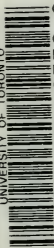


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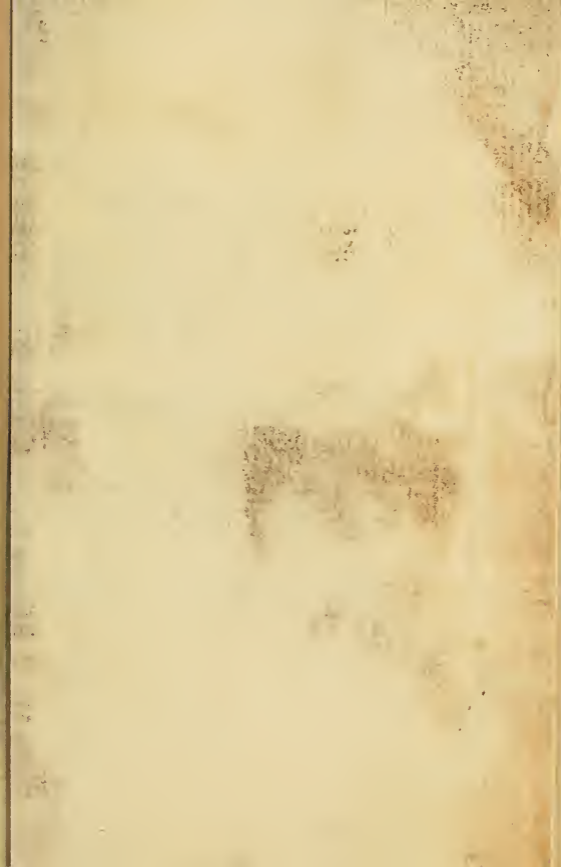
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*ISHAM REPRINTS.*

No. 1.

SHAKESPEARE'S VENUS AND ADONIS.

From a hitherto-unknown Edition. 1599.—  
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, by  
SHAKESPEARE. 1599.—EPIGRAMMES, by  
SIR JOHN DAVIES; and OVID'S ELEGIES,  
by MARLOWE.

No. 2.

NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCH-  
YARDE....Written in English Satyrs. By  
E. HAKE. 1579.

No. 3.

BRETON (NICHOLAS). NO WHIPPINGE,  
NOR TRIPPINGE: BUT A KINDE  
FRIENDLY SNIPPINGE. 1601.

No. 4.

SOUTHWELL (ROBERT). A FOVRE-  
FOVLD MEDITATION OF THE  
FOURE LAST THINGS. 1606.



THE ISHAM REPRINTS.

No. 3.




NO WHIPPINGE, NOR TRIP-  
PINGE: BUT A KINDE  
FRIENDLY SNIPPINGE.

BY NICHOLAS (BRETON.)

1601.

BLANCH



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# No Whippinge, nor Trippinge: but a kinde friendly Snippinge.

LONDON, 1601.

A POETICAL REPLY, MORAL, SATIRICAL, AND PRO-  
VERBIAL, DURING THE LITERARY QUARREL BETWEEN  
BEN JONSON, JOHN MARSTON, W. INGRAM, OF  
CAMBRIDGE, AND OTHERS.

By NICHOLAS BRETON,

AUTHOR OF "THE PILGRIMAGE TO PARADISE," "RAVISHT SOULE  
& BLESSED WEEPER," "FLOORISH UPON FANCIE," ETC.



REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION, LATELY  
IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR CHARLES E. ISHAM, BART.,  
AND NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, WITH  
A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE,

By CHARLES EDMONDS,

EDITOR OF THE "ISHAM SHAKESPEARE OF 1599;" HAKE'S  
"NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCHYARDE, 1579;" "THE  
POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN," BY CANNING,  
HOOKHAM FRERE, G. ELLIS, W.  
GIFFORD, ETC.

PUBLISHED BY  
ELKIN MATHEWS,  
VIGO STREET, LONDON,  
MDCCCXCV.

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A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE BY  
THE DISCOVERER, WHO IS  
ALSO THE EDITOR.

THAT "Good Wine needs no Bush" is a good old English proverb, and one that the good old English writer who is now under notice would have heartily endorsed, for no one more frequently used proverbs nor more often inculcated their study, as may be seen in the present Tractate, and in another production of his published in the same year. On his great literary abilities, both in prose and verse, and his power to bound "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—it is unnecessary to dilate, for they have been acknowledged by competent authorities from the time when he first appeared as an author in 1577, till his last dated work in 1637. Indeed, he was never more appreciated than at the present time, as

is evidenced by the jubilant chorus of Bibliophiles and Bibliographers over the acquisition of some of the most important of his as well as of other precious books, from the Lamport Hall Library, by the British Museum authorities, and proudly exhibited by them in the King's Library there.<sup>1</sup>

This poetical piece by NICHOLAS BRETON, a Staffordshire man, was found by the writer of the present notice, together with many other most valuable poetical works of the Elizabethan-Jacobean age, in a disused lumber-room at Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire, the seat of Sir Charles E. Isham, Bart., the 23rd Sept., 1867. What made this literary treasure-trove more noteworthy and valuable was, that not only most of the books were in as *clean and perfect* a state as when issued by the printer, but that many of them—including some by

<sup>1</sup> "Elizabethan Literature at the British Museum" is the heading of a highly congratulatory notice on the possession of these works, in "The Times" of Aug. 31, and in "Notes and Queries" of Sept. 15, 1894.

*Breton*—had never even been *cut open*. THE GREAT GLORY OF THE ISHAM LIBRARY was the volume containing the *hitherto unknown edition* of SHAKESPEARE'S [so *originally* spelled] earliest poem, "Venus and Adonis," dated 1599, and the remarkable collection of pieces entitled the "Passionate Pilgrime"—these last all fathered upon Shakespeare without his authority—with pieces by (*Sir*) John Davies and Marlowe. This volume was in equally fine preservation, and in the original vellum binding, with strings.

The work now under notice was the last of an anonymous Trilogie; arising out of an attack upon BEN JONSON by a clique of envious and rancorous poets and actors, among whom were MARSTON and DEKKER, for his dictatorial and generally scornful manner towards them. The first of the series was entitled "The Whipping of the Satyre," by I. W. The author is conjectured by the late Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, who bestowed much labour on the matter, to have been WM. INGRAM, of Cambridge. The second, called "The Whip-

per of the Satyre, his Pennance in a White Sheete, etc.," who is also mercilessly attacked, is undoubtedly John Marston; while the third shows the hand of Breton in every page.

BRETON'S work is especially valuable. Not only does he act as a true peacemaker, but exhibits his good qualities in various directions. His sound practical sense is shown throughout by the use he makes of English Proverbs; and his scathing rebukes of each class of contemporary delinquents, and his object-lessons from human beings, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and spiders, are remarkably happy. BUT HIS ALLUSIONS TO HIMSELF, HIS EDUCATION, HIS LIKES AND DISLIKES, ETC., HAVE ALL THE CHARM OF A CANDID AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

C. E.



NO  
VVhippinge, nor  
*trippinge: but a*  
kinde friendly  
*Snippinge.*



Imprinted at London  
for Iohn Browne,  
& Iohn Deane.

1601.







¶ TO ALL GRATIOVS,  
Vertuous, Courteous, Honest,  
*Learned, and gentle spirits, that are*  
truely poetically, & not too fantastically:  
*that will patiently read, indifferently cen-*  
sure, and honestly speake of the labours  
*of those wits that meane nothing*  
but well, the writer hereof wish-  
eth all contentment, that  
a good condition may  
desire.



*Y* good friendes, if such yee be;  
if not, God blesse me from yee:  
for the world is so full of wicked-  
nesse, that a man can meete with  
little goodnesse: *Maye it please*  
*you to vnderstand, that it was my happe of late,*  
*passing through Paules Church yarde, to looke*  
*upon certaine pieces of Poetrye, where I found*  
*(that it greeues me to speake of) one writer so*  
A2 *strangely*

## The Epistle

*straungely inueigh against another, that many shallow wits stode and laught at their follies. Now, findinge their labours so toucht with ill tearms, as befitted not the learned to lay open; I thought good, hauing little to doe, to write unto all such writers, as take pleasure to see their wits plaie with the world, that they will henceforth, before they fall to worke, haue in minde this good prouerbe : Play with mee; but hurt me not : and iest with me; but disgrace me not; Least that the world this iest do kindly smother, Why should one foole be angry with an other? Now for my selfe, I proteste that humor of Charitie, that I wish to finde at all their handes that see and will reprocue my folly: for I am none of the seauen wise men, and for the eight, I knowe not where to seeke him. Beare with me then, if out of the principles of a painted cloth I haue pickt out matter to mooue impatience. And if there be any thing out of that poore library, that may take place in any of your good likings, I will honour your good spirits for your kinde acceptations. But, in anywise, what ere you think, giue me no word of cōmendation: least, too glad of such a mischaunce, I trust the  
better*

## to the Reader.

*better to my euill fortune. Well, in earnest, I will entreat all good schollers to beare with my lacke of learning, and wise men with my lacke of witte, and my creditors with my lacke of mony. Which, though it haue nothing to doe in this Treatise, yet entreaty sometime doeth well with honest mindes: which I wish, and hope of in them, yea, and all the world that I shall haue to doe withall. Leauing therefore the patient to their Paradice, and the displeas'd to their better patience, in my loue to all schollers (but chiefly to those, that in the ioy of their studies, make vertue their heauen) I Rest*

Your friend, as I finde cause.





## *No whippe.*

(daies:

**T**IS strange to see the humors of these  
How first the Satyre bites at imperfectiōs:  
The Epigrammist in his quips displaies  
A wicked course in shadowes of corrections:  
The Humorist hee strictly makes collections  
Of loth'd behauiours both in youthe and age:  
And makes them plaie their parts vpon a stage.

An other Madcappe in a merry fit,  
For lacke of witte did cast his cappe at sinne:  
And for his labour was well tould of it,  
For too much playing on that merry pinne:  
For that all fishes are not of one sinne:  
And they that are of cholerick complections,  
Loue not too plain to reade their imperfection  
Now





## *No whippe.*

Now comes another with a new founde vaine:  
And onely falls to reprehensions:  
Who in a kind of scoffing chiding straine,  
Bringes out I knowe not what in his inuentions:  
But I will ghesse the best of his intencions:  
    Hee would that all were well, and so would I:  
    Fooles shuld not too much shew their foolery,

And would to God it had ben so in deed,  
The Satyres teeth had neuer bitten so:  
The Epigrammist had not had a seede  
Of wicked weedes, among his herbes to sowe,  
Nor one mans humor did not others showe,  
    Nor Madcaph had not showen his madneff such,  
    And that the whipper had not ierkt so much.

For





## *No whippe.*

For they whose eyes into the world doe looke,  
And canuasse euery crotchet of conceite,  
Whose wary wittes can hardly be mistooke,  
Who neuer feede their fancies with deceite,  
Finde this the fruiçt of euery idle sleight:

To shew how enuy doeth her venom spit,  
Or lacke of wealth doeth sell a little wit.

And while they tumble in their tubbes of coine,  
Laugh at their wittes that runne so far awry :  
In learning how to giue the foole the foine,  
Mistake the warde & wound them selues thereby:  
While only wealth doth laugh at beggery.

For rowling stoness will neuer gather mosse,  
And raunging wittes doe often liue by losse.

The





## *No whippe.*

The Preachers charge is but to chide for sinne,  
While Poets steppes are short of such a state:  
And who an others office enters in,  
May hope of loue, but shalbe sure of hate.  
Tis not a time offences to relate.

Contentions sooner will begin then end :  
And one may sooner lose, then keepe a friend.

And he that writes, vnwary of his wordes,  
May haue an ill construction of the sense.  
For fortune euer not the right affordes,  
Where will doeth gouerne ouer patience,  
Who doeth not finde it by experience,  
That points and letters often times misread,  
Endaunger oft the harmelesse writers head?

Good







## *No whippe.*

Good writers then, if any such yee be,  
In verse or prose, take well that I doe write:  
I wish yee all what ere yee heare or see,  
Haste not your wits to bring it vnto light:  
Left ere you weet you doe repent your spight.  
Your friendes ill courses neuer doe disclose,  
And make your pens no swords to hurt your foes.

Spend not your thoughts in spilling of your wits:  
Nor spoile your eies, in spying of offences.  
For howsoeuer you excuse your fittes,  
They carry shreud suspect of ill pretences:  
And when you seeke to make your best defences,  
How euer priuate friends will poorly purse ye,  
If one doe blesse yee, fise to one will curse ye.  
Some





## *No whippe.*

Some one will say, you are too busie pated,  
An other saies the foole is idle headed:  
An other saies such rakehells would be rated:  
An other, see, how will to wit is wedded:  
An other, sure the man is poorely studded:  
Hee writ for coine, he knew, nor car'd not what:  
But yet take heede, we must not like of that.

Meane while perhaps he sits within his Cell,  
And sighes to heare how many descant on him:  
And for a litle must his labour sell,  
While such as haue the pence, do preie vpon him:  
And he poore soule, in want thus wo begon him,  
Curseth the time, that euer he was borne,  
To vse his will to make his wit a scorne.





## *No whippe.*

For let him bragge, and braue it as he list,  
The Poets is a poore profession:  
And often times doeth fall on had I wist, (fession:  
When conscience makes of inwarde crimes con-  
And sorrow makes the spirites intercession,  
For mercies pardon, to that time misspent,  
Which was the soule for better seruice lent.

Yet will I say that some, oh all too fewe,  
Doe bend their humors to diuine desires:  
Those I confesse, doe in their verses shew,  
What vertue, Grace into those soules inspires,  
That are inflamed with the heauenly fires:  
Such a good Poet, good if any bee,  
Onely in God, would God that I were hee.

As





## *No whippe.*

As for those fantasies, fictions, or such fables,  
That show in losse of time abuse of wit:  
That neuer look't into those holy Tables,  
Where doeth the grace of reasons glory sit:  
And wisdom findes what is for vertue fit,  
What ere they figure in their dark constructions,  
They doe but little good in their instructions.

No, poets, no: I write to yee in loue,  
Let not the world haue cause to laugh at vs:  
Let vs our mindes from such ill meanes remoue,  
As makes good spirits for to fall out thus:  
Let vs our causes with more care discusse: (chide:  
Not bite, nor claw, nor scoffe, nor check, nor  
But eche mend one, and ware the fall of pride.  
Know'ft





## *No whippe.*

Know'st thou a foole? then let him leaue his folly,  
Or be so ftill, and with his humour paffe.  
What hath thy wit to do with trolly lolly?  
Must euery wise man ride vpon an Affe?  
Take heede thou mak'st not him a looking glasse,  
Wherein the world may too apparant see,  
By blazing him, to finde the foole in thee.

Haft thou espied a knaue? care not to know him,  
Lest that thy knowledge get thee little good.  
Or if you know him, doe not seeke to shew him:  
Lest that your head be fear'd to fit his hoode.  
Such sense were better neuer vnderstoode.

Better to see a knaue, and not to see,  
Then to be thought a knaue, as well as hee.

Knowe





## *No whippe.*

Know you a villaine? let him finde his matche:  
And show not you a Matche a villaines skill:  
A foolish dogge at euery Curre doeth snatch,  
Wordes haue no grace in eloquence of ill:  
There is no wrestling with a wicked will:  
Let passe the villaine with his villany,  
Make thou thy match with better company.

Haue you acquaintance with some wicked quean,  
Giue her good words, and do not blaze her faults:  
Looke in thy soule if it be not vncleane:  
And knowe that Sathan all the world affaultes:  
Iacob himselfe before the Aungell haultes:  
Sighe for her sinne, but doe not call her whore:  
But learne of Christ, to bid her sinne no more.  
Knowe





## *No whippe.*

Know you a drunkeard? loath his drunkenesse:  
But doe not laie it open to his foes:  
Least in describing his vngodlinesse,  
You take your selfe too soundly by the nose:  
Who hurts himselfe doth giue vnkindely blowes:  
Winke at each faulte & wish it were amended,  
And thinke it well that's with repentance ended.

Knowe you a wencher, let his wenche alone,  
Winke at his fault, & age will make him leaue it:  
And though he doe not, tell not Iohn of Ioane,  
For feare that ether you may misconceauē it,  
Or tone be hurt when tother doth perceiue it:  
Or while you seeke to make their folly knowne,  
It be a meane to lay abroad your owne.

B

Knowe





## *No whippe.*

Knowe you a Miser? let him be so still,  
And let his spirites with his metall melt:  
Let him alone to die in his owne ill,  
And feede not you on that which he hath felt:  
Be not you girded in so vile a belt:  
Rather praie for him, then so raile vpon him,  
That all the world may lay their curses on him.

Knowe you a Spendthrift secreatly aduise him,  
But tell not all the worlde of his expence:  
For if such kinde of warning you deuise him,  
Your course maie happe to fall on such offence,  
As may be put off with an ill defence:

For many a man that hath his wits asquint,  
Would frowne to see his folly put in print.

Knowe







## *No whippe.*

Know you a Gamester? let him play his game:  
But seeke not you to cheat him of his coyne.  
Nor to the world doe idly tell his name,  
Whose heedlesse fancie doeth with folly ioyne,  
That cannot see who doeth his wealth purloine:  
    Least when you name the chance that lost his  
    He light on you, & make your noddle ake. (stake

Know you a Plotter? studdy not his Plots,  
But leaue the busie, to their businesse:  
Least while you winde your wits into such knots,  
You doe too late repent your foolishnesse,  
And while you write of such vngodlinesse,  
    Finde ere the lines of halfe your rules bered,  
    To write of knaues doth bring a foole to bed.

B 2

Know





## *No whippe.*

Know you a Swaggerer? let him walke along :  
Trouble him not in either word, or deed.  
He is not borne to put vp open wrong :  
Where euery man may of his humour read.  
Be filent then good Poet and take heede  
(What euer faults you in his folly see)  
You doe not talke of such a man as he.

If that a great one haue a great defect,  
Let not your thought once touch at such a thing.  
Vnto Superious euer haue respect :  
A Begger must not looke vpon a King.  
Take heede, I say, is a most blessed thing :  
Least if you run to farre in such a fit,  
A foole may happe to hang for lacke of wit.

Learne





## *No whippe.*

Learne English Prouerbs, haue them wel by heart,  
And count them often on your fingers ends :  
Doe not your secrets to the world impart:  
Beware your foes, doe not abuse your friends :  
Take heed of flatterers as of hellish fiends:  
Eate vpon your meat, & make cleane all your plat-  
And meddle not with any princes matters. (ters,

Reade what is written on the painted cloth;  
Doe no man wrong, be good vnto the poore :  
Beware the Mousse, the Maggot, and the Moth;  
And euer haue an eye vnto the doore :  
Trust not a foole, a villaine, nor a whore.  
Goe neat, not gaie; and spend but as you spare :  
And turne the Colte to pasture with the Mare.





## *No whippe*

Be not a churle, nor yet exceed in cheere.  
Holdfast thine owne, pay truely what thou owest:  
Sell not too cheape, and doe not buy to deare:  
Tell but to few, what secret ere thou knowest, (est:  
And take good heed to whom, & what thou shew-  
    Loue God, thy self, thy wife, thy childrē, friend,  
    Neighbour, and seruant, and so make an end.

Beleeue no newes, till they be nine dayes old,  
Nor thē too much, although the print approue thē:  
Mistake not drosse for perfect Indian gold; (them:  
Nor make friends gods; but as you finde them, loue  
And as you know them, keepethē, or remooue thē.  
    Beware of beauty, and affect no flutte:  
    And ware the worme before ye cracke the nut  
    Be





## *No whippe.*

Be neither proude, nor enuious, nor vnchaste;  
Least al too late,repentance ouer-take you:(waste,  
And take good heede howe you your wealth doe  
Least fooles doe scoffe you, & your friends forsake  
And thē the begger by the shulders shake you. (you  
Giue vnto all that aske;not askers,all:  
And take heed how you clime,for fear you fall.

Doe well,be true, backe-bite no man,be iust;  
The Ducke,the Drake,theOwle,do teach you so:  
Speake what you thinke; but no more then you  
Least vnawares you make your friend your fo(must  
Be warie, sayes the Crane; bee wise,the Crowe:  
Be gentle,humble,courteous,meeke, & milde,  
And you shall be your mothers blessed childe.





## *No whippe.*

Be loyall, sayes the Lyon, for your life;  
Be firme and constant, sayes the Elephant:  
The Doue bids you be louing to your wife:  
Be carefull, sayes the Partridge: painefull, the Ant:  
Take heede, sayes Rainarde, of the Sycophant:  
    Be wakefull, sayes the Cocke: Witty, the Conny:  
    And sayes the Dog; looke well vnto your monie.

Haue all the weeke a penne behinde your eare,  
And weare your sword on Sundayes, tis enough:  
Be not too venturous, nor too full of feare:  
Nor stand too much vpon a double ruffe;  
Eor feare a falling band giue you the cuffe.  
Know well your horse before you fall to ride:  
And bid God blesse the Bride-groom & his Bride.

Be





## *No whippe.*

Be merry, sayes the Cuckow: lusty, the Frog :  
Nimble, the Snaile : the Mag-pye, proudient :  
Be thrifty, sayes the Buzzard: cleanly the Hogge:  
Honest, the Bull: the Pigeon resident :  
The Poppingeare doth bid you to be silent :  
    Be valiant, sayes the Horse: simple, the Ass;e;  
    A better Dictionary neuer was.

Be gracious, sayes the Kite : gentle, the waspe:  
Be liberall, the Moile : sober, the Hare :  
Swift, sayes the Tortoise: vertuous, the Ape:  
Pittifull, the Woolfe : mannerly, the Mare :  
Thankfull the Eagle: bountifull, the Stare :  
    Trusty, the Iack-daw: faithfull, sayes the Hearne:  
    What better lessons then the Birdes doe learne?  
    No





## *No whippe.*

No further runne, then you may turne gaine,  
And let not will be guider of your wit.  
What needes a plaister, where there is no paine ?  
Physicke is onely for the crazed fit :  
Who is in health, hath not to doe with it.  
Take heede of lying lippes, a swearing tongue.  
For they are odious both in old and young.

Haft thou a wit and knowest thou canst do wel,  
Vse it vnto some worke of worth in deede.  
For tis no wit, to teach a foole to spell  
Nothing but foole; when he is learn'd to reed.  
Better, to teach him Christs crosse be his speed,  
And how the holy Ghost may better guide him,  
Then with conceites of iests for to deride him.  
It







## *No whippe.*

It is a course of little charitie,  
To find out faults, and fall vpon them so;  
And tis a wit of singularitie,  
That perfect wisdom doth but little show:  
Which thinks it giues the foole the ouer-throw,  
And might haue bene farre better exercised,  
Then in the folly that it hath surprized.

Tis womens iest to wrangle for a word,  
And what thinke women then of wrangling men  
Let such fond quarrels be put vnder boord,  
As doe but spring out of an idle penne.  
Oh, trouble not the fowle within the fenne.  
The fame of learning neuer was worse grac't,  
Then where one foole an other hath defac't.  
But





## *No whippe.*

But, art thou learned? looke into thy booke,  
And thou shalt find thy fancy is abus'd,  
Which hath thy hope of happy prayse mistooke;  
And done a fault that cannot be excus'd:  
For Wisedome neuer such an humour vs'd.

To shoote at shame, the aime was to farre off,  
To beat downe sinne, to ierke it with a scoffe.

Hawkes hoods, & bells are not for Scholers study,  
They haue no argument for wo, ho, ho:  
Their spirits should not think on things so muddy,  
Where Duckes lie dibbling in the lakes below:  
But on the grounds, where sweeter graces grow.

And though a fault be scused with a iest:  
A iest is but a folly at the best.

Let





## *No whippe.*

Let all good Scollers winde their wits away,  
From such ill following of their idle wils;  
Least when they see their faults another day,  
They doe repent them of their little skils,  
Where lacke of Grace, a wittie spirit spils.  
For drinke is poison that is drunke in quaffing;  
And wit but folly, that sets fooles a laughing.

Beleeue me, tis a kind of sport to some  
That loue no wit; because of ignorance:  
When warres begin, to strike a wodden drum.  
When vertuous spirits fall at variance:  
About the treading of a Moris-dance.

But what more spight can be to a good wit,  
Then see a foole to stand and laugh at it?

But





## *No whippe.*

But, who will laugh so quickly as the foole?  
Although he know not well at what indeede:  
But who hath liu'd in any learned Schoole,  
Would leaue a line for any affe to reede;  
Except (alas) he were constrain'd for neede,  
As many are, God knowes (the more the pittie)  
That were they wealthy, would be far more witty.

Sigh then for such, to see their sory cafes,  
That must such treasure for such trash, go sell:  
And doe not fall to grieue them with disgraces,  
That in their sowles doe so with sorrow dwell,  
As in their hearts is more than halfe a hell,  
To beat their braines but for a little gaines,  
And, or be curst, or scoft at for their paines.

But







## *No whippe.*

But for my selfe, what euer I haue writ;  
And for poore Mad-cap, I dare sweare as much:  
In all the compasse of a little wit,  
It meant no one particular to touch.  
But for one should not at another grutch;  
As the clouds thicken, and the raine did fall,  
He cast his Cap, at sinne in generall.

Indeed, tis true, he cast his Cap at sinne;  
And would to God that all the world did so:  
Then doe I hope our spirits should begin,  
Our wit, and senses better to bestow,  
Then one to seeke anothers ouer-throw.  
But pardon him for what is past before,  
And he hath done for capping any more.

And





*No whippe.*

And for my selfe, good brother, by your leaue,  
I will not now dispute an Argument  
Of what I would, nor what I could conceiue,  
Nor what may be discretions detriment,  
In shewing of a wittie excrement:  
But I will wish all Scholers should be friends,  
And Poets not to brawle for puddings ends.

I am not worthy to be heard to speake  
Emong the wise, what they should haue to doe:  
But if there liue a wit that be too weake,  
Aduised care to bring his will vnto:  
Oh, with good words let me his spirit wooe,  
That he will now but onely studie *pro*,  
Let *nos* be *nobis*, and the *contra* goe.

C

So





## *No whippe.*

So shall our Muses sweetest musique make,  
When gracious spirits doe agree in one :  
And euery foole may not example take  
At our vnnaturall dissention:  
Let euery Assē goe by himselfe alone :  
    And let vs seeme as though we knewe them not,  
    Since no more good is by them to be got.

Tell not a Souldier of his bloodie sword,  
Nor yet the Sailer of his life at sea :  
Nor tell the Courtier of his knife aboard,  
Nor tel the Lawier of his gaineful plea :  
Nor tell the louer of his little flea :  
    Let them alone, and trouble none of them :  
    A secreet hum is better then a hem.

If







## *No whippe.*

If you will needes be merry with your wits,  
Take heede of names, and figuring of natures:  
And tell how neere the goose the gander fits:  
Of *Hob* and *Sib*, and of such silly creatures:  
Of *Croydon* sanguine and of home made features:  
But skorne them not, for they are honest people,  
Although perhaps they neuer saw *Paules* steeple.

But, if you could, you should doe better much,  
To bend your studie to a better end,  
And neither one nor other seeme to tuch:  
But in such sorte, as may befeeme a friend:  
And doe no more your spirits idly spend  
With ierking, biting, skoffing and such humors  
As fill the world too full of wicked rumors.

C 2

Bring





## *No whippe.*

Bring in no Verses for Authorities:

*As in presenti*, and leaue out the *R*:

Tis fit for Babes in their minorities,

Emong their formes, to fall at such a iarre.

Necke verses are for theeues but at the Barre.

God blesse vs man from euer comming there:

A gulitie heart can scarcely reade for feare.

*Bacchus* and *Ceres* were the Gods below:

And there shall be, and neuer come aboue.

And Claret wine will quicken wit I trowe:

By the Redde Crosse, I sweare, it is to proue:

But, what should Scholers, wine and sugar moue,

To bring in so *Appollo* and *virorum*?

When wise men smile at *horum harum horum*.

But,





## *No whippe.*

But, pardon me, if that I speake false Latine  
For lacke of learning: I no scholer am:  
My masters gowne deserues no face of Satine:  
I neuer to degree of Master came:  
But, where smalle learning might attaine the same:  
And for a verse in Latine, let me see:  
Alas, they haue too many feete for mee.

But, let me loue that language yet of olde,  
For *Ergos* sake, that many a time deluded  
My troobled harte, that knewe not what to holde  
Should be vpon the consequence concluded,  
While many a *Placet* for his place entruded:  
Vntill the Bell bad breake vp schoole, and then  
Sufficient, made, a world of propre men.

C<sub>3</sub>

And





## *No whippe.*

And I among them, not the least contented  
To see both Maior, and the Minor cease,  
Full many a time my hastie will repented,  
When I haue wisht a Placet hold his peace:  
Whose Sophystrie would so my feare increase,  
That to be short, my learning was so little,  
As I may write my Title in a tittle.

Looke not therefore for arguments of Arte:  
But from the painted cloth vpon the wall,  
What I haue learn'd I kindly doe imparte,  
Hoping to purchase no ill will at all:  
Because, so rudely to my worke I fall.  
Such weakenesse my poore wits are come vnto,  
That beasts, & birds, must teach me what to do.

My





## *No whippe.*

My Librarie is but experience:  
The Authors, Men, that in my notes I finde:  
My notes, the natures of such difference,  
As may descry each other in their kinde:  
Where, if my wit and senses be not blinde,  
I doe perceiue in too much ill defarte:  
Pride in a Scholer, makes a foole by Arte.

Blame me not then, if that I iudge amisse:  
The Sunne and Moone are my Astronomie:  
When you beholde where all my cunning is,  
Charge not simplicitie with villany:  
It were enough to breede an Agony  
In many a man: but truely not in me,  
That make no care, what ere your censure be.





*No whippe.*

If it be good, I thanke you for good will:  
If contrarie, so contrarie come to you.  
If it be well, I can not take it ill:  
If otherwise, the like good may it doe you.  
If kindly then, as kindly let me wooe you  
    To leaue such ierkings, least they smart too fore.  
    Loue me as I doe you, I aske no more.

But yet, me thinkes, I see you smile at mee, (ding:  
As though my Rules were scarcely worth the rea-  
And that a silly painted cloath should be  
The Librarie of all my learnings breeding:  
And that my wits had need of too much weeding.  
    Oh what a burthen must my patience cary?  
    The Alehouse is the Asses Dictionary.

But





*No whippe.*

But for the Alehouse and the Painted Cloth,  
If ought I finde there, that be worth the noting:  
Laying aside the filthy dronken froth:  
What good I see, I will not skippe the coating.  
A good Redde Herring may be worth the blotting.  
Better a good wit in an Alehouse fit,  
Then finde an Alehouse in an idle wit.

So much in honour of my homely booke:  
Wherein the Birds and beasts so wisely speake:  
And so much for the notes from them I tooke,  
To helpe such wits as will hath made too weake,  
Into the bounds of blessed thoughts to breake.  
Now, for the natures of those notes, you see  
What cause you haue to thinke amisse of me.

I





## *No whippe.*

I will not meddle with *Quæ Maribus*,  
The *Propria* will trouble me too much :  
Nor yet, *Qui mihi Discipulus* :  
Except I knew my mastership were such,  
As somewhat might a gracious Scholer tuch.  
No, I will let the Latine lines alone ;  
And speake a few more English, and be gone.

Let all good wits, if any good there be ;  
Leaue trussing, and vntrussing of their points,  
And heare thus much (although not learne) of me ;  
The spirits, that the Oyle of Grace annoyntes,  
Will keepe their senses in those sacred ioynts,  
That each true-learned, Christian-harted bro-  
Will be vnwilling to offend another. (ther  
And







## *No whippe.*

And so would I; for if in truthe, I knewe  
(Although it were full much against my will)  
I should offend but any one of you,  
That might conceiue iust cause to wish me ill:  
I would throwe downe my Inke, & break my quill,  
Ere I would write one word to such an ende,  
As might but gaine a foe, or lose a friende.

In kindenesse then let me entreate you this:  
If that your leasure serue you, looke it ouer:  
And what you finde that you may take amisse,  
Let my confession of small learning couer,  
Leteuery Poet be each others loue.  
Let vs note follies, and be warned by them:  
But not in writing, to the world descry them.

It





## *No whippe.*

It is a plot among pernicious braines,  
To breede a brawle twixt better natur'd wits,  
By soothing sinne with humour of disdaines,  
Vntill they fall into some raging fits,  
Wherein the fruite but of Repentance fits:  
But let them listen to those tongues that list,  
Let vs not labour for a Had I wist.

For, some will say that Arte is ill bestow'd  
On him that knowes not how to vse it well.  
And he sometime may finde his wits beshrow'd,  
That reades his lesson ere he learne to spell:  
Marke but the truthe, the painted cloath doth tell;  
Who laies to much vpon his wits at once,  
May happe to prooue an Ideot for the nonce.  
Sound





## *No whippe.*

Sound a mans minde before you shew his meaning:  
For feare repentance come an houre too late.  
Barre nor the beggers from their merry gleaning:  
Except the Land-lord bid you keepe the gate:  
And where you may haue loue, hunt not for hate.  
Let Poets drinke of *Helicons* faire fountaine,  
But bring no Mice out of a swelling mountaine.

Let Noddies go to cuffes for bloudie noses:  
Let vs but laugh to see their lack of reason:  
Leaue them their weedes, and let vs gather Roses,  
And reap our wheat, while they do pick on peason.  
Let vs hate lies, ingratitude, and treason,  
And with our friends in fond conceits to striue,  
And we shall be the blessed'ft men aliue.

If





## *No whippe.*

If that a minde be full of misery,  
VVhat villany is it to vex it more?  
And if a wench doe treade her shooe awry,  
VVhat honest heart will turne her out of dore?  
Oh, if our faultes were all vpon the skore:  
VVhat man so holy, but would be ashamed,  
To heare himselfe vpon the Schedule named?

Let vs then leaue our biting kinde of verses:  
They are too bitter for a gentle taste.  
Sharpe pointed speach so neare the spirit pearces,  
As growes to rankle ere the poison waste.  
But let all be forgotten that is past:  
And let vs all agree in one in this;  
Let God alone to mend what is amisse.

But





*No whippe.*

But if we needes will try our wits to write,  
And striue to mount our Muses to the height,  
Oh let vs labour for that heauenly light,  
That may direct vs in our passage streight:  
VVhere humble wits may holy will awaite;  
And there to finde that worke to write & reede,  
That may be worth the looking on indeede.

To shewe the life of vnitie in loue,  
VVhere neuer discord doth the musique marre:  
But, in the blessing of the soules behoue,  
To see the light of that faire shining starre,  
VVhich shews the day that neuer night can marre:  
But in the brightnesse of eternall glory,  
How loue and life doe make a blessed story.

If





## *No whippe.*

If we be toucht with sorrow of our sinnes,  
Expresse our passions as the Psalmist did:  
And shew how mercy, hopes reliefe beginnes,  
Where geatest harmes are in repentance hid:  
When Grace in Mercy doth despaire forbid:  
    And sing of him, and of his glory such,  
    Who hateth sinne, yet will forgiue so much.

And let our hymnes be Angell harmonic,  
Where *Halleluiah* makes the heauens to ring:  
And make a consort of such companie,  
As make the Quire but to their holy King:  
This, this, I say, would be a blessed thing:  
    When all the world might ioy to heare and see  
    How Poets, in such Poetry agree.

For





## *No whippe.*

For who can make an Ape to leaue his mowes,  
Although he call him twentie times an Ape?  
And who can stop the cawing of the Crowes,  
Although he tell them of their carrion gape?  
And if the collicke chance to breed a scape,  
But hold your nose the sent will quickly die:  
Then cry not foh; but let the fish goe by.

A Mastiffe dog will neuer make a Spaniell:  
Then let the Curre alone to shew his kinde.  
A horse-mans saddell is no market paniell.  
To wash a Moore is worke against the winde.  
Those blinking wits do show their wils too blind,  
That finding faultes so roughly fall vpon them,  
To think to mend them with their railing on them

D

The





## *No whippe.*

The deuill is a knaue, who knowes it not?  
And who but God, can put downe all his power?  
And how must God his gracious loue be got?  
But all by prayer euery day and houre;  
While teares of sorrow make a blessed showre:  
    And humble faith doth but to mercy flie,  
    In hearty prayer; not in Poetry.

Yet say I not, but Poets well may pray;  
And praying Poets doe most sweetly sing.  
For prooffe, of *Dauid* see what trueth may say;  
A praying Poet, and a blessed King:  
Whose verses all did from such vertues spring,  
    As left the loue of learned trueth to try,  
    Howe prayer shewes the princely Poetry.

Let







## *No whippe.*

Let vs all Poets then agree together,  
To run from hell, and fained *Helicon*;  
And looke at heauen, and humbly hie vs thither,  
Where Graces shall be let in, euery one,  
To sing a part in Glories vnion;  
And there to settle all our soules desire,  
To heare the musicke of that heauenly Quire.

Let *Ouid*, with *Narcissus* idle tale,  
Weare out his wits with figuratiue fables.  
Old idle Histories grow to be so stale, (tables,  
That clownes almost haue bard them from their  
And *Phæbus*, with his horses, and his stables:  
Leaue them to babies: make a better choise  
Of sweeter matter for the soules reioyce.

D 2

Who





## *No whippe.*

Who toucheth pitch and tarre cannot be cleane.  
A wilfull wit doth worke it selfe much woe.  
In euery course tis good to keepe a meane:  
And being well, to liue contented so.  
The softest walkers doe most safely goe.  
    Hast maketh wast:and wits that run astray,  
    Make had I wist,to make fooles holy-day.

Be quiet then,I say;be quiet, Wagges:  
And haue no more with nothing worth to doe:  
While other angle for the golden bagges,  
We seeke out toies,to set our wits vnto:  
But let vs leaue the Cobbler to his shooe.  
    And let the foole, himselfe with folly flatter:  
    And bend our studies vnto better matter.

No





## *No whippe.*

No: this is not a world for simple wits,  
That can not looke a mile about the Moone:  
Nor roste their sparrows but on wodden spits:  
Nor make a morning of an after-noone:  
Nor watch a blessing when there fals a Boone:  
No, no: it is no world for weake conceit.  
The Deuil is too cunning in deceit.

A silly honest creature may do well,  
To watch a cockeshoote or a limed bush:  
For many a Scholler happily learns to spell,  
That can not put together worth a rush;  
Yet let a Poet at such humors hush:  
His will should be about some other worke,  
Then where the Adder in the grasse doth lurke.





*No whippe.*

And since my selfe haue marched in that ranke,  
VVhere *Mercury* commanded *Pallas* Traine,  
And spent my spirits in my thoughts, as franke  
As he that thought he had a better vaine:  
I must confesse, what idle humours gaine;  
    A frumpe, a frowne, a foyle, or els a feare:  
    VVhen wil doth write that reason cannot beare.

No, truely no: this world is not for me.  
I will no longer be fantastick;  
But winke at folly, when the foole I see:  
That in his gesture is so finicall,  
As if his spirit were Poeticall:  
    And thinke it better weare my wits at Schoole,  
    Then spoyle my wits in painting of a foole.  
  Vpon





## *No whippe.*

Vpon the painted cloth, the Nightingale  
Did bid me heare, and see, and say the best.  
The sea Mew sayes it is a cruel gale,  
That driues the Swallow cleane out of her nest.  
Why, simple noses now can bide no iest:  
And Poets, that are open in Inuectiues,  
Doe often fall vpon too much defectiues.

Beleeue me brother, tis as thou doest write;  
Poets should wright by heauenly inspiration:  
But he that is possessed with despight,  
Shewes but a wicked kinde of instigation;  
To thinke by scoffes to make a reformation.  
No, let vs all goe backe to vertues Schooles,  
And let the world alone to bring vp fooles.





## *No whippe.*

I haue bene vaine as any man alieue:  
But would be vertuous now, if I knew how:  
And euery day, and houre, and minute striue  
My wicked heart to better grace to bow.  
Then let me say, as to my selfe, to you;  
Let vs leaue all our idle imperfections,  
And study vertue, for our liues directions;

Let vs serue God, in word, and deed, and thought;  
And by our silence make our quarrels cease:  
And learne those lessons that true loue hath taught,  
Where concord doth a blessed world encrease,  
And speake of Peace, or let vs hold our peace.  
For words, or deeds, or thoughts of strife are e-  
And are but instigations of the Deuill. (uill,  
It





## *No whippe.*

It is a shame to shun the way of Grace,  
And run our wits a gathering after wool;  
And finde the haire so course in euery place,  
As makes a wood-cocke proue himselfe a Gull,  
That hath no better braines within his scull,  
Then to bestow his time in idle trifles,  
With penning notes to fil the world with nifles.

For God sake let vs then our follies leaue,  
And not lay open one anothers ill;  
But in our conscience learne for to conceiue,  
How heedlesse wit may be abus'd by will,  
And haue a care so well to vse our skill,  
We may be loued for our learned lines,  
Where gracious spirits Poets make Diuines.  
And





## *No whippe.*

And for my selfe, I meane the Ice to breake,  
Vnto the passage of that Paradice;  
VVhere rauisht Grace may of that Glory speake,  
VVhere mercy liues, and comfort neuer dyes,  
And the best praise of any Poet lies :  
Or at the least if any went before,  
Follow that line, and loue the world no more.

What right bred wits, will haue to doe with blind  
Especially blind beggers and their boyes? (men,  
They that haue iudgement, how indeed to find men  
VVil think such younkers but hobberdie-hoyes,  
That ply their wits vnto such paltrie toyes :  
Or els to shew that he hath learn'd in part,  
To rob the blindeman of his beggers art.

If







## *No whippe.*

If it be so, and meane to keepe a Schoole  
To bring vp boyes vnto the beggers craft,  
To take a thresholde, for his cushen-stoole,  
To knaue a crust, and drinke a sorry draft,  
Let him goe sleepe when he hath soundly quast,  
And shrugge himselfe vnder some sorry tree,  
And, 'mong the beggers, master begger be.

But then me thinkes he should set out his table;  
All ye that seeke to haue your children taught,  
To play the begger how he may be able,  
VVhen that his eye-sight groweth old, or naught:  
Aske for the man that hath the Cony caught,  
And dwelleth, where the matter is not great:  
And you shall haue them boorded without meate.  
But





## *No whippe.*

But tis no matter : men that haue a name,  
Neede make no table; they are knowen so well.  
And the blinde Begger hath so great a fame,  
As of his trickes can euery high-way tell.  
And since for begging he doth beare the bell,  
Let him keepe Schoole; and learne of him that  
The stocks wil kindly fit him for his skill. (will:

But for I doubt, some men of good profession,  
Will take exceptions at my table-writing:  
To honest mindes I make my hearts confession;  
My soule is free from vertuous spirits spighting:  
Not one of them is in my thoughts endighting.  
I rather wish, God blesse them and their Arts,  
And let the blind men play the Beggers parts.  
For





## *No whippe*

For all good Poets will cry out vpon him,  
That falles to blindenes and to beggery:  
And in his wits, be so farre woe-begon him,  
That in an humour, of base trumpery,  
The world may see, in idle foolery,  
A Ballad-maker would haue bene a Poet:  
But hat he knew not in what point to shew it.

Thus will the world be descanting on writers,  
When they shall read their ouer-rude descriptions,  
And say that spirits which are growen such spigh-  
Shuld better learned be in loues prescriptions; (ters  
Then goe about so with their circumscriptions:  
That wits of worth, that know their foolery,  
Doe call it Pot-rie, and not Poetrie.

And





## *No whippe.*

And what haue we to doe with pilgrimage,  
To walke bare witted to S. Dunces well?  
A Grammer Scholer but of ten yeeres age,  
That scarce hath learn'd his Latine lines to spell,  
V Vill soone by heart, a better story tell:  
And say, such Poets as their wits so tosse,  
Make all their walkes by little wittam crosse.

For let the world imagine what it list,  
And idle wits deceiue themselues with toyes:  
Those hammeringheads that breed but Had I wist,  
Are all to farre from those assured ioyes,  
V Where heauenly comfort kils al earths annoyes.  
No, no: tis onely Vnitie and Peace,  
That makes all blessings prosper and encrease.  
Oh,





## *No whippe*

Oh Poets, turne the humour of your braines,  
Vnto some heauenly Muse, or meditation;  
And let your spirits there imploy your paines,  
VVhere neuer weary, needs no recreation,  
VVhile God doth blesse each gracious cogitation.  
For proud comparifons are alwayes odious:  
But humble Muses musicke is melodious.

Then learne to sing, and leaue to learne to braule.  
It is vnfitting to a fine conceit,  
From vertues care, to vaine effects to fall,  
VVhere carelesse words doe carry little weight,  
VVhile fancie angles but with follies baite:  
VVhich, hanging but a Gudgin on the hooke,  
May sigh to see, what idle paines he tooke.

No,





## *No whippe.*

No, no: let fancie weane her selfe from folly;  
And heauenly prayers grace our Poetrie.  
Let vs not loue the thought that is not holy,  
Nor bend our mindes to blinde mens beggerie:  
But let vs thinke it our soules misery,  
    That all our Muses doe not ioyne in one,  
    To make a Quire to sing to God alone.

Eor could our spirits all agree together,  
In the true ground of vertues humble grace,  
To sing of heauen, and of the high-way thither,  
And of the ioyes in that most ioyfull place,  
Where Angels armes the blessed soules embrace;  
Then God himselfe would blesse our soules endi-  
And al the world would loue a Poets writing. (ting,

*FINIS.*









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