
Or hautie ſeate had not the higheſt place:
If they could learne by others to be wiſe,
Or els eſchew the daungers of their race:
If once they could the golden meane imbrace,
Or baniſh quite ambition from their breaſt,
They neuer neede to recke or reape vnreſt.

Bur they doe thinke ſuch ſweetenes in renowne,
Vpon this earth is all the greateſt hap:
They nothing feare the hurt of falling downe,
Or little roome in Lady Fortunes lap.
They giue no heede before they get the clap:
And then too late they wiſh they had bin wiſe,
When from the fall they would, and cannot, riſe.

As if two twinnes, or children at the teate
Of nurce, or mother, both at once might bee,
And both did ſtriue the better dugge to geat,
Till one were downe, and ſlipt beſide her knee:
Euen ſo it fares, by others as by mee,
In fortunes lap they haue ſo little hold,
She cannot ſtay both ſtriuing if ſhee would,

I am that *Malin* one of *Madans* ſonnes,
Which thought to raigne and rule this noble Ile,
And would ſo done:but ſee what chaunce there comes
Where bretheren loue and frendſhip quite exile.
*Who thinkes in truſt no treaſon neither guile,
Is ſooneſt cleane bereau'd of life and all,
In ſtead of rule hee reapes the crop of thrall.

My yongeſt brother then *Mempricius* hight,
Whoſe hautie minde,and mine,were ſtill at ſquare:
We euermore as foes hight other ſpite,
And deadly ire in hatefull hearts wee bare.
He ſought all waies he might to worke mee care,
And each regarded others enuie,ſo,
As after turned both to painfull woe.

Becauſe my father lou'd him well,therefore
I fear'd my brother ſhould obtaine my right:
Likewiſe on fauour boldned hee him bore,
And neither had in vertues wayes delight.
What neede I here our inward griefes recite?
Wee,not as brethren,liu'd in hatred ſtill,
And ſought occaſion other each to kill.

I hauing hope for to preſerue the crowne,
And hee for that he feard my title bred
Such friendſhip,as might alwaies keepe him downe
And both depriue him of his crowne and head.
But when it chaunſt our father once was dead,
Then ſtraight appeared all his enuy plaine:
For he could not from his attempt refraine.

Some wiſht we ſhould diuide the realme in two,
And ſaid my father eke was of that minde:
But neither of vs both,that ſo would doe,
Wee were not each to other halfe ſo kinde.
And vile ambition made vs both ſo blinde,
We thought our raigne could not bee ſure and good
Except the ground thereof were laid with bloud.

At

At last a time of parle chosen was,
And truce concluded for our titles right:
Wherein I hoped might be brought to passe
That I enioy in peace my kingdome might.
But secretly by policie and sleight
He slew me with his sword, before I wist:
Where crowne, peace, kingdome life and all I mist.

Thus was I by my wicked brother slaine,
Which with my death his cruell eyes did fill.
This oftentimes they vse to get and gaine,
That cannot shunne misfortune as they will.
Was neuer man pretended such an ill,
But God to him like measure shortly sent
As he to others erst before had ment.

Vsurping wrong incurres the curse of heauen,
And blood cries out for vengeance at his hand,
Who still in care of humane good is giuen
The good to aide, and graceless to withstand.
If either vice or vertue we aband,
We either are rewarded as we serue,
Or else are plagued, as our deeds deserue.

Let this my warning then suffice each sort,
Bid them beware: example heere you see:
It passeth play, t'is tragicall disport
To clime the steps of stately high degree.
For though they thinke good fortune seru'd not mee,
Yet did she vse me as she vsde the rest:
And so full oft she serueth euen the best.

HOW KING *Mempricius* giuen to all luſt, *was deuoured by VVolues, the yeare before Chriſt,* 989.

Is often ſaid, a man ſhould do likewiſe
To other, as he would to him they did.
* Do as thou would'ſt be done to, ſaith the wiſe,
And do as conſcience and as iuſtice bid.
Ther's no man ought for Empire, as I did
His impious hands with cruell blood diſtaine:
For * blood doth alwaies crie for blood againe.

Eke luſtfull life, that ſleepes in ſinkes of ſinne,
Procures a plague: fie, fie on *Venus* vile:
We little wot the miſchiefes are therein,
When we with poiſons ſweet our ſelues beguile.
The pleaſures paſſe, the ioyes endure but while,
And naught thereby at all we get or gaine
But dreadfull death, and euerlaſting paine.

Me thinkes thou harkeneſt for to heare my name,
And muſeſt what I am that thus do come.
I would or this haue told it, but for ſhame:
And yet to giue example heere to ſome,
I will no longer faine my ſelfe ſo dome,
But euen as others I will tell my fall:
Take heere my name, my life, my death, and all.

I am *Mempricius*, *Madans* yonger ſon,
Once King of Britaine, that my brother ſlew:
Whereby the crowne, and kingdome all I won,
And after nouriſht vices moe that grew.
Not natures lawes, nor Gods, nor mans I knew,
But liu'd in luſt not recking any thing,
I deemed all things lawfull for a King.

First

First when I had my brother brought on beare,
I thought in rest to keepe the Kingdome long:
I was deuoid of doubt, I had no feare,
Was none durst checke me, did I right or wrong.
I liu'd at large, and thought my power so strong
There could no man preuaile against my will,
I steede of law that vsed rigour still.

Then wickedly I fell to slothfull ease,
A vice that breeds a number moe beside.
I was so testie none durst me displease,
And eke so puft with glorie vaine, and pride.
My senceless sence, as ship without a guide,
Was tost with euery fancie of my braine,
Like *Phœbus* chariot vnder *Phaëtons* raigne.

I deem'd them foes that me good counsell gaue,
And those my chiefest friends could glose and lie:
I hated them that were so sage and graue,
And those I lou'd were lustie, lewde, and slie.
I did the wisest wits as fooles defie,
Such sots, knaues, ruffians, roysters I embraste,
As were vnwise, vnhonest, rude, vnchaste.

I lusted eke, as lasie lechers vse,
My subiects wiues and daughters at my will
I did so often as me pleasde abuse,
Perforce I kept them at my pleasure still.
Thus gate I queanes and concubines at fill,
And for their sakes I put away my wife:
Such was my lewdnesse, lust, and lawlesse life.

But shame forbids me for to tell the rest,
It me abhors to shew what did ensue:
And yet because it moueth in my breast
Compunction still, and was God wot too true,
Ile farther tell whence my destruction grue.
To Sodome sinne I foulely fell, and than
I was despised both of God and man.

Could I long prosper thus, do you suppose?
Might any ill exceed these vices told?
Thinke you ther's any wight on ground that goes
Might scape reuenge of vice so manifold?
No sure: * who is in sinfulnes so bold,
His vices fare like weeds, they sprout so fast
They kill the corps, as weeds the corne, at last.

My great outrage, my heedlesse head, the life
I beastly led could not continue so:
My brothers blood, my leauing of my wife,
And working of my friends and subiects woe
Cri'd still to God, for my foule ouerthroe,
Who heares the wrong'd, who viewes their carefull case,
And at the length doth all their foes deface.

Yet I mistrusting no mishaps at hand,
(Though I were worthie twentie times to die)
I lewdly liu'd, and did my wealth withstand.
I neuer thought my end was halfe so nie.
For my disport I rode on hunting, I,
In woods the fearefull Hart I chased fast,
Till quite I lost my company at last.

And or I wist, to cost I found my foes,
By chance I came whereas the Wolues they bred:
Which in a moment did me round inclose,
And mounted at my horse his throat and head.
Some on the hinder parts their panches fed.
Yet fought I still to scape, if it might be,
Till they my panting horse puld downe with me.

Then was I hopelesse to escape their iawes,
They fastned all their holders fast on mee:
And on my royall robes they set their clawes:
My Princely presence, nor my high degree
Meu'd them no more obeysant for to bee,
Nor of my corps to take no more remorce,
Then did the grieuous groning of my horse.

But

But rauenouſly they rent my breaſt and throat,
Forſooke my ſteed, came all at once and tare
My Kingly corps, from which they fleid my coat,
And of my fleſh they made at all no ſpare,
They neuer left me till my bones were bare.
Lo thus I ſlew my brother, left my wife,
Liu'd vilely, and as vilely ended life.

Beware of bloodie broiles, beware of wrong,
Embrace the counſell of the wiſe and ſage:
Truſt not to power though it be nere ſo ſtrong,
Beware of raſhnes rude and roiſters rage.
Eſchew vile *Venus* toyes, ſhe cuts off age,
And learne this leſſon oft, and tell thy friend,
By ſudden death, pockes, begging, harlots end.

HOW KING BLADVD, TAKING ON HIM TO FLIE, fell vpon the Temple of *Apollo*, and brake *his necke, the yeere before Chriſt*, 844.

I Pray thee *Higgins* take in hand thy pen,
And write my life and fall among'ſt the reſt:
A warning ſet me downe for curious men,
Whoſe wits the worke of nature ſeeke to wreſt.
I was Prince *Bladud* pregnant as the beſt.
Of wiſdome, wealth, and learning I had ſtore,
Of regall race: or what I craued more?

But this in all the ſorts of men we ſee,
An vncontented mind, when much they haue:
The learned yet would more profounder be,
The richeſt moſt t'encreaſe their wealth do craue.
The fineſt Dames do ſlike their faces braue.
The noble higher climes and to the skies
T'aduance his name he daily doth deuiſe.

In Britaine though I learned had full well
The artes, and could among'ſt the wiſe conferre:
Yet when of Athens I the fame heard tell,
(Though it in Greece ſo far hence diſtant were)
I trauail'd thither, writers witnes are,
I ſtudied there, thence learned men I brought,
That noble Arts in Britaine might be taught.

But after he was dead that was my ſtay,
My father graue, I meane the worthie King:
Then all the Britaines ſhortly by a day,
To royall ſeat elected me did bring.
Where I to place in order euery thing,
Receiu'd both crowne and ſcepter in my hand,
With right and equitie to rule this land.

Then, for becauſe the ſway of all the Ile
Depended on my gouernment to reſt:
I did conſult with all the Peeres a while,
And of my fathers Counſellers the beſt.
I order tooke for matters vnredreſt,
Giuing to each ſuch place as beſt did fit,
Their birth, their wealth, their perſons and their wit.

The learned Greekes, whom I from Athens brought,
Conferring with the Britiſh learned men:
A place, as I commanded them, had ſought
Amid'ſt the Realme, and brought me word agen.
At Staneford there I built a Colledge then,
And of my land I gaue the fertil'ſt partes,
To foſter learning and the famous Artes.

By this, of skilfull men the land had ſtore,
And all the arts were read in Britaine well:
No countrey was for learning praiſed more.
We did in noble ſcience ſo excell,
From other nations hither came to dwell
The wiſeſt wits, commending vs to skies:
Deeming vs people valiant, learn'd and wiſe.

And

And for that time, of Gods we honor'd all,
Apollo high for wisdome, arte, and skill:
At Troynouant a Temple speciall
I built to him, for sacrifices still.
Whereon I fell, as after speake I will.
Such was our vse and superstition then,
To deeme as Gods the images of men.

By arts I made the holesome Baths at Bathe,
And made therefore two Tunnes of burning brasse:
And other twaine seuen kinds of salts that haue
In them inclosde, but these be made of glasse,
With sulphur fil'd, wilde fire emixt there was,
And in foure welles these Tunnes I did assay,
To place by arte that they might last of aye.

Which waters heate and clensing perfect powre,
With vapours of the sulphur, salts, and fire,
Hath vertue great, to heale, and wash, and scowre
The bathed sores therein that health desire.
If of the vertues, moe thou dost require,
I will recite what old experience telles,
In causes cold the vertues of these welles.

The bathes to soften sinewes vertue haue,
And also for to clense and scowre the skin
From Morphewes white and blacke, to heale and saue
The bodies freckled, faint, are bath'd therein:
Scabs, lepry, sores both old and festered in,
The scurfe, botch, itch, gout, poxe, and humors fell,
The milt and liuer hard it healeth well.

I must confesse by learned skill I found
Those natiue welles whence ye haue helpe for men.
But well thou know'st there runnes from vnder ground
Springs sweet, salt, cold, and hote euen now as then,
From rocke, salt-petre, alume, grauell, fen,
From sulphur, iron, lead, gold, brasse and tinne:
Springs vertue take of vaines that they been in.

Then who ſo knowes by natures worke in theſe,
Of metals or of mines the force to heale,
May ſooner giue his iudgement in diſeaſe,
For curing by the bath, and ſurer deale
With ſickly people of the publique weale,
And alſo find of fountaines hot, and cold,
To heale by them the ſicke, both yong and old.

The Citie eke of Bathe, I founded there,
Renouned far by reaſon of the wels:
And many monuments that ancient were
I placed there, thou know'ſt the ſtorie tels.
I ſought renowne and fame and nothing els.
But when our actes extols vs to the skies,
We look not downe from whence we firſt did riſe.

There are but few, whom Fortune bathes in bleſſe,
But blinded are, and dazelingly they looke:
They ſee nought elſe but worldly happineſſe,
At that they only fiſh with Fortunes hooke.
Ambition will not wiſdomes counſell brooke,
Pride ſets her thoughts on things that vade away,
Forſaking vertue which doth nere decay.

Mens vaine delights are wondrous to behold,
For that that reaſon nils, nor nature ſowes
They take in hand on ſcience far too bold,
Deceiu'd by ſuttle ſnares of diueliſh ſhowes.
From which attempts a floud of miſchiefe flowes,
An heape of hurts, a frie of foule decaies,
A flocke of feares, and thrals a thouſand waies.

If that the water fiſh forſake the ſtreame
Againſt his kind, feeles he no hurt enſues?
Or if the brocke would learne to play the breame,
And leaue the lambes at land, were this no newes?
A fethered fowle in th'earth a den to chuſe,
Or flounder ſay to flie the larke to catch,
We might admire what monſters time did hatch.

But

But ſith we ſee that nature hath aſſign'd
The fowle to flie, the aire, as ſeemeth well,
The fiſh to ſwim, the ſea, as fits his kind,
The earth for men and beaſts to breed and dwell:
Of right a man, which doth the reſt excell,
Should euen ſo far ſurpaſſe in his degree,
As all the reſt in wiſdome weaker bee.

All this I ſpeake to warne the reſt that heare,
And eke to ſhew the blindneſſe of delites.
Herein my folly vaine may plaine appeare,
What hap they heape which trie out cunning ſlights,
What hurt there hits, at ſuch vaine ſhewes and ſights,
Where men for pleaſure only take much paine,
To alter natures gifts for pleaſure vaine.

Were not it ſtrange, thinke you, a King to flie,
To play the tombler, or ſome iugling caſt?
To dreſſe himſelfe in plumes, as erſt did I,
And vnder armes to knit on wings full faſt?
A ſport you thinke that might the wiſe agaſt.
But Magicke arte had taught me points of skill,
Which in the end did proue my future ill.

I deckt my corps with plumes (I ſay) and wings,
And had them ſet, thou ſeeſt, in skilfull wiſe
With many feats, fine poyſeing equall things,
To aide my ſelfe in flight to fall or riſe,
Few men did euer vſe like enterpriſe,
Gainſt ſtore of wind, by practiſe riſe I could,
And turne and winde at laſt which way I would.

But ere the perfect skill I learned had,
(And yet me thought I could do paſſing well)
My ſubiects hearts with pleaſant toyes to glad,
From Temples top, where did *Apollo* dwell,
I ſayd to flie, but on the Church I fell,
And in the fall I loſt my life withall.
This was my race, this was my fatall fall.

What vainer thing could any Prince deuiſe,
Then ſo himſelfe a fooliſh fowle to ſhow?
Learne you by me, that count your ſelues ſo wiſe,
The worſt to doubt of things, what ere you know.
Flie not ſo high for feare you fall ſo low.
Be wiſe in artes, exceed not wiſdomes bound,
The depth of arte by wit may not be found.

Theſe curious artes allurements haue alone,
They profer much in recompence of paine:
But yet among'ſt a thouſand ſcarce is one
In practiſe, ought by them can ſaue or gaine.
In their effects they are but falſe and vaine,
Sophiſticall, deceitfull, and vntrue,
That nothing haue, yet promiſe all to you.

I ſpeake not of the reſt that are in vſe
Amongſt the wiſer ſort, Philoſophie,
Nor of the parts thereof, but of th'abuſe
That comes by magicke artes of Imagerie,
By vile inchauntments, charmes, and pampeſtrie,
All which by nature are abhor'd as euill,
Practiſde by fooles, inuented by the diuell.

To make an end: you noble Kings content
Your ſelues with ſtudies ſeruing for the State:
You Lords alſo with all your wits inuent
What way t'eſchew the Prince and peoples hate.
Yee Subiects loue your Prince, eſchew debate.
I wiſh you all beware of climing high,
Leſt that you helpeleſſe fall, as erſt did I.

HOW

HOW QVEENE CORDILA IN DESPAIRE SLEW her ſelfe, the yeare before *Chriſt*, 800.

IF any wofull wight haue cauſe to waile her woe,
Or griefes are paſt do pricke vs Princes, tell our fall:
My ſelfe likewiſe muſt needs conſtrained eke do ſo,
And ſhew my like misfortunes and miſhaps withall.
Should I keepe cloſe my heauie haps and thrall?
Then did I wrong: I wrong'd my ſelfe and thee,
Which of my facts a witneſſe true maiſt bee.

A woman yet muſt bluſh when baſhfull is the caſe
Though truth bid tell the tale and ſtorie as it fell:
But ſith that I miſlike not audience, time, nor place,
Therefore, I cannot keepe my woes in counſell well.
*No greater eaſe of heart then griefes to tell,
It daunteth all the dolours of our mind,
Our careſull hearts thereby great comfort find.

For why to tell that may recounted be againe,
And tell it as our cares may compaſſe eaſe:
That is the ſalue and med'cine of our paine,
Which cureth corſies all and ſores of our diſeaſe:
It doth our pinching pangs and paines appeaſe:
It pleads the part of an aſſured friend,
And telles the trade, like vices to amend.

Therefore if I more willing be to tell my fall,
With my miſhaps to eaſe my burdened breaſt and mind:
Some others haplie may auoid and ſhunne the thrall,
And thereby for diſtreſſe more aide and comfort find.
They keeping meaſure, whereas I declin'd,
May be as prompt to flie like brute and blame
As I to tell, or thou to write the ſame.

Wherefore

Wherefore if thou wilt afterwards record
What Queene *Cordila* telles to eaſe her inward ſmart:
I will recite my ſtorie tragicall each word
To thee that giu'ſt an eare, and readie art.
But leſt I ſet the horſe behind the cart,
I mind to tell each thing in order, ſo,
As thou maiſt ſee and ſhew whence ſprang my woe.

My grandſire *Bladud* hight, that found the bathes by skill,
A fethered King that practiſde high to ſoare:
Whereby he felt the fall, God wot againſt his will,
And neuer went, road, raign'd, nor ſpake, nor flew no more.
After whoſe death my father *Leire* therefore
Was choſen King, by right apparent heire,
Which after built the towne of Leirceſtere.

He had three daughters faire, the firſt hight *Gonerell*,
Next after her his yonger *Ragan* was begot:
The third and laſt was I the yongeſt, nam'd *Cordell*.
Vs all our father *Leire* did loue too well God wot.
But minding her that lou'd him beſt to note,
Becauſe he had no ſonne t'enioy his land,
He thought to guerdon moſt where fauour moſt he fand.

What though I yongeſt were, yet men me iudg'd more wiſe
Then either *Gonerell*, or *Ragan* more of age:
And fairer farre: wherefore my ſiſters did deſpiſe
My grace and gifts, and ſought my wrecke to wage.
But yet though vice on vertue die with rage,
It cannot keepe her vnderneath to drowne:
For ſtill ſhe flittes aboue, and reapes renowne.

My father thought to wed vs vnto Princely peeres,
And vnto them and theirs diuide and part the land.
For both my ſiſters firſt he call'd (as firſt their yeares
Requir'd) their minds, and loue, and fauour t'vnderſtand.
(Quoth he) all doubts of dutie to aband,
I muſt aſſay your friendly faithes to proue:
My daughters, tell me how you do me loue.

Which

Which when they anſwered him they lou'd their father more
Then they themſelues did loue, or any worldly wight:
He praiſed them, and ſaid he would therefore
The louing kindneſſe they deſeru'd in fine requite.
So found my ſiſters fauour in his ſight,
By flatterie faire they won their fathers heart,
Which after turned him and me to ſmart.

But not content with this, he asked me likewiſe
If I did not him loue and honor well.
No cauſe (quoth I) there is I ſhould your grace deſpiſe:
For nature ſo doth bind and dutie me compell,
To loue you, as I ought my father, well.
Yet ſhortly I may chance, if Fortune will,
To find in heart to beare another more good will.

Thus much I ſaid of nuptiall loues that ment,
Not minding once of hatred vile or ire:
And partly taxing them, for which intent
They ſet my fathers heart on wrathfull fire.
Shee neuer ſhall to any part aſpire
Of this my Realme (quoth he) among'ſt you twaine:
But ſhall without all dowrie aie remaine.

Then to *Maglaurus* Prince, with Albany he gaue
My ſiſter *Gonerell*, the eldeſt of vs all:
And eke my ſiſter *Ragan* height to *Hinniue* to haue,
And for her dowrie Camber and Cornwall.
Theſe after him ſhould haue his kingdome all.
Betweene them both he gaue it franke and free,
But nought at all he gaue of dowrie mee.

At laſt it chanſt a Prince of France to heare my fame.
My beautie braue, my wit was blaz'd abroad each where.
My noble vertues praiſde me to my fathers blame,
Who for I could not flatter did leſſe fauour beare.
Which when this worthie Prince (I ſay) did heare,
He ſent ambaſſage lik'd me more then life,
And ſoone obtained me to be his wife.

Prince

Prince *Aganippus* reau'd me of my woe,
And that for vertues ſake, of dowries all the beſt:
So I contented was to France my father fro
For to depart, and hopt t'enioy ſome greater reſt.
Where liuing well belou'd, my ioyes encreaſt:
I gate more fauour in that Prince his ſight,
Then euer Princeſſe of a Princely wight.

But while that I theſe ioyes ſo well enioy'd in France,
My father *Leire* in Britaine waxt vnwealdie old.
Whereon his daughters more themſelues aloft t'aduance
Deſir'd the Realme to rule it as they wold.
Their former loue and friendſhip waxed cold,
Their husbands rebels void of reaſon quite
Roſe vp, rebeld, bereft his crowne and right:

Betwixt their husbands twaine they cauſde him to agree
To part the Realme, and promiſt him a gard
Of ſixtie Knights that on him ſhould attendant bee
But in ſixe moneths ſuch was his hap too hard,
That *Gonerell* of his retinue bard.
The halfe of them, ſhe and her husband reſt:
And ſcarce allow'd the other halfe they left.

As thus in his diſtreſſe he lay lamenting ſates
When as my ſiſter ſo, ſought all his vtter ſpoile:
The meaner vpſtart courtiers thought themſelues his mates,
His daughter him diſdain'd and forced not his foile.
Then was he faine for ſuccour his to toile
With halfe his traine, to Cornwall there to lie
In greateſt need, his *Ragans* loue to trie.

So when he came to Cornwall, ſhe with ioy
Receiued him, and Prince *Maglaurus* did the like.
There he abode a yeare, and liu'd without annoy:
But then they tooke all his retinue from him quite
Saue only ten, and ſhew'd him daily ſpite.
Which he bewail'd complaining durſt not ſtriue,
Though in diſdaine they laſt allow'd but fiue.

What

What more despite could diuellish beasts deuise,
Then ioy their fathers wofull daies to see?
What vipers vile could so their King despise,
Or so vnkind, so curst, so cruell bee?
Fro thence againe he went to Albany,
Where they bereau'd his seruants all saue one:
Bad him content himselfe with that, or none.

Eke at what time he ask'd of them to haue his gard,
To gard his noble grace where so he went:
They call'd him doting foole, all his requests debard,
Demanding if with life he were not well content.
Then he too late his rigour did repent
Gainst me, my sisters fawning loue that knew
Found flattery false, that seem'd so faire in vew.

To make it short, to France he came at last to mee,
And told me how my sisters ill their father vsde.
Then humblie I besought my noble King so free,
That he would aide my father thus by his abusde.
Who nought at all my humble hest refusde,
But sent to euery coast of France for aide,
Whereby King *Leire* might home be well conueide,

The souldiers gathered from each quarter of the land
Came at the length to know the noble Princes will:
Who did commit them vnto captaines euery band.
And I likewise of loue and reuerent meere good will
Desir'd my Lord, he would not take it ill
If I departed for a space withall,
To take a part, or ease my fathers thrall.

He granted my request: Thence we arriued here,
And of our Britaines came to aide likewise his right
Full many subiects, good and stout that were.
By martiall feats, and force, by subiects sword and might,
The British Kings were faine to yeeld our right.
Which wonne, my father well this Realme did guide
Three yeares in peace, and after that he dide.

Then

Then I was crowned Queene this Realme to hold,
Till fiue yeares paſt I did this Iſland guide:
I had the Britaines at what becke I would,
Till that my louing King mine *Aganippus* dide.
But then my ſeat it faltered on each ſide.
My ſiſters ſonnes began with me to iarre,
And for my crowne wag'd with me mortall warre.

The one hight *Morgan* Prince of Albany,
And *Conidagus* King of Cornwall and of Wales:
Both which at once prouided their artillerie,
To worke me wofull woe, and mine adherents bales.
What need I fill thine eares with longer tales?
They did preuaile by might and power, ſo faſt,
That I was taken priſoner at laſt.

In ſpitefull ſort they vſed then my captiue corſe,
No fauour ſhew'd to me, extinct was mine eſtate:
Of kindred, Princes, blood, or peere was no remorce,
But as an abiect vile, and worſe, they did me hate.
To lie in darkeſome dungeon was my fate
As t'were a thiefe, mine anſweres to abide,
Gainſt right and iuſtice, vnder Iailours guide.

For libertie at length I ſu'd to ſubiects were:
But they kept me in priſon cloſe, deuoid of truſt
If I might once eſcape, they were in dread and feare
Their fawning friends with me would proue vntrue and iuſt.
They told me take it patiently I muſt,
And be contented that I had my life:
Sith with their mothers I began the ſtrife.

Whereby I ſaw might nothing me preuaile to pray,
To plead, or proue, defend, excuſe, or pardon craue.
They heard me not, deſpiſde my plaints, ſought my decay,
I might no law, nor loue, nor right, nor iuſtice haue.
No friends, no faith, nor pitie could me ſaue:
But I was from all hope of freedome bard,
Condem'd, my cauſe like neuer to be heard.

Was euer noble Queene ſo drencht in wrecks of woe,
Depoſde from Princely power, bereſt of libertie,
Depriu'd of all theſe worldly pompes her pleaſures fro,
And brought from wealth to need, diſtreſſe, and miſerie,
From Pallace proud in priſon poore to lie,
From Kingdomes twaine, to dungeon one, no more,
From Ladies waiting, vnto vermine ſtore?

From light to darke, from holeſome aire to lothſome ſmell,
From odour ſweet to ſmart, from eaſe to grieuous paine,
From ſight of Princely wights, to place where theeues do dwell:
From daintie beds of downe, to be of ſtraw full faine:
From bowers of heauenly hew, to dens of daine:
From greateſt haps that worldly wights atchiue,
To more diſtreſſe then any wretch aliue?

When friends I left in France that did me firſt exalt,
And eke my noble King, mine *Aganippus* true:
And came to England: for their heinous facts and fault
Which from his right and kingdome quite our father threw
To take his Realme: to raigne and treaſon knew
I thinke of all misfortunes was the worſt:
Or elſe I deeme the cauſers all accurſt.

For marke my hapleſſe fall that fortune did me ſend,
As thus in priſon vile aliue I lingring lay,
When I had mourned long, but found no faithfull friend
That could me helpe, or aide, or comfort any way,
Was ſeru'd at meat as thoſe that Kings betray
With fare God wot was ſimple, bare, and thin
Could not ſuſtaine the corps it entred in.

And when the ſighes, and teares, and plaints nigh burſt my heart,
And place, and ſtench, and fare nigh poyſon'd euery pore:
For lacke of friends to tell my ſeas of guiltleſſe ſmart,
And that mine eies had ſworne to take ſweet ſleepe no more,
I was content, ſith cares oppreſſe me ſore,
To leaue my food, take mourning, plaints, and crie,
And lay me downe, let griefe and nature trie.

Thus as I pining lay, my carcaſſe coucht on ſtraw,
And felt the paine erſt neuer earthly creature knew:
Me thought by night a grizely ghoſt in darkes I ſaw,
Eke nearer ſtill to mee with ſtealing ſteps ſhee drew.
Shee was of colour pale and deadly hew,
Her clothes reſembled thouſand kinds of thrall
And pictures plaine of haſtened deathes withall.

I muſing lay in paines, and wondred what ſhe was,
Mine eies ſtood ſtill, mine haire roſe vp for feare an end,
My fleſh it ſhooke and trembled: yet I cride (alas)
What wight art thou? a foe? or elſe what fawning frend?
If death thou art, I pray thee make an end,
But th'art not death. Art thou ſome fury ſent,
My woefull corps, with paines, to more torment?

„ With that ſhe ſpake: I am (quoth ſhee) thy friend *Deſpaire*,
„ Which in diſtreſſe each worldly wight with ſpeede do aide:
„ I rid them from their foes, if I to them repaire.
„ Too long from thee by other captiues was I ſtaide.
„ Now if thou art to die no whit afraide,
„ Here ſhalt thou chooſe of Inſtruments (behold)
„ Shall rid thy reſtleſſe life, of this bee bold.

And therewithall ſhee threw her garments lap aſide,
Vnder the which a thouſand things I ſaw with eies:
Both kniues, ſharpe ſwords, poinadoes all bedide
With bloud, and poiſons preſt which ſhee could well deuiſe.
„ There is no hope (quoth ſhee) for thee to riſe,
„ And get thy Crowne or Kingdome refte againe:
„ But for to liue long laſting pining paine.

„ Lo here (quoth ſhee) the blade that *Did* of Carthage hight,
„ Whereby ſhe was from thouſand pangs of paine let paſſe:
„ With this ſhee ſlew her ſelfe, after *Æneas* flight,
„ When hee to Sea from Tirian ſhoares departed was.
„ Doe chooſe of theſe thou ſeeſt from woes to paſſe,
„ Or bide the end, prolong thy painefull daies
„ And I am pleaſde from thee to packe my waies.

With

With that was I(poore wretch) content to take the knife,
But doubtfull yet to die,and fearefull faine would bide.
So ſtill I lay in ſtudy with my ſelfe,at bate and ſtrife
What thing were beſt of both theſe deepe extreames vntride.
Good hope all reaſons of *Deſpaire* denide:
And ſhee againe replide to proue it beſt
To die:for ſtill in life my woes increaſt.

Shee cal'd to mind the ioyes in Fraunce I whilome had,
Shee told me what a troupe of Ladies was my traine:
And how the Lords of Fraunce, and Britaines both were glad
Of late to wait on mee,and ſubiects all were faine.
Shee told I had bin Queene of kingdomes twaine,
And how my kinſmen had my ſeat and Crowne.
I could not riſe,for euer fallen downe.

A thouſand things beſide recited then *Deſpaire*,
Shee told the woes in warres, that I had heapt of late:
Rehearſt the priſon vile in ſteede of Pallace faire,
My lodging low, and mouldy meates my mouth did hate.
Shee ſhewd me all the dongeon where I ſate,
The dankiſh walles,the darkes, and bade mee ſmell,
And bide the ſauour if I likt it well.

Whereby I wretch deuoid of comfort quite and hope,
And pleaſures paſt compard with preſent paines I had:
For fatall knife ſlipt forth my fearefull hand did grope,
Deſpaire in this to aide my ſenſeles limmes was glad,
And gaue the blade:to end my woes ſhe bad.
I will(quoth I)but firſt with all my hart
Ile pray to Gods,reuenge my woefull ſmart.

If any wrong deſerue the wrecke,I pray you skies
And ſtarres of light(if you my plight doe rue)
O *Phœbus* cleere I thee beſeech and pray likewiſe,
Beare witnes of my plaints well knowne to Gods are true.
You ſee from whence theſe iniuries they grue.
Then let like vengeance hap and light on thoſe
Which vndeſerued were my mortall foes.

God grant immortall ſtrife betweene them both may fall,
That th'one the other may, without remorce, deſtroy:
That *Conidagus* may his coſin *Morgan* thrall,
Becauſe he firſt decreaſt my wealth, bereft my ioy.
I pray you Gods he neuer be a *Roy*:
But caytiſe may be pai'd with ſuch a friend,
As ſhortly may him bring to ſudden end.

Farewell my Realme of France, farewell, *Adieu*,
Adieu mes nobles tous, and England now farewell:
Farewell Madames my Ladies, *car ie ſuis perdu*
Il me fault alor deſeſpoir m'adonne conſeil
De me tuer, no more your Queene farewell.
My coſins me oppreſſe with maine and might
A captiue poore, gainſt Iuſtice all and right.

And therewithall the ſight did faile my dazeling eyne,
I nothing ſaw ſaue ſole *Deſpaire* bad me diſpatch:
Whom I beheld, ſhe caught the knife from me I weene.
And by her elbow carian death for me did watch.
Come on (quoth I) thou haſt a goodly catch.
And therewithall *Deſpaire* the ſtroke did ſtrike,
Whereby I di'd, a damned creature like:

Which I too late bewaile. Let thoſe aliue beware,
Let not the loſſe of goods or honors them conſtraine
To play the fooles, and take ſuch careſull carke and care,
Or to deſpaire for any priſon, pine, and paine.
If they be guiltleſſe let them ſo remaine.
Farre greater follie is it for to kill
Themſelues deſpairing, then is any ill.

Sith firſt thereby their en'mies haue that they deſire,
By which they proue too deadly foes vnwares a friend:
And next they cannot liue, to former bliſſe t'ſpire,
If God do bring their foes in time to ſudden end.
They laſtly, as the damned wretches, ſend
Their ſoules thereby to darkeſome Stygian lake
Which kill the corps that mightie *Ione* did make.

HOW

HOW KING MORGAN OF ALBANY was ſlaine at Glamorgan in Wales, *The yeare before Chriſt,* 766.

Wot not well what reaſon I may vſe,
To quit my ſelfe from laſting infamie:
Wherefore I muſt perforce my ſelfe accuſe,
I was in fault I cannot it denie.
Remorce of conſcience prickes my heart ſo nie.
And me torments with pangs of pinching paine,
I can no longer me from ſpeech refraine.

I am that *Morgan* ſonne of *Gonerell*
Th'vngratefull daughter of her father *Leire:*
Which from his kingdome did him once expell,
As by the Britiſh ſtories may appeare.
Ragan and ſhe conſpir'd (both ſiſters were)
But were ſubdu'd againe and cauſde to yeeld
Their fathers Crowne: *Cordila* wan the field.

I need not heere the ſtories all recite,
It were too long, but yet I briefly ſhall:
The cauſe *Cordila* ought her ſiſters ſpite
Was, they procur'd her, and their fathers thrall.
Yet t'was her chance at length t'out liue them all,
Both ſiſters elder, and her father graue,
And eke at length the kingdome all to haue.

That time was I, of Albany, the King,
Call'd Scotland now, and eke my couſin then,
Of Cornwall and of Wales, whom I did bring
To warre, againſt *Cordila* and her men:
We ſaid we would our title winne agen,
And that becauſe our fathers had it yore,
We ment to get it ours againe therefore.

I muſt confeſſe I was the cauſe of warre,
I was not pleaſde with that was lotted mee:
Euen ſo our minds ambitious often are
And blinded, that we cannot reaſon ſee.
We thinke no men, but Gods on earth we bee,
Yet worſe are we then beaſts which know their kind:
For we haue nought but miſchiefe oft in mind.

We thinke, if ſo we may our willes attaine
By right or wrong, by might or malice, we
Could neuer liue like Fortune for to gaine:
Or if on foes we once reuenged bee,
If that our foe-mens fall we chance to ſee,
O then we ioy, we lift our ſelues to skie,
And on the poore we *crucifige* crie.

I deem'd if that I might once put her downe,
The Kingdomes all were *Conidags* and mine:
And I could eaſly after win the crowne,
If alſo I his ſtate might vndermine.
I thought, indeed, to haue it all in fine:
By force or fraud I did intend alone
To ſit as King vpon the Britaine throne.

To ſpeake in few, we waged warre ſo long
Gainſt her, at laſt we put her vnto flight:
We warriers for our Aunt were far too ſtrong,
Purſude and tooke, depriu'd her of her right.
We thought it ours what ſo we wan by might:
Eke ſo play tyrants: Traitors all do watch
To get by ſpoile, and count their owne they catch.

Not ſo contented were we with the pray,
But fearing leſt ſhe ſhould recouer aide:
I ſent in haſt to priſon her away,
And all recourſe of meſſengers denaid.
Thus when ſhe ſaw her Maieſtie decaid,
And that her griefes and ſorowes daily grew:
In priſon at the length her ſelfe ſhe ſlew.

O caytiſe vile, that did conſtraine a Queene,
That Iuſtice ment, her kingdome to forſake?
Nay traytor I, her cauſe of death haue been,
That would my ſelfe by bloodſhed ruler make.
How could reuenge on me but vengeance take?
Before the ſeat of God her blood did call
For vengeance ſtill, and ſo procur'd my fall.

Lo heere Gods iuſtice: ſee my treaſon, ſee:
Behold and ſee, to raigne was my delight:
And marke, and make a mirrour heere of me,
Which afterward was ſeru'd by iuſtice right.
We wan the crowne betweene vs both in fight:
And then becauſe I was the elder ſonne
Of th'elder Queene, I claimed all we wonne.

So were my dealings nought in peace and warre,
But by my force and fortunes vſde in fight,
I paſt, that time, the Britaines all by farre:
I was of perſon, fortitude, and might
Both comely, tall, ſtrong, ſeemely eke in ſight,
Whereby I won mens fauour, glorie, wealth,
And, puft with pride, at length forgate my ſelfe.

I ſaid it was my right the crowne to haue,
But *Conidagus* ſtoutly it deni'd:
Wherefore I went to Wales, my right to craue,
With all mine armie, and to haue it tri'd.
Where long we fought it ſtoutly on each ſide,
Till at the laſt vnto my wofull paine,
I was depriu'd of kingdome quite, and ſlaine.

And for to keepe in memorie for aye
That there vnfaithfull *Morgan* loſt his life,
The place is call'd Glamorgan to this daye.
There was I pierſt to death with fatall knife:
There was the end of all my hatefull ſtrife.
So *Morgan*, where he thought to win the crowne,
Was at Glamorgan traytor ſtriken downe.

Thus maist thou tell how proud ambition proues,
What hap haue tyrants, what we Traytours haue:
What end he hath that cruell dealing loues,
What subiects get that Diademe do craue.
Tis better, then to winne, thine owne to saue:
For so orethwartly trade of Fortune goes,
When win thou would'st, then art thou sure to lose.

HOW KING IAGO DIED OF THE LETHARGIE, about the yeare before Christ, 612.

HAue I oreslept my selfe, or am I wake?
Or had'st thou late oreslept thy selfe that wrote?
Could'st thou not for the Letharge paines to take:
And with the rest his sleepie life to note?
Was I amongst the wicked wights forgote?
Well then, awaked sith we are both twaine,
To write my sleepie sinfull life, take paine.

I am that *Iago*, once of Britaine King,
That ruled all this noble British Ile:
No fame of me the writers old do bring,
Because my life and gouernment was vile.
Yet, *Higgins*, heere take paines for me a while,
Enregester my mirrour to remaine,
That Princes may my vices vile refraine.

At first, a while, I ruled well the land,
I vsed iustice, right tooke regall place:
No wight but found iust iudgement at my hand,
And truth durst shew, without rebuke, her face.
I gaue my selfe to all good gifts of grace,
My subiects liu'd in rest within my raigne:
No cause of Prince compel'd them to complaine.

But

But as in calme a ſtorme we nothing feare,
When as the ſeas are milde and ſmooth as glaſſe:
And as in peace no thought of warres we beare,
Which leaſt ſuppoſe of miſchiefes come to paſſe:
Euen ſo my ſtill and rightfull raigning was.
The calme, a tempeſt boads: the ſhine, a raine:
Long peace, a warre: and pleaſure, pinching paine.

For reſt, and peace, and wealth abounding thoe,
Made me forget my Iuſtice late well vſde:
Forſaking vertues, vices gan to floe,
And former noble acts I quite refuſde.
My gifts, my treaſures, wealth and will miſuſde,
Began all goodnes quite at length diſdaine,
And did my facts with filthie vices ſtaine.

Miſgouern'd both my Kingdome and my life,
I gaue my ſelfe to eaſe, to ſleepe, and ſinne:
And I had clawbackes euen at Court full rife,
Which ſought by outrage golden gaines to winne.
For * Kings no ſooner well or worſe beginne,
But euen at hand the good or bad take paine,
For vertues ſake, or meede, the Prince to traine.

As vices grew encreaſing more and more,
So vertues fled and bad their friends adew:
Diſeaſes bad likewiſe, and ſickneſſe ſore
Began to waxe, and griefes about me grew.
I may full well my naughtie ſurfets rue,
Which peſter'd ſo at length my drouſie braine,
I could not ſcarce from ſleeping ought refraine.

A ſleepie ſickneſſe nam'd the Lethargie,
Oppreſt me ſore, till death tooke life away:
This was the guerdon of my gluttonie,
As with the candles light the flie doth play,
Though in the end it worke her liues decay:
So of the gluttons cup ſo long I drunke,
Till drown'd in it with ſhamefull death I ſunke.

Phyſitions

Physitians wise may take on them the cure,
But if *Iehoua* smite the Prince for sin,
As earst of me, then is the helpe vnsure,
That's not the way for health to enter in.
No potions then, nor powders worth a pin:
But euen as we, they must to die be faine.
Bid them in time from vices now refraine.

HOW KING FORREX WAS SLAINE by his brother King *Porrex*, about *the yeare before Christ* 491.

TO tell my storie on the tragicke stage
Compeld I am amongst the rest that fell:
I may complaine that felt god *Mars* his rage,
Alas that fate to State should be so fell
Had I been meaner borne I know right well
There had no enuie vndermin'd my State,
Nor fortune foild the seat whereon I sate.

While that my Kingly Sire *Gorbodug* raign'd
I had no care, in honor I did liue:
Would God I had in that estate remain'd,
But what vs fortune wonted is to giue,
Good hap that holds as water in a siue:
She showes a glimpse of thousand ioyes, and moe,
Which hides in it ten thousand seas of woe.

That hatefull hellish hag of vglie hue,
With rustie teeth and meygre corps misshape,
I meane that monster vile, the worst in view,
Whom some call *Discord, enuie, ire* and *hate*:
She set my brother first with me at bate:
When we fiue yeares had raigned ioyntly well,
By her entisements, foule at strife we fell.

We

We liu'd that ſpace well in this noble Ile,
Diuided well we ioyntly did enioy
The Princely ſeat, while Fortune faire did ſmile,
Without diſdaine, hate, diſcord or anoy:
Euen as our father raign'd the noble *Roy*
In wealth, peace, praiſe, purport, renowne and fame,
Without the blots of euerlaſting blame.

But when ambition bleared both our eyes,
And haſtie hate had brother-hood bereft:
We friendſhip faire and concord did deſpiſe,
And far a part from vs we wiſdome left:
Forſooke each other at the greateſt heft.
To rule the kingdome both we left, and fell
To warring, iarring like two hounds of hell.

For bounds we banded firſt on either ſide,
And did incroach each one on others right.
T'inlarge the limits of our kingdome wide,
We would not ſticke oft times in field to fight,
The wretched ground had ſo bewitcht our ſight.
For why, * the earth that once ſhall eate vs all,
Is th'only cauſe of many Princes fall.

* On th'earth we greeue the ground for filthie gaine,
On th'earth we cloſe the earth t'inlarge our land,
In th'earth we moile with hunger, care, and paine,
We cut, we dig thence ſiluer, gold, and ſand.
Into her bowels by the force of hand,
With ſteele and iron we do dig profound,
Working her woe to make our ioyes abound.

For th'earth forget we God, (vnfaithfull fooles)
For ground forſake we faith and all our friends:
For th'earth we ſet our ſelues to ſubtill ſchooles,
Of ground like ſwine we ſeeke the fartheſt ends.
We ſpoile the ground that all our liuing lends,
Of ground to winne a plat a while to dwell
We venter liues, and ſend our ſoules to hell.

If

If we behold the ſubſtance of a man,
How he is made of Elements by kind,
Of earth, of water, aire, and fire: than
We would full often call vnto our mind,
That all our earthly ioyes we leaue behind:
And when we paſſe to th'earth we turne to rot:
Our pompe, our pride, and glorie is forgot.

The fire firſt receiues his heate againe,
The aire the breath bereaues away by right:
The watrie and the earthly parts remaine,
Of Elements compoſed ſcarce ſo light.
And in the ground a place is for them dight.
The moiſtures drie, the bones conſume to duſt,
The wormes with fleſh ſuffice their greedie luſt.

But we forget our compoſition old,
Both whence we came, and whereunto we ſhall:
We ſcarce remember we be made of mould,
And how the earth againe conſumeth all.
This great forgetfulnes breeds Princes thrall.
While preſent ioyes we gaze vpon, meane while
A fading bliſſe doth all our wits beguile.

All this I ſpeake to th'end it may aduiſe
All Princes great, and noble peeres that are,
To learne by me the rather to be wiſe,
And to abandon hate and malice farre.
To baniſh all ambitious bloodie warre:
To liue content in peace, with their eſtate:
For * miſchiefe flowes from diſcord and debate.

And now Ile tell what diſcord vile hath done
To me King *Forrex*. Thus the caſe it ſtood:
I thought indeed to haue ſome caſtles wonne
And holds, which were my brothers, ſtrong and good.
So might I intercept his vitailes, forrage, food,
Abate his pride, obtaine the kingdome all:
Me thought the halfe a portion was too ſmall.

Ther's

Ther's no man takes an enterprise in hand,
But he perswades himselfe it is not ill:
He hath of reasons eke in steed to stand
As he supposeth framed wise by skill.
So I was led by reason rude, to kill
My brother, if I caught him at the nicke,
Because the quarrell first he gan to picke.

And for because I was the elder Prince,
The elder sonne, and heire vnto the crowne:
Me thought no law, nor reason could conuince
Me from the fact, though I did beat him downe.
This was my way to winne and reape renowne.
I did prouide an armie strong for field,
Not farre from where I hop'd to cause him yeeld.

And sundrie sharpe assaults on each we gaue,
On purpose both enflamed for to fight:
We had in parle heard the counsell graue
Of wise and worthie men, perswading right.
It pitie was (they said) so foule a sight
That brethren twaine, both Princes of a land,
Should take at home such wofull warres in hand.

But where ambition dwelles is no remorce,
No countries loue, no kindred holden kind,
No feare of God, no sentence wise of force
To turne the heart, or mollifie the mind.
Good words are counted wasting of your wind.
The gaine proposde, the crowne and sceptre hie,
Are th'only things whereat men gaze and prie.

At length my brother for to end the strife,
Thought best to worke the sureſt way to win:
He found the meanes to take away my life,
Before which time the warres could neuer lin.
How much might better both contented bin!
For * hope will slip, and hold is hard to snatch.
Where blood embrues the hands that come to catch.

Thus,

Thus our ambition bred our ſubiects ſmart,
Our broiles powr'd out their guiltleſſe blood on ground:
Which vile deuice of mine ambitious heart
Procured *Ioue* my purpoſe to confound.
Therefore beware ye wights whoſe wealths abound,
Content your ſelues in peace to ſpend your daies,
By vertues good aloft your names to raiſe:

HOW KING PORREX WHICH SLEW HIS brother, was ſlaine by his owne mother and her maidens, about the yeare before Christ, 491.

CAn curſed *Caine* that caitiue ſcuſe himſelfe,
That ſlew his brother *Abel* innocent?
Or *Typhon* who for ſtate and worldly pelfe
His deare *Oſiris* downe to Lymbo ſent?
King *Dardan* then to do the like may trie,
They ſlew their brethren each: and ſo did I.

The witch *Medaa* rent in pieces ſmall
Abſirtus limbes her brother, did not ſhe?
She threw him in the way diſmembred all,
That ſo her fathers iourney ſtai'd might be.
Orodes ſlew his brother *Mithridate*:
And ſo did I my brother in debate.

Learchus ſlew his brother for the Crowne,
So did *Cambyſes* fearing much the dreame:
Antiochus of infamous renowne
His brother ſlew, to rule alone the Realme.
Ardieus did the like for Kingdomes ſake:
So I my brothers life away did take.

Mempricius

Mempricius lewde of life likewise did kill
His brother *Manlius*, for the same intent:
These Princes vile were brother slayers ill,
For kingdomes sake vnnaturally bent.
But reade the stories, thou shalt find it plaine
The bloodie wretches all were after slaine.

Euen so I *Porrex* eke, which slew my brother,
And ruled once the Britaine land with him,
Vnkindly kil'd was by my cruell mother,
Which with her maidens chopt me euery limme.
As I lay sleeping on my bed at rest,
Into my chamber full and whole they prest.

Appointed well they were with weapons sharpe,
And boldly laid on me with all their might:
Oft quite and cleane they thrust me through the hart,
And on my corps each where their weapons light.
They chopt me small (I say) as flesh to pot,
And threw me out, my limbes yet trembling hot.

Can I complaine of this reuenge she raught,
Sith I procur'd the slaughter of her sonne?
Can I excuse my selfe deuoid of faut,
Which my deare Prince and brother had fordonne?
No; tis too true that * who so slayes a King
Incurres reproch, and slaughter blood doth bring.

The traytors to their Prince haue alwaies bin
As slayers of their parents, vipers brood:
The killers of their brothers, friends, and kin,
In like degree well nigh of treason stood.
But what by this win they, saue death, defame,
Distaine their blood, and shroud themselues with shame.

Example take you Princes of this land,
Beware of discord, shun ambitious pride:
By right take ye the scepter in your hand,
Let not your sword with soueraignes blood be dide.
The mightie *Ioue*, that raignes eternall aye,
Cuts off the Kings that enter in that waye.

Vsurpers

Vſurpers may perſwade themſelues a while
There is no God, no lawes of ſacred crowne:
No wrong they do, no murther ſeemeth vile,
Nor no reſpect of Princely high renowne.
  But if they could conſider well the caſe,
  They would not ſo aſpire to Princes place.

They would example take by *Lucifer*,
That was caſt downe, the father firſt of pride:
And all his impes how high ſo ere they were,
Vſurping Realmes and Kingdomes far and wide.
  From light to darke, from throne to thrall they fell:
  From bale to bliſſe and downe from heauen to hell.

Sufficient heere is ſaid to warne the wiſe,
For he by prudence oft forecaſts the doubt:
The foole is bent all warnings to deſpiſe,
He runneth headlong with the raſcall rout.
  Then if thou caſt to liue at reſt a ſubiect good,
  Touch not the Prince, crowne, ſcepter, nor his blood.

HOW KING PINNAR WAS SLAINE IN BATTAILE by *Mulmucius Donwallo*, about *the yeare before Christ*, 441.

MIght oftentimes right ouerrunnes too faſt,
Right after comes and hopes to haue his owne:
And when he ouertakes might at the laſt;
Then is the truth of all the quarrell knowne.
Men neuer reape no other, then was ſowne,
  If good be gaine, the better comes the crop,
  The grape growes on the vine and not the hop.

Of

Of this now ſpoken, this would I inferre,
Men may by might a kingdome long withhold
Not due to them: but they far better were,
To yeeld vnto the right, what reaſon would.
Good mettals bides the touch, which tries the gold,
When copper counted counterfeit in caſt,
Is deem'd but droſſe and called in at laſt.

I am that *Pinnar*, who when *Brutus* blood
Extincted was in bloodie *Porrex* raigne,
Amongſt the Princes in contention ſtood,
Who in the Britaine throne by right ſhould raigne:
Mongſt whom by might a part I did obtaine,
That part of Albion call'd Logria hight,
I did long time vſurpe againſt all right.

Stater who ſtept into the Scottiſh throne,
And *Rudacke*, that vſurpt the Cambrian crowne
Their minds to mine did frame and ioyn'd in one,
To keepe the Corniſh Prince ſtout *Cloten* downe,
Twixt whom and vs in fighting, for renowne
Faire Ladie Albion Europes wondred Ile,
Rob'd of her beautie was, alas the while.

Duke *Cloten*, though a man of worthie praiſe,
Who claim'd the crowne as due to him by right:
Could not preuaile till death did end his daies,
His ſonne *Mulmucius* that vndaunted Knight
Purſu'd his fathers claime with all his might,
And meeting vs in many a bloodie field,
At length in manly fight did make vs yeeld.

He Lion-like himſelfe with his tall troope
Of nimble Corniſh met vs on the way,
And to his conquering arme did cauſe vs ſtoope,
The price of treaſon I with blood did pay,
My wrong deem'd right appear'd in my decay.
Who ſo by violence ſcales the throne of State,
Seldome ſits ſure, but falles by violent fate.

HOW KING STATER OF SCOTLAND was ſlaine by *Mulmucius Donwallo*, *about the yeare before Chriſt*, 441.

DEſiſt not in hiſtories truly to tell
The fall of vſurpers the mirrours of pride.
Recite of our treaſons, and how that we fell,
Intruders vntruſtie the Realme for to guide:
Of wit and of reaſon reckleſſe and wide,
That tooke ſo vpon vs to rule all the land,
No Princes preſum'd yet with ſcepter in hand.

How ſtately I *Stater* of Scotland the King,
Did beare me full ſtoutly when I had the crowne:
And what a great armie of Scots I did bring,
Againſt Lord *Donwallo*, of noble renowne.
I deemed dame Fortune would neuer ſo frowne,
Who made me a Prince, that kingdome my pray,
Of late but a ſubiect and ſimple of ſway.

But heere now behold how ſteadie the ſtate
Of climbers aloft is aboue their degree,
And how they do fall from fortune to fate,
Example are ſuch as my fellow and me.
The fruit giues a taſte of the ſap of the tree,
The ſeed of the herbe, the grape of the vine:
The worke wrayes the man, ſeeme he neuer ſo fine.

For when I had leuied an armie to fight,
I ioyned with *Pinnar*, my power to preuaile:
And *Rudacke* of Wales came eke with his might,
Mulmucius Donwallo the King to aſſaile.
Our purpoſe the Prince by prowes did quaile,
Which came out of Cornewall, vs vanquiſht in field,
Our ſouldiers were ſlaughterd, or forced to yeeld.

O fortune I blame thee, my ſelfe more vnwiſe:
Thou gau'ſt me a kingdome, with life I it loſt.
My ſouldiers were killed before mine owne eies,
Or forced to yeeld, or abandon the coaſt.
I need not of honor or dignitie boaſt,
Or tell of my triumphes, or crake of my crowne:
*The vaunt of vſurpers is void of renowne.

HOW KING RVDACKE OF WALES WAS ſlaine by *Mulmucius Donwallo* about *the yeare before Chriſt*, 441.

RVde are the reuelles royaltie that rape,
Reſtleſſe the raignes of rebels in the robe,
Reckleſſe the rage where crueltie doth ſcrape,
Roundneſſe eſteem'd but little of the globe,
No man ambitious prudent with the probe,
Crownerape accounted but cunning and skill,
Bloodſhead a blockehouſe to beate away ill.

The rudeneſſe of rebels reaching the crowne,
May be compar'd to *Bladhuds* fond diuice.
Better ſit ſtill then fall ſo far adowne,
By my miſhaps let other men be wiſe.
My ſelfe of climbing haue pai'd well the price,
That rudely in throne my ſelfe did inſtall
Aloft, not regarding how low I might fall.

When Britaine was reſtleſſe, wanting a King,
(For *Forrex* hight and *Porrex* both were ſlaine)
The land many peeres ambitious did wring,
Endeuouring each the Kingdome to gaine.
The heires to forſake it wrong did conſtraine,
The ſubiects were armed, we nobles did ſtriue,
At length we amongſt vs diuiſion contriue.

Then recklesse we were when all was at rest,
And each had a kingdome allotted his part:
The vice of the subiects daily increast,
And iustice and right were laid quite apart.
The lawes ouerlashed by couine and craft,
And we that did gouerne did winke at this geare:
The worser thereby, our faithfull friends were.

The ball that dame Fortune emparteth of blisse
Is golden to gaze on, but voluble round:
If once of your handfast in holding you misse,
Away then it roleth, and you are on ground.
Of watchers thereon so many abound;
And catchers thereat, with snatching therefore,
That if once you leese it, you catch it no more.

A Chirurgian that taketh a wound for to cure,
If skilfull and carefull he searcheth it furst:
The sea-man doth sound to take the depth sure,
By wisdome well taught for feare of the worst.
But our vile ambition, blind, blockish, accurst,
Not prouing the sore, nor reckoning the sound,
Our ships and our science we sinke and confound.

Ambition out searcheth to glorie the greece,
The staire to estate, the graple of grace:
But in her is hid of perill a peece,
Which all our attempts doth dimme and deface.
We do enioy her vaine ioyes but a space,
Short, brittle as glasse: false faire giuing light:
Not golden, though glittring braue in the sight.

For when she hath brought vs vnto the throne,
And Fortune hath fraught vs with honor at fill:
Then there to sit stedie and rule all alone
We racke our deuices, and scud with our skill.
We cut off occursions; we prole, pole, and pill:
We bolster, we band out, to bribe, banish, slay
The pillers of prudence that stand in our way.

Our

Our race is then reſtles, our ſleeping vnſound:
Our waking is warfare, our walking hath woe:
Our talking is truſtles, our cares doe abound:
Our fauners deemd faithfull, and friendſhippe a foe.
Which troubles our fancies ſo toſt to and froe,
That ſcarcely wee neuer inioy any reſt
Tormented, whom Fortune exalted and bleſt.

This thing can I witneſſe what troubles enſue,
What cares doe vs compas enhaunſed aloft:
I therefore wiſh rebels to take better view
Of the falles of iutruders, recorded ſo oft.
Who climeth ſo high his fall is not ſoft.
If once hee doe ſtagger or falter aſide,
He cannot recouer the reſt for to guide.

When I who with others did thinke my ſelfe ſure,
Here ruled the realme, there fell out a flawe:
Donwallo did ſeeke the Crowne to procure,
Alleaging a title thereto by the lawe.
Who, when to field our powers we did draw,
Came ſtraight with an hoaſt prepared to fight,
With ſword for to trie out whoſe title was right.

Our number was great, our title vniuſt:
Our conſciences guilty, our ſoudiers agaſt:
Donwallo with honour had ſouldiers of truſt:
And Fortune was friendly to them as they paſt.
They ſlew of our men by manhood full faſt,
Or forſt them to flie: in the field wee were faine
T'oppoſe them (poore Princes) and ſo we were ſlaine.

Firſt *Pinnar*, then *Stater*, I *Rudacke* likewiſe
At laſt was with number oppreſſed diſpatcht.
Let Lordings beware how aloft they doe riſe,
By Princes and commons their climing is watcht.
No ſooner they haue at the ſcepter once ſnatcht,
But guilty themſelues they deeme worthy to die,
And Gods powerfull iuſtice ſuch ſentence doth hie.

HOW THE NOBLE King *Brennus*, after many triumphant victories, at the siege of Delphos in Greece slew himselfe, about the yeare before *Christ*, 375.

AMongst the noble martiall worthy men,
Renowned farre, victorious great of fame,
Though Authors sound my praise: eftsoones agen
Amongst the Britaine Princes write the same.
I am that Britaine once that *Brennus* had to name:
My facts, exploits in warre, my conquests life and end
Doe write as I recite, when time doth leasure lend.

The mightie Monarch of this noble Ile
Mulmucius who with conquering blade did free
The Britans troubled state from tyrants vile,
Was father both to *Belinus* and me.
His noble acts and lawes commended bee.
This *Belinus* (mine elder brother) was his heire,
And Queene *Corwenna* was our mother wise and faire.

When after him my brother had the crowne,
Hee was content to make me eke a king:
He gaue mee Albany, where with renowne
I rulde a while by Iustice euery thing.
But at the last ambition made me bring
An army thence, against my brother for to fight:
Which rather ought t'haue honord him with homage right.

When *Belinus* perceiued mee approach
Vnto his Realme, an army hee addrest:
Hee warned me I should not seeke t'incroach
That was not mine, for hee was ready prest
Me to repell: hee wild mee bee at rest.
I marched on, the armies met, wee fearcely fought:
My souldiers slaine, to saue my selfe by flight I sought.

To

To Norway then, I fled for ſuccour hence,
Where good *Elſingus* reignde the gentle King:
I told him what I was, and eke of whence,
Deſirde his aide, me home againe to bring.
And he not only graunted me this thing,
  But eke his daughter *Samye* faire to bee my wife,
  With me in Albany to leade a Princely life.

But while we were prouiding ſhips and men,
The fame abroad of my returne was ſpread:
And *Guthlake* that was King of Denmarke then,
Prouided with a nauie mee forlead.
His eie on *Samyes* beautie had ſo fed,
  That for her ſake he muſt perforce my ſhips forlay,
  By force of armes to beare the Lady faire away.

And when our nauies met, hee wilde me yeelde
This Lady ſtraight, or elſe defend the cauſe:
A thing (quoth I) requeſted erſt but ſeelde,
Againſt of Gods and men the ſacred lawes.
It hath not erſt bene heard 'mongſt wiſe men ſawes,
  That any King ſhould claime the like by ſtrife,
  Or make aſſault by wrong to winne a Princes wife.

From words to fight we fell on either ſide,
But on his ſide the conqueſt did appeare:
I yeelded her that liſted ſcarce abide,
For ſhe to him before did fauour beare.
By tempeſt then our nauies ſeuered were,
And he perforce by ſtorme on ſhores of Britaine caſt,
For tribute hoſtage gaue to *Belme* ere he paſt.

At ſeas turmoilde fiue daies with raging winde,
Sore wearied with the fight, the foile, and loſſe:
And caſting with my ſelfe in woefull minde,
The cauſe why ſo God *Neptune* did me toſſe:
And why falſe fortune my attempt did croſſe:
  I made a vowe to kill the man that cauſde me flye,
  Or with my bloud, the kingdome all from him to buy.

The Seas alaid, at laſt my ſhips I found,'
And rigde againe, at ſeas we met our foes
The wandring Danes, where we beſet them round
In warlike ſort, we did them all incloſe,
Euen ſo the wheele of Lady Fortune goes,
Abiects, caſts downe, turnes topſie toruie quight,
The men of late extold with all her maine and might.

Theſe ſhips my wants in ſome reſpect ſupplied
With tackle, armour, vitailes and the reſt:
And ſo to Britaine land apace I hide,
For kingdome loſt to make againe requeſt:
Or elſe by might and force away to wreſt
The ſcepter from my brother *Beline*, and the crowne,
Which lay that time by North at Euerwike the towne.

To land I came, and threatned *Beline* ſore,
But he an armie did with ſpeed addreſſe:
Which met me ſtraight at th'entry on the ſhore,
Our battailes ioind and fought with valiantneſſe.
But I was put in th'end to ſuch diſtreſſe
To ſhips I flew, and tooke a few with me beſide,
And hoiſing ſailes, for hap to Gallia ſtrands I hide.

Arriued there, I trauaild long to ſee
The nature of the Countrey and the men:
And for my purpoſe I diſpoſed mee,
To pleaſe the Princes and the people then,
In hope to ſee my countrey once agen.
To win my noble kingdome, or to wreacke the wrong
That I ſuſtaind exilde from natiue ſoile ſo long.

When I had tolde the great miſhaps I had
Vnto the Peeres of Fraunce, ſome aide to craue:
I could obtaine no ſuccour me to glad,
Nor men, munition, ſhips, ne vittailes haue.
I gate me thence to Duke *Seginus* graue,
Of Prouence then the Prince, renowned noble farre,
For prudence prompt in peace, and wiſdome great in warre.

This

This worthy Duke receiued me with ioy,
(For of afflicted wights he had remorce)
He heard me oft declare the great anoy
That I had felt, and of my brothers force.
How *Guthlacke* did my wife and me diuorce:
The broiles at Sea, the toiles I taken had at land:
Which neuer could the face of Fortunes foile withstand.

Thou Britaine tall (quoth he) I rue thy fate
Thou noble Prince (for so thou art in showe)
If I could now restore thee thine estate,
Thou shouldst perceiue what fauour I thee owe.
T'is Fortunes vse t'exalt and ouerthrowe.
My counsaile then is this, expect her grace a while,
Till where shee frownes shee turne her friendly face and smile.

So in his court he did me intertaine,
Where long I liu'd and bare my selfe full well:
Sometimes to play the captaine I was faine,
To win some praise, as causes did compell,
For when his subiects either did rebell,
Or confines made inroads, to spoile or pray his land,
Then appointed was to take the warre in hand,

In armour fearce, and stout, and strong was I,
God *Mars* me gaue a stearne and stormie looke:
With feates of armes by land or seas to try,
Experience taught me what I vndertooke.
No paine, no toile nor daunger I forsooke,
That might content the noble Duke of Sauois minde,
Whose bounteous grace, for aye my loue to him did bind.

In peace full milde I was, of comely grace,
And wise in talke, as time occasion gaue:
And (though I say't) I had a Princely face,
I could both hunt and hawke, and court it braue.
Eke Fortunes past had made me sage and graue:
More heedy all attempts to prosecute with skill:
Rashnes (by poose I found) incurs the greatest ill.

When

When Duke *Seginus* ſaw my humble hart,
A regall Britaine Prince, of royall bloud,
How I emploide my ſelfe and all my art,
Mine actiue feates with grace and prowes good
To ſerue, and quaile his foes that him withſtood:
He gaue his Daughter vnto me, a peerleſſe dame,
With her his Dukedome after him to guide the ſame.

By her (when hee was deade) I Sauoye had,
A countrey fertile, famous for the ſoile.
With liberall gifts the ſouldiers hearts I glad.
To winne the reſts good will I tooke ſome toile,
By banquets, iewels, gifts, or warlike broile:
Still vſing all the meanes t'obeiſance thē to moue,
Eke all the wayes that might allure them me to loue.

And ſetled ſo in honour great at reſt,
Without the feare of forraine foes, or nie:
I muſed what for Britaine warres was beſt,
Which way I might againe my quarell trie.
Such reſtles heades haue they that ſit on hie.
O poore eſtate, how bleſt were thou that ſitſt below,
How happy, ſafe and ſure, if thou thy ſtate couldſt know?

A councell called for the ſame intent,
I told the Lords my purpoſe for the warre:
How I to haue my kingdome here was bent.
They all agreed to leuy neere and farre,
Such ſouldiers good and captaines ſtout that were.
They offered ſeruice eke themſelues to fare with mee,
To winne the crowne by ſword, or els reuenged bee.

Concluding thus, a powre prouided was,
Munition good, and vitailes, ſhipping ſtrong:
On voiage ſo with hoiſed ſailes wee paſſe,
We cut the ſeas, and came apace along
To Britaine ſhores: In hope to wrecke the wrong
That oft before was done, or winne the land againe:
Whence whilome twice I was to fly with daunger faine.

When

When we were landed here, I Herolds ſent.
To claime my Kingdome at his hands, my right:
I bad them, if he were not ſo content,
To ſound defiance, fire, and ſword, and fight.
But of my meſſage hee eſteemed light.
Hee brought an army ſtrong, appointed was the day
Of battaile, then to try who beares the Crowne away.

This when our mother ſawe *Corwenna* wiſe,
That mortall warres we wage for kingdome ſake:
Shee with her ſelfe did many waies deuiſe,
A peace betweene her Martiall ſonnes to make,
And with the Lords full oft did connſell take.
Yet all in vaine: there could no parle of peace preuaile,
But on we marcht agreed each other to aſſaile.

The feelds once pight, and time of battaile come,
In place where ſhould bee tride this quarell ſad,
In armour eke the ſouldiers all and ſome,
With all the force that might ſo ſoone bee had,
We captaines vſing ſpeech our men to glad,
T'incourage them with promiſe proud of laſting fame:
Tweene th'armies *Corwenna* ſtood that noble dame.
And thus ſhee ſpake:

„ O out alas my ſonnes what meanes this broile?
„ Wil you in field my tender bowels harme?
„ What furies force you thus t'unkindly toile?
„ What meane your men for ſlaughter here to ſwarme?
„ Did not this wombe once both incloſe you warme?
„ And cannot now all Britaine hold you brethren twaine,
„ But needes by one of you his brother muſt be ſlaine?

„ Cannot the feare of *Ioues* immortall hate,
„ Your mothers teares, nor woefull wailings moue?
„ Nor naked breſts you ſuckt your malice ſlake?
„ Nor cauſe t'imbrace the ſacred lore of loue?
„ O euerlaſting *Ioue* that liu'ſt aboue!
„ Then I proteſt ere you doe fight the feelde this day,
„ You ſhall in field (vngratefull ſonnes) your woſull mother ſlay,

If

„ Betweene you both you ſhall bereaue my life.
„ What woes (my ſonnes) aliue ſhall I ſuſtaine,
„ When I ſhall after this ambitious ſtrife,
„ So many ſee of both your ſubiects ſlaine?
„ And you with brothers bloud your ſwords diſtaine.
„ I ſhall(I ſay)in th'end of fight take woefull vewe,
„ Of that my ſonne,which this my ſonne his brother ſlewe.

„ O rather now,my ſonnes,leaue off to iar,
„ Lay weapons both aſide,take truce a while:
„ If you doe loue to ſpend your time in war,
„ Deſtroy not here at home your natiue Ile:
„ The preſent cauſe and quarell is too vile.
„ Ioine friendly both your armies faith,and firme the ſame,
„ To take ſome conqueſt great in hand of laſting fame.

„ Therein you may with greater honour deale,
„ By this you ſhall defame your ſelues for aye.
„ Thereby you may enlarge your publique weale,
„ By this your ſelues and it ſhall quite decay.
„ Thereby you ſhall mine age with honour ſtay.
„ Thereby you ſhall moſt like your noble father bee:
„ Which ere he wore the crowne did conquer kingdomes three.

„ Once for my ſake then ioine yet hands againe,
„ Let me enioy once both before I die.
„ I would to ſee you friends my ſonnes bee faine,
„ And hope I haue you will not this denie.
„ I aſke a thing ſhall neuer hurt perdy.
„ For if you now ſurceaſe,and loue as brethren well,
„ Then all the world of this your concord aye ſhall tell.

And turning then to me thus wiſe ſhe ſaid:
„ Thou knoweſt,my ſonne,how twice thou haſt been foild:
„ Thou twice to ſcape with life waſt well apaide,
„ And ſince full farre to countries ſtraunge haſt toild.
„ If now thou ſhouldſt of life and all bee ſpoilde,
„ (When liue thou maiſt in Princely ſort with peereleſſe ioy)
„ What tongue can tell thy mothers griefe and great anoy.

I heare

" I heare thou haſt in France a Dukedome good,
" Of ſubiects good thou haſt an armie heere:
" Thou haſt a wife that came of noble blood,
" Thou need'ſt at home no foes at all to feare.
" What mean'ſt thou then ſuch mortall hate to beare,
" Againſt my ſonne thy brother heere, which gaue to thee
" His kingdome halfe, the noble land of Albany?

" Sith thine ambition firſt procur'd the ſtrife,
" Which did'ſt in armour riſe againſt thy King,
" Againſt thy brother lou'd thee more then life,
" Thou did'ſt thy ſubiects his againſt him bring,
" Think'ſt thou it was a wiſe or worthie thing?
" If not: thou haſt good cauſe thy treaſon all confeſſe:
" And though he draue thee hence, to loue him ne're the leſſe.

" Thou ſhalt therefore ſubmit thy ſelfe to me,
" And take a truce, a peace I will conclude:
" Thy brother eke ſhall ſo contented be,
" No quarrels old ſhall be againe renew'd.
" Theſe broiles haue oft my cheekes with teares bedew'd,
" My heart is rent, my hope bereau'd, my ioyes are gone,
" My life is loſt, if you conioyne not both in one.

" Then turning vnto *Belinus* ſhe ſpake:
" My noble ſonne (quoth ſhe) thou twice haſt quail'd
" Thy brothers power, and mad'ſt him twice forſake
" His natiue land, which I haue oft bewail'd.
" What though thou haue ſo oft before preuail'd,
" Think'ſt thou againe the third time eke to win the field?
" Or art thou ſure to ſlay my ſonne, or force him yeeld?

" What glorie canſt thou get thereby in th'end?
" Will not the world of your foule ſlaughters tell?
" Will not they all that liue, ſtill diſcommend
" The man that did his owne deare brother quell?
" *Mempricius* ſhamefull acts are knowne too well,
" And *Porrex* Britaines both, their noble brethren ſlew,
" Confounded after both, examples good for you.

Now

" Now further this againe to both I ſay:
" Do not you rue theſe noble ſouldiers good?
" Do not you ſee how many you ſhall ſlay?
" Haue you no care to ſhed their guiltleſſe blood?
" The ſtate of tyrants neuer ſtable ſtood,
" By bloodſhed they do build, and prop their tottering State,
" Raigne, liue and die deſpiſde, in neuer dying hate.

" You noble men, in briefe I ſpeake to you,
" And vnto all the Captaines of your bands:
" And eke to all you ſouldiers good and true,
" Which haue the ſway of bloodſhed in your hands.
" Conſider well the ſtate of both our lands:
" You ſhall decreaſe your force, by diſcord and by ſtrife,
" Diſtaine your bloods, and reaue *Corwennas* of her life.

" Then if that either *Ioues* immortall ire,
" (Which euer hated ſlaughters ſuch as theſe)
" Or feare of *Plutoes* euerlaſting fire,
" Or dangers threatned both by land and ſeas,
" Or mothers mind (which both you ought to pleaſe)
" Or countries loue, or peace (which all are bound t'imbrace)
" May ought perſwade, then let my iuſt requeſt haue place.

" If not, loe heere my naked breaſt (quoth ſhe)
" Which once you both did ſucke in tender age.
" Let both your ſwords in theſe firſt bathed be,
" Perhaps this ſlaughter ſhall your thirſts aſſwage.
" It ſhall be counted euen as ſmall outrage
" To ſlay your mother pleading for a righteous peace,
" As wage the warres which gods commands you to ſurceaſe.

Much more ſhe ſaid which were too long to tell:
And proffred forth to ſwords her naked breſt.
But when we both conſidered had full well
Her wofull teares, her wiſe and graue requeſt,
They ſo to peace our hautie hearts addreſt,
We laid our weapons downe: we met, and did imbrace,
All warre was ſet aſide, and Ladie peace tooke place.

We

We ioyned hands, our captaines did the like,
And eke the ſouldiers linked all in loue:
There was not one that did our truce miſlike,
Our peace did all to ioy and maruell moue.
With many triumphes feates of armes we proue,
Our ſubiects all reioyce, in ſongs we ſound *Corwennas* praiſe,
Her fame to skies, aloft with many ſhouts and cries they raiſe.

The Galles and Senons then ſuppoſing me
In Britaine from my Dukedome hard at fight,
Thought great occaſion offred them to be,
And ſet themſelues in armes and order right.
My ſubiects eke of Sauoy day and night
They did entice, perſwade, ſolicite and conſtraine,
To chuſe another Duke at home with them to raigne.

Whereof when I heard tell in Britaine Ile,
Eke when my brother *Beline* thereof knew,
We laid aſide our ſports and plaies a while,
And of our ſouldiers tooke a muſter new.
Of both our hoaſts we choſe a noble crew.
We paſt the ſeas, as brethren ought, in concord knit:
And both our force in one to conquer France we fit.

Without reſiſtance much we ſpoil'd the land
At th'entrie in, and after many fights
We conquer'd all the Realme, my foes we fand,
Which were in armes ſtout, valiant, noble wights.
By ſword they fell, or flew before our ſights.
The Germans force, likewiſe that did them ſuccour ſend,
We made to fall therefore, and to our ſcepters bend.

Three hundred thouſand we in armour had,
An armie great renown'd Europa through:
The Kings and Princes of our peace were glad,
We were in fight ſo puiſſant fierce and rough.
Munition, victuals, money eke enough,
We had of tributes ſtore, of duties in that came:
Through all the world of *Brenne* and *Beline* flew the fame.

To

To vs came ſouldiers out of many parts,
And captaines worthie for the fame of warre,
Offierce *Bellona* braue we had the arts,
Whereof we wanne the praiſe both neere and farre.
But not with this we ſo contented are.
As *Hercules* to ſcale the Alpes did firſt contend:
So we againe (a worke of toile) the cloudie Alpes aſcend.

The craggie mountaines that do touch the skies,
With aged heads are euer white with ſnow,
The ſeas allow do rore, whence vapours riſe,
And from the hilles great ſtreames of waters floe.
The pathes ſo ſtrict to paſſe which few do goe.
The ice, ſnow, cold, clouds, rombling ſtormes, and ſights aboue,
Are able conſtant hearts with doubtfull feare to moue.

For as you go, ſometimes y'ar faine to reatch
And hang by hands, to wend aloft the way:
And then on buttocks downe another breatch,
With elbowes and with heeles your ſelfe to ſtay.
Downe vnder well behold the ſtreames you may,
And waters wilde which from the mountaines falling flow:
Ore head the rocks hang threatning death to them below.

When we theſe Alpes had paſt with dangers great,
To Cluſium towne in Tuſcane land we came:
The Tuſcans as we droue our heards of neat.
Did iſſue out to intercept the ſame.
Ambaſſage to the Romans eke they frame,
To helpe them 'gainſt the Galles (ſo vs they counted there)
Becauſe I was of France, and Frenchmen with vs were.

The Romans then, becauſe that our ſucceſſe
Reported was to them in warres before,
Fearing their owne eſtate could do no leſſe,
But aide their neighbours now at need the more.
To treate of peace they ſent to vs therefore.
We anſwer'd we deſir'd but ſpace wherein to dwell,
Becauſe our peopled countrie could not hold vs well.

But

But they forgetting quite of armes the lawe,
Did arme themselues, ambassadours full stoute:
With Clusians came to bring vs all in awe,
Without respect of any further doute.
Whereon, the siege from Clusium walles about
We raised straight, at Rome we founded loud alarmes,
To wreake reuenge for breach done gainst the law of armes.

Yet first we thought it best ambassage send,
To haue truce breakers such deliuered vs
By law of armes as ought no weapons wend,
And yet against the lawes came armed thus.
They said we were a people barbarous,
They neither punish would nor yeeld those Romanes good,
But honour them: they came of *Fabius* noble blood.

Full swiftly on we marched then in haste,
And towards Rome with all our power we hide:
At Alia flood gan forty thousand taste
Of Romanes that vs met what might betide.
We slew them fast, the rest durst not abide.
We had the spoile, to Rome we came, which we possesse:
A thousand waight of gold the Romanes paid for peace.

Pannonia eke with broiles of warres we tame,
And many yeares we kept them vnder yoke:
The Princes all about that heard our fame
Desired peace, not daring vs prouoke.
We Britaines made Europa all to smoke.
To part our armies then in twaine we tooke no doubt,
And seueralt conquests tooke in hand, as captaines stout.

To Macedonie *Beline* tooke the way,
Where raigned *Ptolome* the tyrant fell,
Which did his sisters sonnes vniustly slay
Before their mothers face, and her expell,
Arsinoë that vsde him earst so well:
Though by the gods he sware to take her to his wife,
And loue her sonnes, and here he them bereft of life.

Euen ſo that wicked King at firſt refuſde
To purchaſe peace with price, or hoſtage ſend,
That had before the faith of Gods abuſde,
Was deſtinate to haue a noughtie end.
Let Princes well beware what they pretend.
* Who for a crowne breakes faith, and murders foule commits,
He will be ſure to fall, on ſliperie throne he ſits.

Our cuſtome was that time to ſend each where
Our Hearolds offering peace for tribute gold:
But from King *Ptolome* theſe newes we heare,
No peace he crau'd, no tribute pay he would,
Ne friendſhip crau'd (as he the Hearold told)
Except our weapons laid adowne we would ſubmit,
No arguments of peace he would admit.

King *Beline* ſmil'd to heare the heedleſſe King
Raſh witted, ſo ſelfe-wild, and after this
The Dardanes offered twentie thouſand bring
Of ſouldiers arm'd for aide, to ioyne with his.
Quoth he, not loſt all Macedonie is.
If we once conquer'd by *Alexanders* hand,
Need we the Dardanes aide, theſe ſtrangers to withſtand?

We haue (quoth he) ſome ſouldiers ſonnes of thoſe
Which ſeru'd in pay with them that vanquiſhit all:
And for our ſelues we nothing feare our foes,
Although our armie ſeeme to *Dardane* ſmall.
This when th'ambaſſadours related all
To good King *Dardane*, then this noble Realme (quoth he)
By this yong princox pride, will all diſpoiled be.

With that alarme they crie, and armies ioyne,
Where Britaines ſlay the Macedonian crew:
And haue for ſpoile their victuals, armour, coyne,
Tooke *Ptolomey* their King, and him they ſlew.
His head aboue the campe they beare for view
On ſpeare, to make the reſt of Greekes in doubt to ſtand,
Before they enterpriſe to take ſuch warres in hand.

On

On this the fame of Britaines farre was ſpred,
All Macedonie held their countrey ſpoil'd:
To *Alexander* (erſt their armies led)
And vnto *Philip*, Princes neuer foil'd,
As vnto Gods they crie in warres tormoil'd.
O helpe (quoth they) our countrey falles, we are vndone,
Without your powerful aides: whoſe acts the world haue won.

But *Soſthenes* a Macedonian ſtout,
When as the Britaines bathed in their bliſſe,
Gate vnto him a warlike worthie rout,
And ſet againe on *Beline* there and his,
Put him to foile for all his worthineſſe.
For which the ſouldiers all did chuſe him for their King,
But them as captaine he againſt their foes would bring.

When this in Greece I heard, and their ſucceſſe
Firſt of the field they won, and follie then
Enricht with ſpoiles, giuen all to idleneſſe,
Which were before approued valiant men:
I ſound retreate, and backwards gate agen,
With ſeuen ſcore and ten thouſand footmen for the fight,
And fifteene thouſand horſe, which made a goodly ſight.

With theſe appointed well my friends to aide
The Britaines good, and *Beline* in that caſe,
To Macedone I martcht with vengefull blade
To take reuenge for *Belines* late diſgrace.
Whereto when as we came, in little ſpace
We wan the field in fight, we ſpoil'd the land at will,
In pleaſures plung'd we had of wealth, and fame, our fill.

So I that had all Macedone in awe,
With ſpoile of mortall men was not content:
I paſt not of theſe conqueſts all a ſtraw,
The temples of the gods to ſpoile I ment,
And towards Delphos with mine armie went.
On high his temple ſtood moſt glorious to behold,
And god *Apollos* ſhrine enricht with gifts of gold.

The rich and wealthy gods (quoth I) may lend
To mortall men ſome of their treaſures great:
They haue no neede thereof for to diſpend
For clothing, victuals, armour, drinke or meate.
But yet we muſt therefore their prieſts intreate.
There is enough for them, and many moe beſide,
Of offerings great, from Princes brought both far and wide.

This Delphos is on mount Parnaſſus faire
In Greece, well fenſt with riſing rockes about,
By nature plaſte aloft in pleaſant ayre,
So high to ſcale they neede no foes to doubt.
No watch, no warde to keepe the walles about.
So ſtrong ſteepe pendent are the rockes whereon it ſtands;
As not the like could ſince be made with mortall hands.

When in this citie ſhoutes aloude they make,
Or when the trumpets ſound therein is heard,
The Ecchoes ſhrill ſo cauſe the skies to ſhake,
That ſtrangers ſtaring ſtand and muſe affeard.
The words and tunes reſound againe ſo hard,
So oftentimes about from euery rocke ſo plaine,
As if to one that cride, one cride to him againe.

This made the men that came from far to maze,
To maruaile much, to feare and wonder ſtill:
And at the ſight thereof to ſtare and gaze,
Deuiſing oft the high and mighty hill.
A building founded firſt by heauenly skill
In citie built, and coſtly grau'd with worke of hand,
Apolloes temple high aboue the reſt doth ſtand.

T'is round theater wiſe ſo braue within
And large aloft, without pendant vpright,
So high it ſeemes impoſſible to win,
With comely forme the gazers to delight.
The maieſtie whereof did them inuite
That choſe that ſeate, t'erect a temple in the ſame,
Whereof for Oracles was ſpread a wondrous fame.

Amidſt

Amid'ſt the height of this Parnaſſus mount
A turning way there is, and in the plaine
A den through rockes for deepneſſe doth ſurmount,
And turning vaults far in, whence anſweres vaine
The Prieſts receiue from ſprites to tell againe.
When any come for counſell there, of things to know:
The anſwere of deluding ſprites the Prieſts do ſhow.

Wherefore the Kings and peoples offerings brought,
From all the world and coaſts of nations far:
With many gifts of gold and ſiluer wrought,
The gold of Kings and iewels rich were there.
To Delphos all they run that doubtfull are.
This was the madnes then that mortall men bewitcht:
Whereby *Apolloes* Temple was with gold ſo inricht.

Lo now I tell at Delphos what I did,
For towards it as with my mates I went,
Them be of courage good nought feare I bid,
With Delphos ſpoile them to reward I ment.
But now I askt how they would giue conſent,
Stout *Euridane* and *Theſſalone* I did aſſay,
Where it were good to ſcale, or elſe a while to ſtay.

The Captaines counſell was alarme to call,
Before the Grecians did prouide defence:
And ſtraight to ſcale with skill the mightie wall,
Before the citie knew of our pretence.
The ſouldiers ſtout abroad encamped thence,
And ſaid they muſt refreſh their wearied limbes a ſpace,
Vnable elſe to ſcale, or meet their foes in face.

The Greekes in villages to make them trip
Intreated them to make no ſpare of wine:
The Britaine ſouldiers fell thereon to ſip,
Forgate their feats of warre and plai'd the ſwine.
Againſt their captaines eke they gan repine.
So that full long it was or we could them perſwade
To flie from *Bacchus* boothes, and fall againe to blade.

Of ſouldiers thouſands ſixtie fiue I had,
But of our foes ſcarce fourteene thouſand were:
The ſtately towne they ſee, their hearts to glad,
I bad them not at all to ſtand in feare.
Behold (quoth I) what doth in ſight appeare,
Thoſe charets glittering braue, and ſtatures all of gold
Of ſollid maſſe, more rich then glorious to behold.

For on the Temple ſtood faire golden ſhapes,
And in the walles thereof their pictures ſhone:
Not one of theſe (quoth I) the Britaines ſcapes,
We ſouldiers ſhall poſſeſſe them euery one.
Let vs therefore not linger here vpon,
But giue th'aſſault: for heere the God *Apolloes* pride,
In price of gold, and gemmes, ſurmounts all Greece beſide.

We haue or this the wealth of men poſſeſt
(Yet worthie Princes all) of mortall men:
But heere the treaſures of the Gods are preſt
To looke for vs: ſhall we refuſe them then?
We ſhall not ſo be proffered oft agen.
Within the walles hereof are greater farre by oddes:
Th'attire, crownes, ſcepters, plate and garniſh of the Gods.

We ſound Alarame, th'aſſault the rockes aſſayes,
Our ſouldiers brainſicke, heedleſſe vp aſcend:
The Delphos men had fenſt the eaſieſt waies,
So that againſt the rockes our force we bend.
With ſtones the ſcaling Britaines downe they hend.
An earthquake eke by vowes the ſacrificers reare.
Which on my ſouldiers downe a mightie rocke did teare.

The ground did ſhake, and rent, and tempeſts riſe,
The haileſtones mightie fall, the thunders rore:
The lightnings flaſhing dazled all our eyes,
The Britaines from th'aſſault were ouerborne.
My ſouldiers ſlaine diſcomfit me before.
And I ſore wounded, foule amazde, orecome with ſmart,
T'eſcape the Greekiſh ſword, did pierce my ſelfe to th'heart.

You

You noble captaines now that know my facts,
Learne valiantly in warres the ſword to wend:
Let fame extoll your wiſe and warlike acts,
And let report your fortitude commend.
But let your warfares haue a wiſer end,
And let what *Bochas* writes and *Higgins* heere doth pen,
Declare what good we gate, to warre with Delphos men.

HOW KING KIMARVS WAS DEVOVred by wilde beaſts the yeare be*fore Chriſt*, 321.

NO place commends the man vnworthie praiſe.
No Kingly ſtate doth ſtay vp vices fall:
No wicked wight to woe can make delaies,
No loftie lookes preſerue the proud at all.
No brags or boaſt, no ſtature high and tall,
No luſtie youth, no ſwearing, ſtaring ſtout,
No brauerie, banding, cogging, cutting out.

Then what auailes to haue a Princely place,
A name of honor or an high degree,
To come by kindred of a noble race?
Except we princely, worthie, noble be.
The fruit declares the goodnes of the tree.
Do brag no more, of birth or linage than,
For vertue, grace, and manners make the man.

My ſelfe might brag, and firſt of all begin,
Mulmucius made and conſtituted lawes:
And *Belinus* and *Brenne* his ſonnes did win
Such praiſe, that all the world giue them applauſe,
Gurgunſtius Readbeard with his ſober ſawes.
The ſonne of *Belne* and my Grandſire grand
Was fortunate, what ere he tooke in hand.

His ſonne my grand ſire *Guintheline* did paſſe
For vertues praiſe, and *Martia* was his wife,
A noble Queene that wiſe and learned was,
And gaue her ſelfe to ſtudie all her life,
Deuiſing lawes, diſcuſt the ends of ſtrife
Amongſt the Britaines to her endleſſe fame:
Her ſtatutes had of *Martian* lawes the name.

My father eke was ſober, ſage and wiſe,
Cicilius hight, King *Guintheline* his ſonne:
Of noble Princes then my ſtocke did riſe,
And of a Prince of Cornwall firſt begonne.
But what thereby of glorie haue I wonne?
Can this ſuffice to anſwere eke for mee,
I came by parents of an high degree?

Or ſhall I ſay I was forſooth the King?
Then might I liue as lewdly as I luſt.
No ſure, I cannot ſo auoid the ſting
Of ſhame, that prickes ſuch Princes are vniuſt.
We rather ſhould vnto our vertues truſt.
For * vertue of the ancient blood or kin,
Doth only praiſe the men that vertuous bin.

And nobles only borne (of this be ſure)
Without the vertues of their noble race,
Do quite and cleane themſelues thereby obſcure,
And their renowne and dignities deface.
They do their birth and linage all deface.
For why, indeed they euer ought ſo well
In vertues graue, as titles braue excell.

But oft (God wot) they fare as erſt did I,
They thinke if once they come of Princely ſtocke,
Then are they placed ſafe and ſure, ſo hie
Aboue the reſt, as founded on a rocke.
Of wiſe mens warnings all they make a mocke,
They counſels graue, as abiect reeds, deſpiſe,
And count the braue, men gratious, worthie, wiſe.

This Kingdome came to me by due diſcent,
For why my father was before me King:
But I to pleaſure all, and luſt was bent,
I neuer reckt of Iuſtice any thing.
What purpoſe I to paſſe did meane to bring,
That ſame t'accomplihſh I with all my might
Endeuour'd euer, were it wrong or right.

I deem'd the greateſt ioyes in earthly hap,
I thought my pleaſures euer would abide,
I ſeem'd to ſit in Lady Fortunes lap,
I reckt not all the world, me thought, beſide.
I did by luſt my ſelfe and others guide,
Whereby the fates to worke my bane withall
And cut me off, thus wiſe procur'd my fall.

As I was alwaies bent to hunting ſtill,
(Yet hunting was no vice to thoſe I had)
When I three yeares had rul'd this Realme at will,
In chace a chance did make my heart full ſad.
Wilde cruell beaſts as deſperate and mad
Turn'd backe on me, as I them brought to bay,
And in their rage my ſinfull corps did ſlay.

A iuſt reward for ſo vniuſt a life,
No worſe a death, then I deſerued yore.
Such wreckes in th'end to wretches all are rife,
Who may and will not call for grace before.
My wilfull deeds were nought, what wilt thou more?
For wanton wildeneſſe, witleſſe, heedleſſe toyes:
The brutiſh beaſts bereau'd me of my ioyes.

HOW

HOW KING MORINDVS WAS DEuoured by a monſter, the yeare *before Chriſt.* 303.

LEt me likewiſe declare my facts and fall,
And eke recite what meanes this ſlimie glere:
You need not faine ſo quaint a looke at all,
Although I ſeeme ſo fulſome euery where.
This blade in bloodie hand, which I do beare,
And all his gore bemingled with this glew,
In witneſſe I the dreadfull monſter ſlew.

Then marke my tale: beware of raſhnes vile,
I am *Morindus*, once a Britaine King,
On whom long time did Ladie Fortune ſmile,
Till to her wheeles ſteepe top ſhe did me bring.
My fame both far and neare ſhe made to ring,
And eke my praiſe exalted ſo to skie,
In all my time more famous none then I.

Some ſay I was, by birth, a baſtard bace,
Begotten of the Prince his concubine:
But what I was declared well my grace,
My fortitude, and ſtature Princely mine.
My father eke that came of Princely line
King *Danius* gaue not ſo bace degree,
Nor yet the noble Britaines vnto mee.

For feats of armes and warlike points I paſt,
In courage ſtout there liu'd not then my peere:
I made them all that knew my name agaſt,
And heard how great mine enterpriſes were,
To ſhrinke, and ſlinke, and ſhift aſide for feare.
All which at length did me ſuch glorie bring,
My father dead, the Britaines made me King.

But

But ſee how blind we are, when Fortune ſmiles,
How ſenceleſſe we, when dignities increaſe:
We euer vſe our ſelues diſcreetly whiles
We little haue, and loue to liue in peace.
Subiected thoughts doth wicked pride ſuppreſſe:
We vſe no rigour, rancour, rapine, ſuch
As after, when we haue our willes too much.

For whiles that I a ſubiect was, no King,
While I had nothing, but my facts alone:
I ſtudied ſtill, in euery kind of thing
To ſerue my Prince, and vnderfang his fone:
To vſe his ſubiects friendly euerychone:
And for them all aduentures ſuch to take,
As might them all my perſon fauour make.

But when I once attained had the Crowne,
I waxed cruell, tyrannous and fell:
I had no longer minde of my renowne,
I vſde my ſelfe too ill, the truth to tell.
O bace degree in happie caſe full well!
Which art not puft with pride, vaine-glorie, hate,
But art beneath, content to bide thy fate.

For I aloft, when once my heate was in,
Not raind by reaſon, ruled all by might:
Ne prudence reckt, right, ſtrength, or meane a pin,
But with my friends, in anger all would fight.
I ſtroke, kild, ſlew who euer were in ſight,
Without reſpect, remorce, reproofe, regard,
And like a mad man in my furie far'd,

I deem'd my might and fortitude was ſuch,
That I was able thereby conquer all:
High kingdomes ſeat encreaſt my pompe ſo much,
My pride me thought impoſſible to fall.
But God confounds our proud deuices all,
And brings that thing wherein we moſt do truſt,
To our deſtruction, by his iudgement iuſt.

For

For when three yeares I ruled had this Ile
Without all law, as was my lawlesse life,
The rumour ran abroad within a while,
And chiefly in the Norwest countrie rife,
A monster came from Th'irish seas, brought griefe
To all my subiects in those coasts did dwell,
Deuouring man and beast, a monster fell.

Which when I knew for truth, I straight prepar'd
In warlike wise my selfe to trie the case:
My haste thereto a courage bold declar'd,
For I alone would enter in the place.
At which, with speare on horse I set my race,
But on his scales it enter could no more,
Then might a bulrush on a brasen dore.

Againe I prou'd, yet nought at all preuail'd
To breake my speare, and not to pierce his side:
With that the roring monster me assail'd,
So terrifi'd my horse I could not ride.
Wherewith I lighted, and with sword I tri'd
By strokes to find a passage to his life,
But now I found in vaine was all my strife.

And when I wearied was, and spent with fight,
That kept my selfe with heed his danger fro:
At last almost asham'd I wanted might
And skill, to worke the beastly monster wo.
I gate me neerer with my sword him to,
And thought his flanckes or vnder parts to wound,
If there, for scales, might any place be found.

But frustrate of my purpose, finding none,
And eke within his danger entring quite:
The grizely beast straight seazed me vpon,
And let his talants on my corps to light.
He gript my shoulders, not resist I might:
And roring with a greedie rauening looke,
At once in iawes my bodie whole he tooke.

The

The way was large, and downe he drew me in,
A monſtrous paunch for roomth and wondrous wide:
But (for I felt more ſofter there the skin)
At once I drew a dagger by my ſide.
I knew my life no longer could abide
For rammiſh ſtench, bloud, poiſon, ſlimy glere
That in his body ſo aboundant were.

Wherefore I labouring to procure his death,
While firſt my dagger digde about his hart,
His force to caſt me welnigh drewe my breath.
But as he felt within, his woundes to ſmart,
I ioyed to feele the mighty monſter ſtart,
That roard, and belcht, and groande, and plungde, and cride,
And toſt me vp and downe, from ſide to ſide.

Long ſo in pangs hee plungde, and panting lay,
And drew his winde ſo faſt with ſuch a powere,
That quite and cleane he drew my breath away,
Wee both were dead well nigh within an houre.
Lo thus one beaſtly monſter did deuoure
Another monſter moodles, to vs paine:
At once the realme was rid of monſters twaine.

Here maiſt thou ſee of fortitude the hap,
Where prudence, iuſtice, temperance hath no place:
How ſuddenly we taken are in trap,
When we deſpiſe good vertues to embrace.
Intemperance doth all our deeds deface,
And lets vs heedles headlong run ſo faſt,
We ſeeke our owne deſtruction at the laſt.

For he that hath of fortitude and might,
And thereto hath a kingdome ioind withall:
Except he alſo guide himſelfe aright,
His powre and ſtrength prewaileth him but ſmall,
He can not ſcape at length an haples fall.
You may perceiue a myrrour plaine by me,
Which may with wiſdome well ſufficient be.

HOW

HOW KING EMERIANVS FOR HIS TYRANNIE WAS DEPOSED, ABOVT THE yeare before Christ, 225.

THe wofull wight that fell from throne to thrall,
The wretch that woue the web wherin he goes:
A dolefull blacke bad weede ſtill weare hee ſhall
In woefull ſort, and nothing blame his foes.
What neede ſuch one at all his name diſcloſe?
Except the reſt of Britaine princes ſhould,
Not here for ſhame reſite his name he would.

I am *Emeriane* King that raign'd a ſpace,
Scarce all one yeare, in Britaine Iſle long ſence,
But for I was in maners voide of grace,
Fierce, tyrannous, and full of negligence,
Bloud thirſty, cruell, vaine, deuoide of ſence,
The Britaines me depoſed, from ſeate and crowne,
And reau'd me quite, of riches and renowne.

I was deſpiſde and baniſht from my bliſſe,
Diſcountnanſt, faine to hide my ſelfe for ſhame:
What neede I longer ſtand to tell thee this?
My ſelfe was for my woefull fall too blame.
My raigne was ſhort in few my fall I frame.
My life was lothſome, ſoone like death that found.
Let this ſuffice a warning blaſt to ſound.

HOW

HOW KING CHIRINNVS GIVEN TO DRVNKENNES raigned but one yeare. He died about the *yeare before Christ,* 137.

THough I my ſurfets haue not yet out ſlept,
Nor ſcarce with quiet browes begin my tale,
Let not my drowſy talke bee ouer leapt,
For though my belching ſent of wine or ale,
Although my face be fallo, puſt, and pale,
And legs with dropſy ſwell, and panch reſound:
Yet let me tell what vice did me confound.

Perhaps thou thinkſt ſo groſſe a blockhead blunt,
A ſleepy ſwiniſh head can nothing ſay:
The greateſt heads and ſmalleſt eke were wont
To beare in them the fineſt wits away.
This thing is true, thou canſt it not denay,
And *Bacchus* eke enſharps the wits of ſome,
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere deſertum?

Yet ſith long ſince both braines and all were ſpent,
And this in place amongſt my mates I ſpeake:
I truſt thou wilt be herewithall content,
Although indeed my wits of talke are weake.
So old a veſſell cannot chuſe but leake.
A drunken ſot whoſe faltering feete do ſlip
Muſt pardon craue, his tongue in talke will trip.

Chirinnus was my name a Britaine King,
But rulde ſhort time: Sir *Bacchus* was my let:
Erinnus eke my ſenſes ſo did ſwing,
That reaſon could no ſeat amongſt them get.
Wherefore the truth I pray thee plainely ſet.
I gaue my ſelfe to ſurfets ſwilling wine,
And led my life much like a dronken ſwine.

Diſeaſes

Diſeaſes grew, diſtemprance made me ſwell,
My parched liuer luſted ſtill for baſte:
My timpane founded like a taber well,
And nought but wine did like my greedie taſte.
This vice and moe my life and me defaſte,
My face was blowne and blubd with dropſie wan,
And legs more like a monſter then a man.

So not in ſhape I onely altered was,
My diſpoſitions chang'd in me likewiſe:
For vices make a man, a goate, an aſſe,
A ſwine or horſe, (as Poets can compriſe)
Transforming into beaſts by ſundry wiſe
Such men as keepe not onely ſhape of men,
But them miſhapeth alſo now and then.

Wherefore let who ſo loues to liue long daies
Without diſeaſes, ſtrong, in youthfull ſtate,
Beware of *Bacchus* booth which all betraies,
The vaile of vices vaine, the hauen of hate,
The well of weake delights, the brand of bate,
By which I loſt my health, life, Realme and fame,
And onely wonne the ſhrouding ſheete of ſhame.

HOW KING VARIANVS GAVE HIMSELFE TO THE luſtes of the fleſh, and dyed about the *yeare before Chriſt*, 136.

Here no good gifts haue place, nor beare the ſway,
What are the men, but wilful caſtaway?
Where gifts of grace doe garniſh well the King,
There is no want, the land can lacke nothing.
The Court is ſtill well ſtor'd with noble men,
In Townes and Cities Gouernours are graue:
The common wealth doth alſo proſper then,
And wealth at will the Prince and people haue.

Perhaps

Perhaps you aske, what Prince is this appeares?
What meanes his talke in these our golden yeares?
A Britaine Prince that *Varianus* hight,
I held sometime the Scepter here by right.
And though no need there be in these your daies
Of states to tell, or vertues good discriue,
Good counsaile yet doth stand in stead alwaies,
When time againe may vices olde reuiue.

If not: yet giue me leaue amongst the rest
Which felt their fall, or had their deaths addrest:
My cause of fall let me likewise declare,
For * falles the deaths of vicious Princes are.
They fall, when all good men reioice or see
That they short time enioide their places hie.
For Princes which for vertues praised be,
By death arise, extold they scale the skie.

I will be short, because it may suffice
That soone is said, to warne the sage and wise.
Or if that they no warning need to haue,
This may perchance somewhat their labour saue
With those, that will not heare their faults them told,
By such as would admonish them for loue:
When they my words and warnings here behold,
They may regard and see their owne behoue.

About my time the Princes liu'd not long,
For all were giuen almost to vice and wrong:
My selfe voluptuous was abandond quite,
To take in fleshly lust my whole delite:
A pleasure vile, that drawes a man from thrift and grace,
Doth iust desires, and heauenly thoughts expell:
Doth spoile the corps, defiles the soule, and fame deface,
And brings him downe to *Plutoes* paines of hell.

For this my ſinne my ſubiects hated mee,
Repining ſtill my ſtained life to ſee.
As when the Prince is wholly giuen to vice,
And holdes the lewder ſort in greateſt price,
The land decaies, diſorder ſprings abroad,
The worſer ſort doe robbe, pill, pole, and ſpoile
The weaker force to beare the greateſt loade,
And leeſe the goods for which they earſt did toile.

How can *Iehoua* iuſt abide the wrong?
He will not ſuffer ſuch haue ſcepter long.
As he did ſtrike for ſinfull life my ſeate,
And did me downe from royall kingdome beate:
The like examples are in ſtories rife,
No wicked wight can gouerne long in reſt:
For either ſome bereaues him of his life,
Or downe his throne and kingdome is depreſt.
Bid Princes then and noble Peeres the like delights deteſt.
There is no way the wrath of *Ioue* to wreſt.

HOW THE WORTHIE Britaine Duke *Nennius* as a valiant Souldier and faithfull Subiect encountred with *Iulius Cæſar*, was by him *death-wounded: yet neuertheleſſe he gate* Cæſars *ſword, put him to* flight, ſlew therewith *Labianus* a Tribune of the Romans, endured fight till his countrie men wan the field, and now encourageth all good Subiects, to defend their countrey from the power of forraine and intruding enemies. He was ſlaine about the yeare before Chriſt, 52.

I May by right, ſome later writers blame,
Of ſtories olde, as rude or negligent:
Or elſe I may them well vnlearned name,
Or heedleſſe in thoſe things about they went.
Some time on me as well they might haue ſpent,
As on ſuch tyrants, who as bloodie foes,
Vnto their countrey wrought ſuch deadly woes.

As

As for my ſelfe I doe not this recite:
(Although I haue occaſion good thereto)
But ſure, me thinks it is too great deſpite
That to the dead theſe moderne writers doe,
For there are Britaines, neither one or two,
Whoſe names in ſtories ſcarcely once appeare:
And yet their liues examples worthy were.

T's worthy praiſe (I graunt) to write the ends
Of vicious men, and teach the like beware:
For what hath he of vertue that commends
Such perſons lewde, as naught of vertues care?
But for to leaue out thoſe praiſe worthy are,
Is like as if a man had not the skill
To praiſe the good, but diſcommend the ill.

I craue no praiſe, although my ſelfe deſeru'd
As great a laude as any one of yore:
But I would haue it tolde how well I ſeru'd
My Prince and Countrey. Faith to both I bore.
All noble hearts, hereby with courage more
May both tall forraine force in fight withſtand,
And of their foes may haue the vpper hand.

Againe, to ſhew how valiant then we were
(You Britaines good) to mooue your hearts thereby
All other nations leſſe in fight to feare,
And for your countrey rather ſo to die
With valiant hauty courage as did I,
Then liue in bondage, ſeruice, ſlauery, thrall
Of forraine powers, which hate your manhood all.

Doe giue me leaue to ſpeake but euen a while,
And marke, and write the ſtory I thee tell.
By North from London more then fifty mile,
There lies the Iſle of Ely, knowne full well,
Wherein my Father built a place to dwell:
And for becauſe he liked well the ſame,
He gaue the place height Ely of his name.

He raigned forty yeares as ſtories tell,
And fame did beare his name both wide and far.
By Iuſtice guided he his ſubiects well,
And liu'd in peace, without the broiles of war.
His childrens noble acts in ſtories are,
In vulgar tongue: but nought is ſaid of mee,
And yet I worthy was the yongſt of three.

His eldeſt ſonne and heire was after King,
A noble Prince, and he was named *Lud:*
Full polliticke and wiſe in euery thing.
And one that wiſh'd his Countrey alwaies good.
Such vſes, cuſtomes, ſtatutes he withſtood
As ſeem'd to bring the publique weales decay,
And them aboliſht, brake ,repeald away.

So he the walles of Troy the new renewde,
Them ſortified with fortie Towers about:
And at the weſt ſide of the wall he vewde
The Towers ſtrong gate to keepe the foemen out,
That made he priſons for the poore bankrout,
Nam'd Ludgate yet, for free men debters, free
From hurt, till with their creditours they gree.

Some ſay the City alſo tooke the name
Of *Lud* my brother: for he it reparde:
And I muſt needs as true confeſſe the ſame,
For why, that time no coſt on it he ſparde,
He ſtill increaſt and peopled euery warde,
And bad them aie Kaerlud the City call,
Or Ludſtone,now you name it London all.

At length he dide, his children vnder age,
The elder named was *Androgeus*,
Committing both vnto my brothers charge,
The younger of them hight *Tenancius*.
The Britaines wanting aged rulers thus,
Choſe for that time *Caſſibellane* their King
My brother, Iuſtice ment in euery thing.

The Romane then the mighty *Caſar* fought
Againſt the Galles, and conquerd them by might:
Which done, he ſtood on ſhores where ſee hee mought
The Ocean Seas, and Britaine clieues full bright.
(Quoth hee) what region lies there in my ſight?
Mee thinkes ſome Iland in the Seas I ſee,
Not yet ſubdued, nor vanquiſt yet by mee.

With that they told him we the Britaines were,
A people ſtout, and fearce in feates of warre.
(Quoth he) the Romanes neuer yet with feare
Of nation rude, were daunted of ſo farre:
We therefore mind to proue them what they are.
And therewithall theſe letters he did frame,
Brought by ambaſſadours which hither came.

C. IVLIVS CÆSAR CONſull of Rome, to *Caſſibellane*, King of Britaine, ſendeth greeting.

SIth that the Gods haue giuen vs all the Weſt
As ſubiects to our Romane *Empire hie*
By Warre, or as it ſeemed Ioue *the beſt,*
Of whom wee Romanes *came, and chiefly I:*

Therefore to you which in the Ocean *dwell,*
(As yet not vnderneath ſubiection due)
Wee ſend our letters greeting: wete yee well,
In warlike caſes thus we deale with you.

Firſt, that you, as the other regions, pay
Vs tribute yearely, Romanes *we require:*
Then, that you will with all the force you may
Withſtand our foes, as yours, with ſword and fire:

And thirdly, that by theſe you hoſtage ſend
T'aſſure the couenants once agreed by you:
So With your daunger leſſe, our warres may end:
Elſe bid we warre. Caſsibellane *adieu.*

Cæſar.

No ſooner were this *Cæſars* letters ſeene,
But ſtraight the King for all his nobles ſent:
He ſhew'd them what their anceſtors had beene,
And prai'd them tell in this their whole intent.
He told them whereabout the Romans went,
And what ſubiection was, how ſeruile they
Should be, if *Cæſar* bare their pompe away.

And all the Britaines euen as ſet on fire
(My ſelfe not leaſt enflamed was to fight)
Did humblie him in ioyfull wiſe deſire,
That he his letters would to *Cæſar* write,
And tell him plaine we paſt not of his ſpite:
We paſt as little of the Romans, we,
And leſſe, then they of vs, if leſſe might be.

Wherefore the ioyfull King againe repli'd,
Through counſell wiſe of all the nobles had:
By letters he the Romans heſts denide,
Which made the Britaines hautie hearts full glad:
And eke the Romane Conſul proud as mad
To heare theſe letters written: thus they went,
Which he againe to mightie *Cæſar* ſent.

CASSIBELLANE KING OF BRITAINE TO C. IVLIVS *Cæſar* Conſull of Rome.

AS thou, O Cæſar, *writ'ſt the Gods haue giuen to thee*
The Weſt: ſo I replie, they gaue this Ile to mee.
Thou ſai'ſt you Romans, and thy ſelfe of Gods deſcend:
And dar'ſt thou then, to ſpoile our Troian blood pretend?
Againe, though Gods haue giu'n thee all the world as thine,
That's parted from the world, thou get'ſt no land of mine.
And ſith likewiſe of Gods we came a Nation free:
We owe no tribute, aide, or pledge to Rome or thee.

Retract-

Retract thy will, or wage thy warre: as likes thee best,
We are to fight, and rather then to friendship, prest.
To saue our countrey from the force of forren strife,
Each Britaine heere, is well content to venter life.
We feare not of the end, or dangers thou dost tell:
But vse thy pleasure if thou maist: thus fare thou well.
Cassibellane.

When *Cæsar* had receiu'd his answere so,
It vext him much: he thereupon decreed
To wage vs warre, and worke vs Britaines woe.
Wherefore he hasted hitherward with speed.
The Britaines eke, prepar'd themselues with heed
To meete the Romans all, in warlike guise,
With all the force, and speed they might deuise.

And heere the wiser deem'd it meeter much
T'assaile them first at th'entry on this land,
Then for to giue arriuall heere to such,
Might with our victuals aide, our selues withstand.
T'is better far the enemies t'aband
Quite from thy borders, to a forren soile,
Then he at home, thee and thy countrie spoile.

Wherefore we met him at his entrie in,
And pitcht our camps directly in his way:
We minded sure to lose, or else to win
The praise, before we past from thence away.
So when that both the armies were in ray,
And trumpets blast on euery side was blowne,
Our minds to either each, were quickly knowne.

We ioyned battaile, fiercely both we fought,
The Romanes to enlarge their Empires fame:
And we with all the force and might we mought,
To saue our countrie, and to keepe our name.
O worthie Britaines! learne to do the same.
We brake the rayes of all the Romane hoast,
And made the mightie *Cæsar* leaue his boast.

Yet he the worthieſt Captaine euer was,
Brought all in ray, and fought againe a new.
His skilfull ſouldiers he could bring to paſſe
At once, for why his traynings all they knew.
No ſooner I his noble corps did view,
  But in I brake amongſt the captaines band,
  And there I faught with *Cæſar* hand to hand.

O God thou might'ſt haue giuen a Britaine grace,
T'haue ſlaine the Roman *Cæſar* noble then:
Which ſought the noble Britaines to deface,
And bring in bondage valiant worthie men.
He neuer ſhould haue gone to Rome agen,
  To fight with *Pompey*, or his peeres to ſlay,
  Or elſe to bring his countrie in decay.

It ioy'd my heart, to ſtrike on *Cæſars* creſt.
O *Cæſar* that there had been none but wee,
I often made my ſword to trie thy breſt:
But Ladie fortune did not fauour mee.
I able was me thought with *Cæſars* three
  To trie the caſe: I made thy heart to quake,
  When on thy creſt, with mightie ſtroke I ſtrake.

The ſtrokes thou ſtrook'ſt me, hurt me nought at all:
For why, thy ſtrength was nothing in reſpect.
But thou had'ſt bath'd thy ſword in poyſon all,
Which did my wound, not deadly elſe, infect.
Yet was I or I parted thence bewreckt.
  I gate thy ſword from thee, for all thy ſame:
  And made thee flie, for feare to eate the ſame.

For when thy ſword was in my target faſt,
I made thee flie, and quickly leaue thy hold:
Thou neuer waſt in all thy life ſo gaſt,
Nor durſt againe be euer halfe ſo bold.
I made a number Romans hearts ful cold.
  Fight, fight, you noble Britaines now (quoth I)
  We neuer all will vnreuenged die.

What

What *Cæsar* though thy praise and mine bee od,
(The ancient stories scarce remember me)
Though Poets all of thee doe make a God,
(Such simple fooles in making Gods they bee)
Yet if I had my quarell try'd with thee,
Thou neuer hadst returnde to Rome againe,
Nor, of thy faithfull friends, bin beastly slaine.

A number Britaines mightst thou there haue seene
Wounded in fight, and spoile their spitefull foes.
My selfe maimde, slew and mangled mo (I weene)
When I was hurt, then twenty more of those.
I made the Romanes stout their courage lose.
In all the campe no Romane scarce I spide
Durst halfe the combate gainst a Britaine bide.

At length I met a noble man, they cald
Him *Labienus*, one of *Cæsars* friends,
A Tribune erst had many Britaines thrald,
Was one of *Cæsars* Legats forth he sends:
Well met (quoth I) I minde to make th'amends,
For all thy friendships to our Country crew.
And so with *Cæsars* sword, his friend I slew.

What neede I name you euery Britaine here,
As first the King, the nobles all beside,
Full stout and worthy wights in warre that were,
As euer erst the stately Romanes tride.
We fought so long they durst no longer bide.
Proude *Cæsar* he for all his bragges and boast
Flew backe to ships, with halfe his scattered hoast.

If he had bene a God (as sots him nam'd)
He could not of vs Britaines taken foile:
The Monarch *Cæsar* might haue been asham'd,
From such an Iland with his ships recoile,
Or else to flie and leaue behind the spoile.
But life is sweete, he thought it better flie,
Then bide amongst vs Britaines, here to die.

I had his ſword, was named *Croceamors*,
With which he gaue me in the head a ſtroke:
The venime of the which had ſuch a force,
It able was to pierce the heart of oke:
No medcines might the poyſon out reuoke.
Wherefore though ſcarce he pierced had the skin,
In fifteene daies my braines it ranckled in.

And then too ſoone (alas) therefore I dide.
Yet would to God he had returnde againe,
So that I might but once the daſtard ſpide
Before he went, I had the ſerpent ſlaine.
He plaide the coward cutthrote all too plaine.
A beaſtly ſerpents heart that beaſts detects,
Which, or he fight, his ſword with bane infects.

Well, then my death brought *Cæſar* no ronowne,
For both I gate thereby eternall fame,
And eke his ſword to ſtrike his friends adowne,
I ſlew therewith his *Labiene* by name.
With Prince, againſt my Countrey foes I came,
Was wounded, yet did neuer faint nor yeeld,
Till *Cæſar* with his ſouldiers fled the field.

Who would not venture life in ſuch a caſe?
Who would not fight, at Countries whole requeſt?
Who would not meeting *Cæſar* in the place,
Fight for life, Prince, and Countrey, with the beſt?
The greateſt courage is by facts expreſt:
Then for thy Prince, with fortitude, as I,
And Realmes defence, is praiſe to liue or dy.

Now write my life when thou haſt leaſure, and
Will all thy countrymen to learne by me,
Both for their Prince and for their natiue land
As valiant, bold, and feareleſſe for to be,
A paterne plaine of fortitude they ſee:
To which directly if themſelues they frame,
They ſhall preſerue their Countrey, faith, and fame.

HOW

HOW THE LORD IRENGLAS COSIN TO KING CASSIBELLANE, was ſlaine by the Lord *Elimine, coſin to* Androgeus *Earle of London, about the yeare before Chriſt,.*

5 I.

AMongſt the reſt that whilome ſate aloft,
Amongſt the reſt, that once had happie chance,
Amongſt the reſt, that had good fortune oft,
Amongſt the reſt, that could themſelues aduance,
Amongſt the reſt, that led in warres the dance,
And wan the palme, the praiſe, renowne, and ſame,
Leaue in thy booke a place to put my name.

I will be briefe and truly tell thee all
The cauſe why I from graue do now appeare,
I will recite to thee my ſudden fall,
And what in life mine exerciſes were.
To which ſince I do ſee thee ſet thine eare,
Marke now my tale, and beare it well away,
Marke what me brought ſo ſudden in decay.

Let who ſo ſtands truſt to a ſtedfaſt hold,
If ſtedfaſt hold he thinke that he may find,
Preſume not on thy ſtrength, nay yet be bold
On Fortunes gifts, nay let her guide thy mind:
In hope of hap, for ſhe is counted blind:
To praiſe her prankes occaſion giues no cauſe.
Do wiſely, or you praiſe her take the pauſe:

Some loue to boaſt what fortune they haue had,
Some other blame misfortune theirs as faſt:
Some tell of fortunes there be good and bad,
Some fooles of fortune make themſelues agaſt.
Some ſhew of fortune comming, preſent, paſt,
And ſay there is a fate that ruleth all:
But ſure it ſeemes their wiſdome is but ſmall.

No

No fortune is ſo bad but we it frame,
There is no chaunce at all hath vs preſeru'd:
There is no fate whom we haue need to blame,
There is no deſtiny but is deſeru'd,
No lucke that leaues vs ſafe or vnpreſeru'd.
Let vs not then complaine of Fortunes skill:
For all our good deſcends from Gods good will.

If ſo a man might ſtay on Fortunes holde,
Or elſe on Prince, as pillar of defence:
Then might my ſelfe t'haue done the ſame be bolde,
In euery perill, purpoſe, or pretence.
Caſſibellane as much as any Prince
Lou'd me his Coſin *Irenglas* by name,
For feates in armes, for fauour and for fame.

I came (by parents) of his regall race,
Liu'd happie daies (if happy mortall be)
Had (as I ſaid) his fauour, bare the grace,
I was his loyall ſeruant franke and free.
But what of this at all preuailed mee?
Yet furthermore the feates of armes I knew,
I fought in field, when mighty *Cæſar* flew.

Shall I for this praiſe Fortune ought at all?
Did Fortune ought in this? no whit be ſure.
Or ſhall I blame her after for my fall
That neuer could me any hurt procure?
T'was glory vaine did ſweetely me allure.
Wherefore giue eare, and then with pen diſcloſe
How ſeeming friends did prooue my chiefeſt foes.

Full happy were our Countrey men that dide,
(As noble *Nennius*) in the field that fought:
When firſt both Britaines, and the Romanes tride
With dint of ſword, if titles theirs were ought.
They dide in their defence: no pompe they ſought:
They liu'd to ſee their Countrey conquer ſtill:
They dide before they felt of priuate ill.

When

When *Cæſar* ſo with ſhamefull flight recoil'd,
And left our Britaine land vnconquer'd firſt:
Which only thought our Realme and vs t'haue ſpoil'd,
We came to ſee (of all our field the worſt)
Our ſouldiers ſlaine. O cruell *Cæſar* curſt,
(Quoth we) by thee did all theſe Britaines die,
That durſt not bide, but like a daſtard flie.

But then to ſee them in array to lie,
And for to ſee them wounded all before,
Not one but in his place his life did trie:
To ſee the Romans bloodie backes that bore
Their wounds in flight all ſcattered on the ſhore,
What thouſand tongues our ioy to light could bring,
This made our hearts reuiue, this pleaſde our King.

With trompets mourning tune, and wayling cries,
And drums, and fluits, and ſhawmes we ſound adieu:
And for our friends we watred all our eyes,
As loth to loſe the liues of ſuch a crew.
To th'earth we bare them all in order dew,
According vnto each mans noble name,
And as their birth requir'd and worthie fame.

Of noble triumphes after was no ſpare,
We Britaines erſt were neuer halfe ſo glad:
That ſo we made the Romans hence to fare,
No tongue can tell the heartie ioyes we had.
We were therewith for battaile bent as mad,
Our fingers tickled ſtill, which came from fight:
We had before our eyes our foes foule flight.

So fares it when the meaner giue the ſpoile,
And make the mightie all their force reuoke:
So fares it when great victours feele the foile,
And men leſſe deem'd do giue the conquering ſtroke,
That pierceth euen the hardeſt heart of oke.
For where the weaker win the wage of fame,
The victours hearts a thouſand ioyes enflame.

A ſolemne Iuſts proclaimed was for thoſe
Who would to win renowne their valour trie,
Where th'Earle of Londons coſin did expoſe
Himſelfe to purchaſe praiſe, againſt whom I
To win the prize did all my powers applie:
But fatall was the ſcope I did intend,
Th'effects bewray'd my folly in the end.

For why, when glorie vaine ſtirres men to ſtrife,
When hope of praiſe prouokes them once to ire:
Then they at all regard no goods nor life,
From faithfull friendſhip rudely they retire:
They are ſo ſet with glories gloſe on fire,
That quite they rule and reaſon wreſt awrie,
They turne away their former friendly eie.

O God that workeſt all the wonder wrought,
(And haſt the power to turne the hearts aliue)
Grant grace to thoſe that labour ſo for nought
But flitting fame, and titles hautie ſtriue.
Let not ambition ſo the earth depriue
Of worthie wights, giue them ſome better grace,
That they may run for countries weale their race.

Let them not breake the bond of friendly loue
In broiles of bate, but friendly faults redreſſe:
Let not them ſo their manhood ſeeke to proue
By priuate hate, to worke their owne diſtreſſe:
So ſhall they need their foes to feare the leſſe.
Friends worſe then forren foes themſelues do make,
That fall at oddes for fond vaine glories ſake.

But what need I on thoſe aliue to ſtay?
They haue examples good before their eyes:
By which (if they haue grace) beware they may,
*The happieſt men by others harmes are wiſe.
Let them not then our warning words deſpiſe,
Do will them wiſely of theſe things debate:
For why, the fooliſh aye the warning hate.

We ſpent the day in iuſting (as I ſaid)
Appointed erſt among our ſelues before:
And all the feats of armes in field we plaid
Æneas taught our anceſtors of yore.
What need I fill thine eares with talking more?
My men and I had put thoſe feats in vre,
And he likewiſe (but nothing yet ſo ſure)

For as with fortune ſtill I gaue the foile,
To him that thought the glorie all to haue,
When he perceiu'd he could not keepe the coile,
Nor yet with equall match himſelfe to ſaue:
Occaſion of diſſenſion great he gaue.
In ſtead of ieſt he offered earneſt play,
In lieu of ſport he ſpite did ſtill diſplay:

The traytour vile, the tyrant (ſo he prou'd)
With coward, canker'd, hatefull, haſtie ire
And caytife dealing, ſhew'd how me he lou'd.
When as he could not to his hope aſpire,
To win the praiſe of triumph, his deſire,
He challeng'd me: and heere began the broile:
He thought with banding braue to keep the coile,

And that becauſe mens iudgement fauour'd me.
Report almoſt of all the common rout
Ran ſtill that I was worthie praiſde to be,
And often times they gaue me all a ſhout.
This made my foes to ſtare and looke about,
And often wiſh them ill aloude that cride:
* Such is the nature ſtill of naughtie pride.

We twaine (quoth he) betweene our ſelues will trie
Alone our manhoods both, if thou conſent.
We ought not breake the Prince his peace (quoth I)
His grace would not therewith be well content.
And ſith no hurt was heere, nor malice ment,
You ought not ſo on choler take it ill,
Though I to win the prize put forth my skill:

With

With that quoth *Elenine* (for ſo he hight)
That was the Earle his coſin, then my foe,
I meane (quoth he) to trie the caſe in fight,
Before thou paſſe againe my preſence froe:
And euen with that he raught to me a bloe.
My friends nor I could not this wrong abide:
We drew, and ſo did thoſe on th'other ſide.

But I was all the marke whereat he ſhot,
The malice ſtill he meant to none but me:
At me he caſt, and drew me for the lot
Which ſhould of all reuenge the ranſome bee.
Wherefore he ſet them at me franke and free
Till me they tooke, ſo compaſt round about,
As I could not ſcape from among them out.

To make it ſhort: I ſingled was therefore,
Euen as the Deere to find his fatall ſtroke:
I could not ſcape, in number they were more,
My pageant was in preſence there beſpoke.
A pillow they prepared me of oke,
My hands they bound, along my corps they led,
From off my ſhoulders quite they ſtroke my head.

If euer man that ſeru'd his Prince with paine,
And well deſerued of his publique weale:
If euer Knight eſteem'd it greateſt gaine,
For Prince and Countrey in the warres to deale:
My ſelfe was ſuch, which venter'd life and heale
At all aſſayes, to ſaue my natiue ſoile,
With all my labour, trauell, paine and toile.

Yet heere you ſee, at home I had my fall,
Not by my fierceſt foes that came in warre:
But by my friend I gate this griping thrall,
When folly fram'd vs both at home to iarre,
Oh that my friend of yore ſhould range ſo farre
From wiſdomes way, to wed himſelfe to will,
From reaſons rule, to wreſt his wits to ill.

Well,

Well, bid the reſt beware of triumphes ſuch,
Bid them beware for titles vaine to ſtriue:
Bid them not truſt ſuch ſullen friends too much,
Bid them not ſo their honours high atchieue.
For if they will preſerue their names aliue,
There is no better way to worke the ſame
Then to eſchew of tyranny defame.

HOW CAIVS IVLIVS CÆSAR, which firſt made this Realme tributarie to the Romanes, was ſlaine in the *Senate houſe, about the yeare before Chriſt*, 42.

ALthough by *Bocas* I haue whilom told my mind,
And *Lydgate* haue likewiſe tranſlated well the ſame:
Yet ſith my place in order here againe I finde,
And that my facts deſeru'd in Britaine worthy fame:
Let me againe renue to memory my name:
Recite my minde; which if thou graunt to mee,
Thou ſhalt therefore receiue a friendly fee.

If euer erſt the fame of ancient Romane facts
Haue come to pierce thine eares before this preſent time,
I thinke amongſt the reſt, likewiſe my noble acts
Haue ſhew'd themſelues in ſight, as *Phœbus* faire in prime.
When firſt the Romane ſtate began aloft to clime,
And wanne the wealth of all the world beſide,
When firſt their force in warlike feates were tride.

I *Caius Iulius Cæſar* Conſull had to name,
That worthy Romane borne, renowned with noble deeds.
What neede I here recite the linage whence I came,
Or elſe my greate exploites? ſurely t's more then needs:
But onely this to tell, of purpoſe now proceedes:
Why I a Romane Prince, no Britaine, here
Amongſt theſe Britaine Princes now appeere.

And yet becauſe thou maiſt perceiue the ſtorie all
Of all my life, and ſo deeme better of the end:
I will againe the ſame to mind yet briefly call,
To tell thee how thou maiſt me praiſe or diſcommend.
Which when thou haſt, in briefe, as I recite it, pend,
Thou ſhalt confeſſe that I deſerued well,
Amongſt them heere my tragedie to tell.

What need I firſt recite my pedigree well knowne?
No noble author writes that can forget the ſame:
My praiſe I know in print through all the world is blowne,
Ther's no man ſcarce that writes, but he recites my fame.
My worthie father *Lucius Cæſar* had to name,
Aurelia faire my mother alſo hight,
Of *Caius Cotta* daughter borne by right.

How I was trained vp in youth what need I tell?
Sith that my noble Aunt (that *Iulia* hight) me taught,
Who could with morall diſcipline inſtruct me well,
And ſaw the frame in me that natures skill had wrought,
By her inſtructions aye I wit and fauour ſought.
I was accounted comely of my grace,
I had by natures gift a Princely face.

Of ſtature high and tall, of colour faire and white,
Of bodie ſpare and leane, yet comely made to ſee:
What need I more of theſe impertinent recite,
Sith *Plutarch* hath at large deſcrib'd it all to thee,
And eke thy ſelfe that think'ſt thou ſeeſt and heareſt me,
Maiſt well ſuppoſe the reſt, and write the truth,
Of all my noble actions from my youth.

In iourney ſwift I was, and prompt and quicke of wit,
My eloquence was likte of all that heard me pleade,
I had the grace to vſe my tearmes, and place them fit,
My roling Rhetoricke ſtood my Clients oft in ſtead:
No fine conueyance paſt the compaſſe of my head.
I wan the ſpurres, I had the laud and praiſe,
I paſt them all that pleaded in thoſe daies.

At

At seuenteene yeares of age a Flamin was I chose,
An office great in Rome of Priesthood Princely hie,
I married eke *Cossutia*, whereof much mischiefe rose,
Because I was diuorc'st from her so speedilie.
*Diuorcement breeds despite, defame is got thereby.
For such as fancies fond by chance fulfill,
Although they thinke it cannot come to ill.

Of these the stories tell, what need I more recite,
Or of the warres I waged Consul with the Galles?
The worthiest writers had desire of me to write,
They plac'st my life amongst the worthies and their falles.
So Fame me thinkes likewise amids the Britaines calles
For *Cæsar* with his sword, that bare the sway,
And for the cause that wrought his swift decay.

When I in France had brought the valiant Galles to bend,
And made them subiect and obeysant vnto mee:
I then did thinke I had vnto the world his end
By West subdued the Nations which were whilome free.
There of my famous warres I wrote an historie,
I did describe each places and sequels of my warre,
The Commentaries cal'd of *Cæsars* acts that are.

At length I did perceiue there was an Island yet
By West of France, which in the Ocean sea did lie:
And that there was likewise no cause or time to let,
But that I might with them the chance of fortune trie.
I sent to them for hostage of assurance, I,
And wil'd them tribute pay vnto the Romane stout,
Or else I would both put their liues and goods in doubt.

But they a people fierce and recklesse of my powers,
Abused those which brought th'ambassage that I sent:
Now sith (quoth they) the land and region heere is ours,
We will not *Cæsar* to thy rightlesse hestes assent.
By doome of friendly Gods this Iland first we hent,
Of *Priames* blood we are, from Greece we Troians came,
As *Brutus* brought vs thence, and gaue this land his name.

This land reported was full fertile for the soile,
The wealthie warlike sort of Britaines stout within,
Were rather able well to giue, then take the foile,
To those which came by warres, their freedome for to win.
My selfe made first assault, with them I did begin,
Of all the Romanes first I waged with them warre:
And this I can report, they valiant people are.

It was reported eke that in my warres in France
Some Britaines thither came amongst the Galles to fight,
And that for pleasure sake, to try of *Mars* the chance,
And for to haue in field of Romane warres the sight:
That they no labour sparde by day nor yet by night,
In campe, in scoute, for hunger, heate, or colde:
But were in all attempts of armes both stout and bolde.

This fame enflamed me, displeasure eke I tooke,
That glory hopte to get so doughtie hearts to daunt:
On which, with winds at wil, I Gallia shores forsooke,
Full minded for to make the Britaines tribute graunt,
Sith at my message sent, they seemed so to taunt.
With armour, souldiers good, and of munition store,
I went appointed wel, with fiftie sailes or more.

But so the noble Britaines plaide the valiaunt men
By policies, and force to hurt my shippes and me,
That I was forced after my returne agen,
To rigge my shipppes: againe a wondrous thing to see:
For in the strands and in the seas, where hauens be,
Sharpe postes they pight, whereon our shippes we ron:
When many diu'd the deepe before the land wee won.

Being hardly come to land, at length we met the hoast,
And sharpely fought with them, whose praises earst we hard:
I haue no cause of Britane conquest for to boast,
Of all the Regions first and last with whom I ward.
A people stout and strong, enduring chances hard,
And desperate, wilde and fearce, and recklesse found I then,
Not soone agast with dint, or fright with fall of men.

For

For when our armies met, no dangers they forſooke,
But ſo behau'd themſelues in euery place of fight,
As though to Martiall feates they onely had betooke
Themſelues, and for the palme did all their dealings dight.
Though with my Romanes I wag'd all my warlike might,
I was not able there, to cauſe them yeeld or flee,
Or for a ſpace to take a time of truce with me:

The toiles wee tooke to enter at the firſt on land,
And for to ſaue our ſhattered ſhips and armour brought,
To wey them out that elſe had bulg'd themſelues in ſand,
Hereon before the fielde with might and maine we wrought,
Beſide at skirmiſh oft, vpon the ſhore we fought.
Theſe labours tired ſo my men and me that tide,
That we could not endure the battailes brunt t'abide,

They followed hard the chace, with ſcath and loſſe we ſcapte,
And ſhipt, we hoiſed ſailes, to Fraunce we made retire:
Where for an armie new, another roade we ſhapte,
If winter colde were paſt, to come the following yeare:
And ſo we did indeed, and bought our comming deere:
For they prouided had ſo well to fight, that I
With all mine armies ſtout could finde no victorie.

Againe to ſhippe my mates I bad my Captaines ſtur,
Eke from this people fearce with ſpeede to ſhift away:
The chance of warre is hard and doubtfull for t'aſſure,
Where th'enemies neither dint of death nor dangers fray.
They reckt not of their wealth nor loſſe of goods decay,
But for their freedome fought, on Princes caſe they ſtood,
With ioyfull hearts they waged warlike life and blood:

Almoſt I had no hope at all to make returne,
The people were ſo fearce, ſo ſtubburne, ſtout, and bold:
No time of reſt I wrought amongſt them to ſoiurne,
They could not by our power bee ruled nor controld.
They ſaid they would vs pay no ſiluer, braſſe, nor gold.
To our indictions ſent, they would not ſet their hand,
But for to trie the caſe, with all their power to ſtand.

When to the coasts of Gallia againe with losse we come,
That neuer erst with such repulse to foes did turne the backe,
The Britaines they reioyce with triumphes all and some,
And fame doth sound report, they make the Romanes packe:
Where we no men, no coine, nor no munition lacke,
No captaines good, no art, no victuall, hearte to fight,
A goodly spoile, the land a pray before our sight.

Now marke the hap we had: while I in Gallia lay,
The Britaines past the time in triumphes and in feasts,
And for our second flight with sports they spend the day,
Accounting vs in their respect but coward beasts.
Amongst their other sport of Iusts and pleasant iests,
A ciuill discord fell betweene two worthy peeres,
Of courage both so good, that neither best appeares:

The one hight *Irenglas*, of kinred to the king,
A worthy wight in warre, and prudent, wise and sage:
The other *Elenine*, whose praise no stories bring,
But stoutnesse in his fight, as ruled all by rage.
Yet both against the Romanes with the king did wage
The British warre full well, aud serued as they ought,
Till time at home the praise of triumphes vaine they sought.

This *Elenine* was stout, for he was neere of kin
Vnto *Androgeus* which was th'Earle of London then,
And claimed eke the palme (they say) that he did win
In triumphs at the iusts amongst the noble men.
But as they went about to trie the line agen,
They fell from words to sharpe, and laide on loade amaine,
Vntill at length in fight hight *Irenglas* was slaine.

The King did send for *Elenine*, but he was fled
Vnto the Earle his cosin, whence he would not come:
He feared lest he should haue lost his hated head.
The guilty heart conceau's before the Iudge doe doome.
He wist if once he went, there needed him no toome.
Wherefore he it refused, and th'Earle was discontent:
Who message sharpe againe vnto the King had sent.

Cassibellane

Caſſibellane diſpleaſed much that ſubiects ſhould
Both ſlay his friend, and eke refuſe to bide the lawe,
And alſo in rebellious wiſe, endeuour what they could
To cut themſelues vniuſtly from the Princes awe,
Though it him greeu'd to ſee at home ſo foule a flawe,
He could not yet abide the iniuries were ſhowne,
But armde himſelfe and his, gainſt ſubiects once his owne.

When th'Earle *Androgeus* ſaw that he was far too weake,
Againſt his Prince to wage rebellious wars begon,
He ſent to me in France, deſiring helpe to wreake
The iniuries and wrong *Caſſibellane* had don.
He alſo *Sceua* ſent, for pledge, his onely ſonne,
And thirtie youths beſide, of honour great well borne:
I would not truſt his talke, nor meſſage ſent beforne.

On this I expedition made the third and laſt,
(For he did warrant me my purpoſe to obtaine)
I ſhipt my men, and hide me thitherward full faſt,
Had winde at will, and came to ſee the ſhining ſhores againe:
And of my comming ſo the Earle was glad and faine.
We ioined hands and league and armies for the fight:
And fought and put *Caſſibellane* the noble King to flight.

Yet he repaird his hoſte againe, that fiercely faught,
And oft aſſaid to ſlay or take the Earle or mee:
And when hee ſaw at length his labour vailed naught,
And Britanes with the Romanes linked ſo to bee,
Great griefe he had in them ſuch treaſon for to ſee.
His loſſe in doubtfull war not grieu'd him halfe ſo ſore,
His peoples baſe reuolt he chiefely did deplore.

To make it ſhort: the King was faine at length to yeeld,
The tribute granted was three thouſand pound a yeere:
We bare away the price, we wan the worthy field,
And made them friends againe that bought our fauour deere.
I need no longer ſtay to tell the ſtory heere,
Nor yet to giue my friend the Earle of London blame,
Sith by his meanes I wan to Rome eternall fame.

From France I after sent to Rome, reporting how
Amongst the warlike Galles and Britaines I had sped:
I made request; by friends, I might be *Consull* now
On my returne againe: but *Pompeyes* hautie hed
Did ioyne himselfe with Peeres and armies which he led,
Alledging plaine I meant the publique weale t'inuade:
They would represse my pride with might and dint of blade.

With speed I came and force, which made them all to flie
To Greece from Rome in haste, where they prepared war:
For in Epyrus then with souldiers they did lie.
This *Pompey* proud that made the Romans with me iar,
He at Dyrrachium staid, to which (though it were far)
I led my conquering host: I skirmisht often there:
But from the fight to flie we soone contented were.

On this he followed fast, in hope to win the field,
To Thessalie he came, where I did stay therefore:
Our armies met and fiercely faught, not bent to yeeld,
Till fifteene hundred men were slaine in fight, or more.
But in the end they fled, we tooke of prisoners store,
They durst not dare t'abide the chance of *Mars* to trie,
But either fell in fight or from the field did flie.

Thence *Pompey* fled the field, and into Egypt came
To *Ptolemie* the King as then but yong of age,
Where of his slaughter foule *Septimius* hath the blame,
He was his end that did these warres against me wage.
Euen so by course we come to play vpon the stage,
Our trauels haue an end when we do feele the fall:
For all our life is but a race of miserie and thrall.

But *Pompeyes* friends and sonnes by might did oft assay
When he was done to death, to take reuenge on me,
And I by dint of sword repel'd their force away,
Gate offices of rule, and gouern'd each degree,
At *Cæsars* beck and call obeysant all they bee:
Enacted lawes, directed each estate,
Emperially the first aloft I sate.

But

But glorie won, the way to hold and keepe the ſame,
To hold good fortune faſt, a worke of cunning skill:
Who ſo with prudent art can ſtay that ſtately dame,
Which ſets vs vp ſo high vpon her hautie hill,
And conſtant aye can keepe her loue and fauour ſtill,
He wins immortall fame, thrice bleſſed is the crowne:
If once misfortune kicke and caſt the ſcepter downe.

For when in Rome I was alone *Dictator* choſe,
And Emperour or Captaine ſole to be for ay:
My glorie did procure me many ſecret foes,
Becauſe aboue the reſt I bare the ſoueraigne ſway.
By ſundrie meanes they ſought my ruine and decay.
For why, there could no thing in ſtate determin'd be,
Vnleſſe it likte me firſt, and were approu'd by me.

This they enui'd at me that ſu'd aloft to clime,
As hautie *Caſſius*, which the *Pretorſhip* did craue,
And *Brutus* eke his friend which bare the chiefeſt crime
Of my diſpatch and death, for they did firſt depraue
My life, mine acts, my raigne, and ſought my blood to haue,
Full ſecretly amongſt themſelues conſpir'd, decreed
To be attemptors of that cruell bloodie deed.

Yet I forewarned was by *Capis* fatall tombe
His Epitaph my death did long before foreſhow:
Cornelius Balbus ſaw mine horſes headleſſe ronne
Without the guide of man, forſaking food for woe.
Spurina warned me that ſooth of things did know,
A little wren in beake with Laurell greene that flew,
Foreſhew'd my dolefull death, as after all men knew.

The night before my fall in ſlumber I did dreame
I caried was, from earth and flew the clouds aboue,
And ſomtime hand in hād I thought I walkt with *Ioue* ſupreame,
My wife *Calphurnia*, *Cæſars* only loue,
Did dreame ſhe ſaw her creſt of houſe to fall,
Her husband thruſt through breaſt a ſword withall,
Eke that ſame night her chamber dores thēſelues flew open all.

Theſe

Theſe things did make me much that mourning to miſlike,
And I acrazed was and thought at home to ſtay:
But who is he can void deaths dart when he doth ſtrike,
Where ſo great number ſeekes his life for to betray?
The traytor bloodie *Brutus* bad me not delay,
Nor yet to fruſtrate there ſo great aſſemblie ſate,
At laſt I went and there did meet vntimely fate.

To Senate as I went, behold a Roman ſtood,
Preſenting me a ſcrole of euery traytors name:
And all their whole deuice that ſought to ſpill my blood,
That preſently decreed to execute the ſame.
But I blind wretch ſuppoſde that for ſome ſuite he came,
I heedleſſe bare this ſcrole in my vnhappie hand,
For which I loſt my life, as you ſhall vnderſtand.

Spurina as I came at ſacrifices was,
Neere to the place where I was after ſlaine:
Of whoſe diuinings true I then did little paſſe,
To warne me of my death the Prieſt did ſeeke in vaine,
My hautie heart growne proud theſe warnings all diſdaine.
(Quoth I) the Ides of March be come, yet harme is none,
(Quoth he) the Ides of March be come, yet th'are not gone.

Aſſoone as I was ſet, the traytors all aroſe,
And one approched neere, as to demand ſome thing:
To whom as I gaue eare, at once my cruell foes
Beſet me round about, their weapons hid they bring.
Then I too late perceiu'd my deaths approching ſting.
O this (quoth I) is violence: then *Caſſius* pierſt my breſt:
And *Brutus* thou my ſonne (quoth I) whom erſt I loued beſt?

Yee Princes all, and noble men beware of pride,
Wracke not the Commonwealth for wealthie kingdomes ſake:
Be warn'd by me, that ſet my ſelfe the world to guide,
Beware what bloodie warres for rule you vndertake.
Ere three and twentie wounds had made my heart to quake,
How many thouſands fell for *Pompeyes* pride and mine?
How many valiant Knights did loued life reſigne?

Full

Full many noble men, to rule alone, I ſlew,
And ſome themſelues againe for griefe of heart did ſlay:
For they would neuer yeeld though I did them ſubdue:
Some I did force to yeeld, ſome trauail'd farre away,
As loth to ſtay and ſee their countries ſwift decay.
The world on Aphrike coaſts, and Aſia diſtant farre,
And Europe alſo knew my bloodſheds great in warre.

But ſith my whole pretence was nought but glorie vaine,
To haue renowne and rule 'mongſt men aboue the reſt,
Without remorce in mind of many thouſands ſlaine,
Which, for their owne defence, their warres ſo oft addreſt:
I iuſtly deeme therefore my ſtonie heart and breſt
Receiu'd ſo many wounds this ſentence long hath ſtood
That who ſo ſlayes, he paies the price of blood for blood.

HOW CLAVDIVS TIBERIVS NERO EMPEROVR OF Rome, was poiſoned by *Caius Caligula*, the *yeare of Christ*, 39.

What bootes it hautie hearts depend ſo much
On high eſtate? auailes it ought thinke yee?
The gold is tri'd when it is brought to tuch:
So triall telles what worldly triumphs bee.
When glorie ſhines, no dangers deepe we ſee,
Till we at laſt find true the prouerbe old:
*Not all thlat ſhines is pure and perfect gold.

While valiant men ſo burne with hot deſire
Of royall rule, and thirſt ſo ſore for ſeat,
No ſprings of Pernaſſe mount can quench the fire,
Nor Boreas blaſt allay the hautie heate.
On high renowne ſo much their braines they beate,
And toyle ſo much for fading flickering fame,
On earth for aye to leaue behind a name.

But if they would marke Fortunes double face,
And how ſhe turnes about the tottering wheele:
How ſhe doth change her minde and turne her grace,
How blinde of ſight ſhe is, how light of heele:
They would not rue the fatall falles they feele,
They would not after blame her blindneſſe ſo,
But looke before, and leape her lightneſſe fro.

All men that in affaires themſelues imploy,
Doe praiſe Dame Fortune firſt if they ſpeede well:
But if thereby fall after ſome annoy,
They curſe her then, as hatefull hagge of hell:
If Fortune firme had ſtoode, they had not fell.
They ban her then, and yet themſelues were curſt,
Which tooke her baite ſo freely at the firſt.

For while her idle impes doe bathe in bliſſe,
They count her gifts and pleaſures all good hap:
But if at laſt ſhe frowne (as cuſtome is)
And let them ſlip againe beſide her lap,
They then confeſſe her baites did boad ſome trap.
As I haue prou'd, what Fortune giues to men,
For pleaſure each, ſhe brings diſpleaſures ten.

Auguſtus great that good *Octauius* hight,
The Emperour which in peace did rule ſo long,
In whoſe good raigne was borne the Lord of light
Nam'd *Ieſus Chriſt*, in power and works ſo ſtrong,
Whom in my daies the Iewes oppreſt with wrong,
Of which good *Chriſt* anon I haue to tell:
But firſt vnto *Auguſtus* what befell.

This noble Emprour did my mother wed
Which *Liuia* hight, a faire and noble dame:
His daughter *Iulia* I likewiſe did bed,
And put away my wife of better fame
Agrippa great with child, the more my blame:
I was through this and th'Empreſſe *Liuias* skill,
Adopted Emprour by *Auguſtus* will.

When

When he was dead, then I *Tiberius* raign'd
Adopted thus, and for my noble acts,
I was both vnto warre and peace well train'd,
Th'Illyrians muſt confeſſe my famous facts:
In three yeares ſpace my power their pride ſubacts.
On them and Germanes triumpht neare and farre,
Saue Punike fight the greateſt Roman warre.

Now (for it was my hap a victour ſo
To Rome returne a yeare before his end)
Throughout the world the fame of me did go,
The Romans all to fauour me did bend.
To them *Auguſtus* did my warres commend,
Adopted me, and (as I ſaid) for this
The Romanes heapt on me all worldly bliſſe.

So when I had obtained my deſire,
Who then but *Cæſar*? I did rule alone:
By nature proud, preſuming to aſpire,
Diſſembling that which afterward was knowne.
For when the fathers mind to me was ſhowne,
Of their electing mine Emperiall place,
I ſeem'd to ſtay, refuſing it a ſpace.

And thus to proue my friends before I did,
And eke to heare what euery one would ſay,
Which was the cauſe why ſome I after rid,
The beſt'mongſt them I made as foes away.
By ſlaughter ſo I thought my throne to ſtay,
But otherwiſe then I had thought it fell,
As time doth trie the fruit of things full well.

Another griefe conceiu'd I will recite,
Which made me with the *Senate* diſcontent:
About that time did *Pontius Pilate* write
His letters how the *Iewes*, to malice bent,
Had put to death one *Chriſt* full innocent,
The Sonne of God, of might, of power no leſſe,
Which roſe from death, as Chriſtians all confeſſe.
Thus wiſe he wrote:

PONTIVS

PONTIVS PILATE TO HIS LORD CLAVDIVS, wisheth health.

This letter is in Flores historiarum; *but you may not thinke that I do set it downe thereby to affirme that he wrote it. For I am perswaded he would not write so well, and yet it appeares by* Orosius *and others, that* Claudius *would have made Christ to have bin taken in Rome for a God, and that the Senate and he fell so at variance about the same matter.*

OF late it chanst, which I haue proued well,
The Iewes through wrath by cruell doome haue lost
Themselues, and all their ofspring that ensue.
For when their fathers promise had that God
Would send to them from heauen his holy one,
That might deseruingly be nam'd their King,
And by a virgin him to th'earth to send,
Loe now when as the Hebrewes God was come,
And they him saw restore the blind to sight,
To cleanse the leapers, cure the palsies eke,
To cast fiends out of men, and raise the dead,
Command the winds, on sea with drie feete walke,
And many maruels great beside to do,
When all men called him the Sonne of God,
The Priests in enuie brought him vnto me,
And bringing many forged fained faults
Nam'd him a wisard, 'gainst their lawes to do:
Which I belieuing whipt him for the cause,
And gaue him vp to vse as they thought best.
They crucifi'd him, buried him, his tombe,
They kept three daies with souldiers stout: yet he
The third day rose againe, and came to life.
Which when they heard, they brib'd the souldiers all,
And bad them say, his corpes was stolne away.
The souldiers yet, when they the money had,
Could not the truth keepe silent of the fact:
For they did witnesse he did rise againe,
And of the Iewes, that they money taken had.
I write the truth; if any otherwise
Do bring report, account it but vaine lies.

These

THeſe letters read, I did thereon conferre,
Both with the Fathers graue in high degree,
And with the nobles who of Senate were
That Chriſt in Rome as God might counted bee,
To which they only did not diſagree,
(Becauſe the letters came not firſt to them)
But by edict did puniſh Chriſten men.

To their accuſers threaten death I did,
Although *Seianus* from my partie fell:
The Senate which the Chriſtians ſought to rid,
By me were after ſeru'd in order well.
For as Chriſts Godhead they would Rome expell,
And would not ſerue the God of meekeneſſe ſent,
To pot apace their hautie heads were pent.

I baniſht ſome, and ſome to death I put,
And foure and twentie Fathers graue I choſe:
From ſhoulders eke moſt of their heads I cut,
And left likewiſe aliue but twaine of thoſe.
Seianus I did ſlay, all *Druſus* deadly foes.
I eke *Germanicus* with poyſon ſlew,
His ſonnes likewiſe, my poyſons force well knew.

The men that did *Iehouaes* ſonne refuſe,
The King of Iewes, the Lord of life and health,
Were gouern'd thus: *Tiberius* thus did vſe
The men that were the Gods in Commonwealth,
Forſaking ſo their heauenly ſauing health.
The Emprour I which ſhould their liues defend,
Sought all the meanes to bring their liues to end.

Yet to religion I was nothing bent,
Diſſembled things that leaſt I fauour'd ſtill:
I neuer vſde to ſpeake the things I ment,
But bare in mind the waies to worke men ill.
I ſeem'd to ſome to beare them great good will,
And thoſe I tooke away as time did ſerue,
Inconſtant vnto each, yet ſeldome ſeem'd to ſwerue.

To drunkenneſſe and riot, ſports and eaſe,
And pleaſure all I gaue my ſtudie then:
Nought more then ſubtill ſhiftings did me pleaſe,
With bloodſhed, craftie, vndermining men.
My Court was like a Lions lurking den.
The Ieſters nam'd me *Caldius Biberius Mero*,
In ſtead of this my name, *Claudius Tiberius Nero*.

I will no more my life deſcribe this time,
For why, my facts at laſt deſeru'd defame,
Infected with ſo many a fulſome crime,
As may not heere repeated be for ſhame.
I haue no cauſe the Ladie blind to blame,
But mine owne ſelfe, who did abuſe my place,
Which might full well haue vſde the gifts of grace.

Three things in fine I tell, that wrought my fall,
Firſt vile diſſembling both with God and man:
For bloodſhed then, which hauocke made of all,
Blood cries to him that well reuenge it can.
For filthie life I much offended than:
Wherefore aliue thus poyſoned with theſe three,
Caligula at laſt did poyſon me.

To Princes this I ſay, and worthie Peeres,
I wiſh them wiſely weigh that heare me ſhall,
And poiſe my firſt exploits with latter yeeres,
And well conſider one thing in my fall:
* Abuſe of power abaſeth Princes all.
In throne on earth, a Prince as God doth ſit,
And as a God no iuſtice ſhould omit.

HOW

HOW CAIVS CÆSAR CALIGVLA EMPEROVR OF Rome was ſlaine by *Cherea* and others, *the yeare of Chriſt,* 42.

NHappie Princes haue in wealth no grace,
To ſee how ſoone their vices bring them vnder,
But run vnruly, reckeleſſe of their race,
Till at the length they make themſelues a wonder,
When from aloft their traces fall aſonder,
There is no hope to hold aright the trace:
They cannot keepe aloft th'Emperiall place.

Beholde my hap, on whom the Romane rout
With ioy did gaze, when bloudy ſlaine I lay.
Here lies (quoth they) thruſt thirtie times throughout,
The monſter vile, that beaſt *Caligula*,
Which did ſo many guiltleſſe Romanes ſlay.
The nobles now the matrons need not doubt.
The worthy writers may their works ſet out.

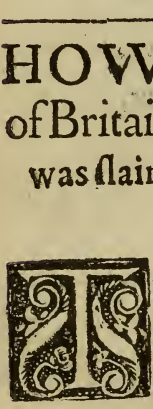
I was (I grant) full leaudly led by luſt,
I forced nought of vertue, faith, nor law:
In power I put my confidence and truſt,
Regarding right nor Iuſtice ſtrict a ſtraw.
My facts infarſt my life with many a flawe,
Did me to deedes of foule luſt inceſt draw:
Which had of God nor natures hefts the awe.

To make my ſelfe a God I did deuiſe,
That *Iupiter* to name my ſelfe did dare,
For inceſts vile, which all good wights deſpiſe,
Nam'd *Bacchus* eke a drunken ſhrine I bare.
To call me God ſome flatterers did not ſpare.
By meſſage I commanded them likeviſe,
My ſtatue in the Temple to compriſe.

I would not haue my ſlaughters here enrolde,
And murdrous miſchieues mingled with the reſt,
Without regard of ſexe, of yong or olde,
For which the Romanes did my life deteſt.
To vices vile my deedes were all addreſt:
Which mine owne ſeruants loathing at the laſt
With their owne hands my timeleſſe death did haſt.

My life was naught, and thus at laſt I dide,
My life procur'd both Gods and men my foes:
Let Princes then beware of pompe and pride,
And not themſelues to vices ſuch diſpoſe.
The throne will ſoone a Princely minde diſcloſe,
The tyrants heart at once in throne is tride:
The Princely robe no tyrant thoughts can hide.

HOW GVIDERIVS KING of Britaine, and the elder ſon of *Cimbaline* was ſlaine in battaile by a Romane, the yeare *of Chriſt*, 44. *or as ſome write*, 46.



TAke, *Higgins*, now in hand thy pen for me,
Let not my death and ſtory lie forgote:
Good cauſe there is I ſhould remembred be,
If thou the falles of Britaine Princes note.
Aloft I ſate in Princely place aflote,
I had the ſword, I bare the ſcepter right:
I was accounted aye a worthy wight.

Guiderius was my name, the ſonne of yore
Of noble *Cimbaline*, and after King:
The Romane tribute I would pay no more,
Me thought it was too baſe a ſeruile thing.
No Romane ſhould me in ſubiection bring,
I ſtoutly did deny what they did claime,
Though many counſeld me to yeeld the ſame.

When *Claudius* ſent this tribute for to haue,
I ſent him word againe, I would not pay:
I would not graunt, vniuſtly he did craue,
That might in time procure my Realmes decay:
He ſhould not beare our freedome ſo away:
By force and fraude proud *Cæſar* heere did raigne,
But now by might my right I would maintaine.

On this addreſt himſelfe in warlike ſort,
The noble *Claudius* came to trie the caſe:
Which had before receiued high report,
Both of my wealth, my force, and noble grace.
So thinking well he might my fame deface,
From Rome he came to Britaine with his hoaſt,
And landed here vpon my Southerne coaſt.

Now marke my tale, and hereby ſhalt thou know
The ſubtill ſleights of Romanes in their war:
The ſlie deceits of ſuch doe make a ſhow,
Whereby to trie the people what they are.
Note well ſuch foes in dealing neere and far,
Amidſt the field, in ſcout, or fight alone:
Of all the reſt example take by one.

Amongſt his men, a Captaine ſtout he had,
With whom in fight I made my party good:
Hamonius men him cal'd, who for his blade
In ſingle fight ſo often I withſtood:
At laſt did worke a wile to ſhed my blood,
He clad himſelfe as he a Britaine weare,
Like armour, ſword, and target did he beare.

He marcht with vs as he a friend had been,
And when we came to fight he ſhew'd a face
Of comfort and bold courage gainſt his men:
And when they fled, and we purſu'd the chace,
Purſue (quoth he) the Romans flie apace,
In Britiſh tongue he cride, they flie, they flie,
Our hoſtages had taught him ſo to crie.

As we purſude, in me he thruſt his blade,
Betweene my armour ſplints he gaue the wound:
And faſt away for life to ſhift he made,
Thus by deceits my life hee did confound.
Of my decay this was the fatall ground:
Which thou muſt pen, that I a miror be
For men to ſhun the ſlights of trecherie.

HOW LÆLIVS HAMO THE ROMANE CAPTAINE was ſlaine, after the ſlaughter of Guiderius, *about the yeare of Chriſt*, 46.

A Romane Captaine I in Britaine armour clad,
Diſguiſde therfore, in field did ſlay their noble King.
I ventred in their hoſt, and I my purpoſe had:
To venture ſo for Countries ſake a worthy thing.
But whoſo weenes to win by ſlaughter high renowne,
Hath often times the fate, to fall by ſlaughter downe.

Euen ſo my ſelfe that ſlew, ſhort time my ioyes did laſt,
In flight I taken was, and hewde in pieces ſmall,
Which downe the cleeues they did into the waters caſt,
And by my name as yet the hauen and harbor call.
Who thinkes by ſlaughters praiſe, to winne immortall fame
By treaſon vile, deſerues a ſhrowding ſheete of ſhame.

HOW

HOW CLAVDIVS TIBERIVS DRVSVS EMPEROVR of Rome, was poiſoned by his wife *Agrippina, The yeare of Chriſt,* 56.

SAy not the people well, that fortune ſauours fooles?
So well they ſay, I thinke, which name her beetle blind.
I need not tell thee heere what I haue learn'd at ſchooles,
But may by proofe expreſſe the madneſſe of my mind.
My mother by her prouerbs me a foole defin'd,
Which often ſaid when any fooliſhly had done:
In faith you are as wiſe as *Claudius* my ſonne.

It pleaſed her not only ſo to name me ſot,
But alſo me in ire a monſter oft ſhe nam'd,
Vnperfect all, begun by nature, but begot
Not abſolute, not well, nor fully compleat fram'd.
Sith thus my mother oft in anger me defam'd,
What meant the men of Rome, which ſo elected me,
A foole, a monſter foule, their gouernour to be?

Th'Emperiall blood and high deſcent was partly cauſe,
That I (vnfit therefore) attain'd the ſupreame throne:
And yet the bloodie Senate tooke a while the pauſe,
Determining in mind t'aboliſh euery one
Of *Cæſars* ancient linage, as their mortall fone.
For why they could, they thought, receiue no quiet reſt,
But ſtill by our proud raigne were cruelly oppreſt.

The ſouldiers which me found where I my ſelfe had hid,
Loe from a place obſcure, vnfit for *Cæſars* grace,
They brought me forth by force, there me proclaime they did,
Becauſe I ſeem'd in heart much meekeneſſe to embrace,
And could diſſemble eke t'obtaine th'Emperiall place,
Whereby the warriers ſtout were vnto me inclinde,
Suppoſing I was meeke, and of a gentle mind.

The wilie wolfe that ſeekes to ſlay the ſilly ſheepe,
Doth faine himſelfe oft times to beare a ſimple eye:
The craftie fox likewiſe would take of lambes the keepe,
If that he do perceiue the maſtiue lying by:
The Crocodile in Nile will faine to weepe and crie:
But if the ſheepe, her yong, or wandring man be caught:
Wolfe, Foxe, and Crocodile, haue euen the prey they ſought.

So I could wiſely faine, as though I did refuſe
To take the Empires ſway, a charge for me too great,
But well in mind I wiſt, if th'armie did me chuſe,
The Senate could not me by force thereof defeate:
They had no power to ſtay me from the hautie ſeate.
Thus though I ſeem'd at firſt ſo ſimple, meeke and plaine:
Yet was I ſubtill, ſlie, and glad of glorie vaine.

But after I was thron'd, I gaue my ſelfe to eaſe,
To wine, to women eke, to ſport, and bellie chere,
And fooliſh fearefull was, my wife for to diſpleaſe
Who *Meſſalina* hight, whoſe manners homely were.
She made not only me the cuckolds horne to beare,
But alſo did allure good matrons vnto vice,
And virgins chaſt to ſinne, or made them pay the price.

For if that either they did ſeeme t'abhor the fact,
Or if that men with her adulterate would not be,
Some famous crime was fain'd or elſe ſome hainous act,
For which not they nor theirs from ſlaughter could be free.
My houſhold ſeruants were prefer'd in place by me,
Their wealth was more then mine: the prouerbe went as then,
*I need no treaſure want, if I would pleaſe my men.

On this I cauſed her for to be made away,
And made a vow no more with women for to wed,
Becauſe my vicious wiues ſought either me to ſlay,
Or elſe with whoredome vile to violate my bed.
But blind at length with folly from my vow I fled,
And *Agrippina* hight my brothers daughter braue
Inceſtuouſly I choſe, for ſpouſed wife to haue.

So

So leading then my life in sloth and lothsome sinne,
I gaue my selfe to riot, drinking, cards and dice:
And I so skilfull was by practise growne therein,
That I of dicing arte did write a worke of Price.
This may full well declare if I were graue and wise.
Growne old in all my deeds so credulous was I,
That in each doubtfull place I had some secret spie.

So bloodie was I growne, that euery light offence
Was cause enough to take away th'offenders life:
I so forgetfull was, and such my negligence,
I would enquire for those that causde my former griefe
For *Messalina* faire, of late my wanton wife:
Eke for such others dead I would enquire againe,
As I in rage before commanded to be slaine.

I fondly did extoll the meaner sort of men,
Adorning their degrees with titles of estate,
Euen such as seruants were and seru'd my diet then,
Amongst the ancient men in Senate often sate,
For which the Romans me vnto the death did hate.
And for the cruell deeds and beastly life I lead,
Full often times they wisht that I their Prince were dead.

My *Agrippine* perswaded me t'adopt her hopefull sonne,
That after my decease the Empire he might haue:
Which when too soone at length I had vnwisely donne
At her vniust request, as she the same did craue:
In recompence me she deadly poyson gaue,
Whereof at last I di'd: this was my life and end:
Which as a mirour heere to thee I do commend.

HOW THE EMPEROVR DOMITIVS NERO LIVED wickedly and tyrannouſly, and in the end *miſerablie ſlew himſelfe, the yeare of Christ*, 70.

MVſt I that lead ſo looſe a life ſpeake heere,
Amongſt the wreckes whom Fortunes tempeſts tore?
Well, then I ſee I muſt, the caſe is cleere,
But blame I muſt my onely ſelfe therefore.
I am that *Nero* rule in Rome that bore,
My mother *Agrippine* ſo wrought for me,
Her husband poiſned, I might Emprour be.

A while I gaue my ſelfe to gouerne well;
As *Senec* graue inſtructed me thereto:
But after, I to ſhameleſſe dealings fell,
At randome liu'd in luſt as Lechers doe,
To ſlaughters fell, of friends and kinred too,
Not ſpariug thoſe in fleſhly luſts deſire,
Whom natures impes dumb beaſts will not require.

A ſhame it were to tell my hatefull life:
But he that wanted ſhame, whoſe face was braſſe,
That ſpared neither men, maide, virgine, wife,
Not mother, ſiſter, kind, nor kin that was:
Whoſe facts both care and ſhame did alwaies paſſe:
What ſhould he ſhame to do, ſpeake, think, or ſay,
Which all his life caſt baſhfull ſhame away?

For wantonneſſe, I paſt the filthie ſtues:
For gluttonie, I had no where my peere:
No kind of crueltie but I did vſe,
No wickedneſſe from which my life was cleere.
My pride did paſſe them all, both far and neere.
Againſt the trade of kinde in ſhameleſſe life,
One man had me for bride and for bride-wife.

With

With golden nets in riot I would fish.
And purple lines to draw my nets I had:
I vsed eke for pleasures many a dish,
And was with nought but lust and mischiefe glad.
Though these things made the Romans hearts full sad,
They durst not speake: for whoso did complaine,
Without respect or sentence more, was slaine.

For pleasures sake to see the flames arise,
I causde that Rome should then on fire be set:
And for to feede therewith my gazing eyes,
On high Mæcenas Tower to stand I get.
So, sixe daies fire and seuen nights waste I let,
And sang there while, beholding it with ioy,
The Iliades sweet of Grecians burning Troy.

Then I restrain'd that no man should resort
To the ruines great, when as the fire was past:
Nor should therefrom the reliques left transport,
But to my selfe reseru'd them all at last.
The Merchants causelesse from their goods I cast,
And Senatours depriu'd of all they had,
Some slaine, the rest with life to scape were glad.

Still out the sword to slay all sorts I drew,
My mother could not scape amongst them free:
My brother deare, and sisters eke I slew,
And of my wiues likewise, a two or three.
My kinsemen eke I kil'd of each degree,
Reioycing in so heinous bloodshed still,
Nought else with *Nero* then but kill, them kill.

And for that *Seneca* me counsaile gaue
(My tutour good in youth) to leaue my vice,
I bad him choose what death him lik'd to haue,
Which now should pay, for then, my stripes the price.
In water warme to stand was his deuice,
And there to bleede: a milde and gentle death:
Euen so I causde them reaue his vitall breath.

So

So with almightie *Ioue* I gan to warre,
The Christians good I did torment and slay:
Commanding all my subiects neere and farre,
Their liues and goods to spoile and take away.
Which they accomplisht straight without delay:
Both *Paul* and *Peter* Christs disciples twaine,
Th'Apostles, both by mine edict were slaine.

But what endureth long that's violent?
The thunder seemes some time to teare the skies,
At seas full oft the stormes are vehement,
To cloudes aloft the waues and waters rise,
Soone after th'aire is cleare, the water lies:
Experience and the prouerbs olde doe showe,
*Each storme will haue his calme, each tide his flowe.

For when I went for to destroy the state,
And all the Romanes noble fame t'obscure:
The Senate all, and people did me hate,
And sought which way they might my death procure.
Mine outrage they no longer could endure,
They me proclaimd a foe to publique weale,
To saue my selfe away by night I steale.

The iudgement was, such foes should pillered be
By necke, in forke made fast full sure to bide:
And should with rods so long there beaten be,
Vntill therewith the wofull caytiues dide:
From this correction therefore fast I hide,
From *Galba* then proclaimed Emprour new,
For feare of death, by deeds deserued due.

By night (I say) forsaken quite, I fled,
And *Sporus* th'Eunuch most impure likewise,
With others three, like filthy life that led,
To slay my selfe I desperate then deuise,
Whom all the world did so for sinne despise:
And thirsting sore in flght, full faine I dranke
The waters foule, which in the ditches stanke.

At

At my requeſt my friends would me not kill:
Haue I (quoth I) no foe, nor yet no frend,
To reaue me from this feare of conſcience ill?
Will no man make of *Nero* yet an end?
With that my breſt to point of ſword I bend,
With trembling hand, which *Sporus* holpe to ſtay,
And on the ſame my ſelfe aſſai'd to ſlay.

With that, of *Galbaes* ſeruants one drew nie
With fained cheere, as though he helpe me would:
Too late you come, call you this helpe (quoth I)?
Is this the friendſhip firme and faith you hold?
My life was filthie, vile for to behold,
My death more vile, more filthie I depart:
So mine owne ſword I ran quite through my hart.

HOW SERGIVS GALBA THE EMPEROVR OF ROME (giuen to ſlaughter, ambition, and gluttonie) *was ſlaine by the ſouldiers, the yeare of Chriſt, 71.*

AMongſt the hautie Emprours downe that fell,
I *Sergius Galba* may be placed heere:
Where who ſo ſees and markes my dealings well,
To him may ſoone the fruits of fraud appeare.
All murders great are bought with price full deare,
Foule ſlaughters done, procure as foule a fall,
As he deſerues that wórkes the wofull thrall.

In Rome ſometime I Pretour choſen was,
And then obtain'd of Spaine the Prouince faire:
To gouerne there, I brought by friends to paſſe,
In hope to be the Emprour *Neroes* heire,
For when the Romans did of him deſpaire,
So bent at home to ſlaughter, luſt and vice,
By warres abroad I wan the praiſe and price.

To

To get the ſouldiers fauour I tooke paine,
For in the Emprours choice they gaue the ſtroke:
I therefore ſought ſome ſpoiles for them to gaine,
Though thereby oft the lawes of armes I broke.
But who may words or actions done reuoke?
The ſtaine abides, where euill ſtrikes the good,
And vengeance wrecks the waſte of guiltleſſe bloud.

In Luſitania while that time I lay,
I cauſde the people there aſſemble ſhould,
Reporting I had ſomwhat for to ſay,
Which in effect procure them profit would:
To which they came as many neere as could,
Full thirtie thouſand, thinking nought of ill:
All which I cauſde the ſouldiers there to kill.

I ſought by death to poſt proud *Nero* hence,
Not for his vicious life, but for his place:
Although his vice, were made the chiefe pretence,
Whom all good men accounted void of grace.
But yet I could not ſtay ſo long a ſpace:
I cauſde in Spaine the ſouldiers me proclame,
Which ſtraight they did, and gaue me *Cæſars* name.

To Rome I hide, and *Nero* gate him thence,
He ſtole away for feare of ſentence paſt,
A publique foe proclaim'd for negligence,
For ſlaughters done, for fire of Rome the waſt:
Eke for becauſe he was of me agaſt
He ſlew him ſelfe, before my man could come,
Which ſlaughter elſe my ſeruants there had done.

When I my maſter thus ſubuerted had,
The Romanes eke began miſlike with mee,
They ſaid I was ambitious, nigh ſo bad
And cruell, giuen to pride and gluttony.
How I was ruled all by Romanes three,
Cornelius, *Iulius*, *Celius*, for the State
My ſchoolemaſters, for which they did me hate.

And

And *Siluius Otho* ſought the Empire then,
That vicious beaſt, and coward varlet vile:
He dealt by gifts ſo with mine armed men,
That factions roſe in campe within a while.
Which when I came them for to reconcile,
To Curtius lake, neere which the armie lay,
Of *Siluius* friends the ſouldiers did me ſlay.

Strooke off my head, and bare it to my foe,
Who cauſde it ſhould be ſet vpon a ſpeare:
So through the campe they bare it to and fro,
Saluting it, now dead, a ſort there were,
Which late thereof, aliue, did doubt and feare,
O *Galba*, ioifull daies the Gods thee giue,
God ſend thee *Galba* well long time to liue.

This was the guerdon of my hautie pride,
To haue mine head thus wiſe extold aloft:
Thus I the gaines of haſty climing tride,
To leeſe mine head, and after haue it ſcoft:
A thing indeed that chaunceth wonders oft.
* Who thinkes that gaine is ſweet by ſheading blood,
In purple gore oft yeeldes like gainfull good.

HOW THE VICIOVS SILVIVS OTHO EMPEROVR OF Rome ſlew himſelfe, the yeare of *Chriſt*, 71.

Like will to like (for ſo the Prouerbe ſaies)
Such are the men, as thoſe with whom they vſe:
The Goate with Goate together is alwaies,
The Wolfe of Wolfe no friendſhip doth refuſe,
The crafty Foxe the Foxe for friend doth chuſe:
And euery liuing creature loues his kinde,
As well the ſhape as qualities of minde.

And

And yet all men that come in company,
Are not indu'd with qualities alike:
One loues ſoft muſick and ſweet melodie,
Another is perhaps Melancholike,
Another fumiſh is and Cholerike,
Another dull and ſottiſh in his ſence,
And all (in ſome what) full of negligence.

Now then Complexion is ſomewhat in caſe,
Concerning chiefe the diſpoſition:
But yet the learned writers haue a place,
That manners alter our Complexion.
So ſome ſay alſo of correction.
And ſure I thinke if that they ſay be true,
I after was the worſe for *Neroes* crue.

His Courtiſane brought me in fauour firſt,
Into his Court and fellowſhip I came:
To me recount his villanies he dirſt,
Not fit to tell, he thought which had no ſhame.
I will no more recite of his defame:
The day was curſt to me which brought me in,
At *Neroes* houſe, ſuch infamy to win.

But yet another did me more infect,
Seleucus ſeene in Mathematiques well:
He of my birth a figure did erect,
Of many haps and chaunces he did tell:
Incited me gainſt *Galba* to rebell,
With warrant if I would inuade the throne,
I might aloft with Scepter ſit alone.

To ſeeke reuenge for *Neroes* death likewiſe,
Incited me his enemy to kill:
Then with my Souldiers all I did deuiſe,
The way t'accompliſh mine endeuour ſtill,
Whom well I might perſwade almoſt to any ill.
Eke ſo indeed the Souldiers did him ſlay,
And brought to me his head with them away.

I cauſed them to ſet it on a ſpeare,
About the Campe to beare it as a ſhow,
To put the reſt mine enemies in feare:
So they before their puniſhment might know.
Great gifts amongſt the Souldiers I beſtow,
Wherewith they all in campe with one aſſent,
To chuſe me for their *Cæſar*, were content.

But now to holde it faſt a worke of skill,
I caſt about and many waies did trie
With prudent forecaſt to preuent all ill:
Non minor eſt virtus, quàm quærere, parta tueri.
The hautie ſeate hath many a greedy eye.
The election was miſlikte, and in ſhort ſpace,
Vitellius ſought to vndermine my grace.

In armes we were, and he me battaile gaue,
Firſt at Placentia, where I had the foile:
From Bebriacke by force he next me draue,
And did mine army vanquiſh quite, and ſpoile.
There I not able farder to recoile,
Deſpairing quite, I wiſt to flie no way,
As *Nero* earſt, with ſword my ſelfe I ſlay.

HOW AVLVS VITELLIVS EMPEROVR OF ROME, came to an infortunate end: the yeare *of Chriſt*, 71.

TO tread the ſtaire to ſtate, who takes in hand,
And thereon enters firſt, by bribes or blood:
On ſlippery ground he cannot firmely ſtand,
Ne fixt is he, his hold is nothing good.
Though hee knew earſt, how firme on ground he (ſtood,
And thinke to fixe his ſeate with better hold:
He cannot ſcape yet ſcotfree vncontrold.

To

To ſee before his face, the fall of ſuch
As climbe vp ſo, and cannot yet take heed,
But muſt of force th'imperiall title tuch,
Wherein ſo many doubts of danger breed:
A point of peeuiſh pride, a rage indeed
By blindneſſe blunt, a ſottiſh ſweame he feeles:
With ioyes bereft, when death is hard at heeles.

Hence Fortune well tooke name, accounted blind,
Becauſe men fortunat, vnfitly ſee:
To pleaſures ſweet, and honors all enclin'd,
Without reſpect the moſt addicted bee,
Regarding nought but titles of degree,
Whereby miſhaps, infortunes of their race,
In high proſpects, of view can take no place.

This blindneſſe is not of the eyes alone,
But of the mind, a dimneſſe and a miſt:
For when they ſhift to ſit in hautie throne
With hope to rule the ſcepter as they liſt,
Ther's no regard nor feare of had-I-wiſt.
The preſent pleaſure, glorie, wealth, and ioy
Bereaues their gaze, the feare of all annoy.

The trade of men is ſuch, too late th'are wiſe,
Too late they know which way miſchances fell.
At firſt the Phrygians counſell did deſpiſe,
At laſt they knew the way t'haue holpe it well.
When Grecians did their noble Princes quell,
Had fier'd and ſackt their towne of worthie fame,
Then they too late knew how t'haue ſau'd the ſame.

Our *Cæſar* ſaw too late his cauſe of fall,
And *Druſus* poiſned, had as fortune ill:
Domitius Nero hated moſt of all,
Eke *Galba*, which his maſter ſought to kill.
So *Siluius Otho*, whoſe blood I did ſpill,
And I *Vitellius* may affirme with theſe,
Illud verum, Sero ſapiunt Phryges.

We

We all aſſaild, and gate the throne by ſword,
So each wee ſaw how they before vs ſped:
The only fruite which treaſon hath t'afford,
Is loſſe of pleaſures, goods, lands, life or head.
The gaine we get, ſtands vs ſmall time in ſtead:
The Fame we craue, becomes defame and ſhame,
And ruſts for aie, deuouring our good name.

Of ſlaughters mine what neede I here deſcry,
Or how the Romanes reft away my life?
When I ſeuen monthes had raigned wickedly,
Which entred in by bloud and ciuill ſtrife.
But this I find too late a ſequell rife,
Who takes by ſword from Prince the ſcepters guide,
By ſword from him the ſcepter ſo ſhall ſlide.

LONDRICVS THE Pict, ſlaine by King *Marius* of Britaine, about the 80. yeare of *Chriſt.*

FOrtune was wont in ſtate to lift her children high,
And giue thē kingdomes great, & conqueſts at her will,
And place thē, as they thought, aboue ỹ gods welnigh.
She blindly leades them forth, as is her cuſtome ſtill,
With pleaſures all a while, ſhe doth their fancies fill,
And at the laſt doth let them fall adowne againe.
Shee ſets aloft, and pulles them downe with might and maine.

When we the glory ſee of thoſe that haue renowne,
We are enflamed ſtraight, the like attempts to make:
But when we ſee miſchance againe to driue them downe,
We are not able yet example there to take.
The ſtormes of enuie blacke the hautieſt houſen ſhake,
The baſeſt ſort contend, with all their force t'aſpire:
The meaner perſons eke, the loftie roomes require.

Amongſt the ſtates of men beſt is the meaner ſort,
And golden meane is beſt in euery trade of life:
For though a mightie man doe keepe a ſtately port,
And yet with men as great doe daily liue in ſtrife,
His pleaſure is but paine, and all his ioy but griefe.
When we not with our own contented can abide,
With auarice we clime, but fall againe with pride.

So though a noble borne could get an higher ſeate
By conqueſt, or by weale, by fauour or by fight,
And would from mightie *Ioue* his petegree repeate,
Yet ought he not aduance himſelfe aboue his height,
He ought not make a claime to that he hath no right,
Or truſt to Fortune ſo(although ſhe ſeeme to ſmile)
As though ſhe did not turne her ſelfe within awhile.

When with my Picts I came firſt to the Scotiſh ſhore,
I bare my ſelfe in hand that I could Britaine win,
Becauſe that Scythes of whom I came had won before
Right many noble Realmes, which they had entred in:
Yet I no ſooner could my conqueſt here begin,
But ſtraight King *Marius* came with all his warlike band,
And met with me and mine in fruitfull Weſtmerland.

I truſted ſure that Fortune would me guide ſo well
As ſhe before had done, in battailes whilome fought:
But proofe doth teach me now the certaine truth to tell,
What I by Fortune falſe with death ſo dearely bought.
Whom ſhe ſometimes ſets vp, ſhe bringeth ſoone to nought.
As I that thought this land from Britaines to regaine,
In field with all my Picts were vanquiſhed and ſlaine.

T'is folly or the end, for men to praiſe their chaunce,
Or brag what luck they haue, or tell their happie fate,
Or boaſt how Lady Fortune doth their deedes aduance:
For vnto change of chaunce ſubiected is their ſtate:
Whom firſt ſhe loues, ſhe afterward doth hate,
She flings them headlong downe, whom erſt ſhe made excell,
She makes them bare and poore, whom ſhe enriched well.

HOW

HOW SEVERVS THE EMPEROR

of Rome and gouernour of Britaine was ſlaine at Yorke, *fighting againſt the Picts, about the yeare after Chriſt,* 206. *after others,* 213.

THe ſtay of ſtately throne is nothing ſure,
Where great eſtates on bribes or bloodſhed build:
As *Didius Iulian* put for proofe in vre,
Th'Emperiall ſeate he bought, and ſoone was kild.
So *Niger* after him aſſaide the ſame,
Albinus then, from Britaine armed came.

Theſe three ſtood in my way to high eſtate,
Which I ſore thirſted for, but yet at laſt
I made therto, by bloudſhed bold, a gate,
And vnreſiſted to the throne I paſt.
The ſouldiers *Iulian* ſlew, for inſufficient pay:
My ſeruants eke at Antioch *Niger* ſlay.

Then was my ſeate, me thought, aſſur'd to bide,
There could no tempeſt teare my ſailes adowne:
No ſhower could cauſe my fixed foote to ſlide,
Nor vndercreeper take from me the Crowne,
Which had the guide of all Europaes might,
He needed not to feare the force of fight.

Encouraged with loue of laſting fame,
I entred with an armie into th'Eaſt,
Armenia can full well report the fame,
Whereas my warlike glory firſt increaſt.
Angarus I ſubdude by fight the noble King,
And did his ſonnes to Rome for hoſtage bring.

Arabia fœlix felt my force likewiſe,
Although thoſe warres had not ſo good ſucceſſe:
Yet made I them with bowes (goood archers) riſe,
Or elſe they had ben driuen to greate diſtreſſe.
Their ſhafts from Arras ſhot, made vs to ſmart,
They poyſoned of my men by policie and art.

To Parthia thence, against the law of armes,
We gate, forgot the truce before was plight:
And when occasion fit we found to worke our harmes,
King *Artabane* we did subdue in fight.
With fire and sword we brent, and spoil'd his land,
Tooke captiues, slew his men that did withstand.

To Rome I came, and caused mappes be drawne
Of iournies mine, by land and seas the plats:
Not erst before such expedition sawne,
Nor of those Countries seene so perfect maps.
The world did wonder at my heapes of haps,
Rome honourd mee with triumphs when I came,
They vnto me of Parthique gaue to name.

But when can princes best assure themselues?
What state without the stormes of strife doth stand?
What barke beares saile in tempest on the shelues?
What blisse abides and lasts, by sea or land?
Who takes to raigne the scepter in his hand,
Islike to him, in sterne to stirre that sits,
Commanding all the rest, their race he fits.

For while that I abroad for glorie hunt,
My sonnes at home in pleasures spent the time:
And as their father erst before was wont,
Endeuourd how aloft they both might clime.
The elder fierce and cruell *Antonine*,
The yonger *Geta* far more milde then hee,
Could not at any time in peace agree.

So I endeuoured to appeaze the strife,
But nought at all I could therein preuaile:
This made me woe and weary of my life,
Which erst so many Kingdomes did assaile.
I had the hap mine enmies force to quaile,
To rule the Romanes well, and all the rest:
But for to rule my sonnes, I was vnblest.

Perceiuing

Perceiuing then ſome perſons leaud there were,
Which counſell'd oft my ſonnes embracing vice,
(As ſtill is ſeene in Court enueiglers are,
Procurers of deſpite, and auarice,
That flattery hold for gaine a gift of price)
I cauſde be put to death thoſe Thraſoes vile,
And ſome were ſent or baniſht to exile.

My elder ſonne did thinke my life too long,
The yonger lou'd the elders life as ill:
They ſtudied both to make their parties ſtrong,
Which griefe my griped heart well neere did kill.
Such are the miſchiefes of the ſtately ſtill.
In Britaine eke the Picts rebelling roſe,
Some Britaines there became our ſecret foes.

Firſt to be abſent from the force at home,
And partly greater glorie to attaine,
My wicked children ſought my death in Rome,
But chiefely *Antonine* tooke herein paine,
I ſhould by guard or Phyſicke drugs be ſlaine,
That by my death the Empire he might ſway,
T'obtaine the ſame he often gaue th'aſſay.

Yet no man would accompliſh his intent,
For my Phyſitions bare me loyall hearts:
My ſeruants eke full true no treaſon ment,
But plai'd in each reſpect their faithfull parts.
They knew themſelues ſo bound by due deſerts,
They ought not, ſeruants, ſuch a Lord betray,
That gaue ſo great rewards and gifts alway.

To Britaine ouer ſeas from Rome went I,
To quaile the Picts that ruffled in that Ile:
And tame the ſtout that tribute did denie,
Which were withheld from Romans there a while,
And to be abſent from my ſonnes ſo vile.
But ſee what haps befall vs in the end,
Which ſo in throne to raigne alone contend:

For when I was to Britaine come that land,
Where people ſtout, vntam'd vnuanquiſht dwelt:
Although once *Cæſar* Fortunes ſauour ſand,
That erſt before their valiant valour felt:
I found the people nothing preſt to pelt,
To yeeld, or hoſtage giue, or tributes pay,
Or couenants to accept, or fearefully to fray.

They ſaid that we did tributes ſore exact,
Whereby their Iſle impoueriſht greatly was:
The Picts likewiſe them rob'd, and ſpoil'd, and ſackt,
Whereof the Romans ſeemed nought to pas.
We ought (they ſaid) to tame the Galloglaſſe,
The ranging Scythian Pict that them did ſpoile,
If we would reape our tribute of their toile.

On which at length, I did conclude a peace,
And ioyn'd in league with them againſt the Pict:
But yet the wilfull people did not ceaſe,
My Britaines good by inroads to afflict:
Whereon to wall them out I made edict.
Long ſix ſcore miles and twelue, the banke I made
From ſea to ſea, that Picts ſhould not inuade.

By helpe of this, I chaſte the Picts away,
And draue them into Albany to dwell:
Whereon *Fulgentius* ſtout without delay
To Scythia ſail'd, and there his chance did tell:
And with an hoſt of Picts appointed well,
He did returne with ſpeed to Britaine ſtrand:
(That time I lay by North to guide the land)

At length to Yorke with all his hoſt he came,
Beſieging it full ſharpe aſſaults he gaue:
Where I likewiſe for to defend the ſame,
And from our foes the caſtell good to ſaue
Came with my power, as deſtnies on me draue:
But in that field it was my chance to fall,
I tooke my deadly wound, there ended all.

The

The Scythian eke receiu'd a deadly wound,
Which came to conquer vs, and loſt his feeld:
Thus fortune fares her children to confound,
Which on her wheele their baſtiles brauely beeld.
Let noble Princes then to reaſon yeeld,
The dainefull Ladie daintie and demure,
Dame Fortunes fauour fickle and vnſure.

Some ſay that I return'd to Rome againe,
Sore troubled with the gout, deſiring death:
And that I would haue taken poiſon faine,
Which me deni'd, to reaue my vitall breath.
I tooke a ſurfet great, which wrought my death.
The Britaines ſay, at Yorke my bones do lie,
The Romans ſay at Rome in Italie.

But this I wiſh, all noble wights to view
How I by ſlaughter gate the throne at firſt,
My ſouldiers noble men for Empire ſlew,
This way to riſe, of all I proued worſt:
For why, his hand of gods and men is curſt,
To riſe aloft that layes the ground with blood:
The ſtates of ſuch vnſtable ſtill haue ſtood.

HOW FVLGENTIVS A SCYTHIAN, OR PICT, WAS ſlaine at the ſeige of Yorke, about the yeare *of Chriſt*, 206. *or* 213.

Am that valiant Scythian Prince the Pict,
That vanquiſht oft the Britaines in this Ile:
Againſt the noble Romans power I kickt,
And kept them play in Britaine both long while,
I forſt them make a wall an hundred mile,
From ſea to ſea, with towers to keepe me out,
Which of vs Picts did daily ſtand in doubt.

Our ancient race (as I can ſhew with skill)
Had right by due deſcent to claime this land:
Of which repeate ſome proofe therefore I will,
That ſo thou maiſt our title vnderſtand.
When all mankind felt *Ioues* almightie hand,
That drencht all nations quite, for their foule ſin,
Then ſtraight in Scythia did the world begin.

Th'Egyptians hold forſooth that they reſtord
The world againe; but, how vnlikely, ſee:
For Scythiaes ſite is high as all accord,
From vs the fountaines great'ſt deriued bee.
The ancient writers all likewiſe agree,
That on Armenia mount the Arke did reſt,
Till *Ioue* againe the earth with drowth addreſt.

But they alledge againe their Zone is milde,
And fertill, temperate, meete to foſter men:
Our Scythian hilles (they ſay) are froſtie, wilde,
Which cannot breed but ruder people then.
To which I may well anſwere make agen,
As God did make the Zones hot, milde, and cold,
So did he make like men the ſame to hold.

They ſay we are nigh neighbours to the Pole,
Or frozen point: more neere the fire are they:
What poyſons breed with them, and Lybians ſole
In parching ſands the writers wiſe diſplay.
Can nature frame mankind more deepe decay?
Where parching heat, where ſerpents vglie breed,
Is no fit clime, whence man ſhould firſt proceed.

But now Ile tell why Scythians ſhould poſſeſſe
This noble Iſle: firſt, Lord *Neptunus* gaue
The Iſlands to his ſonnes, both more and leſſe,
Eke *Albion* firſt of all this Iſle ſhould haue:
He not with this content, the Firme did craue.
Wherefore in France him *Hercules* diſpatcht,
When as he would a Kingdome there haue catcht.

Now

Now as from *Noah* (of Scythia) by descent,
Downe vnto *Albions* time they held the land:
From Scythe to Scythian as of right it went,
And after him no Scythian Prince it fand,
When as vsurpers tooke the raigne in hand,
Was it not reason we should vndertake,
This noble Realme our owne againe to make?

The Romans this deny, but euen themselues likewise
(If they from vertue stray, as they do vse,
And do *Iehouaes* lawes and hests despise,
And right, and truth, and iustice so refuse)
Shall find how much their Scepter they misuse.
The Scythian shall their loftie seate assaile,
The Prince of Picts against them shall preuaile.

But of Proud Romes *Seuerus* now I tell,
When he the wall had made to keepe me out,
To Scythia hence I sail'd, and stor'd me well
With men, munition good, a warlike rout,
Of youthfull Picts full strong in armour stout
A Nauie good I brought, and taking land,
Of stately Yorke I tooke the siege in hand.

The Emperour great *Seuerus Parthique* proud,
With Romans, Galles, and Britaine souldiers came:
To make me raise the siege of Yorke he vow'd,
And I likewise to win and race the same.
To win the prize we both our armies frame:
But he was slie, his souldiers skilfull train'd,
My men to slie by ambush, he constrain'd.

Againe to fight we fell afresh, the battell grew,
About I brought my wings, and now they sound
Tantara teares alarme, the fluits fight, fight anew,
And there a while the Romans fell to ground.
The cries and shouts of men to skies resound,
They fall, fall, flie, the fluits; downe downe the droms do crie:
Whereon the Romans sound retraite, and faine to flie.

My

My ſouldiers all too raſh had broke array,
The Romane rereward caſt about with ſpeed,
And both their wings encloſed vs each way,
Their maine likewiſe to keepe array gaue heed.
Which when I ſaw, it made my heart to bleed,
And to *Seuerus* ſelfe I made my way,
Where with my Picts the Parthique I did ſtay.

So when the Emperour fell, a ſhout aroſe,
The Romans blancke, amazed, wofull were:
Fulgentius faſt recoil'd, death wounded goes,
And of my crew a troupe to aide me there.
I bought my Britiſh conqueſt all too deere.
No conqueſt yet: for as I conqueſt ſought,
With my life blood the conqueſt deare was bought.

You noble men, yee ſee what truſt there is
In Fortunes gifts, how miſchiefe makes the marts,
And how our hoped haps in warres do miſſe,
When backe the braue and blinded Ladie ſtarts.
High reaching heads ſwim oft in ſeas of ſmarts.
The man content, is bleſt, and beſt at eaſe,
Which in meane ſtate both God and man do pleaſe.

HOW GETA THE YONGER SONNE OF THE EMPEROUR *Seuerus* once Gouernour of Britaine, was ſlaine in his mothers armes by his brother ANTONINE, *Emperour of Rome, about the yeare of Chriſt,* 214.

THE Feuer Prince had cauſe his ſtate to rue,
Or by his end might moue men mone his chance,
My wofull tale may ſhew the like to you,
Whom fortune erſt, and birth did high aduance.
In Rome, in Britaine, Germanie, and France
I fauour had, and liu'd belou'd alway,
I Emprour was, what need I more to ſay?

In

In Britaine while my father waged fight
By North against the Picts, I rul'd the South:
Seuerus so appointed it my right,
And Britaine Iustice had from *Getaes* mouth.
I gaue not then my selfe to idle slouth,
  But gaue an end to causes great of strife,
  With doome so iust, that men reioyst my life.

The Senate honor'd me for vertues sake,
Abroad the Britaines blest me for their blisse,
The souldiers stout of me account did make.
Let stories tell if I do faine in this:
Lest some suspect, that I report amisse.
  For what is he, which is not counted vaine,
  When for himselfe he speakes, though nere so plaine?

In peace I prudent was, and graue of grace,
In warres as stout, but not so fierce withall:
Not forst with feare to turne from foes my face,
Nor bought with bribes to let Dame Iustice fall,
I not oppreſt the weaker sort with thrall,
  But sought to pleasure all, both neare and farre:
  More prone to peace I was, then bent to warre.

What heart so hard but will for pitie bleed,
To heare a Prince which meant to each so well,
Should haue such cause to liue in feare and dreed
Of sword, of bane, of force, or poison fell,
Not daring Emprour nere his brother dwell,
  Whom Romans lou'd, and strangers honor'd still,
  But brothers treason caused all our ill.

Hight *Antonine*, I hate his name and facts,
Sith he my butcher was, as may appeare:
The world detests his vile and viprous acts,
And subtill shifts to kill his father deare:
So void of grace, so void of honest feare,
  He durst attempt the guard to bribe and fee,
  That so by them his sire might poisoned bee.

This when our Sire *Seuerus* wist and saw
How *Antonine* that bloodie beast was bent,
Against the order quite of natures law,
Eke how to take the Empire whole he ment;
For both of vs at Yorke he often sent,
Perswading vs true concord for to hold,
And of the fruits of discord oft he told.

Yet *Antonine* regarded nought his hest,
Nay yet the charge of warres he had in hand:
T'enlarge his power for th'Empire he addrest.
Which when *Seuerus* old did vnderstand,
All pleasures quite and ioyes he did aband,
Pursuing warre: neere Yorke he tooke his end
By sword of Picts, or by some traytour friend.

Then *Antonine* made spoile of all his men,
Physitions nil'd before at his request
Dispatch their Lord, to death he put them then,
And so he seru'd of faithfull guard the rest.
What villanie was in this vipers brest?
Was not content with death of those he sought,
But after brings their friends likewise to nought.

I was foretold my life he thirsted sore,
And that the Empire sole he sought to haue,
As we to Rome did passe I feared more,
I from his courts and diets did me saue:
I knew my life and th'Empire he did craue,
Wherefore in Rome my court I kept likewise
Apart from his, that did my death deuise.

My seruants were allur'd by sundrie gifts
By poyson to procure my lises decay:
He tri'd to cut me off a thousand shifts,
What maruell, since he sought his sire to slay?
He made his Fathers friends for spite away,
Because they would not to his will be wrought,
To bring them vnto death he daily sought.

His

His ſleights for me could take no ſure ſucceſſe,
For ſtill his traines and treaſons were deſcri'd:
In danger I was forſt to ſeeke redreſſe
By like attempts, but that likewiſe was ſpide.
*Pretended murder no man cloſe can hide,
But out it flies, the rumor runnes apace,
The ſpot thereof all vertues elſe deface.

When this was knowne that I likewiſe aſſai'd
His life to reaue (though t'were my life to ſaue)
Not long to wrecke the ſame the butcher ſtai'd,
He had the thing ſo long he ſought to haue,
Cauſe of reuenge the rumor ſmall him gaue,
That in the euen he came to ſpill my blood,
As I vnarmed with my mother ſtood.

There ſhe perceiuing him with ſword approch,
In armes me caught to ſaue my life and blood,
But he deſeruing all the worlds reproch,
No whit in doubt to end my ſlaughter ſtood.
She him beſought (as ſeem'd an Empreſſe good)
While he without remorſe of her requeſt,
Betweene her armes did run me through the breſt.

Theſe were the acts of that vile monſter then
For Empire ſake, to raigne alone aloft:
Deſpiſde that was, abhor'd of Gods and men,
And curſt to hell by all good men ſo oft,
You ſee the fall of *Geta*, milde, and ſoft,
Whoſe line of life no longer fates could ſtretch,
Cut off by ſword of *Antonine* that wretch.

Now maiſt thou deeme of my deſerts and his,
He to his ſire of ſonnes was moſt vnkind:
His mothers ioyes he reau'd away her bliſſe,
That Dame which bare to both ſo milde a mind:
And let my dealings aye due fauour find,
Whoſe murder may giue plaine proſpect and ſhow
What monſter wrought his faithfull friends ſuch woe.

HOW

HOW AVRELIVS ANTONIVS BASSIANVS CARACALLA Emperour of Rome, was ſlaine by one of his *owne ſeruants, about the yeere of Chriſt, 209.*

WHo thirſts to throng vnto the higheſt throne,
Ne wiſely windes Dame Fortunes ſubtile ſnare:
Or who in Court would rule the roſt alone,
And ſees not what he heapes himſelfe of care,
Let him well weigh my caſe, and then beware:
Whom forth the ſtately ſeate did firſt allure,
Which after did my haſtie death procure.

And, *Higgins*, here in purpoſe ſith thou haſt
The hapleſſe hauen where Fortunes impes arriue,
A mirour make likewiſe of me thou maiſt,
If thou my life and dealings wilt diſcriue.
It may perhaps much profit ſome aliue:
Which when themſelues plaine painted forth they ſee,
They may preſage their fatall falles in me.

I am that *Antonine*, *Seuerus* ſonne,
That once of mightie Rome did beare the ſway,
Which in my fathers life a ſtrife begone
With *Geta*, thirſting often him to ſlay.
I ſought to haue my father made away,
To raigne alone ſo great deſire I had,
Nought but their deathes my wicked hart could glad.

My father oft exhorted both to peace,
Declar'd by ſtories olde what came by ſtrife,
Dehorted both from ciuill diſcord ceaſe,
But I ſought meanes to rid him of his life.
I baniſht to Sycilia Iſle my wife,
Encreaſt mine hoſt, reckt not my Britiſh charge,
But how I might enioy the Empire large.

And

And firſt when as my father once was dead,
I gaue my ſelfe to all reuenge of foes,
The ſeruants late which ſtood mee not in ſtead,
And ſome who did my trecherie diſcloſe,
Or ſuch to ſaue their Prince themſelues diſpoſe,
Or reconcile vs brethren tooke ſore paine,
I cauſde them all without reſpect be ſlaine.

The captaines all my friends I ſought to make,
In Britaine then deſiring them to chuſe
Me Emprour ſole, and *Geta* to forſake:
Which they to doe for duties ſake refuſe.
Our mother eke all meanes with vs did vſe,
Perſwading vs to loue and concord bend,
To which in ſhew I granted in the end.

We both in Empire like from Britaine paſſe,
A truce concluded there, and hoſtage take:
His reliques ſhrinde (as then the cuſtome was)
To Rome therewith our voyage faſt we make.
And yet the malice could not ſo aſlake:
For in our iournies we durſt neither truſt,
But ſeuerall Courts and Diets keepe we muſt.

Both fearing poyſon, force or treaſon wrought,
Both crauing all the Empire to enioy,
Both working all the waies that might be ſought,
To worke to each ſome ſecret great annoy,
Both ſeeking how his partner to deſtroy.
The brother which to brother ſhould be ſtay,
Endeuours how to make him quite away.

And thoſe that bare of dignities degree,
The officers, were diuerſly diſtract:
Some fauour'd *Geta*, ſome did fauour mee,
In him no point of courteſie there lackt:
He was of maners milde, of doome exact,
To ſtudies good addict, of comely grace,
In warres and peace diſcharging well the place.

But

But I was rough, and violent, and fierce,
Of fierie *Mars* affected all to blood:
What need I more my qualities rehearſe,
Which were ſo far vnlike my brothers good?
On threatnings, force, and feare, my Empire ſtood,
Whereby indeed of fauning friends I had,
For feare or gaine were of my fauour glad.

Our mother long perſwading vs to peace,
And both perceiuing our attempts but vaine,
Did both agree our diſcords to ſurceaſe,
And for to part the Empire into twaine:
My ſelfe ſhould hold of Europe all the maine
With th'Iſles thereof, and *Geta* all the Eaſt,
Of Aſia all the Iſlands moſt and leaſt.

As thus we parle amongſt the Counſell all,
And ſo decree, full purpoſed thereto,
The Senate, which foreſaw miſhaps might fall,
Still ſadly ſate, durſt nothing ſay nor do:
But *Iulia* then the mother of vs two,
When ſhe perceiu'd the Senate pauſe for feare,
Aroſe to ſpeake, and ſaid as you ſhall heare.

" The ſea and land (quoth ſhe) my ſonnes you get,
" You find a way how you may them diuide:
" The Pontique floud betweene you both is ſet
" For bounds of both it buts on either ſide:
" But how will you your mother now diuide?
" How ſhall my hapleſſe corps be parted, put
" Betweene you both, ſhall I likewiſe be cut?

" If needs in twaine you part this Empire muſt,
" I ſee what diſcord after may betide:
" How Empire makes men guiltleſſe blood to thruſt,
" What noble Peeres for this betrai'd, haue dide.
" T'were better both the Romans well to guide,
" Then ſeparate farre, without ſo firme a ſtay,
" Your ſeuered force ſome treaſon ſhould decay.

" One

" One man himſelfe may much by wit foreſee,
" But twaine may more perceiue then one alone:
" One friendly man by fauour much may be,
" But two in friendſhip knit, need feare no fone.
" Two brethren then to rule the world alone
" As brethren ſhould, and liue in faithfull ſort,
" The world their loue and honors will report.

" But if diuide the Empire all you will,
" Firſt ere you go for to enioy your raigne,
" My wofull corps I pray you heere to kill,
" And it diuide betweene you both in twaine,
" That I may eke with both of you remaine.
" Do burie each apart ſo diſtant farre,
" Diuided as your ſeats, ſelues, Kingdomes are.

So when ſhe ſpoken had, with teares ſhe came,
And ſobs, beſeeching both, embracing vs,
And wil'd we ſhould our ſelues to friendſhip frame,
Not bearing hate in heart, and enuie thus:
On which the Senate nothing durſt diſcuſſe,
But all aroſe, departing did lament,
Which view'd our thirſting ſore, to bloodſhed bent.

Our hatred ſtill encreaſed more and more,
For when that Captaines new elected were,
Or officers in place we did reſtore,
In theſe, our minds to all men plaine appeare,
We diuerſly affected fauour beare:
Of right in ſentence eke, of diuers minds,
As hate full oft the eyes of Iuſtice blinds.

Our owne we ſought, and not the publike weale,
Yet both the publike wealth alone to haue:
We nothing reckt to hap the publike heale,
But to enioy the publike wealth we ſtraue.
To Cookes and Butlers gifts of price we gaue,
To poiſon each: when yet not theſe proceed,
I hired ſome by force to do the deed.

When this likewiſe had not ſucceſſe aright,
My ſelfe, to ſlay my brother, I addreſt:
I ruſht into his chamber euen or night,
While of my force I thinke he feared leſt:
There with my ſword I ſtroke him through the breſt,
Eke while our mothers lap his wounds embrew,
Her *Geta* deare betweene her armes I ſlew.

Which done, I flew the place, and call'd the guard,
Cri'd treaſon, told I ſcarce eſcapt vnſlaine,
Commanding ſouldiers well to watch and ward,
And me conuey vnto the campe amaine,
Where I might ſafe from violence remaine:
I ſaid I ſhould by foes be forc'd to die,
If in the Court I longer time did lie.

So they ſuppoſing all was truth I told,
(Not weeting what was done to *Geta* than)
Made ſpeed to runne with me vnto the hold:
The people hearing this, to flocke began,
Enquiring why the Prince and ſouldiers ran:
In tent I kneel'd encampt, the gods to praiſe
With promiſt vowes, which had prolong'd my daies.

The ſouldiers all reſorted to my tent,
Where I the Gods with honor ſerued tho:
On which I forth amongſt them boldly went,
Told them great dangers I had ſcaped fro,
And of mine enmies fall and ouerthro.
By Fortunes gift (quoth I) our foe is ſlaine,
And th'Empire wholly doth to me remaine.

I promiſt if the ſouldiers me would ſaue,
My Empire ſtabliſh ſure, and ſafetie ſee,
Each twentie hundred Attique grotes ſhould haue,
More corne then earſt by halfe allow'd ſhould bee,
The temples wealth and treaſures ſhould be free
For them to vſe at large, in that one day
Seuerus treaſure I did make away.

The

The ſouldiers all perceiuing well my mind,
(And ſlaughter blaz'd by thoſe in houſe that fled)
I was by them the Emperour ſole aſſign'd,
And he an enmie nam'd that now was dead.
All night in temple forth with vowes I led,
Next day to Senate houſe with th'hoſt I gate,
And ſeruice done, thus wiſe in throne I ſpake:

I Know right well (quoth I) domeſtique ſlaughters hatefull ſeeme,
And euen the name thereof makes men full ill of parties deeme:
For why, th'vnhappie ſlaine moues milder men to mercy ſtill,
And noble Peeres are enui'd when compell'd their foes they kill,
The vanquiſht iniur'd ſeeme, and victours deem'd vniuſtly ill,
But whoſoeuer ſhall this caſe it ſelfe with truth perpend
Not partially that deemes, enſearching what he did pretend:
He ſhall perceiue and find it better farre and needfull more
To wrecke the wrong, then wincke thereat, and after ſmart therefore.
For, to the ſlaine beſide his woe, there comes a daſtards name,
The victour hath beſide his health, of fortitude the fame.
But certes how by poyſons he, and all meanes ſought my ſpoile,
You may right ſoone by tortures trie without of farther toile.
And therefore I commanded all his ſeruants preſent bee,
That you the truth may know, when their confeſſions plaine you ſee:
While I was at my mothers houſe, he brought with ſwords his traine,
Forwarn'd, ſo arm'd, by fight my foe, I haue mine enmie ſlaine.
Sith he about a miſchiefe went, no brothers heart that bore,
To take reuenge on ſuch, is due: as cuſtome telles of yore.
The founder right of Rome, not with his brother flouting bare:
I leaue to ſpeake what Germanique *and* Titus *erſt did dare,*
And Marcus *wiſe and milde, his daughters huſband did not ſpare.*
But I, for me when poyſons were and ſwords to ſlay me dreſt,
Reueng'd my foe, (of foe the name his workes aſſign'd him beſt)
Therefore thanke you the Gods, that they one Prince preſerued you,
Behold the ſame, him loyall loue, to him be iuſt and true:
For euen as Ioue *aboue, amongſt the gods doth rule alone,*
So he in earth the Empire all, allottes and giues to one.

Thus hauing said aloud, with irefull mood,
And bloodie countnance cast about the place,
Th'assemblie pale and trembling, searefull stood,
And I return'd to'th Palace thence a space.
My brothers house and fame I did deface,
His friends, his seruants all, yong, old, and new,
And th'infants eke, without respect I slew:

The Wrastlers and the Waggeners likewise,
Musitians, players, which did please his mind:
Of th'order of the Senators full wise,
In whom was noble blood or wealth to find.
Not one of *Getaes* friends I left behind:
Also my wife whom I exil'd away
To Sicile Ile, I caused them to slay.

Lucilla eke that ancient noble Dame,
To *Marcus* wise the daughter sage and graue,
Of *Commodus* that sister great of fame,
Which honor much in Rome deseru'd to haue,
I say, she did my deeds therein depraue,
Because to *Getaes* mother she wept sore,
For *Getaes* death: I causde her die therefore.

Her sonne likewise, I caused should be slaine,
And of th'Imperiall blood (to make all sure)
I left not one aliue, that might remaine,
Or vnto whom they might my place procure.
By night likewise I put like acts in vre:
For day and night I ceased not to slay,
Of *Getaes* friends to roote the rest away.

I Vestall virgins buried eke aliue,
And made the souldiers multitudes to kill,
Because I deem'd they were in words too bliue.
Against my coach wherein I trauell'd still,
The souldiers slew the men that thought no ill,
Or made them buy their liues with all they had,
Which were, to scape with life alone, full glad.

This

This done, for feare from Rome with ſpeede I gate:
The towne like life at home miſliked me:
For why the City did my murders hate,
Where ſouldiers held their ſlaughters franke and free,
And were enricht by ſpoile of each degree.
I gate therefore with all my Martiall crew
From Itayle land, Danubian ſhores to view.

Where, vnto hunting I applide my ſelfe,
To ride abroad in couch, and giue them lawes:
In few diſpacht their pleas about but pelfe,
Not giuen to heare long pleading plaints for ſtrawes,
I counted ſuch but cau'lling caitiue dawes
As ſpent their ſubſtance, time, and goods in ſuite,
About ſuch things as could not yeeld them fruit.

I clad my ſelfe much like the Germans then,
So trimde my haire, choſe them my guard to ſerue:
So framde my ſelfe to pleaſe theſe ruder men,
As might them cauſe of me full well deſerue,
From labour none with them I ſeem'd to ſwerue,
To digge, lift, beare, to grinde, mould, knead or bake
In painfull ſort, and ſimple fare to take.

The Germans much reioyc'd my kind of life,
My ſufferance great in during labours long:
The name of mate with vs was holden rife,
I ſeem'd a fellow ſouldier them among:
Of ſtature ſmall, yet was I wondrous ſtrong,
So that few men which in mine armies were,
Could with like ſtrength ſuch weightie burthens beare.

When at Danubius I had placed ſtrength,
To Thracia thence with ſpeed apace I went:
There Monuments againe I made at length
To *Alexanders* fame: to Rome I ſent
Likewiſe of ſtatues for the ſame intent,
In Capitole and Temples them to place,
For honour great of *Alexanders* grace.

I made me garments eke of Thracian guiſe,
And Captaines me to *Alexander* call:
To Pergame thence in Aſia great that lies
I gate, *Achilles* tombe with honours all
With eie to view, as ſtories witneſſe ſhall:
Whence (order ſet) to Antioch I farde,
Where my receit with honour was preparde.

To Alexandria then I fared faſt,
For they had ſcoft full oft before at mee:
My mother they had named Queene *Iocaſte*,
Achilles great and *Alexander* mee.
They ſmilde my folly great herein to ſee,
Which though I were a dwarfe of ſtature ſmall,
Durſt take the name of Captaines great and tall.

Ne *Getaes* murder ſpared oft to ſpread,
As is their nature giuen to taunt and ieſt:
Wherefore as though Religion had me lead,
I offred ſacrifice with ſolemne feaſt
At *Alexanders* tombe, where moſt and leaſt
Of all the youth were preſent to behold
The offerings great I brought, and gifts of gold.

This done, I wil'd the youth ſhould all prepare
To ſhew themſelues in field: for I would chuſe
A band by *Alexanders* name to fare,
As erſt in Thrace and Sparta I did vſe.
They came reioicing all, to heare the newes:
Where I with ſouldiers come to take the view,
Them compaſt in, and all the people ſlew.

The valley all did ſwimme with ſtreames of bloud,
So great that time a ſlaughter was there made:
It ſtainde the mightie mouthes of Nilus floud,
And on the ſhores you might bloud wetſhod wade:
My piners eke were preſt with ſhowle and ſpade
T'interre the dead, a monſtrous trench that fill,
And on them dead, they reard a mightie hill.

But

But then desiring glorie more to get
By *Parthian* name, which erst my father had,
I sent to *Artabane*, without of let,
Ambassage great, with gifts his minde to glad:
And for his daughter them perswade I bad,
Desiring him to giue her me to wife,
The cause of lasting loue, and end of strife.

By this both ioind in one, we might for ay
Of all the world the Diademe possesse:
And might to each in all attempts be stay,
In fight our foes by firmer force suppresse.
When they my message thus did there expresse,
At first he feard deceit: againe I sent:
Wherewith he was at last full well content.

By gifts I wrought, and plight my faith withall
For truth to him, and for his daughters loue,
And he began me sonne in lawe to call.
Which new report, did all the Parthians moue
Vs to receiue, our friendships firme t'approue,
Reioycing now such league at last to see,
Whereby they might from Romane warres be free.

And so I entred Parthia as mine owne,
The Parthians me receiued with triumphs great:
When mine approch to *Artabane* was knowne,
In plaine before the City of his seat
He came to meete mee, with a number great
Ware garlands gay, in golden vestures clad,
With all the ioy, and triumphs might be had.

So when great multitudes assembled were,
Their horses left behind and bowes laid downe,
Amongst their cups deuoide of force the feare,
By numbers great the chiefe of all the towne,
Which came to see the bridemans high renowne,
Disorderly vnarm'd as so they stand,
I gaue my souldiers signe, to vse their hand.

And downe by sword they fell, they could not flie,
The King scarse scap'd, conueid by horse away:
Their solemne garments long, their flight did tie,
A slaughter great of Parthians was that day,
We sackte their Townes, and noble men did slay.
From thence I past t'Azamia after this
To hunt, and gaue my selfe to bathe in blisse.

Thus hauing runne my recklesse race vnkinde,
And doubting both of treason and my thrall,
I sought by curious arts of sprites to finde
Who should procure in th'end my fatall fall:
Maternian at Rome should search for all,
He should enquire my fate, of all wise men,
And write hereof, what was their mindes agen.

What he did write againe, I wote not I,
From Carras I to Lunaes Temple went:
And for because it neere the Campe did lie,
To sacrifice with few was mine intent:
For why to towne from thence returne I ment,
And so from thence to Campe likewise againe
I might retire, without a greater traine.

Amongst the which, one *Martiall* of my garde,
Whose brother (not conuinst, accusde) I slew,
Thus wise my caytiue corps did watch to warde,
(For when therefore conuenient time hee knew,
While I apart mee gate for natures due,
And bad the rest aside a space depart)
He came and stabde me stifly through the heart.

Seuerus seruants I corrupted oft,
Them see'd to make their Lord my sire away:
With *Getaes* men the like attempts I wrought,
To bane their Lord, and brother mine to slay.
How I the Alexandrians did betray,
And Parthians eke, before to you I told,
Deseruing death for those a thousand fold.

But

But ſith thoſe faithfull ſeruants I did kill,
Which would not ſley their noble Lords for gold,
I worthy was to haue a gard ſo ill,
As ſhould to pierce my hateſull heart be bold.
The Iuſtice great of *Ioua* here behold:
* Vniuſtly who ſo ſeekes to ſlay the good,
The ſword at length ſhall iuſtly ſhed his bloud.

FINIS.

HOW CARASSVS A HVSBANDMANS SONNE, AND AFTER King of Britaine, was ſlaine in battell by *Alectus a Roman, Anno Dom.* 293.

WIth men be borne by Nature naked all,
With their eſtates why are not men content?
Why doe they deeme the want of wealth a thral?
Why ſhould they loath the lot, which God hath ſent?
Adam himſelfe I finde, at firſt was ſent,
As one who did diſdaine his poore eſtate,
To diſobey, with God to be a mate.

Thou maiſt be made a God, (quoth ſatan than,)
If on the fruite forbidden thou wilt feede:
The ſenſeleſſe wight the feeble forceleſſe man,
Did taſte thereof, ſuppoſing that with ſpeed
He ſhould in haſt haue beene a God indeed.
He not content, hoping for higher place,
Brought bitter bale to him and all his race.

And I the ſonne of *Adam* by deſcent,
Did ſeeke to ſet my ſelfe in princely ſeate,
With mine eſtate I could not be content,
For which I felt the force of hatreds heat.
As at the firſt, my good ſucceſſe was great,
So at the laſt, by fancies fond deſires,
I groapt for grapes amidſt the bramble briers:

Let

Let ſuch as would by vertue them aduance,
Marke by what meanes I did my ſelfe addreſſe,
To flie at firſt my poore allotted chance
By honeſt meanes: let them from wickedneſſe
Which faine would flie, learne this by my diſtreſſe,
That he who doth from right and reaſon ſtray,
Deſtruction ſhall deſtroy him with decay.

For I by birth borne next to beggers dore,
Was ſtai'd aloft with ſtaffe of high eſtate:
But whil'ſt that I ſo high a pitch did ſore,
I left the meanes which made me riſe of late,
I vices lou'd, I did all vertues hate.
For which, *Caraſſus* ran a race in vaine,
And nothing got, but death and deepe diſdaine.

When ciuill ſtrife had Britaine quite vndone,
So that her ſtrength was now of none auaile,
The faithleſſe Picts with ruth did ouerrunne
That royall Realme: and did ſo far preuaile,
That ſorrow did on euery ſide aſſaile
My natiue ſoile: and being thus diſmai'd,
To Rome we ſent for ſuccour, helpe, and aid.

Seuerus then by *Baſſianus* ſent,
To bring this Realme vnto ſome quiet ſtay,
The Romans and the Britaines both were bent,
To bring the barbarous Picts to their decay,
Them to returne againe to Scythia.
And at the laſt, by good *Seuerus* aid,
We them deſtroi'd, when we were moſt afraid.

Whoſe force though twice the Romans felt too ſtrong,
Yet at the laſt we got a goodly day,
Euen by my meanes, who thruſt into the throng
Of th'armed Picts, I deſperate there did play
The part of him, whom feare did neuer fray.
And at the laſt to end this mortall ſtrife,
I did depriue King *Lodricke* of his life.

And

And when the Picts did ſee their king depriu'd
Of vitall life, Lord, how they fled the field!
They made me muſe, to ſee how faſt they ſtriu'd,
With ſtaileſſe ſteppes, ech one his life to ſhield:
Who could not flie, he there with care was kilde.
So by my meanes, my countrey did obtaine
Her ancient ſtate, and liberty againe.

At my returne I to *Seuerus* ſaid,
See here how I with woundes am all beſtead?
I cannot liue, I feele how life doth fade,
Lodricke himſelfe did carue and cut my head,
For which my blade his lukewarme blood hath ſhed:
He cut my cap, and I haue got his crowne,
He loſt his life, and I haue found renowne.

Seuerus then vnto his Surgion ſaid,
Heale him, and bring him ſafe and ſound againe,
Thou for thy paines with poundes ſhalt wel be paid,
And he ſhall haue ſuch honour for his paine,
As vnto him for euer ſhal remaine:
For by the Gods which rule the ſkies aboue,
His noble acts deſerue eternall loue.

When by the ſkill of Surgions curious art,
My hurts were heal'd, and holeſome health enſude,
Seuerus then reioicing at the hart,
Made me a Lord, with wealth hee me indude,
Yea, he although my learning were but rude,
Sent me to Rome, as Legate of this land,
To make report how here our ſtate did ſtand.

My deedes at Rome, inricht me with renowne,
My talke abroad with proper filed phraſe,
Adornd my head euen with a *Laurell* crowne.
The Emperour did much commend my waies,
So that I was bedeckt with double praiſe.
I could not reade, my learning was but weake,
Yet they of Rome did muſe to heare me ſpeake,

As

As learned Art doth giue a goodly grace
To some: so some by natures gifts doe get
Eternall fame, and purchase them a place
Aboue the place where learned men do sit.
We finde the fine dexteritie of wit
In them which be both wise and ful of skill:
Yet neuer striu'd to clime *Pernassus* hill.

So I with praise a time at Rome did stay,
And tract of time returnd mee backe againe,
The Emperour, he gaue my right away
Within a while, which made me storme amaine:
I had great cause me thought for to complaine,
Seuerus, he was made the king of all:
The gifts hee gaue to me were very small.

I was but made the Captaine of the coast,
From Forraine force to keepe my realme in rest,
Seuerus, he was crowned king in post,
Which did so boile within my warrelike brest,
That I with griefe most strangely was distrest.
Shall hee (said I) thus reape the high renowne
Which I deserue? Shall he enioy the Crowne?

I wonne the wreath, and he wil weare the same:
I got the goale, and he will get the gaine.
For me in faith it were a deadly shame,
If I in this his regall royall raigne,
Without repulse should suffer him remaine.
Which if I do, then let the dreadfull dart
Of *Vulcans* wrath, torment in twaine my hart.

For why, I see what seruile seruitude
Shall then insue, if he may raigne in rest:
Shall *Brittane* braue by *Romanes* be subdude?
It shal no doubt, by *Romanes* bee distrest,
Except my might against his might be prest.
My might as yet cannot his strength constraine,
Yet may my might compell him to complaine.

The

The draining drops do make the Marble yeeld
In time: the seas the cragged rockes do rend:
And Courtly Kings by tearing time be kil'd.
For time doth make the mightie Okes to bend,
And time doth make the little twigs ascend:
So I in time, such power may prepare,
As shall constraine *Seuerus* death, with care.

But whil'st I did endeuour to destroy
Seuerus strength, the Picts were prickt with pride,
For their reuenge vs Britaines to annoy.
Which when I heard, in post I did prouide
A power great, then I in haste did ride,
And kept the coast so strong with men of warre,
That no man could arriue, to make or marre.

The Picts preuented of their wished pray,
In waltering waues did bouse their bitter baine,
They dig'd a ditch, and caught their owne decay,
On rocks their Barkes, in seas themselues were slaine.
The Westerne winds with woe did them constraine,
By Britaine bankes to make so long delay,
I, and the Seas, brought them to their decay.

By meanes whereof my credit did encrease:
Seuerus did esteeme me as his stay,
I from my first deuices could not cease,
For aye I hop'd to haue a happie day,
To bring the Roman rule to their decay,
With fauning face good fortune smiled so,
I had my wish, what might I hope for mo?

For into Spaine the Roman souldiers sent,
I had at home the might him to depriue,
Then wisely I all perils to preuent,
Prouided so that no man could arriue,
No Pict, nor Scot, nor Roman then could striue
With me at home, then I the Lords with speed
Of Britaine call'd, and thus I did proceed:

The

The Roman rule vs subiect slaues hath made,
You see my Lords, a Roman heere doth raigne,
Whom to destroy my power shall inuade,
I do indeed this seruile life disdaine:
And you your selues do much thereof complaine.
If you with helpe will me assist, I sweare,
The Roman rule shall haue no power heere.

Then they most glad with one consent repli'd,
We will assist thee with what might we may,
And we our selues most willing will prouide,
No Britaine borne against thee shall display
His shield, but all at the appointed day,
As prest to please thy hest, shall thee assist:
Win thou the crowne, and weare it at thy list.

Which when I heard them say with one consent,
Blame not though pride did then possesse my heart
For Princely crowne: the dreadfull diery dent
Of wrackfull warre, who would not feele the smart
Of griping griefe? who would not feele the dart
Of dreadfull death? or who regardeth paine?
If he a crowne and kingdome may obtaine?

For his gray grotes the countrie clowne doth care,
Restlesse with ruth, the Rusticke gets his gaine:
The Merchant man for wealth doth send his ware
About the world, with perill and great paine.
And all the world for wealth doth not disdaine,
Amidst the surge of mightie mounting seas,
To cast themselues their owne delights to please.

If to obtaine such triffles they do toile,
And neuer cease to bring their drifts about:
Why should I feare the force of forren foile?
Why should I not assay with courage stout,
To wreake my wrath vpon the Romish rout
Which heere remaine? whom to the bale to bring,
Were me to crowne my natiue countries King.

One

One thing there is which greatly doth me grieue,
Seuerus, he who did inhance my state,
He did in my distresse with life relieue
My dying daies, he neuer did me hate:
Yet now with him I must be at debate.
Euen him with might I greatly must disgrace,
Ere I can set my selfe in Princely place.

Vntimely death shall not destroy his daies:
For if he will returne to Rome againe,
Or if he will resigne his crowne with praise,
Or if he will amongst vs still remaine.
If he can like of these, we will refraine
From sheading blood: which if he doth disdaine,
I then against my will, must worke his paine.

So forth I past with all my power prest,
Seuerus did at Durham then delay,
Whereas I ment his state to haue distrest:
But some I thinke my secrets did bewray,
For he to Yorke in haste did take his way.
Which when I had besieg'd on euery side,
With care and griefe of mind, *Seuerus* dide.

See heere the force of cruell fretting care?
See heere how sorow doth dismay the mind?
For when he heard *Carassus* did prepare
To reaue his crowne, he iudging me vnkind,
With sobbing sighes of sorrow, he resign'd
Before his time his mind from manly brest:
Behold with care how sorow reaues mans rest.

Thus he intomb'd in his vntimely chest,
It was decreed *Carassus* should be King,
The three estates of all my Realme were prest,
With one consent they all to me did bring
The kingly crowne, then thus they all did sing,
The due deserts of this renowned wight,
Deserues to be the Britaine King by right.

Marke

Marke by what ſteps I did the top obtaine,
With keeping ſheepe my youthful yeares were ſpent:
Then with the whip I pli'd the plow amaine,
In *Mars* his fields to fight my mind was bent,
As Legate then to Rome my ſelfe was ſent,
I dubbed was a Lord of high renowne,
And now at laſt I haue obtain'd the Crowne.

The end of th'act (the Plaudite) doth proue,
And all is well, whoſe ending is not ill:
Who ſits aloft had neuer need to moue,
For feare left he ſhould fall againſt his will.
Though creeping he did gaine the top with skill,
Yet at the laſt, by turning of his toe,
A ſudden fall may worke his wretched woe.

Which fall I felt, and how? I heere will ſhow:
When I as King did all the Realme command,
I fearefull did ſuſpect mine ouerthrow:
The place (me thought) did ſhake where I did ſtand.
Then for my guard I did prouide a band
Of warlike wights, to guard my noble grace,
I laſtly did my noble men diſplace.

From forth the fields I for my father ſent,
Him of a clowne a noble man I made:
My Brethren all euen for the ſame intent,
Like Courtiers there in Court with me they ſtai'd,
And all my ſtocke were glad and well apai'd:
For they of late which rul'd the painfull plow,
Of Britaine land they be the Rulers now.

From cart to Court, a countrie man to call,
With braue attire to decke a dunghill Dicke,
Is like a painted Image in a wall,
Which doth deceiue, and ſeemeth to be quicke,
Though workmanſhip moſt trimly doth it tricke,
Yet of a ſtone, a ſtone will ſtill remaine:
A clowne cannot from clowniſh deeds refraine

As

As hard it is of quarried Marble ſtone,
For man to make a liuely mouiug wight,
As of a Lout, or elſe of ſuch a one
Who daily doth imploy his whole delight
To dig and delue, it paſſeth mortall might,
To make him ſerue the Court a Kings beheſt:
Turne him to plow, the cart for him is beſt.

For though thou canſt by cunning art compell
Nature a time to leaue her wonted place,
She will returne, in ſpight of heauen or hell:
No Alcumiſt Dame Nature can diſplace,
Except that God doth giue abundant grace.
The Caske will haue a taſte for euermore,
With that wherewith it ſeaſoned was before.

Why did I then my courtleſſe court maintaine
With *Hob* and *Iohn*, *Ralph Royſter*, and his mate?
Whoſe greedie iawes aye gaping after gaine,
Did pole, and pill, and bred ſuch ſterne debate:
Men much vnmeet to maintaine mine eſtate.
Why did I them ſo neere mine elbow place?
Becauſe my ſelfe by birth was borne but bace.

Like will to like, the Mule doth claw her mate,
With horned beaſts the Ienite cannot ieſt,
Thoſe bauling Hounds, the haughtie Hart doth hate,
With Beares the Beare in ſafetie counts her beſt.
So I amongſt my like did looke for reſt,
Their deeds by me were alwaies well allow'd,
By them likwiſe my doings were auow'd.

But as you ſee the Husbandman with care
From new ſowne fields the rauening rookes to driue,
So did the Gentrie of my Realme prepare,
My countrie Court and me for to depriue.
But Gentlemen were then too weake to ſtriue
With me, and mine, for which they did prepare
A new found ſnach, which did my feet inſnare.

In surgelesse seas of quiet rest when I
Seuen yeares had sail'd, a perrie did arise,
The blasts whereof abrig'd my libertie:
For whil'st I did with busie braine deuise
Them to destroy, which did my Court despise,
The boistrous blasts of hatred blew a gale,
My cables crakt, my Barke was bong'd with bale.

For they (I meane the Gentrie of my land)
Both me, and mine, theirs, and themselues had sold
Subiects to Rome, from whence a mightie band
They had conuey'd, to make my courage cold:
Into my Realme they could not be controld,
But when they were arriu'd, they quickly brought
Both me and mine, and all the rest to nought.

Alectus then the Chiefetaine of the rest,
Spoiling my friends, he forst me to the field,
The day was come, we both in fight were prest.
His trustlesse traine, did seeme to me to yeeld,
But all the fields with great ambushments fill'd,
I could not flee, *Alectus* had the day,
With his owne sword for breath he made me bray.

As due desert did force my ship to flote,
So vices vile me drencht in waues of woes.
O false suspect, why did'st thou make me dote?
Fearing my fall, my friends I deem'd my foes:
Fearing the worst, the best I did depose,
And was deposde: let other learne hereby,
The crooked Crab will alwaies walke awry.

And let them know which do not lothe to learne,
That Kings in Court, be combred most with care.
The Pilots charge, who sitteth at the stearne,
Doth make him watch, when other do prepare
Themselues to sleepe: so Kings distressed are
With doubtfull dread, and many other things.
The sheepheards life is better then the Kings.

By *Thomas Bleuer Hasset.*

HOW QVEENE HELENA OF BRITAINE MARried CONSTANTIVS the Emperour, and *much aduanced the Christian faith through the whole world, An. Dom. 289.*

MEns due deſerts each Reader may recite,
For men of men do make a goodly ſhow,
But womens workes can neuer come to light,
No mortall man their famous facts may know,
No writer will a little time beſtow,
The worthy workes of women to repeat,
Though their renowne and due deſerts be great.

For I by birth to *Coel* daughter deere,
King *Lucy* was my good Grand-mothers ſonne,
My father dead, I rull'd his kingdome heere,
And afterward, the World ſo wide I wonne.
I Empreſſe was of all vnder the Sunne,
I liued long, I di'd with perfect bliſſe,
Yet writers will repeate no word of this.

But now at laſt I haue obtained leaue,
My ſpotleſſe life to paint in perfect white:
Though writers would all honor from me reaue,
Of all renowne they would depriue me quite,
Yet true report my deeds ſhall burniſh bright,
And rub the ruſt which did me much diſgrace,
And ſet my name in her deſerued place.

From Roman rule who Britaine did redeeme?
Who planted firſt Gods word in Britaine land?
Who did ſo much virginitie eſteeme?
Who did the force of forren foes withſtand?
Who all the world ſubdu'd without a band
Of Martiall men? who did theſe noble acts?
I *Helena*, haue done theſe famous facts.

And now haue heere the ſtorie of my ſtate:
The Britaine Queene inheritage me crown'd,
Euen then when Romans had ſo great debate
Amongſt themſelues for *Caracallas* wound,
An Emperour, who highly was renown'd,
As then at Rome, whoſe death vndoubtedly,
Diminiſht much the Roman Emperie.

The Romans then were ſtor'd with ciuill ſtrife,
And many Realmes againſt them did rebell,
Their trouble turn'd me to a quiet life,
My Commonweale did proſper paſſing well,
When all the world agreed like diuels in hell,
Then I and mine becalm'd from hatreds blaſt
In happie hauen harboured were at laſt.

Then I a maid of tender youthfull yeares,
Report did ſay, of beautie freſh and faire,
Refuſde the ſute of many noble Peeres,
Which daily did vnto my court repaire.
What thought there were vnto my crowne no heire?
Yet I who did regard my Commons good,
Refuſde to linke my ſelfe with forren blood.

On forren coaſts, on kingdomes to incroch,
With wrath of wrackfull warres I did deſpiſe,
And fearing aye the ruth of rude reproch,
With carking care I daily did deuiſe,
How I with peace might make my kingdome riſe,
And how by law of God and man, I might
Giue *Cæſar* his, and vnto God his right.

No God of heauen, no Chriſt my people knew:
Wherefore to Rome for learned men I ſent,
King *Lucies* lawes decay'd I did renew,
Then preaching made my people ſo repent
Their former faults, that all incontinent
Were baptiſed, and ſo within a ſpace,
The faith of Chriſt they firmely did embrace,

That

That nothing ſeemed currant in their ſight,
But that which holie writers would allow:
And that they would imbrace with all their might.
To ſhed their bloud, the ſame for to auow,
They did not feare, at *Verolane* euen now,
Amidſt the force of fiery flaſhing flame:
Albon the *Protomartyr* prou'd the ſame.

As carefull merchantmen do much reioice,
When from thoſe Iles Molocchi, they haue brought
Their fraighted ſhips, for then they haue great choice
Of Merchandize, which trafficke long hath ſought,
To finde the ware, which trial true hath taught
Wil get moſt gaine, which being got they giue
And caſt their care, how they thereby may liue:

So I, whom both Sir *Neptunes* ſurging Seas,
And *Eoles* windes, euen God himſelfe aboue
Did fauour much, my labouring minde to pleaſe,
Giuing thoſe things were beſt for my behoue,
Gods word I meane, which all my men did loue.
The Pearles which Chriſt commanded to be bought,
Muſt here be found, and no where els be ſought.

Then they and I made haſte, poſt haſt, to leade
Our ſinful liues as Scripture did allow.
We knowing God, him lou'd with feare and dreade,
Deuotion made vs crouch, and creepe, and bow
Our hearts, our heads; we ſauage were but now,
Yet by and by ſuch was the good ſucceſſe,
In fiery flames the truth we did profeſſe.

Then flitting Fame the truth to teſtifie,
Againſt my wil, at Rome made ſuch report,
That *Conſtatinus* thence did hither hie,
And being come vnto my Britaine Court,
With louers lookes he ſtriu'd to ſcale the Fort
Of my good will: but when it would not bee,
He ſighing, thus addreſt his talke to me:

O Queene quoth he, thy deeds deſerue great fame,
The goodly gifts that God hath giu'n to thee
Be ſuch, as I cannot thee greatly blame,
Though thou without deſert diſdaineſt me,
Who for thy ſake doth lothe all crueltie.
But for thy loue, with *Mars* his cruell knife,
I could command thy Realme, and reaue thy life.

But (out alas) whil'ſt breath doth lend me life,
My heart ſhall hate to thrall thy happie ſtate,
What though thou doſt refuſe to be my wife,
Thy hatred tho, ſhall neuer cauſe me hate:
But whil'ſt I liue, I will thee loue, let Fate
And Fortune fell powre on me all their ſpight,
To die for thee ſhall greatly me delight.

Then I repli'd, O Duke, without deſert
Thou doſt me loue, a little Ilands Queene,
I know thou to the Emperour heire art,
Thy valiant acts I diuers waies haue ſeene,
I like thy deeds, moſt noble which haue been,
And thee I loue: yet priuate pleaſures luſt
May neuer make me throw my Realme to duſt.

If thou (quoth he) wilt daine my Queene to be,
Thy Britaines ſhall to Rome no tribute yeeld,
You if you pleaſe, to Rome may go with me,
Your mightie mate the world ſo wide may wield,
Or if you pleaſe, I heere with you will bilde
My biding place, and in this little land,
I will remaine yours, heere at your command.

His comely grace, his friendly promiſe plight,
His famous actes, his Noble royall race,
Some other things which heere I could recite,
The Romans heart within my breſt did place.
And when my wit had weighed well the caſe,
Then for the chiefe of all my Realme I ſent,
And thus I ſpake to know the whole intent.

My

My louing Lords, and you my ſubiects, ſee
This Roman heire, whom I indeed do loue,
He will reſtore your ancient libertie,
If I will bend my heſt to his behoue:
Which benefits they chiefely do me moue,
To loue at laſt, a man by whom you may,
Receiue a Shield to keepe you from decay.

Perhaps you thinke I loue, becauſe I ſee
His comely ſhape, and ſeemely ſanguine face,
You be deceiu'd, no outward brauery,
No perſonage, no gallant courtly grace.
What though he be by birth of royall race?
I recke it not, but this I do regard,
My Commonweale by him may be preſeru'd.

For if he will from tribute ſet you free,
And end the worke which I haue well begonne,
That Chriſts Goſpell preached ſtill may bee,
God may by him ſend vnto me a ſonne,
To you a King: what wealth then haue you wonne?
What great renowne? what honor will inſue?
Speake you your minds, theſe things me thinke, be true.

O Queene, quoth they, the Lord preſerue thy grace:
Do thou the thing that ſeemes to thee the beſt,
We do allow the match in euery caſe:
If by that meanes we may haue quiet reſt,
With what great good ſhal this our Realme be bleſt?
Do thou therefore O noble Queene, we pray,
The thing which beſt may keepe vs from decay.

The Roman Duke he nothing would deny,
But granted more then I could aske or craue,
So that there was proclaimed by and by,
A famous feaſt, a banquet paſſing braue.
There to the Duke the Britaine crowne I gaue,
With ſacred ſpouſall rights, as man and wife
We wedded, liu'd in loue, for terme of life.

And whil'ſt we ment to rule this little Ile,
A greater good vnlooked for befell,
Death did deſtroy his Sire with hateful hand:
For which we both at Rome muſt now go dwell,
And ſo we did: things proſpered paſſing well,
My Feere was made the Emperour, Lord and king
Of all: and I the Queene of euery thing.

His mightie Mace did rule the Monarchie,
My wit did rule (ſome writers ſay) his Mace,
And to increaſe with ioy our merrie glie,
I brought him forth a babe of Royall race,
The boy he had an amiable face.
O Rome thou maiſt reioyce, for this was he,
Which did at Rome erect Diuinitie.

Whil'ſt thus in bliſſe I did at Rome remaine,
A *Britaine* ſtill my mind her care did caſt,
For which I cauſ'd my husband to ordaine,
That euermore thoſe ancient Lawes ſhould laſt,
Which heretofore amongſt them there I paſt,
And that to Rome no *Britaine* borne, for aye,
Should taxe, or toll, or tenth, or tribute pay.

Though there at Rome an Empreſſe life I led,
And had at hand what I could wiſh or craue,
Yet ſtill me thought I was not wel beſtead,
Becauſe I was ſo farre from *Britaine* braue.
Which when my louing Lord did once perceiue,
He ſet a ſtay in all the Emperie,
To *Britaine* then he did returne with me.

We raign'd of yeeres thrice ſeuen with good ſucceſſe,
Then Dolor and Debilitie did driue
My louing Lord with fainting feebleneſſe,
For vitall life with braying breath to ſtriue:
He felt, how death of life would him depriue,
He cal'd his Lords, his child, and me his wife,
And thus he ſpake, euen as he left his life:

The

The haughtie Pines of loftie Libanus,
From earth, to earth, in tract of time returne:
So I whose spreading praise were maruellous,
Must now returne my flesh to filthie slime,
On Fortunes wheele I may no longer clime.
Therefore my Lords, although my glasse be runne,
Yet take remorse on *Constantine* my sonne.

My Monarch, Court, my Kingdomes all,
(O stately Rome) farewell to them, and thee,
Farewell my Lords, which see my finall fall,
Farewell my child, my wife, more deare to mee
Then all the world, we must depart I see:
And must we needs depart? O Fortune fie,
We must depart, adue, farewell, I die.

Wherewith he sigh'd and senseleſſe did remaine,
Then I his death as women do, did waile:
But when I view'd, that weeping was but vaine,
I was content to beare that bitter bale,
As one who found no meanes for her auaile.
His corps at Yorke in Princely Tombe I laid,
When funerall sacred solemne rites were paid.

And when report his death about had blowne,
Maxentius then the triple crowne to weare,
Did challenge all the Empire as his owne,
And for a time that mightie Mace did beare:
Which when my sonne, my *Constantine* did heare,
The youthfull Lad, indeuour'd by and by,
To claime his right by *Mars* his crueltie.

I then his tender youthfull yeares to guide,
Went with my sonne to see his good succesſe,
He being Campt by fruitfull Tybers side,
To spoile his foe he did himselfe addresse,
He knew that God did giue all happinesse.
Therefore to God, euen then the youth did pray,
With mightie hand to keepe him from decay.

Behold

Behold how God doth godly men defend,
And marke how he doth beate Vſurpers downe.
Maxentius now he all his force doth bend,
For to defend his Diadem and Crowne.
But froward Fate vpon the Prince did frowne:
For why his men were ſcattered euery where,
In Tyber he did drowne himſelfe for feare.

To Rome then we and all our hoſt did hie,
The Romans they with ioy did vs receiue,
To *Conſtantine* they gaue the Emperie,
But he of them moſt earneſtly did craue,
That I the rule of all the world might haue:
It is (quoth he) my mothers right to raigne,
Till dreadfull death hath ſhred her twiſt in twaine.

I grant my ſonne, the Monarchie is mine,
For at his death thy father gaue it me
For terme of life: but let it now be thine,
I aged muſt go pay the earth her fee,
I am content to liue with leſſe degree.
O louing ſonne, giue eare vnto my heſt,
I will not rule, that charge for thee is beſt.

And when he might not rule his mothers mind,
Againſt his will he willing did aſſent,
That all ſhould be as I had then aſſign'd,
To rule the world, he grieued was content.
And whil'ſt that there my happie daies I ſpent,
Reioycing much to ſee my ſonnes ſucceſſe,
I di'd and had a heauenly happineſſe.

Thrice happie I who ran this royall race,
And in the end my wiſhed Goale did get:
For by my meanes all people did embrace
The faith of Chriſt, the orders I did ſet
They were obey'd with ioy, which made me iet.
Euen in this bliſſe a better bliſſe befell,
I di'd, and now my ſoule in heauen doth dwell.

So

So now you ſee the happie hap I had :
Learne then thereby to do as I haue done,
To praiſe Gods name let euery Prince be glad :
To perſecute the truth let all men ſhunne,
By vertuous waies great honor may be wonne.
  But he who doth to vices vile incline,
  May be compar'd vnto a filthie ſwine.

Who doth not loue the plaine nor pleaſant way,
He cannot feare to ſleepe amidſt the greene,
But in the mire he doth delight to lay :
So Princes ſuch as vile and vicious beene,
Do tumble aye amidſt a ſinke of ſinne,
  Whoſe names on earth, whoſe ſoules in hel remaine
  In infamie, the other pincht with paine.

Let them that ſeeke for euerlaſting fame,
Tread in the ſteps that I before haue trod,
And he who would auoid reprochfull ſhame,
And flee the ſmart of *Plutoes* ruthfull rod,
Let him not ceaſe to learne the law of God,
  Which only law mans ſtumbling ſteps doth guide :
  Who walkes therein, his feete can neuer ſlide.

HOW VORTIGER DESTROYED THE YONG KING CONSTANTINE, and how hee obtained the Crowne : and how after many miſeries, he was *miſerablie burnt in his Caſtle, by the brethren of* Conſtantine, *Anno Dom.* 446.

BY quiet peace of *Ianus* iollitie,
Their happie hauens ſome with forewinds haue,
By wrackfull warre of *Mars* his crueltie,
With much adoe ſome get the Goale they craue,
But ſubtill ſleights and fetches bolſtred braue,
  My haplesſe hand did hit with leuelled line,
  The aimed marke, the more miſhap was mine.

By

By gifts of grace ſome men haue happy hap,
By bleſſed birth to Kingdomes borne ſome be:
Succeſſion ſets ſome men in Fortunes lap,
By wiſedome, wit, and prudent policie:
Some clime aloft by truſtleſſe treacherie:
And courage doth a multitude aduance,
Drifts finely ſilde they did my ſtate inhance.

I *Vortiger* by birth was borne a Lord,
King *Conſtantine* his Coſin did me call,
I cride amaine, and clapt his crowne abord,
And for a time til Fortune forſt my fall,
With reſtleſſe bliſſe I ſate in ſtately ſtall:
But men of warre of much more might then I,
For my deſert my carefull corps did fry.

As furions force of fiery flaſhing ſame,
With Cinders brought my body to decay,
So ſmuldering ſmokes of euerlaſting ſhame
Choakt my renowne, and wipte my fflame away.
What may I more of my miſſortune ſay?
I ſigh to ſee, I ſilent ceaſe to tell
What me deſtroid, and drownd my ſoule in hel.

Here to repeat the parts that I haue plaid,
Were to vnrippe a truſſe of trumpery,
For me to ſhew how I aloft was ſtaid,
Were to erect a ſchoole of Trechery:
Silence is beſt, let no man learne by me
Nor by my meanes, how they by wicked waies,
From low eſtate, aloft themſelues may raiſe.

As good men can by wicked workes beware,
So wicked men by wicked workes be wiſe,
If ill men read my deedes which wicked were,
They by my meanes will compaſſe their ſurmiſe:
For wicked workers daily doe deuiſe,
To make examples vile and vitious,
To ſtand in ſtead, to ſerue their lawleſſe luſt.

The

The Serpent thence his venim vile doth draw,
From whence the Bee her hony ſweet doth get,
Leaud liuers learne to breake the written law,
By that, whereby good men do learne much wit.
For wicked men each fetch is thought moſt fit,
To ſerue their turne: therefore I count it beſt,
To leaue my faults and follies vnconfeſt.

Giue leaue therefore good Memory, I may
Not heere repeate my tedious Tragedie,
Inquirie, let me now depart away.
My Commonweale ſubuerted was by me,
I leaudly liu'd, and di'd in miſerie,
And for my faults I felt diſdainfull ſmart,
Let this ſuffice, and let me now depart.

With that he ſeem'd as one that would away,
But Memory (ſtay ſtay thy ſteps, quoth ſhe)
Let wicked men procure their owne decay,
We recke it not, if warned once they be.
Let that ſuffice, and let thy miſerie
Make iuſt report, how vaine, and vile a thing
It is, to liue as a vſurping King.

Sith needs I muſt repented faults forerunne
Repeat, and tell the fall and foile I felt,
Patience perforce, to ſpeake ſhame bids me ſhunne,
To thinke thereof doth make my heart to melt.
But ſith I needs muſt ſhew how heere I delt,
I am content to tell the truth of all,
Let wiſe men learne to ſtand, which reade my fall.

For firſt I cauſde the yong King *Conſtantine*,
Of faithleſſe Scots and Picts to make his guard,
They by my meanes did kill their King in fine,
For which, with ſpeed I ſent them all to ward,,
And hang'd them all, their cauſe was neuer heard:
So I who firſt did cauſe them kill their King,
To ſtop their mouthes, them all to death did bring.

Where

Where Rancor rules, where hatreds heate is hot,
The hurtlesse men with trouble be turmoil'd:
Where malice may send forth her Cannon shot,
There might is right, there reasons rules are foil'd.
For ruthfull Rancor euermore hath boyl'd
With griping griefe: her smuldring smokes of spite
Would gladly choke all iustice, law, and right.

So might, not right, did thrust me to the Throne,
I sixteene yeares did weare the royall Crowne,
In all which time with griefe I aye did grone,
As one who felt the fall from high renowne.
My Noble men deuisde to thrust me downe
In all this time, and many did protest,
I laid the King in his vntimely chest.

At last, my foes my friends were made, and I
Had quiet peace, and liu'd a happie King:
Yea, God who rules the haughtie heauen a high,
Inricht my Realme with foyson of each thing,
Abundant store did make my people sing.
As they of yore were prest with penurie,
So now they hate their great fertilitie.

My people had of corne and oyle such store,
That countrie men of tillage left the toile,
The rich man fed no better then the poore,
For all did reape the fatnesse of the soile,
No man for meate nor money then did toile,
But all reioyce with ioyfull Iubilie,
And all were sousht with sinfull gluttonie.

As clouds dissolu'd faire *Phœbus* doth deface,
So plague my plentie dim'd with darke disease:
For whil'st my Realme in riot ran her race,
They plai'd, not prayed, and did their God displease.
For which they drown'd in sorowes surging seas,
Like rotten sheepe by thousands di'd so thicke,
The dead could not be buried by the quicke.

When

When thus the plague my people did oppresse,
That few were left aliue within my land,
The barbarons Picts, with speede themselues addrest,
Knowing their time, they raisde a mightie band,
They knew right soone, how here my state did stand.
And to reuenge the wrong that earst I wrought,
They ment to bring both me and mine to nought.

See how abuse breeds blake and bitter bale,
Misuse doth make of plenty, lothsome lacke,
Amidst his blisse with wo it makes man wale,
Onely abuse doth worke mans wretched wracke:
Amidst my ioyes, from ioy it beat me backe.
For I and mine misusde our present blesse,
Which brought both me and mine to wretchednesse.

We first misusde our present pleasant plentie,
For which we whipt in thrall with scourges three,
Had Pestilence, which made my kingdome emptie,
It did destroy my men of ech degree,
Then fainting Famine plaide her Tragedy,
Bellona then that beastly bloody Queene,
Did blow her Trumpe to dash my courage cleane.

When sickenesse had consumde my subiects quite,
The *Picts* with pride did haste to spoile my land,
I had no men, nor meanes with them to fight,
For which I sent and did obtaine a band
Of *Saxons*, such as did the *Picts* withstand.
Whose helpe that I when need requir'd might haue,
I gaue them Kent, a countrey passing braue.

These *Saxons* were a crew of warrelike wights,
They liu'd by spoile, and had no biding place,
They were of truth a troupe of Martial knights,
Which seru'd for pay where *Mars* extold his Mace.
Saxons indeed they were of royal race,
They *Angli* hight, a stocke of worthy fame,
Of them this realme of England tooke her name.

Theſe *Angli* brought the *Britaines* to the bay,
We *Welchmen* call'd, to Wales they did vs driue,
They brought ſixe ſorts of Saxons to decay,
And got the Goale for which they long did ſtriue.
Of other ſtockes they left not one aliue,
They all this Realme did plant with *Angli* then,
And term'd themſelues of *Angli*, Engliſhmen.

But how they brought this enterpriſe about,
Marke well the ſequell which I ſhall recite:
Hengeſtus he the Chiefetaine of the rout,
A ſuttle Sir, an vndermining wight,
To feed my vaines he tooke a great delight.
His craftie head did deeme it the beſt way,
With pleaſant baits to make my crowne his pray.

He me his King inuited to a feaſt,
A feaſt in faith, which forſt my finall fall:
Where *Cupids* curſe conſtrain'd me like a beaſt,
From Pallas Prince to giue the golden Ball.
For *Venus* vants to *Helene* threw my thrall,
Whoſe heauenly hue, whoſe beauty freſh and faire
Was burniſht bright like *Phœbus* in the aire.

I being ſet at *Bacchus* banquetting,
His daughter deckt with Natures Tapiſtrie,
And trimly trickt with euery other thing,
Which might delight a louers fantaſie:
Why ſhould mans mind to loue thus ſubiect be?
I had a wife, a paſſing princely peece,
Which far did paſſe that gallant Girle of Greece.

Yet from my wife (the worthieſt Queene aliue,)
My fancies fell, I loth'd her louely bed:
How I *Hengeſtus* daughter might atchieue
Was all my care, I did this Damſell wed,
My wife diuorſt, I had her in the ſted.
Her louely lookes, her pretie pleaſant cheare,
Made me eſteeme her only loue moſt deare.

I wore the crowne, her wil did rule the reſt,
And her demaund I neuer did deny:
What ſhe allow'd I did eſteeme that beſt.
Which when her Father *Hengeſt* did eſpie,
He had the pray for which he long did prie.
He made his hay whilſt weather faier was,
And by her meanes he brought it thus to paſſe:

That Britaines we with toile ſhould till the ground,
They Saxons would defend our wealth with warre:
Which granted once, they did inhabit round
About my realme, and might both make and marre.
New Saxons in my realme arriued were,
By meanes whereof my Britaines did ſuſpect
The Saxons ſleights, and did their deedes detect.

Then they good men to me their king complaind,
Theſe men, quoth they, from vs our realme wil win,
Except they from our frontiers be refraind.
Which when they told, my wife ſhe was within,
O huſband deare, they be (ſaide ſhe) my kin,
Ceaſe of thy force thy faithful dreades to feare,
They meane no hurt, by *Ioue* the iuſt I ſweare.

So I eſteemed not my ſubiects health,
That I might ſtill my Ladies loue enioy,
They view'd me careleſſe of my common wealth,
To ſaue themſelues they meant me to annoy,
Mine eldeſt ſonne a proper prety boy,
They made their king, and me for my deſart,
They did depriue: with paine which pincht my hart.

Then *Vortiger* my ſonne and king purſude
The Saxons ſore, and did amaze them much,
For which my wife his mother lawe indude
With diuelliſh ſpite, againſt the youth did grutch,
She him deſtroi'd, her good ſucceſſe was ſuch:
When he ſeuen yeares had raign'd with great renowne,
With poyſon ſhe depriu'd him of his crowne.

I to obtaine the ſeate from whence I fell,
With ſacred oath I ſolemnely did ſweare,
To end the worke, which was begun ſo well,
And to ſubdue the Saxons euery where.
The Britaines to my Kingly crowne did reare
Me quickly then, I at the firſt, by night
Deſaſte my foes in euery fray and fight.

Then lothſome Luck did turne her whirling wheele,
With treaſon truſt intrapt did me betray,
Hatefull Miſhap ſhe had me by the heele,
And clapt me cloſe in dungeon of decay,
To *Hengeſt* now I muſt a ranſome pay.
And if I lou'd my life and libertie,
I needs muſt grant all he doth aske of me.

For changed chance of *Mars* his warres, hath made
Me of a King a Captaines priſoner,
To whom there muſt now fower Shires be paide,
Northfolke, Southfolk, Southſex and Kent they were,
Me to releaſe from out my caue of care.
Which being done, I led my life in doubt,
And fled for feare to Wales with all my rout.

Whereas I found a place that pleaſde me much,
The ſituation ſeem'd ſo paſſing ſtrong,
The world me thought might not annoy it much,
A caſtle there I built: it were too long
Heere to repeate, ſilence ſhall do no wrong
To *Marlain*, he who wonders there hath wrought,
If ancient writ to vs the truth hath taught.

When I had built my Princely bower there,
In bloodie fields I meant no more to ſtriue:
But true report did daſh my preſent cheere.
In Totneſſe hauen two brethren did arriue,
Which quickly would from that my fort me driue.
The brethren both of *Conſtantine* the King,
Peccaui they did meane to make me ſing.

From

From worſe to worſe, ſeldome is better ſeene,
Our preſent ioyes hereafter thralles do thret,
And he who now doth flouriſh freſh and greene,
Muſt fade and fall as *Hyems* froſts do fret
Dame *Floraes* fields, or as the raine with wet
In dropping daies the pleaſant plains doth drowne,
So ruthfull men bereaue vs of renowne.

Men may therefore like Marmaids euer mourne,
The ſhining Sunne who do ſo much delight,
That aye they waile like Furies quite forlorne.
When *Sol* doth ſhine, when *Titans* beames be bright,
They feare the ſtormes that may hereafter light,
They weepe becauſe they muſt the Sunne forgo,
When ſtormes do fall, they waile their preſent wo.

So mortall man with malice all beſted,
When good ſucceſſe doth ſound a bleſſed blaſt,
With briniſh teares then may they eate their bread.
For happie daies from man doth flee as faſt
As powders force from peece doth pellet caſt,
And troubles tedious time with paſeleſſe ſtay,
Once wonne (alas) will neuer walke away.

How I in maze of trouble heere did toile,
Iudge you which ſee me trauiſe in the ſame,
And how I was inforſt to finall foile,
Not now, for now although it doth me ſhame,
I will declare, how I was fri'd with flame.
For *Ambroſe* he and *Vter Pendragon*,
My caſtle burnt, me and my men each one.

Then *Ambroſe* with his brothers crowne was crown'd,
Which I from him had reaft againſt all right.
So now you ſee vpon what ſlipperie ground
They ſtand, which do extoll themſelues by might,
Their wandring feete do walke as in the night,
Their ſtumbling ſteps their guiltie minds do feare,
They daily ſee the blocke of bale appeare.

With ſcalding ſighes they do themſelues conſume,
For feare to fall doth yeeld none other fruit,
They rage with wrath, they daily fret and fume,
Ruthfull reuenge them alwaies hath in ſute,
And right in time makes might both mum and mute:
For that which might by ſecret meanes hath wrought,
By tract of time to open ſhew is brought.

Vſurpers then do reape their right reward,
The foile once felt, they feele how vile and vaine
It is, to be to high degrees preſer'd
By lawleſſe meanes: they find what pinching paine,
Amid'ſt the minds of ſuch men do remaine,
They alwaies throng'd with cruell threttingthrall,
Do feed vpon none other food but gall.

A proofe whereof a plat, a paterne plaine,
The ruthfull race I *Vortiger* haue run,
Deſciphers ſo, that man may ſee how vaine
A thing it is his former Fate to ſhun:
Honor obtain'd (alas) what haue we won?
A hidious heape of cruell carking care,
Which to conſume mans life doth neuer ſpare.

Thomas Blener Haſſet.

HOW VTER PENDRAGON WAS INAMOVRED ON the wife of *Gorolus* Duke of Cornewall, whom *he ſlew, and after was poiſoned by the Saxons, Anno Dom.* 500.

WE leade our liues by fancies fond delight,
For kingdomes ſome do buſie much their braine,
But *Cupids* curſe that wretched little wight,
That blinded boy vnto my pinching paine,
Dub'd me a Knight of daintie *Venus* traine,
Where beames of Beautie brought me by and by,
To caſt my care to pleaſe my Ladies eye.

O Beautie braue, thy gladſome glittering gleames,
With ſmiling cheare and wildie winking eyes,
Doth drowne with dole amidſt the ſurging ſtreames
Of deepe deſpaire, the wights which be moſt wiſe.
Aye me, my wit, my pen cannot deuiſe
Of Beautie braue to make a true diſcourſe,
To thinke thereof I feele my ſelfe the worſe.

I *Pendragon* of Britaine crowned King,
The fretting force of Beauties hatefull hew,
Thoſe frying flames I felt, that hatefull ſting,
That wounds my fame, which now too late I rew,
Whil'ſt with delight I did thy vanting view,
I like the Hauke which ſoares in good eſtate,
Did ſpie a Stale, I ſtoopt, and tooke a Mate.

For at what time the Saxons did aſſaile
My Britaine ſtate, and tooke each man a ſhare,
My kingdome they euen for their beſt auaile,
Did then diuide: for which with carking care
Them thence to driue, I did my powre prepare.
And being come to Cornewall with my band,
I ment to haue Duke *Gorolus* helping hand.

There in the Church I ſet to ſacrifice,
Thoſe holy vowes, which victories require:
Euen whil'ſt I did with all my heart deuiſe,
How to ſubdue my foes with ſword and ſpeare,
Euen then there did this peereleſſe Pearle appeare,
Duke *Gorolus* wife, whoſe gallant gate and grace,
Stealing mine heart, my honor did deface.

When *Vortiger* my brother did oppreſſe,
In exile then my youthfull yeares were ſpent,
At my returne his fault he did confeſſe,
And from his crowne the crowne in haſte I ſent.
Then my delight was in the dierie dent
Of wrackfull warre, but now transform'd I ſtand,
The ancient Oke muſt grow now like a wand.

I maruail'd much how *Syrens* ſongs might pleaſe,
But now I muſe that *Circes* ſorcerie,
Doth not from euery man bereaue his eaſe.
Calipſoes cups with poiſoned treacherie,
Cannot ſo much abridge mans libertie,
As *Syrens* ſongs, and *Circes* ſuttle art,
Whoſe chaunting charmes inwrapt with wo my heart.

Vlyſſes ſayling by the perillous place,
Where theſe to pleaſe the paſſers by, did play,
Where Lady *Loue* doth vant with gariſh grace,
Her daintie Damſels gallant Girles, and gay,
Inticing trulles, they cauſde the Greeke to ſay,
With cables come and tie me to this Maſt,
Leſt I my ſelfe to pleaſures Court me caſt.

Muſe not therefore though feature fine of face,
Though comely corps, and trim inticing cheere,
Made me obey Sir *Cupids* mightie Mace:
The force whereof *Vlyſſes* wiſe did feare.
He ſail'd aloofe, he from theſe bankes did beare
His ſhaking ſhip, but other many moe
Did there arriue, and weau'd the web of woe.

There *Salomon* did reape the crop of care,
There *Dauid* lou'd as I, *Vrias* wife,
There *Samſon* ſtrong was ſnarled in the ſnare,
There *Paris* liu'd, euen there he loſt his life,
There *Helens* hate, brought Troy her finall ſtrife,
Alcides he the mightie *Hercules*
There to arriue, did find it dangerous.

I learn'd with loſſe of my renowne at laſt,
That he who doth delight in lawleſſe loue,
Muſt play the foole ere all the parts be paſt,
And taſte the ſauce prepar'd for his behoue.
Let men take heed how they their fancies moue,
Let man beware where he doth caſt his eie,
The limed bird doth proue in vaine to flie.

O ancient Rome, thou did'ſt ordaine of yore,
That women ſhould no banquetting frequent,
At Rome ſhe was eſteem'd a harlot whore,
If from her houſe without her veile ſhe went,
Which lawes no doubt were made to good intent,
For why the beames of beauties ſanguin'd ſight,
Like *Baſiliske* doth ſpoile the gazing wight.

Therefore the maids, and Roman matrons all,
A ſhadowing veile before their face did weare,
Their heauenly hue did throw no man to thrall,
They were content with plaine and decent geare,
They huſt it not with painted friſled heare.
The married wife, the matron, and the maid,
They of their veiles were glad and well apaid.

If women thus had walked in my time,
I had not ſtoopt vnto that painted lure,
Which did intice me to commit the crime,
Which to the pearch of leaudneſſe ti'd me ſure,
For her diſport my Ladie could procure
The wretched wings of this my muting mind,
Reſtleſſe to ſeeke her emptie fiſt to find.

I thus arriu'd in Pleaſures curſed court,
I lothed *Mars*, I hated *Mercurie*,
It was me thought a paſſing pleaſant ſport,
Leauing the fields at *Bacchus* brauerie,
Sometime to ſit vpon my miſtreſſe knee,
Where that I might be at my pleaſure plaſte,
I ſent the Duke away to warres in haſte.

You which haue plaid with pleaſures banding balles,
You know the life which lingring louers lead,
You know how ſweet it is to ſcale the walles
Of her good will, who liu'd in feare and dread,
You know right well how well thoſe wights haue ſped,
Who haue at laſt by drifts of long delay,
Their hoped meed, and wiſhed pleaſant pray.

Vnconquered beautie whence had'ſt thou that power
To make ſtout *Vter* ſtoope to his owne ſhame,
That neuer ſtoopt to foes? why for that flower
Of ſweete delight in *Igren* that faire Dame
Did I forgoe the golden flower of fame?
Victorious beautie and baſe yeelding luſt
Did caſt great *Vters* conqueſts in the duſt.

Yet no ſuch blame as writers do record
Do I deſerue for this vnhappie deed:
Proud *Gorolus* the bright-cheekt *Igrens* Lord
Receiu'd no wrong but his owne merits meed,
When in the field I made his heart to bleed,
If thoughts of treaſon merit death and ſhame,
His trecherous deeds did well deſerue the ſame.

His graceleſſe treaſon he in act did ſhow
For when I ſent him to *Nathaliod* hight
In bloodie field againſt the Saxon foe,
He ſwolne in heart with enuie and deſpight
Of his aſſociates good did leaue the fight,
And leauing ſtout *Nathaliod* for a pray
Vnto the foes, from field he fled away.

By which enforc'd I was with *Mars* to riſe
From *Venus* bed, and arme me for the field,
Where like a ſtorme in thunder clad from skies
Vpon my foes I fell, they could not ſhield
Themſelues from death, few ſcap't that did not yeeld.
Occa and *Oſſa* both I downe did bring,
And led them captiue like a conquering King.

Againe I then gan thinke vpon my loue
Vpon mine *Igren* deare, againſt whoſe Lord
I finding cauſe, for that he late did proue
Faithleſſe to me, did with my luſt accord
Gainſt him, as 'gainſt my foe to draw my ſword,
Whom by his caſtle called Dunilioc,
I ſlew with blade in battailes bloodie ſtroke.

Then

Then did I take mine *Igren* as mine owne
And crown'd her Queene in my Emperiall chaire,
On whom great *Arthur* I begot anone.
And after him my *Anna* hight the faire,
In ſeeming bliſſe I long liu'd void of care,
For thrice nine yeares with *Igren* I did raigne,
And 'gainſt the Saxons did my ſtate maintaine.

But for the rape of *Gorolus* his wife
The heauens did powre downe vengeance on my head,
I by vntimely death did end my life,
My ſad ſoule hence enforc'd by poiſon fled,
By Saxons wrought, who often wiſh'd me dead,
And left behind for all my deeds of fame
Iuſt cauſe for writers pens to ſpeake my ſhame.

Learne they which liue in high or low degree,
To flee the foile which I by folly felt:
Let them refraine thoſe loftie Dames to ſee,
They know how loftie lookes with me haue delt,
You ſee how ſight did make my honor melt.
Let all men know, mans heart did neuer rue
The thing which he with ſight did neuer view.

But how may men the ſight of Beautie ſhun
In England, at this preſent diſmall day?
All void of veiles (like Layes) where Ladies run
And rome about at euery feaſt and play,
They wandring walke in euery ſtreete and way:
With loftie luring lookes they bounſing braue,
The higheſt place in all mens ſight muſt haue.

With pride they pranke to pleaſe the wandring eye,
With gariſh grace they ſmile, they iet, they ieſt:
O Engliſh Dames, your lightneſſe verily,
The Curtizans of Rome do much deteſt,
In cloſets cloſe to liue they count it beſt.
They giue not grace to euery wandring wight,
Your ſmiling cheere doth euery man delight.

The

The Poets gods *Saturne*, and *Iupiter*,
To Beauties becke their highneſſe did obay,
Pluto of hell did plead at Beauties bar,
And *Phillis* cauſde *Demophoon* to ſtay:
Paſiphäe a Bull brought to the bay.
So gods and diuels, both men and beaſts, they all
By womens wiles are ſlaues to Beauties thrall.

What gaine is got by light and wanton waies?
You reape reproch, a guerdon got thereby:
Men by your meanes do cauſe their owne decay,
And you your ſelues all ſouſt in ſinne muſt die.
Refraine therefore to pleaſe mans gazing eie,
Let men likewiſe the baited hookes refraine
Of luring lookes, their vanting vowes be vaine.

Thomas Blener Haſſet.

HOW CADWALLADER THE LAST KING OF THE Britaines was expelled by the Saxons, went *to Rome, and there liued in a religi-ous houſe.*

YOu mourning Muſes all, where euer you remaine,
Aſſiſt my ſobbing ſoule this driery tale to tell:
You furious Furies fierce of Lymbo Lake below,
Helpe to vnlade my breſt of all the bale it beares:
And you who felt the fall from honors high renowne:
From graues you grizlie ghoſts ſend forth, to helpe me mourne.
O *Pallas*, giue thou place, that mourning *Clio* may
On Lute lamenting, ſound and ſing my dolefull dumps.
Let riming meetered lines and pleaſant muſike ceaſe:
Let Satyres ſolemne ſound ſend forth the fall I felt:
And when the truth of all my Tragedie is knowne,
Let them that liue then learne, all things muſt haue an end,
The Perſian Monarch and the Medes it downe did fall,
That of Aſſyria, in tract of time did end:

Yea

Yea *Alexanders* force in fight ſubdu'd them both,
And brought the world ſo wide into one Monarchie.
What though the fretting force of Fate did him diſmay?
He felt at laſt the foile, his vanting was in vaine,
He dead, the world it was diuided as before.
The Roman Emperie came tumbling downe at laſt.
And where is Troy, and Greece, and mightie Macedon?
They flouriſht for a time like this my little Ile:
The Soldion brought them downe, and did their ſtates deſtroy:
Euen ſo the Saxons brought the Britaines to the bay,
Euen theſe mine eyes did ſee, that hatefull hidious ſight,
Theſe feeble hands, when long they labour'd had in vaine,
Did yeeld their intereſt: then thus I did complaine:
Who can refraine the force of mightie mounting ſeas?
When billowes make a breach and beate the bankes adowne,
Doth not the ſaltiſh ſurge then beat the bankes adowne?
Then man may not withſtand the rigor of their rage.
But wiſdome would haue kept the waues within their bounds:
Counſell doth come too late, when hope of helpe is paſt.
Such was my filthie fate, my leaud and lothſome lucke:
I ſought a ſalue to cure and helpe the helpeleſſe wound.
For long before my time, ſeuen Kings were ſetled heere,
The Saxons ſuch as dwelt by Eaſt, *Sibertus* rul'd,
The Angles in the Eaſt, *Redwallus* rul'd as King,
Then *Ethelbert* was King of all the coaſt of Kent,
In Southſex *Ethelwolfus* wore the regall crowne:
Then *Quincillinus* was a Saxon King by Weſt,
Of *Martia* in the mid'ſt King *Penda* was the Prince,
And *Edwin* in Northumberland did rule and raigne,
How did my Grandſire grand renowned *Arthur* he
Theſe ſeuen deſtroy with deadly field of wrackfull warre?
But *Mordred* made the meane, that brought them in againe:
Vortiporus with warre almoſt conſum'd them all.
Then *Malgo* he with peace reſtor'd againe their ſtate,
Cariticus the ſinne of ciuill ſtrife did loue,
For which *Gurmundus* did the Britaines much annoy.
Then *Cadwin* out of Wales King *Etheldred* did ſpoile,
Cadwalline then did force King *Penda* to a foile,

And

And I *Cadwallader* at laſt did preſſe in place,
Then *Lothar* king of Kent in warre that wretch I ſlue.
And *Ethiwolne* the king of Southſaxons I ſpoilde,
The other fiue did me inuade with cruel fight,
With whom in diuers warres, I diuerſly did ſpeed.
Somtime *Bellona* blew a bleſſed blaſt for me,
And changed chance ſomtime did force my men to flee.
Whilſt thus I wag'd my warres in ſecret ſilent night,
The very voice of God, it thus to me did ſpeake:
Thou ſtriu'ſt againſt the ſtreame, the tide doth beate thee!
Strike thou thy ſailes, take ancor hold, els muſt thou feele a
Which ſaying did indeed amaze me more by much,
Then all the force that man againſt my will might bend:
For who the will of God with weapons may reſiſt?
And when as ſinne hath ſold a countrey to decay,
Then praier muſt preuaile, for weapons will not help.
And when the end is come, when all the glaſſe is runne,
Who can reſiſt the force of Fate and deſtinies?
Who things forerun to fall from falling can refraine?
It paſſeth mortall might to bring ſuch things about.
Let man content himſelfe to do what beſt he may,
By trying too too much, no man his God may tempt,
But mortall man muſt thinke that God the beſt doth know,
Who can depreſſe to duſt and raiſe when beſt him pleaſe.
And as I thus amidſt my muſings did remaine,
I did reſigne my crowne, and deem'd al honours vaine.
And though it greeu'd me much to feele the fall I felt,
Yet was I well content, I could not as I would:
For which I left my land, my people, and my place.
The Saxons they obtain'd the wage for which they war'd.
When I three yeares had raign'd, without one day of reſt,
Euen then in mourning robes at Rome I did arriue,
And there contemning all the world, and worldly things,
I made my ſelfe a Monke, (ceaſe Memory to muſe)
A Monke I made my ſelfe, thou knoweſt it paſſing plaine:
Amongſt the Friers there, I led my lingring life.
And til my dying day I daily did deuiſe,
How by my meanes it might to all the world be knowne.

That

That mortall flesh is fraile, and euery thing must fade:
And euen amongst those things which Nature doth create,
Nothing so vile as man amongst the rest is found,
Which made *Heraclitus* with ceaslesse sighes to waile,
He to his dying day did nothing els but weepe,
Affirming all the world vnder the heauen, to be
A path of penitence, maze of misery.
What is the life of man but care and daily toile,
Bearing alwaies about a burthen of mishappes?
All his delights repentance daily doth pursue:
Nothing but death doth bring him peace and quiet rest.
Yet that which brings him blisse, he most of all doth hate,
Which made *Democritus* with mirth to spend his daies;
He laughing aie, did mocke the madnesse of mankinde,
Whose loue is long to liue, and feareth much to die:
Death reaues vs from disease, Death ends the feare of death.
When *Midas* did demaund *Silenus*, what was best
For mortall man to wish, the Satyr thus did say,
Not to bee borne, if borne, not long our liues to lead,
For life I most doe lothe, and death I least doe dread.
And how did *Timon* leade with sauage beasts his life?
How did that *Hermite* poore, his lothsome life detest?
Affirming with the wise *Aurelius* Emperour,
That if a man should make a true discourse of all
The wretched woes he felt, from birth to dying day,
The feeble flesh would faint to feele so sharpe a fight,
The hart would quake to heare Dame Fortunes sharpe assaults.
And I *Cadwallader* a king, can make report,
That nothing may content the minde of mortall man:
The more my selfe did eate, the hungrier ay I was,
The more I dranke, the more thirst did me stil distresse.
The more I slept, the more I sluggish did remaine,
The more I rested me, the more I wearied was,
The more of wealth I had, the more I did desire,
The more I still did seeke, the lesse I aye did finde.
And to conclude, I found I neuer could obtaine
The thing, but in the end it causde me to complaine:
My present good successe, did threaten thrall to come;

And

And changing chance did ſtill with ſorow me conſume,
For which my royall robes, my crowne I laid aſide,
Meaning to proue by proofe the paines of pouertie,
Which pouertie I felt all riches to exceede,
It beareth much more bliſſe, then high and courtly ſtate,
Codrus and *Irus* poore for wealth did farre ſurpaſſe
Midas and *Crœſus* king, for wealth who did ſurpaſſe.
And I amongſt my mates the Romiſh Friers, felt
More ioy and leſſe annoy, then erſt in Britaine braue.
For there I doubted ſtill, the *Saxons* ſubtile ſleights,
I feared there the fall from royall regall ſeat:
But here at Rome I liu'd not fearing force of foe,
I had for mine eſtate, what I could wiſh or craue,
And this I there did finde: they of the Clergie be,
Of all the men that liue the leaſt in miſery.
For all men liue in care, they careleſſe do remaine.
Like buzzing Drones they eate the hony of the Bee,
They only do excell for fine felicitie:
The king muſt wage his warres, he hath no quiet day,
The noble man muſt rule with care the common-weale,
The Countreyman muſt toile to till the barren ſoile,
With care the Merchant man the ſurging ſeas muſt ſaile,
With trickling droppes of ſweat the handcrafts man doth thriue,
With hand as hard as boord the woorkeman eates his bread,
The ſouldier in the field with paine doth get his pay,
The ſeruing man muſt ſerue and crouch with cap and knee,
The Lawyer he muſt pleade and trudge from bench to barre,
Who Phyſicke doth profeſſe, he is not void of care:
But Churchmen they be bleſt, they turne a leafe or two,
They ſometime ſing a Pſalme, and for the people pray,
For which they honour haue, and ſit in higheſt place,
What can they wiſh or ſeeke, that is not hard at hand?
They labour not at all, they know no kind of paine,
No danger doth with dread their happy liues diſtreſſe,
Ceaſe you therefore to muſe what madneſſe made me leaue
The Court and courtly pompe of wearing royal crowne,
No madneſſe did that deed, but wiſedome wiſht it ſo,
I gaind thereby the bliſſe which few before me felt.

I nine yeares led my life, and neuer felt annoy.
And certainely if now I might bee, king againe,
Refusing all that pompe, I would become a priest,
A Deacon, or a Deane, Prebend, or Minister.
For these men leade their liues with liuings two or three:
Some haue their substitutes in Vniuersities,
Some leade the braueſt liues that any man may haue,
They feede vpon the fleece, they force not of the flocke:
Three houres in the yeere, with beastly bosomde stuffe
They spend, and that is all that law of them requires.
Muse not though many thrust and shoulder for degrees,
For haypy man is he, who hath a Preachers fees.
But let me now returne vnto my Romish rout,
Who fed like Bacon fat, did nought but play and pray.
With whom for nine yeares space, when I my life had led,
I song my *Requiem*, and paid the earth her fee.
Then in Saint *Peters* Church at Rome they did me lay,
Booted and spurd, euen as you see me here this day.
So now you haue the whole of all my Tragedie.
Of *Brutus* blood the last I liu'd that rul'd as king:
My Britaines driuen to Wales they Welchmen then were cal'd,
And I at Rome their king, a mumbling Monke instal'd.
The *Saxons* had the day, for which they longed long.
They England cal'd the Ile, of *Brute* which tooke her name.
Some men be borne to blisse, and some to hatefull hap:
Who would haue thought, that I in warre a raging king,
Should by the force of Fate, at Rome haue dide a Monke?
Let all the world then know, that nothing is so sure,
That can afford and say, I thus wil aye endure.
For that which seemeth best, is soonest brought to naught,
Which plainly doth appeare by that which I haue taught.
The worthiest in the world, princes, philosophers,
Will teach that I haue taught, and proue it passing plaine.
Paulus Aemilius did die but wretchedly:
And was not *Scipio* euen to his dying day
Constraind, to helpe his need, the painfull plow to ply?
Cæsar and *Silla* both, did not they taste the whippe?
And made not *Hannibal* a miserable end?

And

And how was *Socrates* before his time destroy'd,
And *Anaxagoras* imprisoned long with paine?
For cruell beastly coyne diuine *Plato* was sold,
And *Aristotle* sent to exile, where he di'd:
And so was *Solon* sage, and that *Lycurgus* wise,
And many more, which heere I could at large repeat.
But let these few suffice to teach for certaine truth,
That all the men that liue, are subiects all to ruth.
And seeing so it is, then let them learne the meane,
That if the barke do breake, they safe may swimme to land.

Thomas Blener Hasset.

HOW SIGEBERT FOR HIS WICKED LIFE was thrust from his Throne, and miserablie *slaine by a Heardsman, Anno Dom.* 755.

Wo parts in one a Heardsman heere must play,
My tale must tend each Princes life to mend,
And this my talke most plainly must display,
How far a subiect may himselfe defend
Against his Liege, his Soueraigne Lord and King,
If his default his Commonweale doth bring
To miserie: therefore a little while
Attend, and know the tenour of my stile.

A subiect I of base and low degree,
This headlesse corps of life I did depriue,
(King *Sigebert* it was) with crueltie.
Whose lust was law, whil'st he was heere aliue,
To feele my force it was his destinie:
Then crueltie I wrackt with crueltie,
And to reuenge the wrong that earst he wrought,
With losse of life his lawlesse lust he bought.

This

This *Sigebert* the Saxons rulde by Weſt,
Their ancient lawes he at his liſt did change,
For which his Commons did him much deteſt.
The Duke of Cornwall would not let him range
Thus at his will, but wiſht him like a friend,
To mend his faults, or els his life to end.
Then he in rage this Duke my maſters life,
His cruel hands bereau'd with bloodie knife.

A lawleſſe life to lawleſſe death doth hale,
When witleſſe will, wil paſſe the power of may:
Then ill miſhap doth drowne in dolours dale
The peruerſe Prince, whoſe wit doth beare the ſway.
Iuſt *Abels* blood to God for vengeance cald,
For blood with blood the Bloodſheader is thrald,
And him whom here before you I preſent,
For ſheading blood, my blade his life hath hent.

As he three yeares his people did oppreſſe,
Then they whoſe backe that burden could not beare,
With one conſent they did his ſtate diſtreſſe,
To reaue him of his Crowne they did not feare,
They him depoſde from honour and renowne:
His hatefull hap ſo frowardly did frowne,
That he who had a kingdome but of late,
Forlorne he now muſt beg from gate to gate.

Do nothing muſe at his deſerued hap,
For many more as he their liues haue led:
Ioues vengeance iuſt ſuch wretches doth inwrap
With change moſt ſtrange, when he their blood will ſhed
Of *Dionyſe* of Syracuſia,
Of *Neroes* death, of *Phalaris* decay,
Who liſt to reade, he paſſing plaine ſhall finde,
That he of heauen their ſorrow hath aſſignde.

And out of doubt God did ordaine the fall
Of him, whom here I headlesse haue in hand,
Who wandring in a wood amidst his thrall
I met by chance, of whom I did demand
His name, and place: who thus replide with feare:
O friend, I am for meate now staruen wel neare,
Giue me therfore I thee beseech and pray
Some meate, to keepe my carcase from decay.

Some Pilgrim poore, or waifaring man him straight
I Iudg'd, and gaue him what my scrippe would yeeld;
And whilst we both thus on a banke did baite,
From sighes and sobbes himselfe he could not wield,
Which made me aske againe his name and place,
But silent he did mourne with frowning face:
Yet at the last by vrging to and fro,
He thus declar'd the cause of all his woe.

O miser I, more wretch then thee by much,
I neuer could compare with thine estate.
This heard of Swine against thee neuer grutch;
I kept a heard, which did their Heardsmen hate,
A hateful heard of murmuring men I meane,
Which did depriue me of minehonour cleane.
And now I leade my lothsome life you see,
Impal'd amidst a maze of misery.

With changed chance (aye me) I chased am,
And frowning Fate such sorrow hath assignd,
That lothing life, most like a quiet Lambe,
My naked necke to blocke of bale I bind.
With cruell knife (O care) come shread my twist,
So shall my soule by corps decay be blist.
But sith that Care nor Fate wil doe this deed,
Doe thou the same I the beseech, with speed.

First

Firſt hatefull hope with flattering face did fawne,
With dread when deepe deſpaier would me haue drownd,
Then changed chance did checke me with the pawne
Of wofull want, when good ſucceſſe did ſound
A bleſſed blaſt :and now (to tell the truth)
I haue the mate, by raging Rooke of truth.
Lo thus I liue, which daily wiſh to die :
And life (alas) doth make my miſerie.

If lothſome life (of this my corps the king)
Doth moue one way, the Biſhop bids me backe:
If to that point, the Queene me backe doth bring,
On th'other ſide, the Knight doth work my wracke,
The other points with Pawnes be all poſſeſt,
And here the Rooke of ruth doth reaue my reſt.
And beeing brought into this ſtrange eſtate,
I do confeſſe my ſelfe to haue a mate.

Sith ſorow ſo hath ſeaſde vpon my bones,
That now too late I do lament my loſſe,
And ſith no meanes may turne my gaſtfull grones
To ioyfull glie, ſith trouble ſtill doth toſſe
Me to and fro, in waltring waues of woe:
Death is my friend, and life I count my foe:
Which death though once my feeble fleſh did feare,
Yet now I faine would feele his murdring ſpeare.

In gurging gulfe of theſe ſuch ſurging ſeas,
My poorer ſoule who drownd doth death requeſt,
I wretched wight haue ſought mine owne diſeaſe,
By mine owne meanes my ſtate it was diſtreſt.
For whilſt I meant to make my luſt a law,
Iuſtice me from my high eſtate did draw.
So that I find, and feele it now with paine,
All worldly pompe, al honour is but vaine.

Which honour I to fiery flames compare,
For when they flaſh and flouriſh moſt of all,
Then ſuddainely their flamings quenched are.
For proofe whereof, to minde now let vs call
Antigonus, and *Ptolemeus* Great,
Cæſar, and *Mithridate*, we may repeat,
With *Darius*, and great *Antiochus*,
Cambiſes eke, and conquering *Pyrrhus*.

And I the laſt might firſt haue had my place,
They all as I with flaming fierie ſhow
Were quenched quite: Dame Fortune did deface,
Yea hatefull hap, euen then did ouerthrow
Vs moſt, when moſt we had our hearts deſire:
When moſt we flouriſht like the flames of fire,
Euen then the ſeas of ſorow did preuaile,
And made vs weare a blacke lamenting ſaile.

And heere before my death, I will repeate
To thee the thing which I of late did dreame,
That thou and all the world may ſee, how great
A care it is to rule a royall realme.
My dreame ſhal ſhew, that bliſſe doth not conſiſt
In wealth nor want: but he alone is bleſt,
Who is content with his aſſigned fate,
And neuer ſtriues to clime to higher ſtate.

When ſeemely *Sol* had reſt his glittering gleames,
And night the earth did with her darkeneſſe vaile,
Dame *Cinthia* then with her bright burniſht beames,
The ſhadowed ſhades of darkeneſſe did aſſaile,
Then *Somnus* cauſ'd my ſenſes all to quaile.
On carefull couch then being laid to reſt,
With doubtfull dreames I ſtrangely was diſtreſt.

In

In cottage cold where care me thought did keepe,
With naked need and want of wherewithall:
Where pouertie next beggers doore did creepe,
And where expences were so passing small,
That all men deem'd that man forethroug'd with thrall,
Which there did dwell, euen there from bondage free,
I view'd a man all void of miserie.

And whil'st I musde how he in bliue of blisse
Could lead his life amid'st that caue of care,
From Princely Court proceeded ere I wist,
A man, with whom there might no man compare.
His wealth, his wit, his courage were so rare,
That none before nor since were like to him:
Yet he me thought in waues of woe din swim.

This man had all that men could wish or craue
For happie state, yet nought he had in deed:
The other, he had nought that men would haue,
Yet had he all, beleeue it as thy Creed.
This saying of that happie man I reade,
That hauing nought, yet all things so I haue,
That hauing nought, I nothing more do craue.

The King me thought with all his Courtly traine,
Past to the place where pouertie did dwell,
With frowning face and with a troubled braine,
With woe and want, his vexed veines did swell,
With mirth and ioy the poore man did excell.
And being come vnto his house ymade
Of one poore hogshead, thus to him he said:

Diogenes, thou lead'st a lothsome life,
Me thinke thou might'st much better spend thy time
Within my Court, both thou and eke thy wife:
Thou by that meanes to high estate maist clime:
I haue the wealth, and thou art void of crime,
And loe, before thy face I heere am prest
To giue thee that, which thou shalt now request.

Stand backe (Sir King) thy vaunting vowes be vaine,
I nothing recke thy promiſe, goods, nor land,
And *Titans* ſtately ſtreames would me ſuſtaine
With heate, if thou from this my doore wouldſt ſtand:
Thou takſt away much more then thy commaund
Can giue againe: thy gifts ſo vile I deeme,
That none but fooles ſuch follies do eſteeme.

With conqueſt thou haſt wone the world ſo wide,
And yet thou canſt not win thy wandring wil:
Thou wouldeſt win an other world beſide:
But tuſh, that fact doth farre ſurpaſſe thy skill.
Thou neuer wilt of Conqueſt haue thy fill,
Til death with daunting dart hath conquer'd thee,
Then muſt thou leaue behind, thy Monarchie.

With great aſſaults my ſelfe I haue ſubdude,
In all reſpects, I haue my hearts deſire,
With a contented minde I am endude,
To higher ſtate I neuer wil aſpire.
More like a Prince then any poore Eſquire,
I leade my life: and ſith my ſtate is ſuch,
Aske thou of me, for I can giue thee much.

All daſht with dread mee thought in fuming heate
He ſaid, departing thence in haſt with ſpeede,
If I were not *Alexander* the Great,
I would become *Diogenes* indeed,
Who leades his life all void of wofull dread.
He hath the wealth which I cannot obtaine,
I haue the wealth which wiſe men do diſdaine.

I liue in feare, I languiſh all in dread,
Wealth is my woe, the cauſer of my care,
With feare of death I am ſo ill beſtead,
That reſtleſſe I much like the hunted Hare,
Or as the canuiſt Kite, doth feare the ſnare.
Ten hundred cares haue brought me to the baie,
Ten thouſand ſnares for this my life men laie.

When

When *Philip* he of *Macedon* the King,
One Realme me left, I could not be content,
Desier prickt mee to an other thing,
To win the world it was my whole intent,
Which done, an other world to win I ment.
When least I had, then most I had of blesse,
Now, all the world, and all vnquietnesse.

No woe to want of contentation;
No wealth to want of riches and renowne,
For this is seene in euery nation,
The highest trees be soonest blowen downe:
Ten kings do die before one clubbish Clowne.
Diogenes in quiet Tunne doth rest,
When *Cæsar* is with carking care distrest.

Wherewith me thought he was departed quite,
And *Morpheus* that sluggish God of sleepe,
Did leaue my limmes, wherewith I stood vpright,
Deuising long what profit I could reape
Of this my dreame, which plainly did expresse
That neither want nor wealth doth make mans blesse;
Who hath the meane with a contented minde,
Most perfect blisse his God hath him assignde.

But I, who liu'd a crowned King of late,
And now am forc'd of thee to beg my bread,
I cannot be content with this estate,
I lothe to liue, I would I wretch were dead:
Despaier she doth feede me with decay,
And patience is fled and flowne away.
Doe thou therefore O Heardsman play thy part,
Take thou this blade, and thrust it to my hart.

O Sir, I ſaid, the gods defend that I
Should cauſeleſſe kill a man in miſerie,
Tell me thy name and place, then by and by
I will prouide for thine aduerſitie.
Then he repli'd, my name is *Sigebert*,
I am the man which wrought thy maſters ſmart:
I rul'd of late this Realme euen at my liſt,
Take thou reuenge with that thy friendly fiſt.

And well content: I will reuenge with ſpeed
The death of him whom cauſeleſſe thou did'ſt kill.
King *Sigebert*, and art thou he indeed?
Sith he thou art, diſpatch and make thy will;
For to my Lord this day I will preſent
Thy head: therefore thy former faults repent,
Thou ſeeſt the blocke on which thy life muſt end,
Call thou for grace that God may mercie ſend.

Wherewith he kneeling by the blocke of bale;
Diſpatch (quoth he) and do that friendly deed:
O welcome death, and farewell Fortune fraile,
Diſpatch good friend, diſpatch my life with ſpeed.
Wherewith, on blocke he ſtretcht his neck outright,
And ſaid no more, but praying me to ſmite,
I gaue the ſtroke which ended all his care,
A bloodie ſtroke, which did my death prepare.

For I who hopte to haue ſome great reward
For killing of my Maſters fathers foe:
Was hanged ſtraight, my cauſe was neuer heard,
Such was my chance and well deſerued woe.
For when my Lord had heard me tell the tale,
How I his King and mine did there aſſaile,
His frowning face did put me in great feare,
He ſigh'd and ſob'd, and ſaid as you ſhall heare.

O Caitiffe vile, O Impe of Satans ſeed,
And haſt thou kill'd our Soueraigne Lord and King?
His due deſert deſerueth death indeed,
Yet what made thee to do ſo vile a thing?
What though he did my father cauſeleſſe kill?
What though he rul'd the Realme with lawleſſe will?
Shall we therefore, with cruell bloodie knife,
Depriue our Lord and King of vitall life?

O wicked deed, may ſubiects falſe ſurmiſe,
With murthering minds their Gouernour reſiſt?
That may not be: for *Tully* wondrous wiſe,
Plato, in whom true knowledge doth conſiſt,
They both agreed that no man ought to kill
A Tyrant, though he hath him at his will.
Yet thou (thou wretch) this bloody deed haſt done.
The like was neuer ſeene vnder the Sun.

When God will plague the people for their ſin,
Them then to ſcourge he doth a Tyrant ſend:
We ſhould therefore that ſubiects be, begin
With earneſt mind our former faults t'amend:
Which if we do, it is to great availe,
Mans force is fond, fighting cannot preuaile.
And he who doth reſiſt the Magiſtrate,
Reſiſteth God, repenting all too late.

If ſubiects be by peruerſe Prince oppreſt,
They then muſt pray that God the change may make:
Which God no doubt rebellion doth deteſt,
No ſubiect may his ſword or armour take
Againſt his Prince, whom God hath placed there.
Yet hath this wretch all void of ſubiects feare,
Deſtroy'd a King whom God did thruſt from throne:
Alas poore King, thy death I do bemone.

But he who hath thy lingring life destroi'd,
Shall be destroi'd, and find it passing plaine,
That no man may a Princes life annoy.
Although the Prince desiers to be slaine,
Yet subiects must from sheading blood refraine.
From which, seeing that this wretch could not abstaine,
Let him be hang'd as I before decreed,
A iust reward for his so vile a deed.

Then I forthwith to end my life was led,
I hopte to haue preferment for my deed,
I was prefer'd, and hang'd all saue the head:
Did euer man the like example read?
Not one I thinke: therefore good Memorie,
In register in role thou this for me,
That they who liue and reade the fall I felt,
May find how fate most strangely with me delt.

Yet my desert no doubt did death deserue,
Though hatred did not make me kill my King,
Yet lucre leaud did force my feete to swerue,
That hatefull hap, me to this bale did bring.
Let them then learne that heedlesse liue by hope,
Her hatefull hests will bring them to the rope:
And happie he, who void of hope can lead
A quiet life, all void of Fortunes dread.

Perillus he who made the Bull of brasse,
Like him I hopte to haue some great reward,
But he in brasen belly broyled was,
And to a skarfe of hemp I was prefer'd.
So they that meane by others harmes to rise,
Their dying day shall end with dolefull cries.
And heere I end, approuing that most true,
From wicked workes no goodnesse can ensue.

Thomas Blener Hasset.

HOW LADIE EBBE DID FLEA HER NOSE AND VPPER lippe away, to ſaue her Virginitie,

Anno Dom. 870.

DO nothing muſe at my deformed face,
For Nature it in perfect mould did make:
And when your wits haue weighed well the caſe,
You will commend me much for vertues ſake.
With theſe my hands which from my face did take
Mine ouer-lippe, and eke my ſeemely noſe,
So to auoid the rage of all my foes.

For I by birth a Princes daughter borne,
An Abbieſſe by my profeſſion,
Of which eſtate I neuer thought it ſcorne,
It greatly did delight me to be one,
Which might erect diuine religion:
At Collingam I tooke this charge in hand,
And fiftie more of chaſte *Dianaes* band.

All Ladies borne by birth of high degree,
Which there did vow with me their liues to leade,
And to auoid carnall fragilitie,
We all did vow as you right well may reade,
With ſingle liues to liue in feare and dread
Of God our Lord, ſo to refraine the vice
Of fleſhly luſt, which doth to ſinne intice.

Then did the Danes the Saxon ſtate inuade,
And they who did the Britaine ſtate deſtroy,
To ſue for grace were glad and well apaid,
So ſtrangely did the Danes vs then annoy,
That Saxons like the men of broyling Troy,
Amaz'd, they gaz'd, not knowing what was beſt,
So ſtraitly were the Saxons then diſtreſt.

Theſe dreadfull Danes they had no feare of God,
But ſauage, they did make their luſt a law,
Whom God did ſend for a reuenging rod,
To make vs Saxons liue in feare and awe
Of him, who did from ſeruile bondage draw
Vs out, and made vs liue at libertie,
When as we ſeru'd with cruell ſlauerie.

Not much vnlike the murmuring Iſraelites,
Sometime we ſeru'd our Lord with feare and dread,
In trouble we imploi'd our whole delights,
To faſt and pray: but when we quiet were,
We reſtleſſe led our liues, all void of care,
Forgetting him who did in each diſtreſſe,
With helping hand vs bleſſe with good ſucceſſe.

See heere the fruit of health and good ſucceſſe,
It maketh man both proud and inſolent:
In health we hate the God who hath vs bleſt,
Trouble doth make vs mortall men repent
Our former faults: in ſickneſſe we be bent
To faſt and pray, and in aduerſitie,
To pray to God, is mans felicitie.

And for this fault abuſing this our bleſſe,
The Danes with ruth our Realme did ouerrunne,
Their wrath inwrapt vs all in wretchedneſſe,
There was no ſin from which thoſe men did ſhunne.
By them the Commonweale was quite vndone.
They did deſtroy the ſtate of euery towne,
They Churches burnt, they pluckt the Abbies downe.

Yet not content, vs Nunnes they did annoy,
O cruell deed, our belts they did vnbind,
With rapine they did rauiſh and deſtroy,
Deflowring all that euer they could find.
I ſeeing then what ſorrow was aſſign'd
To me and mine, my vowed virgins I
Did call, then thus I ſpake with weeping eye.

Alas

Alas alas my louing Ladies all,
These hard mishaps do presse vs too too neere:
What shall we do, how may we scape the thrall,
Which hath destroyd the Nunries euery where?
Alas, my feeble flesh doth quake for feare:
Alas, how shall we scape their cruelties,
Which thus be plaste amidst extremities?

For if we do their hatefull hests denie,
Then dreadfull death shall presentlie insue:
And if we grant vnto their villanie,
Our sinfull soules in hell that deed shall rue.
Beleeue me then my Ladies, this is true,
Much better 'twere for vs to die with fame,
Then long to liue, with euerlasting shame.

And for because the faces forme doth moue
With beauties beames and comely countenance,
The minde of man to lust and lawlesse loue,
I haue deuis'd, my honour to aduance,
With face deform'd to try my hard mischance:
For these my hands from this my face shall rip
Euen with this knife, my nose and ouerlip.

They which will flie reprochfull infamie,
To do the like will them beseeme the best,
You shall preserue your vow'd virginitie
Thereby, and liue perhaps with quiet rest.
My daughters deare, giue eare vnto my hest.
Wherewith, with Rasors sharp I first, then they,
Each one her nose, and lip did flea away.

Whilst thus we liu'd deform'd to outward show,
Yet vessels garnisht gay before Gods sight,
The Danes did vs inuade, who straight did know
Our feate, them to defeate of their delight:
For which they wrackt on vs their wicked spight,
With fiery flames they burnt our Nunnerie,
And vs therein: O wretched crueltie!

The

The eare of man the like hath neuer heard,
No penne, nor tongue the like hath euer told,
Had euer man a hart that was ſo hard,
That with his yron breſt durſt be ſo bold,
To do the like againſt the Femine kind?
Not one in faith that euer I could heare,
But theſe all void of mercy, loue, and feare.

Thus we content to leaue this preſent life,
In hope to haue hereafters better bleſſe,
Were brent and broild, and ſo did ſtint the ſtrife
Which might haue made vs liue in wretchedneſſe:
We gainde therby a heauenly happineſſe.
Which happineſſe they doubtleſſe ſhall obtaine,
Which do from ſinne and wickedneſſe abſtaine.

Thomas Blener Haſſet

HOW KING EGELRED FOR HIS WICKEDNESSE WAS diuerſly diſtreſſed by the Danes, and laſtly died *for ſorrow, Anno Dom.* 1016.

THe minde and not the Man doth make or marre,
For as the ſtearne doth guide the Argocy:
So by their mindes all men they guided are.
From out the mind proceedeth fantaſie,
All outward acts, vertue or vanitie,
Not from the man, but from the minde proceede:
The mind doth make the man to do each deed.

For *Phalaris* with beaſtly bloudy mind,
And *Nero* did in murther much delight,
To mercy *Antoninus* was inclin'd,
Midas for gold extended all his might.
For worldly pompe how did *Pompeius* fight?
The mounting minde of *Alexander*, made
Him win the world, his fame can neuer fade.

How

How did the minde moue *Calicratides*,
Xerxes, *Cyrus*, and *Argantonius*?
Philip of *Macedon*, *Theramines*,
Aiax, *Iason*, and *Aurelianus*,
Achilles, and the old king *Priamus*,
Hector, and *Hercules*, with falſe *Sino*,
Their minds did make them weaue the web of wo.

The twig doth bend as *Boreas* blaſts doe blow,
So man doth walke euen as his mind doth moue:
Then happie he who hath a mind to know
Such things as be the beſt for his behoue:
No doubt the mind which vertuous acts doth loue,
Doth make a man euen *Cæſar* to ſurpaſſe
For noble deeds, who Prince of proweſſe was.

But he who hath his mind to miſchiefe bent,
All his delight from vertue doth decline,
Like me too late he ſhall his faults repent,
His ſinfull ſoule ſhall feele the fall in fine
That I haue felt: which makes me to repine
Againſt my mind: for Nature did her part,
My mind enclin'd to ill, did ſpoile my hart.

What though I were of comely perſonage?
Iointly my ioints were ioin'd with perfect ſhape,
Adorned eke with ſo ſweet a viſage,
That neuer yet from Natures hands did ſcape
A worke ymade of ſuch a perfect ſhape:
But what of that? theſe gifts for want of grace,
Deformed quite the feature of my face.

For why, my mind to ruthfull ruine bent,
I did delight in lothſome lecherie:
I neuer did my odious deeds repent,
In drunkenneſſe, in extreme crueltie,
I did delight in all impietie:
As for delight in princely exerciſe,
The feates of armes I did them moſt deſpiſe.

By

By meanes whereof my ſubiects did me hate,
And forraine foes, to burne my Realme were bold:
With warre the Danes did alter ſtraight the ſtate.
Firſt Fortune did my common-weale vnfold,
Then peſtilence did make my courage cold:
And laſt of all, my foes the dreadfull Danes
Did make me pay them tribute for their paines.

Euen now the Realme of England did decay:
For when the Danes their tribute had conſum'd,
Forthwith they made vs greater ſummes to pay.
From ten to fifteene thouſand they preſum'd
Of pounds to make vs pay: ſo I redeem'd
With money bags my careſull common-wealth,
The onely meanes reſerued for my health.

When thus the want of courage on my part
Had giuen my foes ſo ſure a footing here,
And when diſeaſe with her deſtroying dart
Had wipte away my ſubiects euery where:
Euen then too late my wiſemen did appeere,
Whom heretofore I alwayes did deteſt
Their counſaile graue, at laſt they thus expreſt.

O *Egelred* the fruite of fearefulneſſe,
Of riot thou the right reward doſt reape:
But if thou wilt auoid this wretchedneſſe,
Be wiſe, and looke about before you leape.
Of hatefull haps you ſee a hideous heape
Before your face, therefore in time giue eare,
And wiſely waigh the words which thou ſhalt heare.

That noble Duke *Richard* of Normandy,
A Siſter hath, whom thee we wiſh to wed,
By meanes whereof from this captiuity
We may be brought, and that without bloodſhed.
For why theſe Danes theſe Normans ſo do dread,
That if from thence an ayd we can procure,
Thy foes no doubt can neuer long indure.

The

The mayd ſhe may a Princes fancie pleaſe,
Her brother is a man of great renowne :
This way O King may make thy ſubiects eaſe,
It may reſtore the freedome of thy Crowne :
This onely way will bring thy fomen downe.
If thou thy Crowne and common-weale doſt loue,
Do thou the thing ſo much for thy behoue.

So by their meanes I maried the maid,
She *Emma* hight, the floure of Normandie,
Of whom I was ſo glad and well apaid,
That all the world with my proſperitie
Could not compare : and in that iollitie
I did deuiſe by traines of ſecret treaſon,
To bring the Danes to death, in a good ſeaſon.

I did a feaſt through all my Realme proclame,
At which both Danes and Engliſhmen did meete,
Then ſecretly my friends and I did frame,
That Engliſhmen the Danes ſhould friendly greete,
And at the feaſt that they ſhould do their feate.
And that they might the better worke their will,
They thus were plaſt according vnto skill.

Two before one, and three before fiue,
Here two, and there two, and foure then beliue :
Here one, and there one, and three at a caſt,
Then one, and twice two, and one at the laſt.

They mingled thus, the watchword wiſely giuen,
And Engliſhmen with weapons well beſtead,
The Danes amidſt their cups were ſhauen and ſhriuen :
Fiue hundred thouſand in one day were dead.
Now note the end of blood ſo beaſtly ſhead :
For *Swane* the king of Denmarke did arriue,
He for reuenge did me to *Richard* driue,

Marke here how lawleſſe polices preuaile,
Their good ſucceſſe do promiſe preſent paine.
What? May mans vaine deuices ought auaile?
Diſhoneſt deeds no honour can obtaine,
Al murthering Maſſacres be vile and vaine,
Such ſuttle ſlights haue neuer good ſucceſſe;
The proofe whereof with paine I here expreſſe:

For *Swane* with ſword and fire did here deſtroy,
Both man and beaſt, and euery earthly thing,
He did that noble London much annoy,
He won the Realme and was the Engliſh king.
When tract of time him to his beare did bring,
Canutus then his ſonne did him ſucceed,
Whom to diſplace I did diſpatch with ſpeed.

My brother *Richard* Duke of Normandy,
Of Normans gaue to me a goodly band,
By help of whom *Canutus* forſt to flee,
I got againe the kingdome of England,
But out (alas) what thing may firmely ſtand,
Whoſe vnder-prop is of ſo little might?
That want of ſtrength doth let things drop downright.

Canutus did from Denmarke now returne,
The wrathfull wight appointed paſſing ſtrong,
My ſubiects ſlue, my Cities he did burne;
Which when I heard I liu'd not very long,
My fainting heart was thronged with a throng
Of cares, which broke it in my fearfull breſt,
And ſo at laſt death brought my bones to reſt.

Twice tenne and eight I ranne my ruthfull race,
And then in Pauls my curſed corps was laid,
Canutus did my common-weale deface,
The Danes were kings, my kingdome was decaid,
This world is fraile, and euery thing muſt fade,
But alwaies that which wanteth gouernment,
That firſt doth feele the force of dangers dent.

Thomas Blener Haſſet

HOW

HOW EDRICVS EARLE OF MERCIA, DESTROYED THE VALIANT KING EDMVND IRON-*ſide*, in hope of aduancement, and how he was *rewarded*, *Anno Dom.* 1018.

YOu helliſh hags of Limbo Lake below,
Which daily do my curſed corps torment,
Come forth, come forth, come forth, (I ſay) and ſhew
How I on earth my diſmall daies haue ſpent.
And wil you not you wretched wights aſſent
To helpe me here to tell that drierie tale,
Which may amongſt men liuing much preuaile?

O curſed ghoſt condemn'd to endleſſe thrall,
Sith they refuſe to aid thee in this need,
Do thou declare and tel the truth of all,
That men aliue my wretched works may read,
And ſee the fruite of ſuttle Satans ſeed,
Auoiding vice, and fancies fond delight,
Note well my tale, the truth I ſhall recite.

When *Etheldred* had giuen *Canutus* place,
Edmund his ſonne ſurnamed *Ironſide*,
Deuiſing how he might his foe deface,
By wrath of warre the cauſe they did decide:
And in the end the Realme they did diuide.
Edmund had halfe, *Canutus* had the reſt,
Then they with peace and quietneſſe were bleſt.

O blind beleefe, O hope of higher hope,
Why did you moue my minde to meditate,
How I in woe king *Edmund* might inwrap,
And how I might depreſſe my kings eſtate?
Thou blind beleefe, thou breeder of debate,
I wanting grace did let thee moue my mind,
Cauſeleſſe to kil a courteous king, and kinde,

He being kild, I to *Canutus* went,
To whom I ſayd, See here a faithfull friend,
I for thy loue with bloody blade haue hent,
And brought my King to his vntimely end:
Thou by that meanes ſhalt rule thy realme with reſt,
My friendly fiſt with happie good ſucceſſe,
Hath thee inricht with bliſſe and happineſſe.

Haſt thou (quoth he) deſtroy'd thy ſoueraigne King?
Thou faithleſſe fawning friend, for loue of me?
Thou verlet vile, and could'ſt thou doe the thing
The which might more abridge my libertie?
O heinous act! O bloodie crueltie!
But ſith that loue did moue thee doe that deede,
Thou for thy paines ſhalt be preferd with ſpeede.

Wherewith in haſte he to the hangman ſaid,
Let this mans head the higheſt place obtaine
On London walles: wherewith I neuer ſtaid,
But on a block my neck was cut in twaine,
In all mens ſight, my head did long remaine.
See here what wit the grape of hope doth yeeld,
See on what ſand ſuch buſie braines do build.

O hateſull thing that fancies fond delight,
The ſenſe of mortall man ſhould ſenſeleſſe make:
When vices vaunts with vertues deeds dare fight,
Then doth the ſoule the happie heauens forſake:
Then man makes haſte to *Plutoes* lothſome lake.
Why ſhould man loue that ſugred ſower ſweet,
Which wiſedoms lore to lothe hath thought moſt meet?

Thomas Blener Haſſet.

HOVV

HOW KING HAROLD RAIGNING BVT NINE MONETHS, had continuall warre with the Danes, with the Norway King, with his brother TOSTIVS, *and was at last slaine in battell by* William *the Conquerer, An.Dom.*1065.

WOuld he haue warre, and we to warre proclame?
O Bastard Duke, and dost thou dare to fight?
My Noble men, come forth, and purchase fame.
Giue me my sword, let me defend my right.
Steppe forth with speed my Martiall men of might:
With Bowes and Billes, let vs their course restraine:
And teach them that their vanting vowes be vaine.

But that we may with wisdome wisely worke,
It vs behoues in Normandie to fight
With him, and not to let his souldiers lurke
Heere in my Realme, we shall thereby atchiue
No noble act, though hence we him do driue.
But if we deale with him in Normandie,
We shall receiue renowne and victorie.

It is the best with forren foes to fight
Abroad, as did the haughtie *Hannibal*,
And not at home to feele their hatefull spight.
Of all the rest it is the greatest thrall,
That foes arriu'd should spoile our subiects all:
And for a truth this alwaies hath been found,
He speedeth best which fights on forren ground.

My men of warre were mustred out of hand,
But all my haste was then of none auaile:
My brother *Tostius* with his rebell band,
In euery place my subiects did assaile,
And euery where did cause their hearts to quaile.
Whose wretched state from farther spoile to shield,
I by my power did force him flie the field.

He fled to Norway whence a cloud did rise
That did obscure the shine of my content,
When loe the Norman Duke did then deuise,
If I to yeeld my Scepter would assent,
For which betwixt vs to and fro there went
Despightfull letters, which I will recite,
Wherein he claimes, and I defend my right.

WILLIAM DVKE OF NORMANDIE, AND RIGHT heire to the English Crowne, to *Harold the Vsurper.*

THough birthright cannot cause thee yeeld to me my Crowne,
Yet haue thou some respect of honor and renowne,
For thou by oath did'st sweare to yeeld to me my right,
When as I thee prefer'd, and stal'd thee there by might.
Mine vncle Edward *he, thy fathers faithfull friend*
Gaue me his Crowne, and thou thereto did'st condescend,
Yet now thou wouldest faine defeate me of my right,
And proue thy selfe forsworne of former promise plight.
Shall Harold *haue his hest: shall* Godwines *sonne be guide?*
Shall William *want his Will, and haue his right deni'd?*
Well Harold, *if thou canst with warres determine so,*
I am content: if not, prouide, I am thy foe.
My sonnes and all my kinne shall neuer stint to striue,
To plucke thee from thy place, whil'st one is left aliue:
But if thou wilt be wise, to me my right resigne,
And thou shalt haue the place belonging to thy line.
If not, with fire and sword I meane thy Realme to spoile,
I neuer thence will start till I haue forst thy foile.
And now thou know'st my will, determine for the best,
Thou maist haue warres, and if thou wilt, thou maist haue rest.

WILLIAM Duke of Normandy.

THeſe letters were of little might, to make
My manly mind to grant him his requeſt,
For which I did to Fortune me betake,
To wage new warres with him I deem'd it beſt,
So from his fiſt his threatning blade to wreſt.
But ſee the force of Fortunes changing cheare,
Another cloud before me did appeare.

My brother *Toſtius* who from me was fled,
Did now returne, and brought the Norway King:
They did deuiſe to haue from me my head,
Which made me to indite another thing
Vnto the Duke, then plaine and true meaning.
I gaue him hope of that I neuer ment,
Theſe were the lines which to the Duke I ſent.

HAROLD THE ENGLISH KING, TO THEE WILLIAM Duke of Normandy.

HArold *the Engliſh King, thee* William *Duke doth greete.*
Thy letter being read, I haue not thought it meete,
Without a Parlament to do ſo great a thing,
As of a forren Duke, to make an Engliſh King:
But if my three eſtates will follow my aduice,
Thou ſhalt receiue the Crowne, and beare away the price.
Therefore delay a time, thou ſhortly ſhalt receiue
With full conſent the thing, which now thou ſeek'ſt to haue.

HAROLD.

IArm'd in haſte all danger to auoid,
For why, I heard my brother *Toſtius* traine,
Two of my Earles had in the North deſtroy'd,
And many a thouſand men he there had ſlaine:
But when we met, his triumph was in vaine.
For I and mine the Norway King there kilte,
And I my ſelfe my brothers blood there ſpilte.

Now when the Duke my friendly lines had read,
And heard how I my men did muſter new,
There lies a Snake within this greene graſſe bed,
Quoth he, therefore come forth my warlike crew,
We will not ſtay to ſee what ſhall enſue.
By long delayes, from forren coaſts he may
Procure an aide, to ſcourge vs with decay.

But when he heard with whom I had to deale,
Well done (quoth he) let him go beate the buſh,
I and my men to the lurch line will ſteale,
And plucke the Net euen at the preſent puſh,
And one of them we with decay will cruſh.
For he who doth the victor there remaine,
Shall neuer reſt, till he hath dealt with twaine.

So I in vaine who had the victorie,
Within few daies was forſt againe to fight,
My ſtrength halfe ſpoil'd, my wounded men were wearie,
His campe was comne vnwares within my ſight,
There was no hope to flee by day nor night.
I *Harold* then, a Harauld ſent in haſte,
To know the plot where he his campe had plaſte.

He ſent me word, my ifs and ands were vaine,
And that he knew the drifts of my delay,
For which he ſaid he would yet once againe
Make triall, who ſhould beare the crowne away.
If I would yeeld, he ſaid his men ſhould ſtay,
If not, he then was preſent preſently,
To trie the cauſe by *Mars* his crueltie.

Which when I heard, and ſaw him march amaine,
His Trumpets did defie me to my face,
In haſte I did appoint my very traine,
And ſouldier-like I all my men did place,
I neuer ſu'd, nor pray'd, nor gapte for grace.
For hauing plaſte my men in battell ray,
I with loude voice to them theſe words did ſay.

My

My mates, in armes ſee heere the laſt aſſault,
Win now the field, and be you euer bleſt.
This Baſtard baſe borne Duke, ſhall he exalt
Himſelfe ſo high? giue eare vnto my heſt,
This day no doubt we ſhall haue quiet reſt:
  For good ſucceſſe ſhall ſet vs free from feare,
  Or hatefull hap ſhall bring vs to our beare.

Euen heere at hand his power doth appeare,
March forth my men, we muſt no longer ſtay:
Let euery man abandon fainting feare,
And I as guide will lead you on your way.
Euen I my ſelfe the formoſt in the fray,
  Will teach you how you ſhall abate his pride.
  Fight fight my men, your King ſhall be your guide.

His Croſ-bow men my Archers did aſſaile
With three to one, yet were they all too weake:
And when his forlorne hope could not preuaile,
Them to aſſiſt his Horſemen out did breake,
Three troopes I ſent on them the wrath to wreake,
  And by and by the battels both did ioyne,
  With many a thruſt, and many a bloodie foine.

Of three maine battels he his armie made,
I had but one, and one did deale with three:
Of which the firſt by me were quite diſmaide,
The other two they did diſcomfort me,
Not yeelding, but in yeelding blowes we be
  (With loſſe of life) conſtrain'd at laſt to yeeld
  The crowne, the kingdome, and the foughten fi

Note now the lot which on my limmes did light,
Nine monthes no more, I wore the Engliſh Crow
In euery month I in the field did fight,
In euery fight, I wonne a freſh renowne,
Yet at the laſt my ſtrength was beaten downe,
  And heere before you, now I do proteſt,
  I neuer had one day of quiet reſt.

For

For firſt with warre I won the princely ſeate,
With ciuill ſtrife I daily was diſtreſt,
My brother twice endeuour'd to defeate
Me of my throne, the Norway King was preſt,
The dreadfull Danes they daily me diſtreſt.
At laſt, this Duke did make me ſtrike my ſaile,
When winde, nor tide, nor oares might then preuaile.

My Kingdome then was prou'd his lawfull price,
With conqueſt he recouered his right,
And as you ſee of conquering the guiſe,
The Engliſhmen they were defaced quite;
Then of his traine he did prefer each wight.
And this was that which only brought me bleſſe,
I did not liue to ſee this wretchedneſſe.

But woe to me which cauſed all this coile,
I was an Earle my father being dead.
Why did my breſt with ſcalding malice boile,
To keepe the Crowne from the right heires head?
O Fancie fond, thy fumings hath me fed,
The ſtinking ſtinch of thine inclined heſt,
Hath poyſoned all the vertues in my breſt.

The ruthfull ſmart of proued ill ſucceſſe,
Who hath ſuſtain'd, and felt that pinching paine,
That wofull wight all wrapt in wretchedneſſe,
Can well report mans fancie is but vaine:
That man doth know, by proofe he findes it plaine,
That he who ſtoopes to fancies fond deſires,
Doth grope for grapes amid'ſt the bramble briers.

Let no man thinke by ſetches finely filde,
By double drifts conueyed cunninglie,
To get or gaine by any craft or guile,
A good eſtate with long proſperitie.
His luſt obtain'd, he liues in miſerie,
His guiltie ghoſt doth ſee his plague appeare,
Who goeth ſtraight he needeth not to feare.

Thomas Bleuer Haſſet.

FINIS.

"1610" (& for vol. 2 "1609") will do, ~~without~~ "London", which will be difficult to get in. Under no circumstances would I make a new label.

Minimum for Hospitals

1610

1609

Thomas Pennant Barton.